

motive

1970

january

sixty cents





ETCHING: OWL AND HAWK

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JACK COUGHLIN

**COVER ONE:** Pat Benson's plexiglass intaglio-planograph brilliantly gathers together the grace, dignity and glory of the American Indian. The continuing arrogant mistreatment of these unique human beings is shockingly stupid.

# motive

JANUARY 1970

Volume XXX, Number 4

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The Administrative Board of South End United Methodist Church directed a committee to study *motive* Magazine and communicate to you our position relative to this publication.

We support freedom of the press, but sincerely believe that freedom without responsibility is damaging to our difficult society.

We support the removal of the May issue from circulation. We also object to the use of obscene language in any publication.

We feel that the far-reaching effect of *motive* is damaging to Methodism and find difficulty in relating *motive* to basic Christian ethics.

WILLIAM JONES, Board Chairman  
REV. JOE FRAZER, Minister  
south end united methodist church  
nashville, tennessee

*motive* magazine demonstrates an effort by a large organization to present acceptable materials to a small group. This presentation may on occasion offend, dismay or confuse those beyond this group. However, we the undersigned members of the South End United Methodist Church wish to affirm together our sincere belief that, although we hold the word of God sacred, the diverse manners and methods used in the expression of love and faith should be held faultless. We cannot pretend to call ourselves critics or judges in the fields of literature or the arts, but after examining copies of *motive* we have found there something of value.

(SIGNED BY 16 MEMBERS)  
south end united methodist church  
nashville, tennessee

This evening, longing for some casual reading before going to bed, I picked up a copy of the November *motive*, which my roommate takes. He is a Roman Catholic who has since voluntarily severed himself from his Church, and I am a former member of the United Church of Christ. However, both of us enjoy good reading matter, and that is why we have *motive* in the house. I have glanced through a number of issues casually, and read the articles with a great deal of enjoyment.

I am writing, however, about a letter to the editor that caught my eye. It was from a Sharon Swenck of Richmond, Virginia, and in her letter to you she cancelled her subscription, saying that you, through *motive*, like the Communists, were "undermining the very foundation of our homes and churches and therefore the nation." Ignoring her use of the newest catchall euphemism for bad guys, I would like to applaud her

perceptiveness. You people are undermining the moral foundation of this society. However, she failed to mention that the foundations of this society are material greed, moral degeneracy, total ignorance, and a self-righteous rendering of lip service to the ideals of the New Testament.

Through my familiarity with *motive*, I can say that the people who publish and write it are of high intellectual and moral character, and your efforts should be applauded for their relevance and tastefulness.

I would also suggest that you abandon publication immediately, and go out and get other jobs. Eventually, enough people are going to be upset because you have attacked the basis of their existence that the Methodist Church will be forced to stop giving you money to publish if it wants to retain its congregations. Liberalism, advocating something that is not understood or wanted, will only get you fired.

Believe me; in the not-too-distant future, you are either going to have to compromise yourselves and what you are doing, or get another job. I've been through it, and I can tell you from experience that nihilism is the only rational method of existing.

ERIC L. MITTER  
indianapolis, indiana

Thanks for your articles on the liberation of women. In reading them I again realized I was not alone in my belief that women are created equal. I have shared the magazine with all who will read it, for it is of tremendous educational value.

I have been out of college four years and live in a very conservative area of the country. I had almost forgotten those ideas which were discussed in school, and it is so reassuring to know that they live and grow in the minds of others across the country.

Please keep up your good work and do not compromise! I will miss B. J. Stiles, who I appreciated so much in Pacific Northwest regional conference of MSM.

LORETTA J. CLARK  
el centro, california

This past summer I heard of the turmoil that resulted from your woman's liberation issue (I am on the other side of the world and news comes slowly). I confess that I find the objection to that issue totally beyond my understanding. When our issues came here I read them with eagerness and then gave them out to be read by others. Yes, I agree this issue was not good material for devotional literature. But God help us when we can't publish anything other than devotional materials. To evangelize today we must move outside of our monasteries. My ministry is among American servicemen and Korean college students. Neither group will really listen to monastery monologue. We must have literature for the world outside of the monastery.

MARVIN L. RUEBSAMEN  
methodist missionary  
seoul, korea

Much as I deplore the censorship inflicted by your denominational overseers, I'm glad to see that your editorship is far from being the sort of heeling action one might have expected, and I hope for good vibrations for you.

WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER  
editor, cambria press  
new york city

Congratulations on your most excellent magazine. I never thought I'd see another issue.

I predict, however, that you will eventually be forced to become independent of church affiliation like *Ramparts* did. When you rush around exposing inequities, labeling dogmas and calling hypocrisy like it is, you strike at the very crux of all organized religions, which are organized for the precise reason of limiting thought, not freeing it.

Let us know when you need a new publisher.

J. DAVID MORIATY  
the rip off press  
san francisco

Like much contemporary media, *motive* specializes in shock. Apparently it does not concern itself with bridging the generation gap, but rather in throwing up fortifications for the two factions.

I'm not advocating compromise. I'm talking about reconciliation. You know about this peace-making. As a Christian publication, or at the very least an "anonymously Christian" one, *motive* endorses this ideal of harmony. But you're not trying very hard to achieve universality. You don't reflect the great deal of vital difference between stimulation and agitation. Even your conviction as "angry young men" fails to justify your tactics. Such labels only hinder communication. I do not reproach your radical thought—only your blatant expression of it.

In short, I find your deliberate antagonism in contrast to Jesus' activities as a mediator, and foolishly destructive.

Hopefully, one day we will all appreciate wisdom above arrogant rhetoric. We will mellow. To me, it seems that timelessness is much more to be valued than timeliness.

ANN LEE RAMBO  
atlanta, georgia

I was so glad to hear from you again. For me, *motive* is one of the most exciting and provocative magazines I have ever read. The writing is always so current and spontaneous. I hope you will be as free and unrestricted with your future issues as in the past. Your July letter was a little disappointing when I read about your censorship problems. Your magazine has always been outspoken on current issues, and I hope you can keep it that way.

I am one of your most devoted readers and admirers. . . . Please don't change your magazine.

CATHY SCHULTZ  
santa ana, california

It is with great reservations that I make this subscription to *motive*. In the past *motive* has been the best magazine that I have had the pleasure to become engrossed in. However, I fear that since the recent controversy about your publication, your editorial policy may be overshadowed by a fear of chastisement by "the powers that be" that may hinder a truly open dialogue that is willing to consider all sides of whatever subject is under consideration.

One question: Is the new policy on the artwork to be published over the next year (October, p. 16) an attempt to placate those who may have committed censorship upon *motive*?

JON M. (MARC) HURLBERT  
flagstaff, arizona

ED.: Absolutely no.

## nashville, tennessee

One of the more enlightened actions the federal government could have taken to preserve law and order would have been to withdraw its case against the eight defendants charged with conspiracy to incite a riot during the Democratic National Convention.

While the media has focused on Judge Hoffman and the political tactics and antics of the defendants, the center ring of this circus has largely escaped attention. The federal government, wearing the ring master's clothes, is responsible for initiating a trial whose successful prosecution may have been in doubt from the beginning.

In the first place, the legal status of the charge of "conspiracy" is so vague that the boundary between admissible and inadmissible evidence is blurred, to the detriment of the defendants. In the second place, the course of the trial has shown that the federal government went to court without substantial evidence for prosecution of its own case, let alone prosecution of the defendants. Why, then, was this three-ring circus created by the government?

It would appear that extra-legal considerations motivated the case. Its effect has been to tie up (literally in Bobby Seale's case) eight political activists in a costly, time-consuming trial. The government's case has also separated the eight from their constituencies where they have been entirely persuasive in challenging the prevailing images of America's prosperity, justice and appointed world-role. The trial may also have a "chilling effect" on the constitutional rights of freedom of speech and assemblage, since organizers of future demonstrations, should there be violence, could be charged with "conspiracy" to incite a riot.

But this trial-circus is nothing more than a national disgrace, creating a dangerous precedent. In addition, it will also add fuel to the "lawnorder" syndrome which already

holds that court trials are lengthy and impotent means for punishing the "great unwashed." The two-fisted, hard-hitting hawks in our nation will be reassured by this trial that, in fact, courts are circuses, and extra-legal means of punishment are the order of the day.

Edward R. Murrow had the courage and dedication to liberty and justice—once to call the federal government's bluff in its treatment of a supposed "security risk", (Air Force reserve) Lieutenant Milo Padulovich, on his famous TV documentary, *See It Now* (1953). He demonstrated that the Air Force brought this officer to a military court of inquiry without ever disclosing any substantial evidence to prove its charge of "disloyalty." We hope that one major part of the media will have this same investigative integrity so that the concept of a fair trial and the protection of citizens no matter what their political beliefs, can be guaranteed. The churches might provide the resources for initiating television programming for this purpose. Certainly, church silence at the point when the states moves against individuals, without reference to the safeguards provided its citizens as far as what it takes to prosecute a case, cannot be tolerated.

In this first issue of a new decade, the  *motive* staff thought it appropriate to talk about itself as a way of talking about a style of living and working which we not only affirm often in print, but we also seek to carry out in every-day actions.

We are a staff in which every member functions as "boss" and "secretary," with the editor as final arbiter. (We have symbolized this understanding in the masthead.) We recognize that no function is of any less importance than any other function to the over-all work of the magazine. We are a staff able to say: the key to  *motive's* future lies

# toward a civil future

in the style of our internal relationships and in how this style effects the way we involve a large number of persons in the actual process of bringing out the magazine each month.

One staff member recently said that we knew "zilch" about the magazine business. While that is embarrassingly true, our ignorance permits the spreading of our arms around many ideas, without having the scars of old love affairs restrict our eagerness for new relationships. We'll surprise you every once in a while and break into your harried lives with our best foot forward.

**W**e are not crusty, that's for sure. Although our judgment has its ups and downs, I think we are a fairly groovy group of people. We'll march in Somerville one day, speak about women's liberation that night, and edit copy the next morning—seeing all of our work in the same context. We are committed to bring together, in the pages of *motive*, the kinds of persons who symbolize potential coalitions for founding a human society. We are also trying to bring to the foreground debates which will push our thinking into commitments for the future.

We have been on the road, of late. Traveling in different parts of the country, each staff member has met dozens of persons in many areas potentially helpful to *motive*. I met a seventeen year-old student in Iowa who keeps us informed about earth works, truck drivers and an intercollegiate movement centered around anti-pollution and ecology. That triad may not hang together in my mind, but it certainly does in his, and he will be contributing his work in the near future. In effect, we are trying, through our travels, to bring the magazine closer to its several constituencies.

We are also seeking, through our style, a living distillation of the best insights from

movements and institutions in order to make our contribution toward a civil future. The tensions between those two poles of activity are considerable, as has been demonstrated time and again. Working out this style *and* producing a monthly magazine has meant our falling behind the production schedule. But then, we have been able to overcome certain forms of alienation associated with "production." For example, the staff has exchanged tasks from time to time in order to underscore a sensitivity to the *entire* work-load of being a national, religious publication. The fact that Marie, in charge of circulation and marketing, will be handling a renewal notice one moment, and then be talking on the phone with a potential contributor the next, telescopes our new work-definitions.

**W**e are also struggling to be a magazine within a theological framework. This is our most difficult job, for we have discovered, with so many others, that the very task of how one does theology is the critical question today. We have asked Joe Williamson, and others, to assist in this all-encompassing task (see his article on page 14).

The *motive* style is set to vibrate with many of the currents for change. We dig the reaction of a girl who, while looking through the October issue and wandering around the *motive* house, exclaimed, "Man, it's a gas." But more importantly, we also realize something of the stake so many people have in challenging the authorities who pre-empt the future by perpetuating so many dehumanizing, exploitative mechanisms and attitudes. We work toward a future in which no court trials are initiated as reprisals for political beliefs. We look toward a future in which no one buys a diamond while another is dying of starvation.—R. Maurer

# The United States

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## a case of anti- development

by DENIS A. GOULET

### about the author:

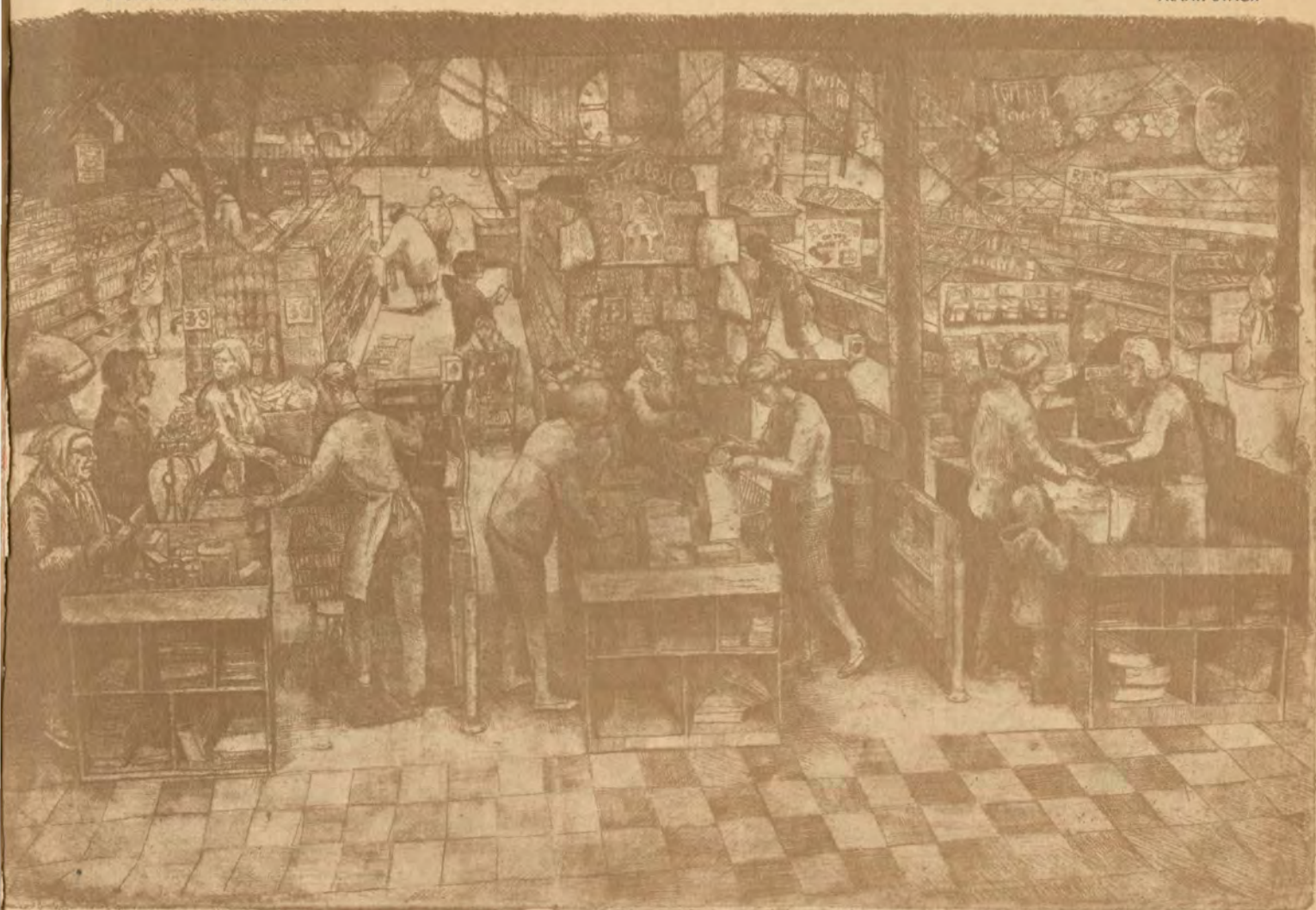
I first met Denis Goulet a decade ago when I was a struggling student in Paris. Denis had just returned from the Sahara where he had spent several months sharing the life of two small, obscure Bedouin tribes during the height of the Algerian War. Denis has always had a knack for getting himself into and out of tight situations. He first hustled himself into the Sahara by taking a post as a meteorologist, a job for which he had had no previous training. Once there, he was regarded as a suspicious character by the French and soon lost his job. As a result, he was forced to become an onion farmer in order to continue his stay with the Bedouins. Though the French army and FLN units in the region never trusted him, the Bedouin tribesmen whose life and hardships he shared came to trust this unusual stranger. Penniless after his stay in the Sahara, Denis hustled himself out of Algeria by sweet-talking a pretty secretary to introduce him to a sea captain whom he immediately fast-talked into sneaking him out of Algeria and giving him free passage to France.

