

*Man with Serpent and Flies* (left) by Heinrich Anton (1865-1930). Very little is known of Anton's family or background. For many years he was a vineyard labourer and he claimed he had invented a machine for pruning vines, the idea for which was stolen from him. His bitterness grew so obsessive over the years that eventually he lost his reason and was committed to an asylum.

In 1912, when he was 58, he began to draw, covering the walls of his room in the asylum with elaborately symbolic pictures. Pre-occupied by the idea of perpetual motion, he also created highly complicated machines which obstinately refused to function.

He spent much of his time in a deep cave which he built in the asylum garden and he saw himself as a top-level diplomat, acting on behalf of the governments of his day. He referred to himself as "God", to his wife as "The Divine Virgin", and usually signed his letters "The Almighty".

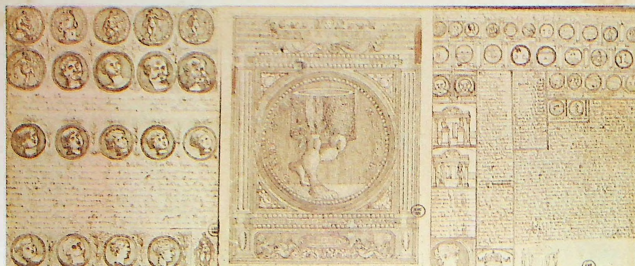
*St Adolph's Gazelle Polka* (opposite) by Adolf Wölfli (1864-1930). Born of working-class parents in Berne, Wölfli worked as a shepherd's boy until, when he was 25, he was jailed for assaulting young girls. A year later he was committed to an asylum for similar offences. His mental health rapidly deteriorated, he became violent, and was kept in solitary confinement for 20 years. He began to paint during this period, starting at dawn and painting until there was no longer light enough to see.

Wölfli's huge output of work was heavily influenced by religion. Saints Adolph and Adolfino (bearing a pointed resemblance to the artist) appear again and again; the colours of stained glass and mediaeval tapestries predominate; and many of his works resemble ikons. The paintings have elaborate interwoven borders of musical notes and calligraphic symbols.

Dubuffet considers Wölfli to be one of the most important artists in the collection.

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Coin drawings by Emile Hodinos-Josome



*Crôqôdile et Ippôpôtame* by Gaston Duf (b. 1920)

Emile Hodinos-Josome, son of a Paris baker, was trained as an engraver. Soon after completing his military service he was committed to an asylum where he began drawing coins and medallions. His intricate designs eventually covered thousands of sheets of paper.

Gaston Duf, son of an alcoholic café-owner in northern France, started work as a miner in his early teens. Too unstable for such rigorous work, he was dismissed from one colliery after another, becoming more and more withdrawn and spending his time in



*The Kuhlmann Factories* by Paul End

cinemas and cafés. When he was 20, Duf was committed to an asylum, and made two suicide attempts. He was periodically violent but began to spend hours over his personal appearance, paying special attention to his hairstyle, combing his hair in front of a mirror for hours. He began to draw in 1948, always depicting monsters, which he created with immense conviction. He formed the habit of secreting little drawings, always done in black pencil, in his pockets and carrying them with him wherever he went. Although he can spell perfectly adequately, Duf captions his drawings with seemingly deliberate misspellings (as above).

Laure's drawings were contributed to the *Compagnie* by a member of the Spiritualist circle to which she had belonged. Around 500 drawings had been found after her death, but there were no explanations as to the drawings' meanings, and no clue as to why she had done them. All are precisely dated, indicating three distinct periods in her work. The second period coincides with her husband's leaving her for another woman, and the third period dates from the time of his return and death. All Laure's drawings were executed with a blue ballpoint pen; exquisitely delicate line-drawings weave a series of elaborately filigreed patterns.

Jeanne's sketch-books and diaries reveal a mass

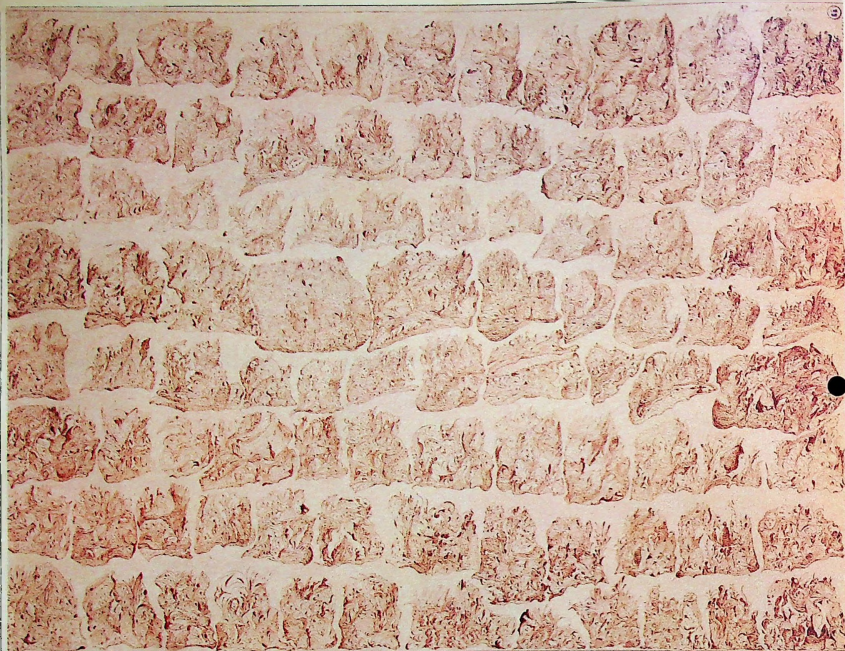


*Horses' Heads* by Jeanne (b. 1887)

of abstract drawings and messages from the spirit world. The elder of her two sons died as a baby in 1913 and she has always consulted his spirit over any important decision. One typical entry in a diary reads: "Will A... help me to buy the coal for next winter? If Yes, Horse's Head." "Yes." An abstract drawing of a horse's head completes the page. Significantly, her pages proliferate with affirmative horses' heads. Jeanne was born in southwest France where she still lives with her husband, a retired