To share the life of the poor, Denis Goulet has on several occasions exposed himself to the vicissitudes and uncertainties of poverty and rendered himself vulnerable to potentially hostile reactions on the part of the peoples among whom he dwelled—slum-dwellers and fellow factory workers in Madrid, cannibals in the Amazon, gypsies in southern Spain, and the Bedouins of the Algerian Sahara. These rare experiences have given Denis remarkable insights into the psyches of the peoples of the Third World. I have never seen a person more at home in foreign cultures. Wherever he goes, Arabs, Europeans, Latin Americans, Africans and Asians have embraced Denis and have adopted him as one of their own.

Having succeeded in breaking the bounds of ethnocentricity which limit our vision, Denis Goulet has been trying to build upon his training and experience to pioneer a new and demanding discipline—the ethics of development. For the past few years he has wandered around our compartmentalized and atomized academic world preaching the virtues and necessity of an interdisciplinary and non-ethnocentric approach to development which reiterates the central importance of values (*Development for What?*) to the study of development. Fortunately, his message has not completely fallen on deaf ears.

—SHELDON GELLAR, Bloomington, Ind.





Americans enjoy the greatest prosperity ever known to man. Understandably, therefore, they consider the United States to be the world's most developed country. By contrast, underdevelopment conjures a vision of starving millions in India, frightful slums in Rio, a life expectancy of thirty-four years in rural Africa. More than half of mankind are chronically poor and diseased, their chances for improvement slim because a brutalizing culture of poverty mires them in ignorance and inertia. Ordinary men and experts alike view development as a crucible through which all societies must pass. If successful, they will emerge purified: modern, affluent and efficient.

Social critics acknowledge the existence of poverty areas in our land, and disadvantaged minorities excluded from the mainstream of affluence. But these are seen as minor flaws in a society judged basically sound. According to usual indicators, can anyone doubt that the United States is highly developed? Its industry is productive, its population literate, its wealth diversified, its technology advanced and its values modern.

Nevertheless, America's development is not genuine. It is anti-development, a glossy counterfeit of the real thing. We delude ourselves by using the wrong yardstick to measure progress. Our assumption is that prosperous societies are advanced. But development means more than freeways choked with cars, television in every home, or soaring national production. What economists tally as national wealth is often mere waste or caters to men's fanciful needs for baubles. But the evidence shows that plentiful goods cannot substitute for the good life. The standard American image of development frustrates those who place their hopes in it. Although it is exported to the world under the label "progress," this image is unrealistic, narrow, and oppressive.

If the good life simply meant abundance, development would consist in using technology to multiply dynamic economies. Investment capital in the right place, plus expert advisors to run things and train replacements, plus education to get "backward" people to desire modern life would suffice to eliminate world poverty. But



this formula has not worked; we keep discovering new factors in the development equation. Capital and technicians won't do the job without good institutions. Yet these cannot thrive unless people hold certain values which, in turn, may threaten culture's very foundations. To illustrate, factory workers in undeveloped lands often practice absenteeism when salaries are increased. Instead of working longer to earn more, they work less to have more time to enjoy what they already have.

**D**evelopment goes beyond economics, politics and technology. It raises basic questions about the quality of life in society, the relation between goods and the good, and human control over change processes. Control is the key since change takes place everywhere and always. Can men harness these processes to their goals? An image of development centered on affluence cannot cope with the structural problems of backwardness: legitimacy, incentives, meaning, identity, determinism and freedom. Abundance is no solution because development raises new issues about the meaning of life in developed and non-developed societies alike.

A narrow view of development assures that prosperity determines whether society is advanced or backward. Yet Toynbee found that technological progress usually announces a civilization's decline. There is no reason to consider America's wealthy businessmen or sophisticated technicians more developed than Sahara Bedouins or Greek shepherders. And

why should a bright American youngster who answers quiz program questions be deemed more educated than the illiterate fisherman's son in Brazil who has studied the sea, the land, and his people, through legends about the benevolent sea-goddess *Imanja* or the redoubtable *Oxumare*? Because our standards of comparison are ethnocentric, we disdain informal knowledge whose contribution to a "liberal" education exceeds that provided by trivial facts.

Ethnocentrism leads rich societies to fashion a vocabulary which exalts their achievements while downgrading those of others. Such cultural imperialism does not escape the notice of Blacks in Watts, peasants in China or tin-miners in Bolivia. Upon first visiting New York, Le Corbusier remarked that skyscrapers were greater than the architects who built them. Thus with economic development: a towering edifice of production has been erected by puny men with no wisdom to match their science. When French engineer Le Play was asked last century what was the most precious commodity to come out of the mines, he replied: "Miners." Not gold, silver, copper or coal—but men! This lesson is ignored by "developed" societies, for whom the important thing is profits, not enhanced human beings. Dutch poet Laurens Van Der Post compares the behavior of "civilized" Western countries, in their dealings with Africa, to that of a one-eyed giant. The good eye is technology—efficient and marvelous in its results but voraciously destructive of men. Missing is the eye of wisdom, to nurture contemplation, love of life, joy, creativity and the strength to face death serenely.

**T**echnology must not be allowed to control men. Consequently, medieval Chinese restricted gun-powder to firecrackers on holidays, a singularly uneconomic use. Many "underdeveloped" societies are poor because they have concentrated on progressing in spheres other than economics. Nevertheless, we need not romanticize or overlook their appalling poverty, their indulgence toward slavery, superstition and caste systems. Gandhi

condemned misery as a special kind of hell and urged that India's sacred cows be transformed into edible proteins instead of remaining as parasites on a starving land. *The choice is not between development and underdevelopment, but between qualitatively different patterns of development.*

Traditional societies are no longer free not to develop. Their population grows rapidly and demands new goods and services. Production must be boosted simply to avoid famine. And this means using technology. Moreover, there is no way to keep out foreign influences: products, tourists, ideas or technology. Consequently, *how* development is achieved is more important than *what* benefits are obtained by development. But developed nations have not successfully controlled the processes which bring prosperity. Development American style stresses the benefits of development to the detriment of human control over the means by which these are obtained. In a word, it is too narrow.

This concept of development is also oppressive. It rewards those who are economically aggressive while stigmatizing those who value cooperation. Where competition for profit is the governing principle, and not solely a regulative mechanism of economic life, men enter the "rat-race" as upon a treadmill leading to success. To paraphrase Vance Packard, the American system subliminally persuades men to seek status, climb pyramids and make waste in an unrelentingly competitive spirit. Yet competition among unequals breeds domination in the strong and servility in the weak. Galbraith is sad because this country has not created a "compassionate" society and Paul Goodman denounces it, not because it mistreats men, but because it makes them irrelevant. Advertisers honor America's personalist myth by addressing each customer as a very special *You*. Yet this is done in such a manipulative way that the *You* is stripped of all content apart from a man's functions as consumer, producer, voter, bearer of arms, and agent of increasingly meaningless gestures.

A second pattern of oppression fosters elitism. Preoccupation with measurable results leads a society to glorify experts who do things

ETCHING: HOUSE WITH TRELLIS

FRANK STACK



better, faster or more efficiently than the untrained. "Getting the job done" takes precedence over improving men while they perform tasks. Predictably, American technicians abroad distrust non-elitist models of development, whether practiced by Cuba or Tanzania.

Cybernetic experts now agree that most Americans are superfluous for purposes of production although they are still needed as consumers. Some military strategists favor using chemical gases which *merely* kill people while leaving property intact—the logical expression of a general value underlying American life, namely, that efficiency dictates the choice of instruments. Such instrumental treatment of human values raises serious doubts about the quality of American development.

Economic abundance, modern institutions and technological efficiency are means toward the good life. But in the U.S.A. they have become ends in themselves and genuine ends are treated as means. If telling the truth interferes with his Vietnam policy, Richard Nixon distorts facts or withholds them from the public, in the name of national security (read: political expediency). When a president cannot refute the arguments of student dissenters, he flees to a "safe" campus and lectures youth on its responsibility not to "destroy" America. Of course Mr. Nixon is no less the slave of impersonal forces than lesser citizens; he has his own very special rat-race to run.

This country has paid too high a price for its development: it has gotten pseudo-develop-

INK DRAWING

JIM CRANE



PEACE AND COMFORT SERIES:  
ETERNAL APPOINTMENT WRAP-AROUND

ment, not authentic development. To justify this assertion one must ponder the goals of development and the manner in which these are pursued. Everett Hagen, M.I.T. economist and theorist of social change, believes the only valid motive for getting developed is to make people happier and adds that the only excuse for not getting developed is likewise to make people happier. On balance, he concludes, it is not certain whether development makes people happier than before. Hagen correctly asserts that development goals must be so broad as to apply even in cases where development is repudiated. My own view is that development has three goals: optimum life-sustenance, esteem and freedom. This is not the place to expound the reasons for my choice. I contend, however, that America's development is spurious because it concentrates unduly on providing goods, while neglecting to enhance esteem and freedom for men. This it has done smoothly, almost imperceptibly. But the disguise is beginning to wear thin, a fact which explains the irrational response of most Americans to critiques of their values formulated by Black ideologues or campus revolutionaries. Our nation displays a pathological reluctance to debate real issues. Instead of inquiring whether detractors are correct, allowing for inflated rhetoric or exhibitionist bad taste, opinion-makers resort to *Coue*-like formulas stating that America is a healthy land and the world's most developed nation.

**B**ehind appearances, however, men are no longer esteemed or free in this highly developed land. They enjoy the trappings of esteem if their credit is good or their votes needed and they are free to choose from a widening array of automobiles, frozen vegetables and telephone styles. But genuine esteem is the sense that one is a being of worth on his own terms, not merely an instrument of other men's purposes. And to be free means more than release from ignorance, disease or economic stagnation. These freedoms are but prologue to realization and plenitude. Psychologist Abraham Maslow judges the chief requirement of growth in individuals or societies to be internal freedom from deterministic outside stimuli. Judged by this criterion, the United States is possibly the most under-developed society in the world. Our citizens are manipulated in their desires more persistently than primitive men trapped in a rigid hierarchical society. The main lesson one Black leader learned as a boy

motive

is that "if you're nobody economically, you're nobody, period." This aphorism accurately mirrors America's values. Our cultural gold standard is bankrupt, for glitter has replaced substance. Nevertheless, more serious objections exist to the United States' love affair with its illusions. Besides suffering from alienation in abundance, our country practices oppressive foreign policy and ecological irresponsibility.

This nation's stance *vis-a-vis* underdeveloped countries is consistent with its domestic values. A society dedicated to the indiscriminate satisfaction of wasteful needs is necessarily voracious of raw materials and markets. Independently of the intentions of its economic or political agents, it will scour the world for commodities and investment opportunities. While doing so it forms alliances with native classes benefiting from this strategy. These are unlikely to coincide with groups who champion social justice or fight to abolish privilege in their own societies.

Notwithstanding its rhetoric, the United States does not seek the genuine development of the Third World. Such development would jeopardize its ability to maintain prosperity at the expense of powerless groups outside its borders as well as within them. No longer could six percent of the world's population pre-empt fifty percent of its resources for wasteful or warlike purposes. No longer would American capital be "free" to fly where profits are to be made. No longer could political pressure bring a recalcitrant country into line because its economy has been pawned to U.S. interests. America doubtless wants development of a sort—the domesticated, tame kind which does not challenge its privilege in the world. This country points proudly to Taiwan, Greece and South Korea as examples of successful national development aided by its funds. But as one observer notes, "U.S. aid works best in countries which are lackeys of American policy."

**E**cological irresponsibility is another form of oppression. Pollution of U.S. waters may soon become irreversible and millions of people risk permanent damage to their hearing because they are subjected to sounds—from jet planes and industrial machines—far above healthy decibel counts. Thanks to our radioactive atmosphere, polluted waters and contaminated foods, the day may come when healthy human specimens may survive only in museums created to satisfy the curiosity

of affluent cripples who wonder what it was like to be normal before the world got fully "developed."

Tragic ecological harm is being wrought, not only by impatient profit-seekers but by conscientious problem-solvers as well. Behind all the hand-wringing one important truth stands out: ecological renewal is incompatible with a manipulative outlook on nature. Men in "developed" lands have grown so accustomed to bend nature's forces to their own designs that they forget to respect nature's limits. Modernizers disparage Buddhist or animist cultures, accusing them of inertia in the face of disease and malnutrition. They themselves, however, tamper with the planet's finely calibrated eco-systems beyond the point where full regeneration is possible. Our ecological performance has been so disastrous that we have no legitimate claim to call ourselves "developed."

Ultimately, America's approach to the use of goods must undergo a revolution. Large-scale voluntary austerity is indicated if Americans are to wrest a modicum of freedom from technology's cannibalistic drive to become an end in itself. More importantly, our affluent society will grow insensitive to urgent world needs unless it accepts voluntary austerity as a step toward solidarity with that portion of mankind for whom imposed austerity is the road to development.<sup>1</sup>

This country needs to revise its notion of development and recognize its own pattern as anti-development. Moreover, it must allow other models of development to prosper even if these cannot be "domesticated." China scholar Michel Oksenberg has written that U.S. officials are reading the Cultural Revolution all wrong and that Mao's "folly" may prove to be an excellent measure for consolidating China's drive toward modernity.



PHOTOGRAPH

MICHAEL VON HELMS

Should the United States observe a moratorium on spreading its expertise throughout the world until it learns a little wisdom to match its science? Should its scholars stop labelling other societies "underdeveloped" until they discover how culture-bound their own standards are? Must economic planners take lessons in ecological responsibility before teaching men how to spoil the biosphere without really trying? Perhaps.

Such measures are utopian, of course. If the United States were prepared to admit that its "experts" are not expert at all regarding the basic value questions posed by development, it would not need to undergo a cultural revolution of its own. And scholars would not label societies "underdeveloped" if they already understood how culture-bound is their own vision. Finally, planners might suddenly find themselves unemployed if they set priorities on ecological grounds. In all three domains, the very standards of success need to be modified. Certainly the proposals just made are unrealistic; this is precisely what is wrong. They need to be made realizable. At the very least, reflection on them ought to produce a pedagogical impact on the "developed." Beyond that, however, they must be brought one step closer to feasibility. For illustrative purposes, therefore, it is worth asking how this might happen. We may take a specific case: The call for a moratorium on expertise.

Quite apart from other considerations, Parkinson's Law assures us that the United States will continue sending "experts" to underdeveloped lands. Expertise will in fact continue to be exported and a moratorium is impossible. Nevertheless, progress can begin on two fronts. First, a new pedagogy can be launched to educate technical advisors from "developed" lands. These must learn that their expertise is a purely relative superiority which gives them no warrant for tampering with values and behavior in other societies except on the latter's own terms. And these terms are the safeguard of self-respect and

self-determination in recipients. Secondly, new relationships must come to exist between "experts" and the populace "helped." Development and technology must both be seen for what they truly are: mere means to the good life.

American experts in particular must come to recognize that the United States constitutes, by and large, an example of anti-development rather than of genuine development. With recognition comes a new perspective on the relationships between "expert" and populace. Thus the expert is conditioned to perceive how poorly his own technological skills have been integrated to larger human goals within his own society. Then he begins to view other societies, not so much as "underdeveloped," but perhaps as more "civilized" or "humane" than his own. Finally, the rule of reciprocity imposes upon him the role of equal partnership



PHOTOGRAPH

GLEN PEARCY

in the dialogue over new syntheses to be formulated between technology and changing values.

The "expert" can adopt this stance only if he makes himself vulnerable to recipients.<sup>2</sup> In practice this means that his sponsoring governmental or other agency must accept new ground rules for the conduct of technical cooperation. It also means that major institutions concerned with planning, financing, technical assistance and others must be radically overhauled. It may well be that, ultimately, the only suitable form of technical cooperation founded on reciprocity, instead of on structural dominance and dependence, is to create a world technical pool and a new international brotherhood of developers at the service of all mankind! Since we are still far removed from such sublime realism, we must for the present be content with an incremental step; however, a mere palliative but a creative measure designed to open up new possibilities in the future. This modest step is to educate "experts" to recognize that they are not "experts" in the most fundamental value dimensions of development. More importantly, research on development, policy planning and implementation must all be conducted in the mode of dialogue. Elitism in all three spheres needs to be countered by new and specific practices such as these now being tried in a few cultural settings.<sup>3</sup> Such creation is clearly a major task faced by students and practitioners of development in all societies.

The harm wrought by the transfer of expertise can be minimized by changing the structures within which experts function. What is required of experts as a first step is a moratorium on complacency, insensitivity to

value dilemmas created by inter-cultural transfers, and ignorance of the insufficiency of their own models of development.

The United States is unable to cope with the world's underdevelopment. Confusion will endure until it takes a critical new look at its own "development." More important than affluence or efficiency is that men have dignity and that their lives have meaning. Americans are swept along by impersonal forces because our society appeals to a shallow material standard of success and flees reality by basking in the glory of past accomplishments or purely technological feats. It clings to the obsolete American dream. Waste is a duty in this compulsive consumer society and ends become superfluous because they interfere with the efficient deployment of means. To limit one's wants judiciously or to harness productive energies to satisfy priority needs of mankind is seen to be unpatriotic. Such attitudes would augur the end of our competitive system and of our status as a privileged nation.

Although the United States lacks standards for determining what genuine development is at home, it has spread its image of the good life to the rest of the world. What Americans call development, however, is in truth anti-development. ■

#### NOTES:

1. "Material austerity (imposed or voluntary) is acceptance of privation to overcome a crisis, enhance one's future position or achieve equity in distributing goods. . . . Apart from religious considerations, two compelling human reasons dictate the practice of voluntary austerity in the use of material goods. The first reason involves freedom: man must free himself from manipulation of his desire mechanisms. To do so, individuals living in societies which goad them to consume compulsively should freely choose not to have certain material objects, even useful ones, which they can afford, in order to assert the primacy of their persons over the forces so powerfully organized to violate their faculties of desire. . . . A further reason exists for practicing voluntary austerity in a prosperous society: to forge a bond of solidarity with the wretched of the earth who constitute the majority of mankind. I have already referred to the dangers inherent in practicing this type of poverty, the risk of playacting. Indeed, unless it springs from inner detachment from egocentric pursuits and flowers into active respect for others, voluntary austerity is nothing other than fastidious moral masturbation."—From the author's article, "Voluntary Austerity: The Necessary Art," *The Christian Century*, June 8, 1966, pp. 748-752.

2. The theory and practice of "vulnerability" is treated at length in the author's forthcoming book, *The Cruel Choice, An Ethical Approach to Development*.

3. These experiments are described in the forthcoming book mentioned above.

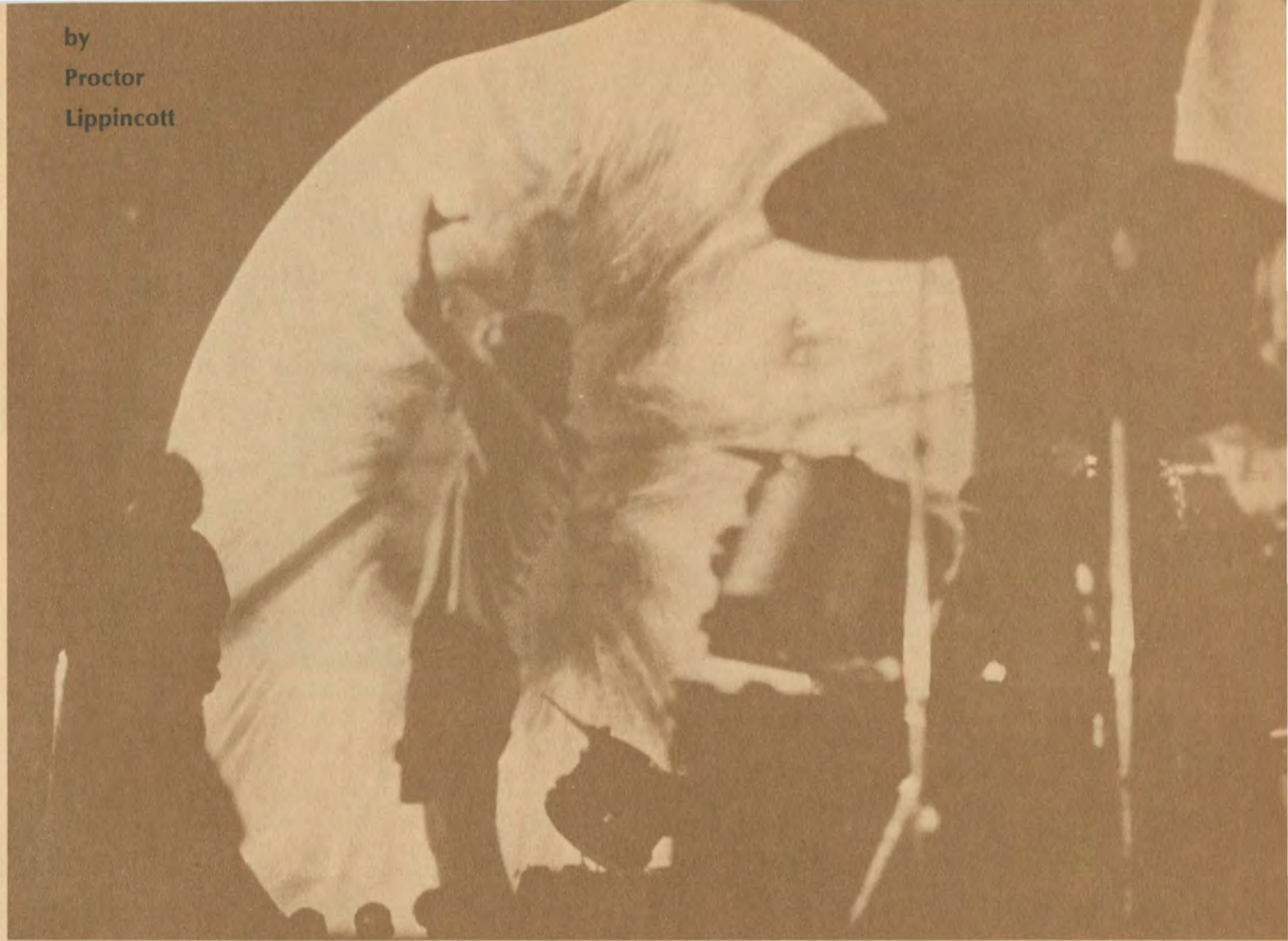
### Missed Connection

I don't know who you are.  
You called me  
by mistake  
(I'm 301)  
from the City of Angels  
(213)  
and called me *darling*  
breathlessly.  
Angel-voice,  
singing down the wires,  
missing your  
circuit at  
Boise (208),  
low and throaty  
from sense of  
digits  
touching,  
I should have said  
to put each of us  
ringing  
at ease  
I should have said,  
*Boise:*  
*so that's where home is.*

—RODERICK JELLEMA



by  
Proctor  
Lippincott



Then it's time to go downtown  
Where the agent man won't let you down  
Sell your soul to the company  
Who are waiting there  
To sell plasticware  
And in a week or two  
If you make the charts  
The girls will tear you apart.  
—The Byrds ("So You Want to Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star")

B  
A  
ROCK 'n' ROLL  
K  
R  
O  
L  
L

W e "freaks" rap a lot about the growing momentum of our groovy "alternate" sub-culture. The fact remains, nevertheless, that its driving force continues to be dampened by a fundamental conflict: the attempt to develop a truly human, revolutionary life style within the confines of an exploitative commercial system. Profit motive is robbing us of our thing, especially our music, which doesn't get better just because somebody makes money from it. Music is meant to be dug for its own sake; not traded and sold as a market commodity.

Beautiful music can be described as that which grabs you where you *feel* it, drives you to your feet, takes you to new places . . . music that tells it like it is. For me, that used to be boogity-boogity-shoop<sup>1</sup> (strictly commercial, exploitative in the worst way, and a teenage culture staple for many of us—remember those boppin' high school dances?), but it wasn't really ours. Then, in the early

'60s, instead of just singing about how parents were such a drag and how teenage love tore us up, we started into the *reasons*. This led many to dig on alternate life styles: civil rights and anti-war demonstrations (urban folk); beads, dope and long hair to avoid the restraints of the business "culture" and the plastic career (acid rock). The new music was organically related to styles that *threatened*. People began putting pieces together. In a certain way, with this movement and its subculture growing by leaps and sounds, the whole American Way of Life (death) appeared to be on the line.

While the content of rock may have revolutionary implications, however, money factors consistently work against this tendency. The calculated hype<sup>2</sup> and image that enshroud an artist's real self (if successful) not only sets him or her apart as something super (thus virtually forestalling the possibility of human relationships between performer and spectator, a dehumanizing situation for both parties), but it also establishes a false basis for exchange of any kind. As an artist achieves fame and financial recognition, his isolation from those to whom he theoretically relates becomes fairly complete (in many cases, groupies<sup>3</sup> and hangers-on are the only ones to whom traveling pop musicians have a chance to relate and, after all, does anyone seriously consider that "relating"?). I assume, for example, that the reason Jimi Hendrix made a hideout of the bathroom at The Scene<sup>4</sup> not so long ago after being recognized in the audience was because it's hard to be a superstar and continue to try to be people,<sup>5</sup> so he just made himself scarce. Too bad . . . he really was digging Sha-Na-Na<sup>6</sup>—"best thing since Hugh Masakela," he told me.

**A**dvertising and promotion are employed not only to give exposure and an air of the extraordinary to a particular artist or disc, but the power of other kinds of advertising on a Top 40 or "underground" FM radio station is based largely on the credibility of the records played around the ads. That is, in the same way that a luring female body may be used to sell a new Pontiac or some other fancy short<sup>7</sup> (even though the woman has nothing to do with it), so may Top 40 record programming (or, in the case of magazines like *Esquire* or the now-defunct *Eye*, well-written reviews and Dylan fold-outs) give credence to ads for pimple cream, h.i.s. clothing, false eyelashes or the U.S. Air Force.

PHOTOGRAPH



A. PIERCE BOUNDS

As a broadcasting personality told me, "No matter how hip a deejay may be to music, if he can't read commercials well enough to sell the products [in spite of what he personally may think of them], he might as well forget it." That's where it's at. So a good record (no matter what its content), if given adequate exposure, makes good money for big record companies as it provides an atmosphere of credibility around a whole host of unrelated products that, by association, are supposed to be just as hip.

It should be said that the music business, even more than most industries (because of the potential fast buck involved) makes much of its bread at the merciless expense of the musician and the consumer. The wildly unpredictable fate of the musician depends upon the promotion and exposure his record company chooses to give him and upon the consumers' response to it. The consumer, on the other hand, is supposed to function as much as possible as an unthinking entity which responds predictably to promotion of specific artists and specific music (thus ensuring maximum return on such investments). When the consumer fails to react positively to a particular expensive promo job, as was the case with the so-called "Boston Sound" (Bosstown)—a concept based solely on hype in the first place—it can play havoc with quarterly profit reports. M-G-M suffered a relatively substantial setback in 1968 because it had decided to push hard with several of the Boston groups.

The fact that musicmaking is an increasingly lucrative business should surprise no one. According to George Albert, president and publisher of *Cash Box*, "The record business in 1968 . . . [surpassed] the \$1 billion sales mark." As Albert pointed out, the stature of the industry is raised to that of a true giant, a fact which has not gone unnoticed in the non-music business community. "When outside companies make acquisitions in this area," Albert went on to say in his magazine's July 5th issue, "it is frequently stated for public knowledge or at least understood that record and music units are regarded as possessing great growth-potential. There have been some undisputed instances where purchases of leading leisure-time entities have been made with a very direct eye on their music field affiliations." Even with this mixture of trade jargon and bad grammar, the point is clear: there's some hard coin<sup>8</sup> being made by the music magnates.

The number of sides<sup>9</sup> designated as Gold Records is another indicator of capital growth in the business. In 1967, there were 95 Gold Records (i.e., records with sales worth \$1 million or more); 34 of these were singles, 61 were LPs. For 1968, the Record Industry Association of America (RIAA) reported a new all-time high: 120 Gold Records (45 singles, 75 LPs). And the market shows every sign of expanding. In fact, the *Wall Street Journal* reported (August 9, 1969) that "Record industry sales in the past several years have risen about 15% to 20% annually. Five years ago, Columbia Records, a 'complete label' offering everything from classical to pop, did about 15% of its business in rock. Today rock [using the term loosely] accounts for 60% or more of the vastly increased total."

With the advent of rock as financial king of music, the record business hasn't been the only important monetary avenue to open up. Rock concerts have become extremely big business. In spite of the increasing significance of the recording studio, personal performances are still the most essential ingredient for success. This means that the gamut of entertainment vehicles—small clubs (discotheques), theaters, stadiums and festivals, not to mention TV and film—are all in heavy use, with the whole circus of profit adventurers (including members of "organized crime"), in tow. And, in addition to regular coverage of rock music events by the expanding trade papers (*Billboard*, *Cash Box*,

*Record World* and *Variety*), the underground press and even the straight press (right down to *Reader's Digest* and *Good Housekeeping*), a new kind of pseudo-underground journalism has evolved to produce such specialist music papers as *Rolling Stone* and a host of imitators.

As the industry becomes truly giant-sized, the big corporations jockey for an expanding role in the act. *The New York Times* reported (September 9, 1969) that, since the Woodstock Festival in August, "Several large Establishment-oriented corporations and Wall Street investment firms are interested in cashing in on the youth market that Woodstock proved exists. These firms are hiring highly paid 'youth consultants' to advise them on forthcoming trends that percolate from the deepest underground . . . to what John Morris, 30 [Woodstock's chief producer], calls 'the silk-shirt hippie types from Forest Hills [a comfortable New York City neighborhood] who do so much of the buying.'" A massive Youth Fair, held at the New York Coliseum in May of this year and designed to capitalize on the rapidly expanding youth market, had no "revolutionary" illusions about its undertaking. Featuring mod clothes, name rock bands and "young ideas," the Fair refused to admit members of the underground press because, as the producer told me coldly, "We don't need your kind of coverage."

The three broadcasting networks, of course, have been heavily into music for some time. CBS, for example, has at least 11 labels in its Records Division (including Columbia



PHOTOGRAPH

BRUCE MISFELDT

WOODCUT: WACHET AUF

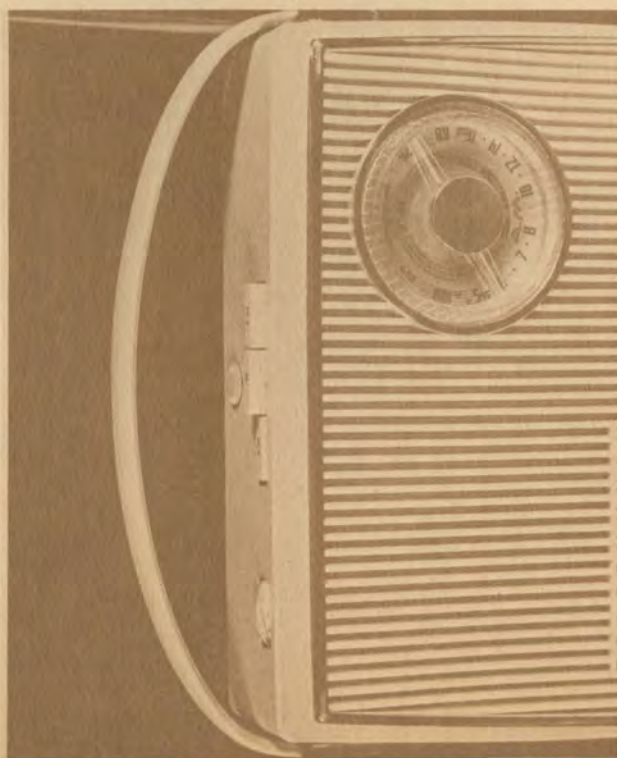


MARKY BULWINKLE

Records, mentioned above). Fender guitars, basses and amplifiers are part of Columbia's Musical Instruments Division. Columbia also owns seven big radio stations (each with AM and FM) and has 237 affiliated stations around the country. At the same time that it records, distributes and profits from "our" music, it is involved with multifarious operations around the world (about 60 of CBS' 80 subsidiaries are foreign), many of which are defense-related. In addition, by virtue of directors held in common, CBS can claim links with numerous multinational corporations, the Rockefeller Foundation, Atlantic Refining Corporation, the Council on Foreign Relations, the CIA and so forth. An exposition of such links as these help dramatize the conflict of interest between money and a revolutionary life style that I was talking about earlier.

An increasing number of conglomerates (i.e., the super holding corporations that have been formed by mergers of large corporations, creating monstrous entities that produce a wide variety of unrelated products) are sticking their thumbs into the music pie. One such conglomerate is the **Transcontinental Investing Corporation (TIC)**, which has interests in jazz and rock-music production and distribution. In February of this year, TIC acquired Attarack, Seymour Heller Management, an important music outfit. One month later, it not only launched the Forward Record label, but it acquired Hurok Concerts Inc., the huge classical concern. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, TIC "owns Transcontinental Music Corp., a major wholesale merchandiser of phonograph records, tapes and recording accessories. It also owns

PHOTOGRAPH



ED CARLIN

several music and publishing concerns that produce contemporary music and *develop* groups performing the music in person, on records and in movies" (emphasis mine). In addition, TIC owns considerable real estate holdings, a rubber company, the Hullabaloo complex (the dance centers and the magazine), **Love's Enterprises, Inc.** and a host of other diversified operations.

Some of the other conglomerates into music are: **Transamerica**, a \$1.1 billion-a-year insurance, computer, airline and movie-distribution fat cat that also owns 14 music publishing companies and, as part of Liberty/United Artists, Inc., at least ten record companies; **Commonwealth United Corp.**, owner of Sunset International Petroleum, an insurance company and a travel agency (under its subsidiary, Commonwealth United Music, Inc.) it owns at least eight music publishing companies, two recording studios,

an independent production association, and the Seeburg Corp. (which manufactures juke boxes, phonographs, pianos, electric organs and vending equipment); **Gulf & Western Industries**, manufacturers and distributors of auto parts, producer of integrated zinc, owner of movie theaters, film companies (including Paramount Pictures), a realty corporation, an investment company, a bank, the South Puerto Rico Sugar Company (the major producer of sugar in the Dominican Republic, where they're also constructing a cement plant and a hotel) and the CATV franchises and operating systems in 19 cities and seven companies; **Viewlex, Inc.**, largest company in the United States devoted exclusively to the design and manufacture of audio-visual equipment for industrial, commercial, education and defense projects, missile electronic control subsystems, owns the famous Bell Sound Studios (for recording,

DOUGLAS GILBERT

PHOTOGRAPH





WOODCUT: MARKY'S WORLD

MARKY BULWINKLE

mastering and tape manufacture), some seven pressing and component plants, eight recording companies (including Kama Sutra and Buddah) and at least three music publishing companies; **Metromedia, Inc.**, owns TV and radio stations (including the WNEW complex in New York), has contracts for metro transit advertising, produces TV programs, owns its own record company and six music publishing companies. There are at least five other significant conglomerates heavily involved in the music industry, to say nothing of the thousands of small independents who are somehow wound up in the same rat race. Since profit is what that race is all about, those who control these enterprises feed off of us by commercially and hermetically packaging and selling back our subculture to us at outrageous prices.

Not only have some "consumers" decided that no one has a right to demand big money for music which belongs to the people, but an increasing number of rock festival goers have begun to storm the bottlenecks where tickets are taken or they have torn down fences to provide free access for everybody. A free music for those who want to be free and who find obnoxious such things as "hip" gestapo who keep you cool at the Fillmore. Groovy . . . I mean the festival actions have started to put the music

#### about the author:

**W**hen you walk into Procter's apartment in Spanish Harlem on Manhattan's West Side, you can see right off where his head is: Rows of LP's, boxes of 45's, various complexes of sound equipment, and posters and photographs of various musicians share the main room with file cabinets, index card systems, odd stacks of unclipped newspapers and media trade journals. If you are going to relax and be there a while, he asks right off "What kind of music would you like to hear: blues, rock, country-Western, classical, jazz . . . ?" While he's putting the record on the turntable, he'll give you a little rap about the group or their recording—some anecdote from his interviews, research or personal experience with the performers. Each record carries special significance and dimension.

Ever since we began working together on setting up NACLA (North American Congress on Latin America) in the fall of '66, Procter has talked of the tension within himself between doing research (in NACLA's case, on U.S. power in Latin America) and music. Doing music meant guitar lessons, getting to the North Carolina Fiddler's Convention or the Woodstock Festival, singing in the Morningside Community Choir, investigating openings for a movement disk jockey. Though he has a strong interest in Latin America—sparked by several months of study in Spain and Mexico, visits to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic, and three years with NACLA—he really has music in his blood.

Just a couple of months ago, he seemed to find his way of tying research and music together, plus a good chance at making some subsistence bread. The results have been a creative surge of articles in the underground press (especially in the RAT and Liberation News Service) and a projected book on the exploitation of rock culture.

—FRED GOFF, New York City

entrepreneurs uptight enough that their real heads come through. We must continue to wake up if our music is to be effectively reclaimed (and it will never be completely so, as long as capitalism defines our society). Other actions must be conceived that will send tremors through that corporate structure that makes commodities out of us and our music. Further, frameworks need to be established where bands relate regularly to their communities and vice versa. How better to combat the sterile idol idea that promoters count on so heavily?

As suggested earlier, musicians and consumers are separated unnaturally. (Society generally is organized to keep us apart, setting up false divisions between "religion," "work," "vacation," "love life," etc. and inducing us to compete by race, sex, jobs, income and so forth.) Only germinal rock groups manage to develop a truly organic relationship with their audience and then only until commercial hype separates them. The Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead could claim such relationships with other residents of Haight-Ashbury in 1964; in Detroit, the MC5 were beginning to develop a powerful relationship with people until their manager John Sinclair was busted for marijuana last August. The 10-year rap John received at the hands of Michigan "lawnawdah" has not encouraged the group and those who actively related to it and its precepts.

There have also been times in New York, apparently, when this community idea almost functioned among jazz buffs—at the old Five Spot for example, and in certain small coffee houses. Music was cheap and real and a dynamic was created that elevated both performers and spectators. Interplay existed between the two for sustained periods of weeks or even months. As a first step towards revolutionary music, let's decentralize the music that we have, make it real on the local level.

A New York High School Student Union pamphlet distributed at a demonstration at the aforementioned Youth Fair in May (when the Berkeley People's Park actions were a national issue), summed up the hip culture scene this way:

We can have long hair and talk differently as long as we are part of the consumer society. The Berkeley people made their own music in their own outdoor concert hall. They took

the ideas of our music seriously. They were building a revolutionary community—a threat to the Establishment. That's why the cops came, that's why the National Guard came, that's why shotguns were fired into the crowd, and that's why James Rector, 26 years old, is dead.

We can't be free until everything is free, because money's what's used to control things. The money game even controls the Man.<sup>10</sup> He tries to market the moon; he figures out ways to keep people working at jive jobs, making things nobody needs so they can afford to buy things nobody needs. While we sit around grooving, the rock moguls are cleaning up and using our bread to influence the charts and control the "stars" . . . and telling us that revolution means buying their stuff! If businessmen in beads and cops in bellbottoms (Woodstock Festival) is revolution, how come the war's still going on in Vietnam and the ax is coming down at home? If this is the Age of Aquarius, why do people get busted when they try living Real Lives? If this is It baby, why is it that the same corporations which are into robbing Latin America of minerals, oil and sugar and selling it back to them to "help them develop" are the same corporations which are packaging and selling our "revolution" back to us? Dig it. Everybody look what's going down. . . . ■

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#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> The black rhythm 'n' blues and country & western music of the 50's that found its own commercially through the fusion of the two in a form called "rockabilly," exemplified first and most successfully by Elvis Presley beginning in 1956.

<sup>2</sup> Promotion, especially that which is designed

<sup>3</sup> Young girls who make sexual relationships with rock stars their specialty.

<sup>4</sup> A New York club which, until it closed recently due to local terrorism, served as an after hours locale for many musicians. Steve Paul, who was its owner, is one of the younger entrepreneurs on the rock scene today.

<sup>5</sup> Somebody real.

<sup>6</sup> A recently emergent rock group composed of 11 Columbia University undergraduates who perform '50s rock, complete with all the teenage agony, leather jackets, T-shirts and stage routines with which rock was associated in that period.

<sup>7</sup> A car.

<sup>8</sup> Big money.

<sup>9</sup> Individual records.

<sup>10</sup> The Establishment, collectively described.

# THE JOURNEY OF REST

by  
Javier Heraud

I have sadly let my head rest  
in this shade that falls from the sound of your steps  
turned towards the shore beyond  
great like the night to deny you  
I have left my robes and the trees rooted in my throat  
I have left even the star that ran through my bones  
I have abandoned my body  
as the shipwreck abandons the ship.

— Emilio Adolfo Westphalen

## THE DESIRE

I wanted to rest  
one whole year,  
and turn my eyes  
to the sea,  
and watch the water  
swell and swell  
like a trench overrun  
like an enormous  
wound burst  
from my chest.  
I wanted to stand,  
sit,  
lie myself down by  
the waterfalls  
or  
the  
seashores,  
lie myself down  
in the floodtide,  
settle my body  
gently into  
the waters  
or  
in  
the  
springs.

## THE POEM

I  
I have slept  
one whole year,  
or perhaps I died  
for a time.  
I don't know.  
But I know that for one year  
I have been absent,  
I know that for one year  
I have rested,  
I know that in this time  
the fruits and the berries  
dried their roots  
sapping them of  
flavor and joy.  
I rested  
in the mountains,  
happily my  
heart did not grow dry  
from expelled  
tears,  
it didn't sob,  
it didn't recall past  
sadnesses.  
Everything happened as  
always:



I rested,  
the trains  
followed their tracks,  
the ships sailed  
day and night,  
many fish  
exhausted themselves in the sea.

2  
But here I am.  
I have come back,  
but with a rare taste  
of bitter earth,  
many sufferings  
had I accumulated  
and it is difficult to forget  
in one year.  
It is difficult to abandon  
everything,  
one year is only  
one year and never suffices.  
It is hard to leave everything,  
pallid shrubs  
cover one's heart  
with hate,  
and to pull up roots is always  
to leave something,  
a hole,  
root-ends;  
the spirit  
of indefatigable hate  
inhabits  
one's heart  
and dreams.

3  
Today I turned  
my path around.  
I departed nearly  
a year ago.  
I could deny everything  
now:  
I don't know if I have been born,  
I don't know if I have even  
read a book.  
Perhaps I have leafed through  
a line of Salinas  
that today I want to forget.  
One year is never enough  
when you want to rest.  
If I have been born  
it is because I am to end  
with my bones in the sea:  
(the sea washes everything,  
the sea covers  
the weeds and the pasture,  
it fills the bitter  
and hellish hearts).  
But perhaps I have already  
died,  
one year is only one year,  
in fact I have not  
rested at all;  
is it that I want  
to lie down again  
in the river bed  
of rest, where  
in dreams I listened to  
the hum  
of the autumn  
cascade?

4  
I have come back.  
Mama, papa,  
I'm back.  
Brothers,  
here I am  
as before,  
singing in  
the winter  
nights,  
with my dry  
heart  
of bread and stone.  
Gustavo, you  
have grown.  
Don't you count any longer  
with your fingers?  
or read  
letter by letter?  
or dream  
with the tigers  
and elephants?  
It's true, parents,  
brothers,  
here I am,  
I don't know if I have rested,  
it's that on the road  
I encountered a willow  
that laughed with the beat of  
the wind and my steps,  
that laughed with  
its tusk and its limbs,  
that laughed at everything  
like a child,  
and this has  
made me doubt.

5  
One long year I  
have been stretched out in  
the grass of oblivion,  
covered by leaves of love  
and autumn.  
I rested a bit,  
I confess,  
I left without saying goodbye,  
but it's that in my heart  
there's room for no more flowers,  
in my heart the hard secret of  
life has not yet entered.

6  
I have come back slowly,  
(A little dreaming  
is always necessary  
although it be short like  
the silence of  
morning-glories).  
In every town that I passed  
coming back,  
I saw that their doors  
were open  
to me,  
that their roofs were mine,  
that their fields,  
their hates,  
all belonged to me.  
I walked and  
walked,  
I did not look back  
towards my bed of leaves,  
one year is enough  
(I told myself)  
it is not necessary to die  
if what we want  
is to open our arms and say:

"See you tomorrow,  
nothing has changed,  
I am as always  
between the rivers,  
and I am as never  
between the rocks."  
And I continued walking  
thinking of the warm  
bread at home,  
savoring the rice  
prepared by my mother,  
feeling my  
bed  
with its  
happy  
sheets.

7

The river's  
song  
accompanied  
this traveler's thick-skinned  
feet,  
the river  
sang with my arms,  
in it  
I saw death  
and life.  
But one is always  
composed  
of a fragment of death and of  
the road,  
and one is always river,  
or song,  
or hidden tears.

8

I have come back. I slept  
one long year, rested  
and was dead,  
but I enjoyed April  
and the white flowers.

9

Today I returned through  
the fields,  
at times running  
at breath's end,  
at times resting  
newly at the foot  
of a tree of lanky  
chestnut leaves.  
The sun above  
(as always),  
launching thunderous  
songs of triumph  
defying me to run  
through the whole field.  
I stopped awhile  
at the waterfall,  
sunk my arms  
in its waters,  
conversed,  
cooled  
my eyes.  
Once again I saw myself  
reflected in  
the sea and here I doubted  
again:  
I have known nothing;  
one whole year I traveled  
through dream-  
towns,  
I don't know if I am merely  
a corpse who drums  
breathlessly against his coffin,  
I don't know if in a tea-leaf  
I could see  
a whole life lost,  
but I know that I have been  
asleep:  
one year is a century  
when it is a year  
of dreams and forgetting.

10

Nothing reproaches me:  
If I have been absent  
a long cluster  
of difficult days,  
it is because I knew  
that one can never  
live too long,  
my hands were already  
hands only for  
clamor and refuge.  
I was constructing my  
grotto with my eyes,  
and my fingernails didn't exist  
for bread  
or for wheat.  
Never will I know if I  
have rested,  
to know is not enough,  
one year is only a year,  
but I know that I have slept,  
and there where I slept  
the flowers covered  
my head,  
and I didn't worry about  
the river or the valley,  
nor the sea or the sands.  
Today I come back,  
today I return,  
after one year,  
after a year

of rest or  
the perennial journey  
towards life.  
But the journey  
of rest,  
or the journey and the rest,  
all is a relief for  
my dead eyes.  
Today I return with the doubt  
and the word,  
today I return with  
the saying in my throat  
with rest or without rest,  
but without new dreams.  
Without a new dream  
that obliges me to  
return to my bed  
of grass and flowers,  
without a new and lengthy  
dream,  
I can construct  
new words,  
perhaps I will smile  
with a happy face,  
some time I will salute  
life,  
and I will await  
death joyfully,  
with my dry heart.

### RECOLLECTION OF THE YEAR

Once the year is  
finished,  
I proceed to gather  
my new things,  
I proceed to reclaim  
old papers,  
I beat time to  
friendly chatter,  
the recollection of the year,  
the recollection of my  
past 365 days:  
all passed  
quickly,  
there was no time  
for the harvest,  
nor to  
plant wheat  
in the cornfields.  
The days flew  
swiftly,  
I sat down,  
read,  
or some times  
wrote  
till dark.  
I was not afraid  
of death,  
I could not plant

love as I  
wanted,  
I gathered some  
fallen fruits  
and knew that  
in the end I would die  
one day  
among birds  
and trees.  
I am not dead.  
Still,  
from time to time  
when the gusts  
of silence  
vibrate,  
I open my heart  
to the conspiracy  
of the wind  
and the word,  
and I construct  
houses,  
seas,  
lands,  
new sunrises,  
new sadnesses,  
and finally I am silent  
(as always  
remembering and  
remembering).

—Tr. from Spanish by Robert Pearlman

# TOWARD A MOVEMENT THEOLOGY

by

Joe Williamson



WOODCUT: PROMETHEUS

W. R. LIDH

The six-foot, four-inch doorman, uniformed in a high school drum major outfit and a plastic Norseman helmet, received me into the heavily carpeted lobby of the Marriott Motor Inn where theologians from across the country were congregating for the October annual meeting of the American Academy of Religion. The culture shock was too much. Outside, the world of metropolitan Boston heaved its sighs of Friday afternoon exhaustion. Around the Marriott the polluted waters of the Charles River forced their sluggish way to Boston Harbor. War planes from nearby Hanscom Air Force Base scratched coffin nails for Vietnam across the chalk-board sky. Cars spewing out exhaust into the gathering haze clogged Route 128, Boston's eight-lane circumferential highway. A bus half filled with token blacks hired by the suburban electronics industries carried its alienated workers back into the ghettos of the central city. Our world: hastening to apocalypse.

But the alienated workers were also inside the Inn. Four hundred job-seeking assistant professors and instructors, all in double-breasted jackets, watched anxiously for name tags they could speak to. I saw a face from distant seminars in graduate school. The questions came: "Have you published your dissertation? Books? Articles?" From me an uptight negative response without the equanimity to ask the same of my inquirer. Needing anesthesia, I headed for the bar to find that drinks are served only to those gullets swathed in silk. A friend already in possession of a beer removed his tie, an act of compassionate identification with my oppression. I laughed and left. Picking up a discarded program I looked once more to see if possibly during the next three days some speaker might be taking seriously the students, or the world, or life and death. But mostly there was only that professionalized form of theological vacuity which I had found at first perusal. As it turned out later, even the panel on the theme of new experiments in teaching couldn't deal with the intrusion of audience participation into their prepared discussion.

One promise was forthcoming. Bill Hamilton, provocative leader among those theologians who had announced the death of God, did pass the word that all those interested in forming a radical caucus within the AAR should plan to meet together for Saturday supper. I went. Approximately thirty people, mostly nondescript unknowns, were there. After eating, Bill led a testimony meeting in which people rapped about where they were in the radical movement. For forty-five minutes I listened with increasing anger. To most of them being radical meant finding some exclusive enclave in which to celebrate their own private freedom. No

one tried to put that luxury within the context of the structures of corporate slavery that constrict and break our lives. No one even hinted that our aping of a bourgeois life style might be just the give-away that we are lumpen proletariat ourselves.

I left the whole affair convinced that Marx was right. Religion, the study of religion, the teaching of religion, is indeed an opiate. Aside from Hamilton's intense and honest voice, the professional theologians spoke as mystifiers both of the masses and of themselves. To paraphrase Marx's critique of Hegelian idealism, they have deluded themselves into thinking that they are "really conceiving something without conceiving something real." The theological mind is merely the "estranged mind" of the Church "thinking within its self-estrangement, i.e., comprehending itself abstractly." (*The German Ideology*.)

On the basis of this kind of observation, my inclination is to announce that the uneasy alliance between theology and the movement for social revolution in this country is at an end. Some of us had hoped otherwise. Martin Luther King had tried to hold the two together. So had Bob Spike in that far-away Mississippi Summer of 1964. But they are gone, and now theology apparently has nothing to say to the Movement. Much worse, the Movement apparently has nothing to say to theology. Or if it does, at least nothing was being heard at the Marriott last fall.

As for myself, I do not intend to propose the establishment of a new dentente which will serve no real purpose to either of the parties of the old alliance, however fragile it may have been. Nevertheless, my own identity

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#### about the author:

Joe Williamson is a theologian who tries to bring it together among the people of the educational park, within and without schools.

Marcuse / poetry / Jonathan Edwards / vocation-election / Marx / basketball / both Dylans / polymorphous perversity / anger / Oglesby / rock / Roethke / three sons / hope / a certain beneficent restlessness.

"Do good, use your head.

Everybody must be fed.

Get together, break bread.

Yes, get together,

that's what I said." (Blind Faith)

—WAYNE PROUDFOOT, Newton Centre, Mass.

as a theologian cannot be separated from my identity as one who has participated in the Movement. It is not that I have two loci of identity in my own being and acting. Rather, it is that radical politics and radical theology, for me, co-inhere with each other. They cannot be separated, much less be compartmentalized. This means that I must take the issue of "theology and revolution" much more seriously than do the editors of *New Theology No. 6*, which has its focus on that question. Martin Marty and Dean Peerman express therein the hope that the articles which they collected will be no more than an "emphasis" within the total theological enterprise. It is not just another emphasis which is needed. It is a vision, a passion, a commitment which is needed. Unless theology and politics are indissolubly related, then the former will become one more exercise in mystification, and the latter will become the purposeless rearrangement of the status quo. Our political activity must be shaped by normative ends. And our theological activity must be grounded in the material realities of individual and corporate existence.

This means that theologians, both professional and lay, must begin to do for theology what Marx did for Hegel. By that I mean that at every point the formal categories of theology must be filled with the material content of what is happening in our lives. It is not enough to say that "Jesus is Lord." The social, psychological, political and economic implications of that statement must be ascertained and acted upon. To do for theology what Marx did for Hegel is not to abandon the theological enterprise. It is to invigorate that task by creating an indissoluble unity between the mind and the body. It is to take the "God of history" with greater seriousness than has yet been realized.

There are three components which I see as being ingredient to this as a theological task. The first is that it drives toward a unitary perception of the world. Life must be seen in its interrelatedness as well as in its specificity. This is one of the issues which lies behind the debate about the military-industrial-academic complex. Herbert Richardson has written of our need to work out a "metacritical" perspective in which God is to be understood as the "unity of unities." Theology must seek to relate all knowledge and experience in a common perception of

what life is and a common expectation of what life can become. It requires the overcoming of personal and social fragmentation. Holiness is wholeness. The anthropological corollary to this wholeness is important. As Marx observed, the new man in the new social order will be the "all-around" man. This drive toward a unitary understanding of man and world is necessary for theology and for politics. It is only when some significant unitary perception is available that both the theological and the revolutionary impulse can be sustained.

The second component in the theological endeavor is the creation of a critical perspective from which to judge the inhumanities of social life in America today. Herbert Marcuse is right when he maintains that, because we have lost the transcendent dimension, we can no longer do the evaluative work which is required of us. Our language is functionalized. Our psyche is adjusted. Our vocation is professionalized. On every level the status quo defines our being. We cannot perceive the irrationality of what appears to be the rational. Because transcendence is lost, because God is operationally dead for us, we cannot speak of, much less flee from, the wrath which is to come. There can be no theology without transcendence. There can be no revolution without transcendence. A superordinate critical perspective which is rooted in history, and which at the same time provides a thoroughgoing critique of where we are in history, is what we need. The right and the capacity for making the "Great Refusal" must be restored to us if we are to be either theologians or revolutionaries or, perchance, both.

The final prerequisite for the theological task is that it must include the movement toward a Utopian vision. I use the phrase "Utopian vision" with some advisement. We have become rightly suspicious of Utopianism largely because of the a-historical connotations which that term implies. The problem, however, is not with Utopia *per se*, but with the confidence that it has been or can be fully actualized in the context of life's finitude and relativity. Utopia, like the biblical expectation of the Kingdom, is properly an eschatological reality which always lies ahead of us as the goal or lure of history. Ernest Becker has argued in his provocative book, *The Structure of Evil*, that the achievement of this kind of vision is



the fundamental ingredient which is necessary if our contemporary social stagnation is to be overcome. To change the metaphor, history is now immobilized, caught on dead center, just because there is no anticipation of what the future holds for us in the way of promise. A critical perspective must be correlated with an expectation. Tillich's "Protestant principle," which guards against all forms of idolatrous ascription of ultimacy to finite realities, is not enough. The "negation of the negative" requires linguistically and logically the affirmation of the positive. Nor is the Utopian vision merely fantasy. There are already those concrete anticipations of the future which may be discerned in the rebellions of the blacks and of the youth. They point to and evidence that quality of self-affirmation and freedom which is ingredient to the way that history must move.

Theology and politics, therefore, must be of one piece. The norms by which wholeness, criticism and affirmation are to be discerned must not be separated from the mundane realities of life as it is being lived. That is what I understand the biblical insistence upon the history of Israel and the humanity of Jesus Christ to be about. The politics of revolution are the politics of God as well as the politics of those who are the collaborators with God. That means a kind of healthy arrogance and confidence are proper to the work which we must do.

So what then can be said from this peculiar place about where we are today in the Movement? How can we be both critical and affirmative about ourselves and about our task? We are obviously at a very crucial juncture in our own self-understanding. We need a kind of clarity in both our analysis of the Movement and in our development of strategy and tactics for the Movement. I want to surface four issues to which we must address ourselves. The first of these is the problem of fragmentation within the Movement itself. We are under no illusions, I presume, about the extent of our divisions. The Man has exploited and fostered that divisiveness to his advantage at every opportunity. The symptom of the problem is the debate which is currently in vogue about who is and who is not a Movement person. What are the proper credentials now that SDS has expelled Progressive Labor? Are the organizers of the People's Park brigade sufficiently informed about the class nature of exploitation in America? Was Woodstock a counterrevolu-

WOODCUT: POLITICAL EXHIBIT



W. R. LIDH

tionary cop-out? Are the Weathermen adventurists who will ultimately destroy both themselves and their cause?

These are hard questions, and I do not mean to infer that they should not be asked. But in some way the infighting must not destroy the power which we have won. As I see it, the fundamental division in our ranks is between those cultural revolutionaries who have set their struggle outside the established norms and boundaries of the system on the one hand, and those political revolutionaries who still seek either to change or to destroy the system on the other. Of course, there are countless differences as well within each of the large groups. But the major chasms over which we shout our epithets are these. To overcome our fragmentation we must find some way to hold in tension the nonrational and often privatistic freedom of the cultural revolutionaries with the rational and corporate drive for a just freedom of the political revolutionaries.

Perhaps an anecdote will help. Last summer the *Village Voice* reported that at Andy Warhol's birthday party a young man, fresh from the Chicago SDS convention, berated the celebrants because they did not comprehend the class nature of economic exploitation in America today. The party was

to him a confirmation of the state of bourgeois decadence. Whereupon another guest replied that, had not the playwrights and the poets of the Village begun an attack on American social values more than two decades ago, there would have been no climate in which political analysis and revolution could take place today. I think he was right. We need both artists and politicians in the Movement. Yevgeny Yevtushenko is important just as Carl Oglesby is important. It is necessary even here to keep our minds and our bodies together. This is why I am excited about what Dick Snyder, theologian for the Metropolitan Associates of Philadelphia project, calls "political enthusiasm."

I am furthermore concerned about the growth of the Movement. The themes of exclusiveness and discipline must be correlated with the necessity to constantly expand our base. For instance, on the October 15 Moratorium Day in Boston I spoke with a young woman who is a secretary for the Raytheon Corporation. The management of Raytheon had issued a directive stating that employees were not to be absent from work to participate in the Moratorium. She chose to disobey that directive. For her it was the first act of defiance against the corporate structures of militarism and imperialism which she had ever made. It was a modest act. But it was a beginning. What she needs is not the sneers of long-time Movement people but their support. Of course the cultural revolution needs to understand that it does operate from a middle-class base in American society. But the political revolution needs to see that the cultural breakthrough has often provided the troops from which fresh enlistments can be made. Woodstock is not the end of the revolution. But it may have opened up the way for more people to join us in our common struggle than we heretofore have realized.

**T**he second issue which I wish for us to face is the reality of our own alienation as middle-class people in American society today.<sup>5</sup> For too long a time the Movement lived by pimping off the struggles of the dispossessed. We got our kicks out of the Black Liberation struggle, or the plight of the urban poor, or the exploitation of the people of the Third World. But we did not fully realize that our condition was as desperate as theirs. In terms of Richard Hatcher's analysis, we were still operating out of the context of the

old liberal assumptions. We confused our economic affluence and status with the truth about the nature of our alienation.

We are breaking through that now. We are beginning to understand that we too were impotent, that our labor was alienated from our being, that we were also suffering beneath the social systems of this country. The blacks and the students are in the revolutionary vanguard of the Movement. But that does not mean that those of us who are neither black nor students must sit around and take our cues from them. Stokely Carmichael was right. We must do our revolutionary thing among our own people as well as in alliance with the poor. Women's Liberation has forced us to the realization of this once more. Now is the time for a Men's Liberation Movement also. The pimp has no masculinity of his own. He can merely procure for someone else. Only when we have clearly seen the nature of our subjugation can we begin to comprehend the power of our own humanity. And when that really happens we shall find a new virility which animates and motivates our lives.

The third problem which the Movement faces is the issue of the timing of our revolutionary actions. To act prematurely in a non-revolutionary situation is to run the risk of destroying both ourselves and our cause as well. To postpone action to some never-never-time is to cut the fundamental nerve which keeps our acting and our thinking whole. This is the question which was focused for us by the action of the Weathermen when SDS "brought the war home" to Chicago last fall. The Weathermen and Weatherwomen believe that the fatal flaw of pseudo-revolutionaries is to intellectualize about a future cataclysm which will never happen. For them the time for action is not in some tomorrow, but now. There is something quite persuasive about that. The problem, however, is that the provocative action which they have dared to instigate has not succeeded in bringing to their ranks any significant supply of fresh recruits from those segments of the population whom they hope to win. There are exceptions, but on the whole those are very few.

**I**t is hard to generalize about this. It may be that the Movement needs commandoes who can act ahead of the main body of the army. For myself Gorz's phrase, "the non-reformist reformer," does help me to put my own identity in some perspective.



MAURICE SCHMIDT

How does one deal with the tension between one's own critical revolutionary consciousness and the need to act in a disciplined effective way before the revolutionary conditions are achieved? How does one avoid the tendency to privatization and intellectualization which the phrase revolutionary consciousness implies? One of the necessary antidotes to this tendency is not to act or think in isolation from one's brothers and sisters in the Movement. A base is needed. A community of support is needed. The Lone Ranger syndrome with its flamboyant forays into the stake-outs of the oppressor does not help us nor does it really serve to move the Movement toward its goals.

The final issue is explicitly ethical in terms. It has to do with the justification of violence as a tactic for the Movement. All of our middle class and so-called Christian morality rebels at this. Did not the base from which we had our beginnings set for us in an enduring way the ethics of non-violent love? The answer to that is that even Martin Luther King defended non-violence not only as a moral but also as a tactical decision. And there were always those even in the early days who disagreed with

absolutizing non-violence as an ethical norm. I remember being escorted to a town in southern Mississippi back in August, 1964, by a black man with a revolver at his side. The Panthers want to know how serious we are in joining them in their struggle. The gun is a sign to them of the measure of our seriousness.

Of course the real issue is to discern where the violence is being done in American life today. The purveyors of murder are not the people of our struggle. The murderers are rather those wielders of corporate death in our society, the military and the industries, which daily carry out destruction of our lives. The question then becomes: how is that greater systemic violence to be destroyed? There is, after all, a legitimate tradition within the Christian community which affirms the necessity for a just or righteous war. What is to be done when innocent men, women and children are being victimized? How are we to save them from the threat of death? Given the chaos which is both internal and external to the American social system, it may be that we shall have to abandon that last vestige of middle class morality to which we cling and learn to defend our values and our lives in ways that now appear to be repugnant to us.

The Movement is in crisis. That crisis is in part a reflection of the contradictions which the system forces on us. Those contradictions make it difficult for us to see and choose our way. But those contradictions are themselves the evidence and promise of our ultimate achievement. In the meantime we cannot drop out. We must facilitate those contradictions until the economic and political chaos which they are engendering will make it possible for us to live in peace again.

Perhaps all of this seems strangely non-theological to some. Perhaps it seems too non-political to others. Both kinds of critics may be right. To them I say that the Movement and I both need the best theology and the best politics which can be done. And if, perchance, I shall be asked as I quite recently was: "What does all of this have to do with Christian faith," I can only answer that I am not quite sure about that. That question comes, I think, from the same pietistic mind which asks, "Are you a Christian?" The answer to these questions is not really ours to give. That is God's prerogative. What we must do is set ourselves to working as we can. The election right belongs to God. ■



**N**on-violence badly needs redefinition. Non-violence should mean not only a refusal to do another physical harm, but also a determination not to violate the integrity of any human being, our own integrity included.

According to this definition we all come out pretty violent, and first of all toward ourselves. For we love policies of repression: self-denial in place of self-discovery and self-fulfillment, moralistic terrorism in place of ethical persuasion. Instead of bringing into the full light of day the ambivalences that are part of the human equipment, we hide them. In every relationship of love there is hate, in every expression of altruism some self-advantage is being sought—but instead of examining, we repress. But these policies of repression are wrong if only because the subconscious has no digestive tract. What goes down must come up, and it usually does so in the form of displaced violence. Thus older folk who violently repress their sexuality become violent when they see the present permissiveness of the young. People who repress their ethical natures become violent when others make claims on their consciences. Middle class youth becomes violent toward middle class

values because it cannot quite take leave of the class it forswears.

The result is disaster. As Freud once observed acidly, "It is a good thing men do not love their neighbors as themselves; if they did they would kill them." And that seems to be what we're up to a good deal of the time.

The point is that it is all right to have ambivalent feelings. It is wrong to pretend not to have them. It is wrong to have pretensions of innocence when in the sullied stream of human life holiness is man's only option. As "whole" and "holy" have the same root, holiness can be defined as the effort to bring into one integrated and dedicated whole the sensual, logical and ethical aspects of our nature; our past, present and future; our race, nationality and class. And holiness is possible given the certainty of God's love.

**B**ut let us go on with this theme of non-violence and recognize that as with individuals, so with social structures: they can be outwardly orderly yet inwardly violent. And if violence means violating human integrity, then without hesitation we must call violent any university, business, government or

by

Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr.

## MILITANT NON-VIOLENCE

social structure that condemns human beings to hopelessness and helplessness, to less than human existence. Further it is clear that people concerned with non-violence must show not only compassion for the victims of violence but also a determination to change the structures of society that make them objects of compassion. Let religious folk note well Colin Williams' splendid statement that it is no longer possible to distinguish between a personal conversion experience and a change in social attitudes.

That is why Elijah was so determined, despite the personal risk, to confront Ahab. And when Ahab called him the disturber of Israel, Elijah properly retorted that it was Ahab who was the disturber of Israel's peace, for his rule rejected more than it reflected the commandments of God. In other words Ahab's kingdom was an established disorder, and as Augustine later wrote, "What are . . . kingdoms without justice but large bands of robbers?"

What we need to recognize is Gandhi's truth that exploitation is the essence of violence, that violence in its cruelest form is not blue collar or no collar, but white collar; not individual and messy, but organized and efficient, antiseptic and profitable. The violent ones are less the mugging drug addicts that inhabit slum tenements than the modern-day Ahab's who occupy pentagonal palaces, skyscrapers like the Ling tower, the house that weapons built, and who never see blood unless their secretaries have a nosebleed.

To see how violent a world we live in, we have only to engage in an exercise of imagination: There are now three billion people on this planet. Reduce these peoples proportionately to a town of 1,000 and 60 will be Americans, 940 the rest of the world's population. The 60 Americans will control half the total income of the town. The 60 Americans will enjoy on an average fifteen times as much of all material goods as the rest of the citizens. The 60 Americans will enjoy a life expectancy of 71 years while the 940 on an average will die before they are 40.

Now we can see how ridiculous it is to define violence in physical terms alone. For a man killed by a bullet is no less dead than a man who has died from a disease resulting from eradicable poverty. When you stop to think of it, poverty is no longer inevitable; therefore it is intolerable. It is no more a private tragedy; it is now a public crime.

But there are other forms of violence and death, the kinds suffered by the 60 Americans. American production is now powerfully oriented toward consumption. And as consumption seems almost limitless, so too appears production. But to produce something, something else has to be destroyed, and the evidence of destruction is all about us. "Modern production," write two commentators, "has obscured the sun and the stars, and it has made the cities unliveable. It chews up great forests and drinks whole lakes and rivers, and it consumes men's religions and traditions and makes nonsense of their notions of the aims of education. It periodically slays heaps of men in war, and it daily mangles the spirits of millions of others in meaningless labor."

O for a President who could repeat, in place of cliches whose application has long since ceased, these words of the poet-king so eerie in their timeliness:

The bay trees in our country are all wither'd  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change.

But what is to be done—non-violently? One obvious thing is to speak Elijah's truth that we dwell in a land of idol worshippers. Like Willy Loman we have the wrong dreams. The wrongness comes through most poignantly when talking with blue-collar workers who, unlike blacks today and unlike whites during the Depression, are not excluded from the American pie; they are part of the American dream. Only what kind of a dream is it to return from spirit-mangling work to payments on the car, a mortgage on the house, stultifying TV programs, an over-heated teen-age daughter and a D-in-English car-smashing son? But who, particularly in the Church, has had the candor and courage to tell them of their wrong dreams, to tell them that the wonders of man do not consist in consumer goods, to tell them that their wretchedness is interior and therefore that it is wrong to seek to scapegoat long-haired students, liberal professors, the Vietcong, the UN?

In its most dangerous form, idol worshipping is reflected in the government, and we need not bother with the obvious examples today. Like many of you I read Robert Kennedy's account of the Cuban missile crisis and was greatly impressed by the President's restraint. But the true hero of the story—if

hero there be—is Nikita Khrushchev, for President Kennedy himself privately admitted (and unfortunately the admission is not in the book) that had he as an American President withdrawn missiles as did Khrushchev, he would have been impeached.

Secretary Rusk succinctly summed up the story: we were eyeball to eyeball, and the other fellow blinked. Most Americans thought this kind of manliness impressive. But what impresses me is that if High Noon encounters with nuclear weapons represent manliness, then we simply have to reinvent manhood.

**A**nd this, I think, is what non-violence is really all about: a new kind, or perhaps a New Testament kind, of manhood, patterned after the person of Jesus.

I have only begun to think about this new kind of manhood, but this much at least seems clear. If the aim of non-violence is reconciliation and healing, both for the individual and society, then the emphasis must be not on being right but on being loyal to a truth that is good for all. It is not we who must prevail but a truth that is as true for our adversaries as it is for us. Clearly this demands an openness to, a willingness to learn from our adversaries. (Actually a refusal to learn from another always reflects doubts about one's own position.) In short, the fight is for everyone. Every confrontation should offer opportunities, as Gandhi would say, "for all to rise above their present conditions." And this means we should avoid words or acts which inhibit the awakening of a decent response and only confirm us in our self-righteousness and self-pity.

It is at this point that words such as "pig," "nigger" and "honky" are not helpful. And it is at this point that physical violence is unhelpful. I can consider myself the equal

of a man threatening me with violence, but I have trouble considering myself his equal if I am threatening him. (This, of course, is not to ignore the distinction between the violence of the oppressor and the violence of the oppressed.)

**B**ut openness to an adversary does not mean acquiescence in any evil in which he may be involved. Non-violence has nothing to do with passivity; it has everything to do with resistance. So if a man is opposed to the war in Vietnam, he should naturally refuse to have anything to do with it and go to jail rather than enter the Army. If he opposes the draft he should not register for it provided he has thought through all the consequences of his action for himself and others. For until the adversary in power knows that non-violent men are willing to suffer for their beliefs, he will not be truly willing to listen to them, knowing he can count on their ultimate acquiescence to his power if not to his opinion. Of this we have had endless examples in recent years.

Somehow we have to combine a quality of openness with a quality of determination. We have to fight racial and class enemies, yet never as personal enemies. We have to become twice as militant and twice as non-violent, twice as tough and twice as tender, as only the truly strong can be tender.

That is why a Communion service is so meaningful to me. "After the same manner he took the cup, after he had supped saying, 'This cup is the new covenant in my blood.' " That's what we need—a new covenant with God and with Christ for a new kind of manhood. To this new covenant we must devote a great deal of thought. Perhaps we should inscribe on the exit doors of the church these words of Daedalus: "I go forth . . . to forge in the smith of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." ■

#### about bill coffin:

**V**irile virtue and virtuous virility. Scion of New England stock and servant of New England's God with glory all hidden, restless at this late hour in sores and aches of abused people. Convicted criminal in conspiracy of compassion. Troubler of the people; presuming to speak a word from the Lord, pestering a tired deity with appeals for vindication.

Surprised by his private and gentle self who returns, defying public deed and posture, and demands to be known through and through yet loved. By lamb's blood obsessed, stained and somehow redeemed. Unknowing but knowing he is known, through the twisted grace of God he hopes the Alleluia we will one day understand and be glad.

—RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## STATIC

Dying faster than usual lately,  
I rage to find an ashtray out of place,  
a clock unwound, shoes left to stumble over in the dark.  
The child must touch each spoke  
of the railing but miss each crack  
in the pavement, or the world will come to no good end.  
Magic faces flicker more convincingly than newsprint  
how babies are jellied, generals preserved.  
Ashes more fragrant than usual  
sift from the mouths of the people I've loved.  
The urns are out of place again.  
What ceases to tick just before dawn cannot be my heart.  
My brain is black and beautiful  
but hide as fragile as curled leather lattices these ribs  
that dislocate the day.  
Mushrooms grow between my legs at night,  
poisonous, I think, but yesterday's broken hours  
still lie on the rug, and hungry children swarm  
over the unwashed dishes, sparkling iridescent as brown pearl  
against my stare. The doors are locked from the outside  
like the test-pattern's drone. I've missed some spoke,  
some crack is widening like a smile, a door, an eye  
flooding blue smoke down my freshly waxed face.

—ROBIN MORGAN

## UNCLAIMED VICTIM

(after the *New York Post*, July 26, 1967, p. 2)

His only distinguishing physical characteristic  
is a tattooed heart  
on the right forearm under the name "Yvonne."  
The heart is pierced by an arrow.

Police estimated his age at 16, with black  
hair and brown eyes.  
He wore a gray shirt, tan pants, white socks, and black shoes  
and died of a broken neck

apparently in a fall from a roof, said police.

Two witnesses  
insisted he was shot by riot cops,  
and Dr. Milton Helpern,

the city medical examiner,  
confirmed that the man  
had been killed by a .38 caliber bullet—the same  
size slug used by police.

"It was a very straight-forward gunshot wound,"  
said Dr. Helpern.

"I don't know why they didn't see this wound."  
The heart is pierced by an arrow.

Police hope a fingerprint check will identify  
the man whose body  
lies unclaimed at the Bellevue Hospital morgue.  
The body will be kept

for 60 days, police said, awaiting possible  
inquiries.

His only distinguishing physical characteristic  
is a tattooed heart.

—ROBIN MORGAN

*Congresswoman Chisholm here continues the discussion begun in the December issue on the theme "America, I Love What You Can Still Maybe Be."*

—ED.

PHOTOGRAPH



A. PIERCE BOUNDS

## Unbought and Unbossed

by

Shirley Chisholm

I am as dismayed as the next person when I think what America has been and in many ways continues to be, but I know that I shall go on loving what it "could still maybe be."

It is exceedingly difficult to explain one's inner feelings and motivations, especially when it seems that one's actions defy current policy and standards. Often we remain committed to an individual stance or assume one that is opposed to the general one simply because we feel that we must, and not because we feel that we should do so.

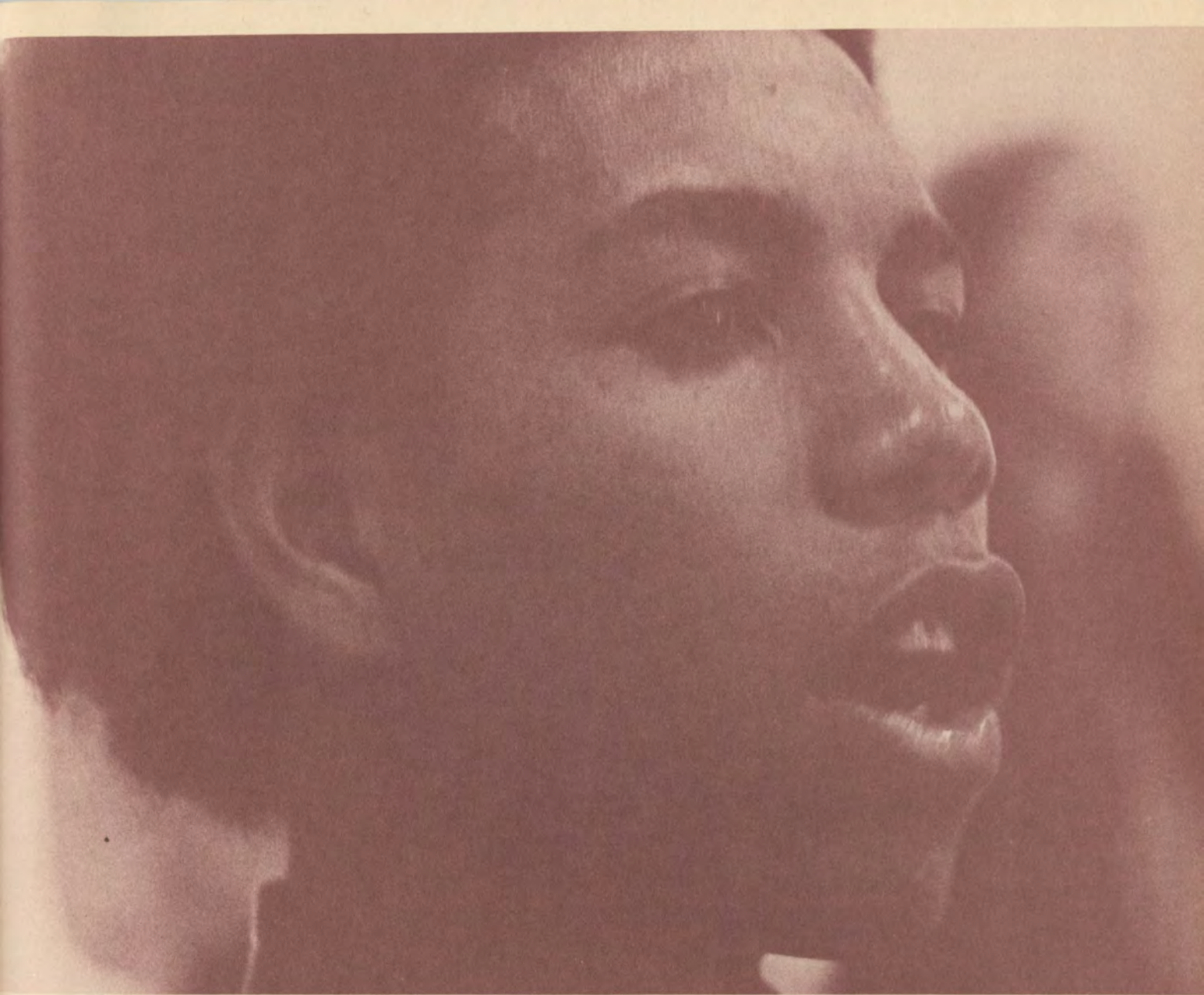
As I said, I know that I shall go on loving America. It is not necessary for me to know or explain more than this. Love can only be expressed by action. One cannot claim to love something and then remain passive toward the object of that love. Philosophically I remain involved in attempting to change

this country because it is the only way in which I can express my love toward a different America, an America that does not yet exist in time and space.

There is an America that exists in the beliefs and actions of many Americans, an America that will come into being only through the positive actions of myself and other people. It is that America which has first claim to my love and my allegiance.

I have been involved in politics for more than twenty years. Prior to and during that time I was an educator, specializing in early childhood education. That dual experience has made me extremely aware of the need for positive role-models. In essence, that is how I interpret Sartre and other existentialists, who claim that man chooses not only for himself but for all men, and





PHOTOGRAPH

ROHN ENGH

bears responsibility not only for himself, individually, but for all men, collectively.

**T**his concept is not a new one, though. In 1st John 3:18 we find the following words: "My little children, let us love not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." The concept of love and action is inextricably interwoven throughout philosophy and religion.

And it is in the context of the modern world that faith, love and action based upon one's personal responsibility to all other men and to the future of all mankind becomes most important.

In James 2:14-17 we find, "What does it profit, my brethren, if a man says he has faith but has not works? Can his faith save

him? If a brother or sister is ill-clad and in lack of daily food, and one of you says to them, 'Go in peace, be warmed and filled,' without giving them the things needed for the body, what does it profit? So faith by itself, if it has not works, is dead."

For much of my twenty years in politics, I had faith. I was one of the "party workers"—stuffing envelopes, organizing rallies, writing speeches and answering phones. But above all, I watched and listened to the behind the scenes "wheeling and dealing" that characterizes American, and perhaps all, politics. In short, I was in an excellent position to see the need for people with a different set of values, someone who cared enough for people to put them ahead of political deals aimed at increasing personal and party success and power.

In what now comprises the major portion of my Congressional district—the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn—I saw the particular plight of Black citizens. But they were not the only people who were not having their interests served—neither were the white and Spanish-speaking minority-groups.

People told me constantly of the great necessity for the average person in the district to see someone who cared enough about them to challenge the existing political structure, to challenge the existing priorities, to challenge the non-leaders who controlled in very real ways their destiny but who they, themselves, could not control or even successfully influence.

I was constantly faced with the question, "Can faith alone save us?" In 1964 I finally realized that the answer was "No." Many of the people had been trying for years to convince me that I was a person they felt could best represent their interests. I finally had to acquiesce to their wishes, to accept their counsel as the wisest course for both them and myself. I did not know then what impact my decision to run for the New York Assembly would have on even the politics of my home district. I know now only that it did have an impact; it is perhaps too soon to know what the impact has been

and what influence it will have on the future.

There was no way to know or be assured that I would reach my goals nor is there now. My personal goals have not been achieved because the goals of those who support me, the people, have not been achieved. Undoubtedly many years will pass before we even begin to approach the basic ones. Undoubtedly even my own role will change many times before I, inevitably, pass from the scene.

In August, 1969, I supported John Lindsay, a Republican running as an Independent, in the New York City mayoralty election. Part of a statement that I made to my constituents (after an attack was made upon my position by other politicians in my area) best sums up my attitude toward my political future:

"Whatever happens to me politically will happen. Whenever we put our feet on the road to a goal, we cannot turn back as long as our conviction that we are headed in the right direction remains firm. The people of Brooklyn and the rest of the city—by virtue of their voluminous correspondence to my office in Washington and Brooklyn—and my own conscience tell me that I have done the right thing. They know and they feel that Shirley Chisholm is doing a job—is doing the job that back-biting Judas Priests cannot really ignore.

"A People's Politician—that's what I said I would be and that's what I am. Let the chips fall where they may. I am still and will continue to be —Unbought and Unbossed." ■

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#### about the author:

The teeming ghettos of America's major cities are increasingly bulging with black citizens who in most cases have lacked a political voice. Ordinarily, other ethnic groups in American life have produced their champions in a form other than a small black woman who makes up in astuteness, courage and utter determination what she may lack in physical size. Mrs. Chisholm has given voice to those who had hitherto been silent in the Southern-dominated halls of Congress. And it has been a voice that has confronted the prejudiced, demanded the necessary and championed the downtrodden.

A Committee chairman is a power unto himself. The voice of the Democratic House caucus is usually just as dominant. In order to neutralize Mrs. Chisholm, the powers that be placed her on the House Agriculture Committee. This woman challenged the assembled might of her own party and successfully obtained a more meaningful assignment, from which she could better represent her people. Since that time, she has gathered force in a most unique manner, setting an example that others would do well to emulate. The American dream comes in many forms. At times it has assumed a heroic pose, wreathed in the smoke of actual battle. At other times it has arrived in the form of a massive intellect or some other towering shape. This time it is physically diminutive, with a woman's voice.

Mrs. Chisholm's very presence in Congress is a tangible example of further realizations of the American dream which must be shown and made available to black Americans. To deny her her due, or similar success to those who seek to emulate her, is to further erode the promise which still holds much truth for the majority of black citizens of this country.

—REP. JOHN CONYERS, JR., Washington, D.C.

LITTLE TRAIN OF THE CAIPIRA

Snowblind, I listen, and listen  
to the space between bands: your sad song  
is # 1 in Grand Rapids, Michigan this week.

But on this LP the little train  
moans with a low wail, chugging  
& coming to take us away. The aria starts  
with a slow violin. The jacket says:  
the song of the countryman, the song of the country.

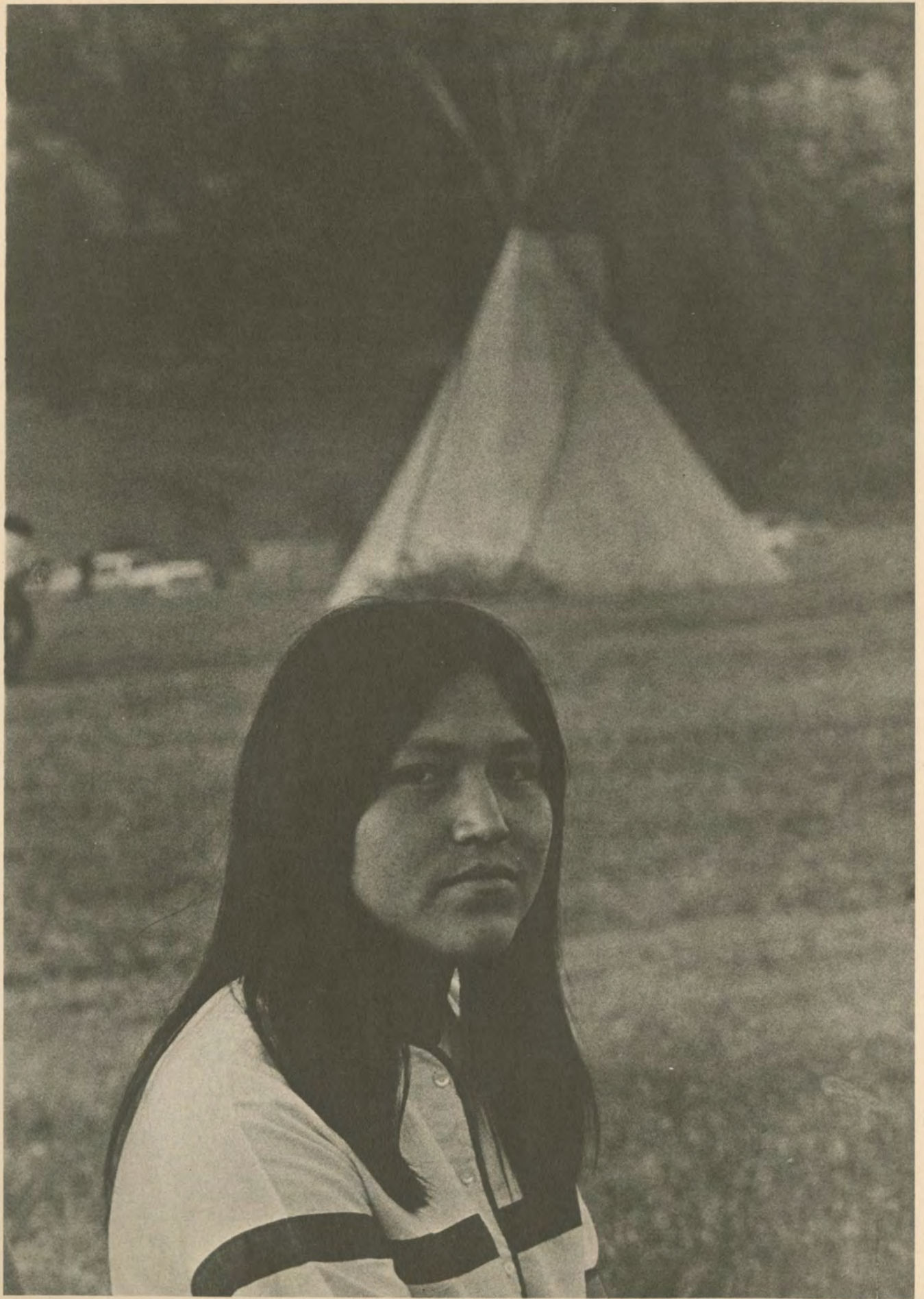
It picks up. The new magazines sprawl,  
some of the girls & some boys jumping,  
some have started running. Others  
are just getting into their cars, boats, rugs.  
They are the models dressed two seasons ahead.  
They dress for the other side of the world.

They are making for the train, following  
the high voice and something wheezing.  
The train will take us to the mountains.

There they are, midair, some with frightened looks.  
Some are smiling, happy to get away.  
Others look out, unbelieving.

We are going, going away. When we get there  
we won't look back and we won't read about you.  
Your sad song is # 1 in Grand Rapids, Michigan  
this week this week this week

—PHYLLIS JANIK



# OUR KEPT BROTHERS

A review of *Our Brother's Keeper: The Indian in White America* (Edgar Cahn, editor; World Publishing Co., November, 1969).

by Jon Eisen

Like a John Cage shuffle-it-yourself book, you can open *Our Brother's Keeper* anywhere, dipping into a report that reads like a catalogue of psywar tortures. Page 56: "Indians have the highest infant mortality rate in the nation. 32.2 of every 1,000 Indian babies born on the reservation die during their first year . . ." On the same page, "The life expectancy of Indians on the reservation is nearly one-third shorter than the national average: 44 years compared to 64 years. Alaskan natives die, on the average, by the age of 35 years . . ."

It goes on and on. The illnesses, the poverty that forces new definitions on the word. The hopelessness that creates a suicide rate three times the national average. "Suicide is the second leading cause of death . . . for Indian youngsters in the 15 to 19 years old age group."

## about the author:

Once, when Jon Eisen had stopped founding magazines like *The Activist* and *The Illinois Political* and doing research for people like Herbert Hill and I. F. Stone, and had settled down for a year and a half at Commonweal, he and I were desperately trying to explain our political outlook to a fellow editor. Finally, giving up on analysis, Jon tried biography. "Look, you've simply got to have had permissive parents, and then be a liberal and then a socialist, and then become disillusioned and go in for end-of-ideology, and then become a pacifist, and then join the New Left, and then be a radical and then a rock maniac." I think Jon is currently a rock maniac. But, of course, I haven't seen him for a week.

—PETER STEINFELS, New York City

You read on, unable to avert your eyes from the statistics. Your anger builds as you get into the Bureau for Indian Affairs and the continuing attempts to rob the Indian of his remaining land, his sacred lakes, his identity.

*Catch-22* comes roaring back to mind: Chief Whie Halfoat relentlessly pursued by the oil companies which stake out a claim wherever he chooses to camp. And Buffy St. Marie importuning us to look at what's been happening to her people. That fine play, *Indians*, which opened recently on Broadway, sending its audiences out into the New York winter muttering nasty thoughts about the way that we treated the Indians in those days. Our thoughts seem always to gravitate to those days. It's so much more convenient to think that our sins were the sins of our fathers whom we have become used to condemning. Another brick at their trammelled heads. But nothing more, right now, thank you, for our own overloaded sense of guilt. And how many are there of these Indians now anyway? Five hundred thousand? Six hundred? Hardly enough to be concerned about, really now.

**B**ut there they stand, haunting the American Dream, the remnants of the nations that were Americans 25,000 years ago. The Americans we wiped out, or tried to, and are still trying to, since they are still "savages," stubbornly different, silently condemning us from the grave for the slaughter that goes on and on.

You start at the beginning of the report, determined to see it through. The first chapter sums it all up. "An Indian child in the state of Washington objected to the American history text that called her ancestors 'dirty savages.' The girl was then summarily expelled from the public school there. The reason: the child was 'uncontrollable.' The mother was forced to send her daughter all the way to Oklahoma to the Bureau-run Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Boarding School. Hundreds of other 'uncontrollable' and 'problem' children are routinely shipped thousands of miles from home—some from Alaska to Oklahoma—to BIA boarding schools. They see their parents once a year, if that often."

The abrogation of treaties. The Indians unable to fish and hunt on their own land. The systematic attempts to "terminate" tribes and thus place reservations under county and

state jurisdiction where their land is forfeited for taxes. The determination by the BIA and public schools not to teach Indian languages in the schools. The loss of cultural identity resulting from the persistence of federal officials to help the Indian to live just like the white man. The programs to make the Indian completely dependent on the white man economically, and more important, psychologically. The logic of the total institution, aiming at creating a way of life for the Indian that makes him totally dependent on the BIA for everything. Steps toward that end: the Indian cannot use his own land as he wishes without BIA consent and approval. He cannot draw on his own money without the same. Moreover, leases can be approved without the owner's consent. The Bureau treats him as a child and a child he becomes. Last year the Bill of Rights was extended to Indians, but the BIA continues to bar lawyers from reservations. The theme emerges.

"Through the pervasiveness of the Bureau's role, the exercise of power and administration of programs by the BIA have come to ensure that every effort by the Indian to achieve self-realization is frustrated and penalized; that the Indian is kept in a state of permanent dependency as his price of survival; and that alienation from his people and past is rewarded and encouraged for the Indian."

But the Indian is trapped in his relationship to the BIA, the source of all the bread and the source of all the grief. Without the BIA, the Indian would face racial and cultural extinction. "The Bureau has been, and



ETCHING

RANDALL

JANUARY 1970

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THEY PUBLISH THE LATEST THINKING OF THE MOST RESPECTED THEOLOGIAN EVERY CHANCE THEY GET.

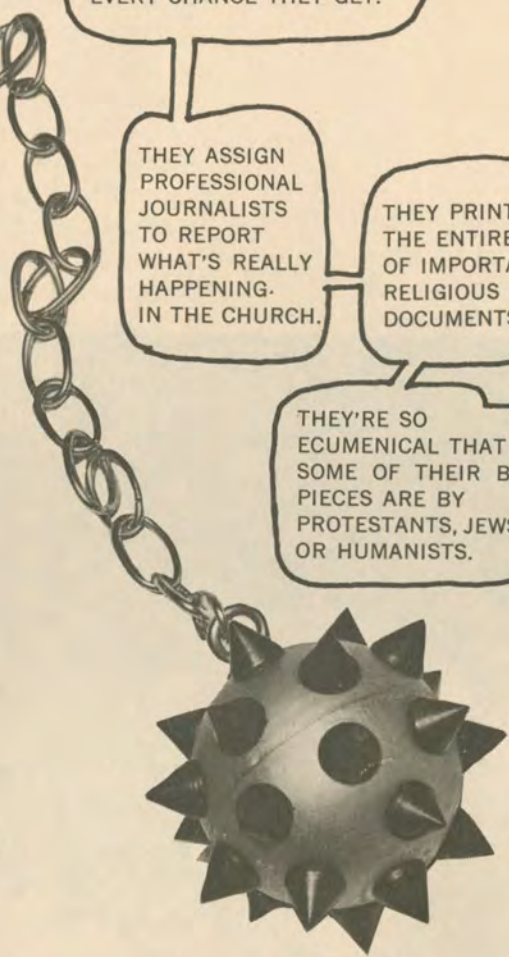
THEY EVEN DIG INTO SCANDALS LIKE WAR AND RACIAL INJUSTICE AND ENVIRONMENTAL POLLUTION AND OPPRESSION OF THE POOR AND ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

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MOT—2

### NATIONAL CATHOLIC REPORTER

The Lively Leaven

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only the Bureau remains, the special protector of the Indian and his champion, at times, against predatory interests. The Bureau and the solemn promises of the Federal Government are symbolically synonymous in the mind of the Indian. To destroy one is to destroy both." Without the bureau, the Indians would be "terminated." (Termination: An end to the special status of the Indian and with it a disavowal of his trusteeship and protection arrangement with the United State Government.)

**B**ut the BIA is Ken Kesey's bureaucracy run amuck in its own regulations, vested interests, and more significantly, its own logic of self-preservation and aggrandizement. It all boils down, apparently, to the idea that without a subservient, dependent Indian as ward the BIA would go out of business—an anathema to every bureaucracy. So a system of rewards has been instituted over the years for the Indian's self and cultural denial. He is rewarded with economic security if he alienates himself from his people and land; he is rewarded for rejecting his language, his birthplace and his parents. He is taught to identify with the cavalry and the cowboys, to accept the American myth of his own inferiority.

"We are totally administered. We can experience nothing directly but death. So we have turned to death . . . by drinking on railroad tracks in Ponca City and greeting our salvation train. We drown ourselves in wine and smother our brains in glue. The only time we are free is when we are drunk. I am speaking of my flesh and blood and of this hour. Yet there is another walking death that we are driven to—social death."

What can be done? There is a virtual plethora of reports dealing with the need to reorganize the BIA and or take it out of the Department of the Interior where Indian claims have to vie with oil, timber and mineral interests which have, needless to say, more political clout than the Indians—regardless of treaty and solemn promises. There are some sympathetic Senators, but most of the Westerners are opposed to the Indian's continued hold on his land (to say nothing of his identity) now that economic development is proceeding to the point where the pressure on the western tribes to surrender their water resources is becoming irresistible. In short, there is no one in Washington with power who is sympathetic to the Indians'



MY MINISTER SAYS -  
"DON'T ENTER THE  
MINISTRY IF YOU CAN  
POSSIBLY STAY OUT!"



MY DENOMINATION SAYS -  
"WE NEED MORE MEN  
FOR OUR CHURCHES."



THE SEMINARY SAYS -  
"THE COMPETITION IS  
PRETTY KEEN."



JUST WHAT IS A  
"CALL" ANYWAY?

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## CONTRIBUTORS

land claims, and many in Washington who would like to get on with the job of terminating the few remaining tribes. There is virtually no one who is willing to *listen* to the Indian; still there are many who are eager to tell the Indian what is good for him, who become resentful when he insists on going his own way.

**T**his is not the place for specific recommendations, and *Our Brother's Keeper* wisely refrains from doing that. There are already enough recommendations to fill thousands of pages, and still the Indians' needs go unmet. What needs to be done is for white America to refuse to take any more land from the Indian, to give up the plan of extinguishing his cultural identity, to insist that the government finally live up to and keep the myriad promises it has made to the Indian. White American will find this a hard thing to do. But hardest of all will be the task of coming around to the idea that it is the whites who have been the savages all along. ■

**DENIS GOULET** is a sociologist at the University of California, San Diego. **PROCTOR LIPPINCOTT** grooves on sounds in Spanish Harlem. **JOE WILLIAMSON** teaches at Andover-Newton Theological School. **WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, JR.** is chaplain at Yale. **SHIRLEY CHISHOLM** represents Bedford-Stuyvesant in Congress. **JON EISEN** works with Pantheon Books in New York City.

**POETS:** **JAVIER HERAUD** is a Peruvian poet who died among the birds and trees while fighting as a guerrilla in his country's national liberation army—that was 1965 when he was 21 years old. **ROBERT PEARLMAN**, translator, was in Peru with the Peace Corps and now lives in Cambridge. **RODERICK JELLEMA** teaches English at the University of Maryland. **ROBIN MORGAN** is a liberated woman in New York City. **PHYLLIS JANIK**, 25, lives in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where she is completing her second book of poems.

**ARTISTS:** To witness to one's times is certainly an important part of the artistic processes. Witnessing becomes a signal of the morality of a people. Obviously one's acts of witness are often disturbing. The disquieting, witnessing minority is represented here by: **JACK COUGHLIN**, **FRANK STACK**, **MARTIN S. DWORKIN**, **JIM CRANE**, **MICHAEL VON HELMS**, **GLEN PEARCY**, **BRUCE MISFELDT**, **A. PIERCE BOUNDS**, **MARKY BULWINKLE**, **ED CARLIN**, **DOUGLAS GILBERT**, **W. R. LIDH**, **MAURICE SCHMIDT**, **RITA DILBERT MESSENGER**, **ROHN ENGH**, **RANDALL**, and **RICK SMOLAN**.

### "IF I WERE GOD, I'D QUIT"

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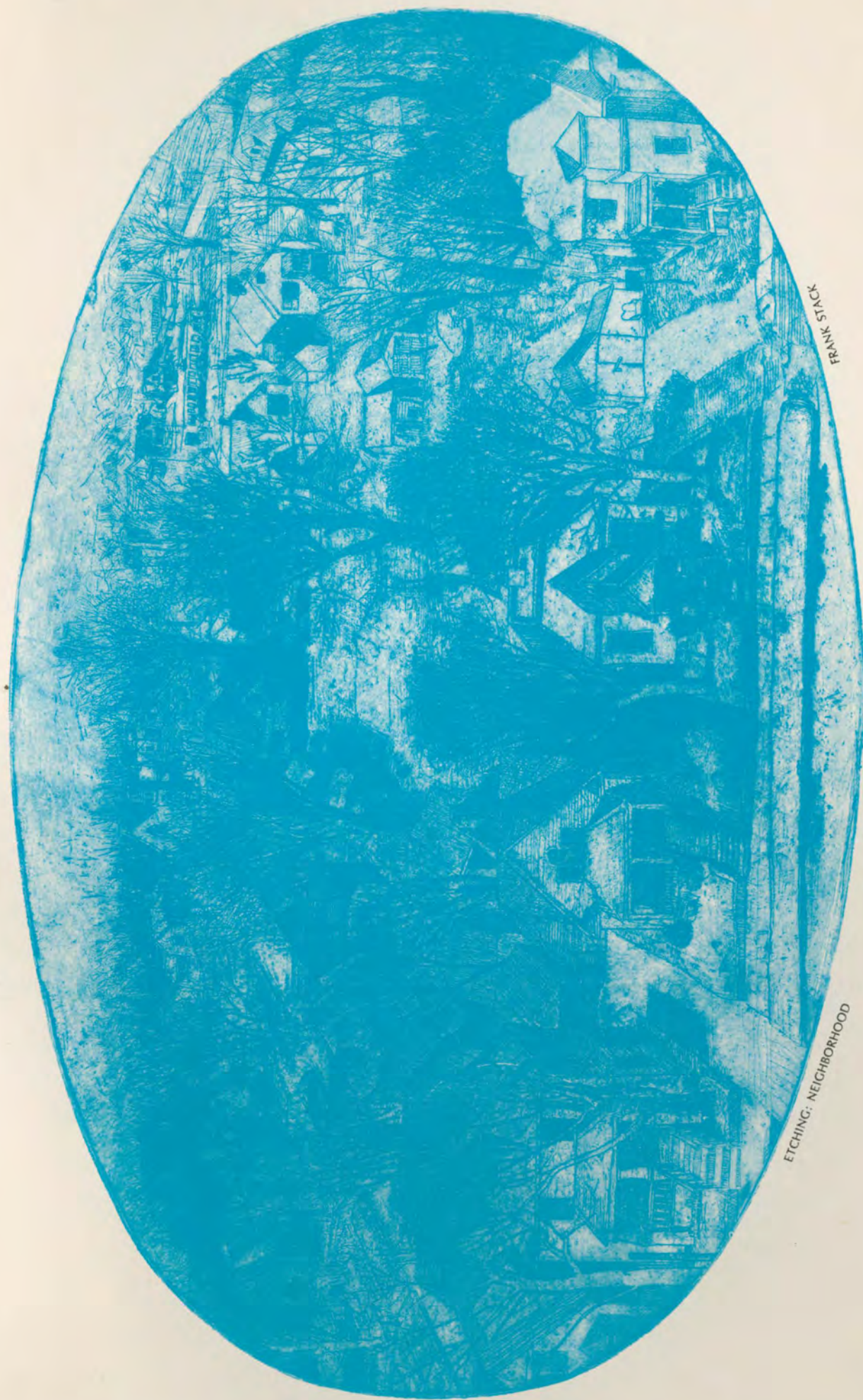
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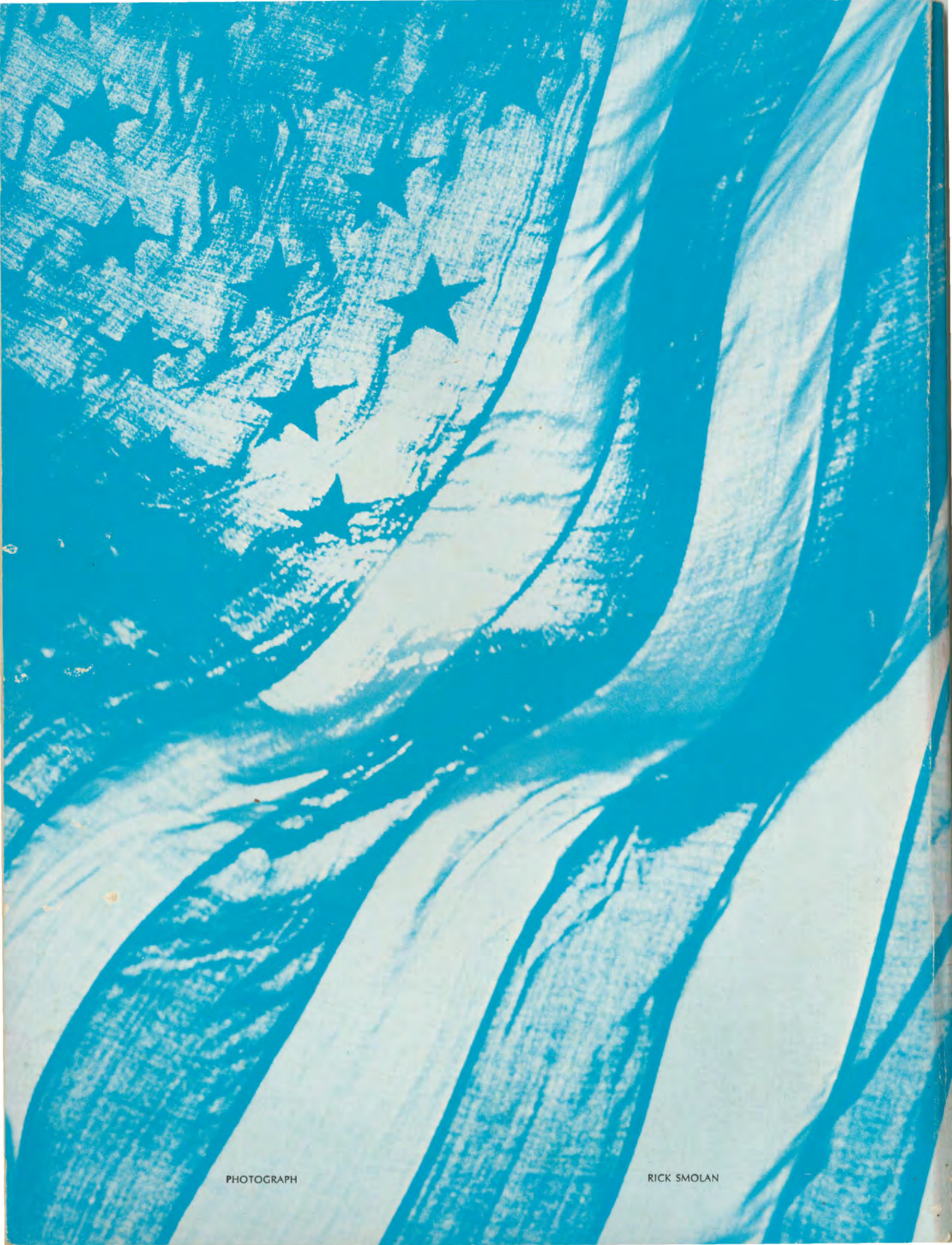
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