*Two Chairs* by Laure (1882-1965)



Medium Drawing by Raphael Lonne (b. 1910)



Le Provence by Guillaume (b. 1893)

Raphael Lonne is a postman in south west France, where he plays in the local brass band. When he was 40 he became intensely interested in spiritualism, and he firmly believes in reincarnation; he is also convinced that he possesses supernatural powers. His drawings – like the one above – were mostly produced between 1950 and 1951 and are remarkable for their fine linear quality. Unable to explain their meaning, Lonne can remember only that he *did* them, never how or why.

Guillaume was the youngest son of a French cabinet-maker. He was a serious and sensitive child, doted upon by his parents. He followed his father's profession even though his father had to sell up his own business in order to pay his gambling debts. Guillaume, who was an obsessively tidy young man, led a quite life until the outbreak of the First World War, when he was conscripted. When he returned to civilian life, Guillaume quarrelled with his family, married, and took a job as a Customs clerk. His personality had undergone a profound and disconcerting change. He was tyrannical at home and almost impossible to work with. He began to spend hours gazing at himself in mirrors and in 1926 attempted suicide. He invented a malevolent daughter who persecuted him. At the age of 33 he was committed to a psychiatric hospital. Nine years later he began to produce his series of calligraphic paintings, many of which were inspired by pictures from magazines. Working with brushes made from paper and hair, he continued to paint until 1942. Now an infirm old man, he is still living at the hospital.



Man with Sword leading a Bull by Albino Braz (1896-1950)



Riverside scene by D. Guitler



The Wedding-dress, Marguerite

Albino Braz, an Italian peasant, developed pronounced schizophrenic tendencies in middle-age and in 1935 was admitted to a mental institution where he remained until his death in 1950. Braz's work reflects his profound sexual dilemma: it seems that he was never able to determine whether he was male or female. The figures he drew were invariably hermaphrodite: virile bearded men display voluptuous breasts. Sexual symbolism abounds: figures brandish obvious phallic emblems, and animals (like the bull above) are aggressively potent.

Marguerite (1890-1957), daughter of southern French peasants, was admitted in her early forties to a mental hospital where she spent the rest of her life. A schizophrenic, she claimed that she had died 122 times. In her middle sixties Marguerite believed herself to be 18 years old, and that she was to be married on her 21st birthday. She sent wedding invitations and began

to create her wedding-dress. Made entirely from threads taken from worn-out sheets and dish-cloths (no piece of actual fabric was ever used), and resembling the finest lacework, Marguerite's wedding-dress is one of the most beautiful exhibits. Another artist in the *Compagnie* was more interested in the delights in store after the ceremony rather than in the preparations for the wedding. Aloïse (1886-1964), a governess in France, was a spinster all her life. Each of her highly sensual paintings was given the seal of respectability with an initial depiction of a prim marriage ceremony; thereafter she shows herself in the arms of the chosen love – always an enormously distinguished historical figure: Luther, Wellington, Napoleon and De Gaulle were a few on her roll of honour.

D. Guitler, who painted the riverside scene (far left) was a schizophrenic. The picture was in a psychiatrist's collection. →



## THE MIND'S EYE

Next year a unique collection of over 5000 primitive paintings and sculptures, the *Compagnie de l'Art Brut*, will move into a permanent home being enthusiastically prepared for it by the Swiss Government in the Château Brunel, Lausanne. The *Compagnie* is kept at present in a Parisian house belonging to the French painter Jean Dubuffet, who began the collection in 1945. The French authorities would not provide the backing for a permanent home because the collection consists entirely of the work of non-professional artists. Most of them spring from peasant or artisan stock and few showed any creative

promise until their middle years. A great many are under stress of one form or another – frequently mentally or physically handicapped – and many have spent much of their lives in prison or mental institutions. To track them down Dubuffet wrote thousands of letters to clinics, mental hospitals, prisons and local authorities. Now the *Compagnie* is one of the best-presented and most meticulously documented collections in Europe. The *Compagnie de l'Art Brut* is not a pretentious statement on art as therapy. The artists make their own point with disturbing effect. By Roger Law and Celestine Dars

# THE VISION OF THE PROPHET

The mysterious testament of Carlos Castaneda

The hottest literary property in America - and certainly the most elusive - is a Los Angeles anthropologist called Carlos Castaneda. For 10 years Castaneda claims to have been 'apprentice' to a Yaqui Indian sorcerer whom he calls Don Juan, and during that time he recorded a series of extraordinary conversations with him. The results, contained in three best-selling books, have sparked off a Castaneda cult in America, though there is some scepticism as to whether the mysterious

Don Juan actually exists. Castaneda is almost as difficult to pin down as his mentor. He has shunned publicity, and coy pictures like the one below are the only ones taken of him.

Castaneda gives us little information about Don Juan. We learn that he was about 60 when they met, that he was poor, lived near Sonora, Mexico, and was a hunter by trade, a gatherer of plants and animals. This explains why he spent so much time with Castaneda in the wilds.

Castaneda's first book, *The Teachings of Don Juan*, records his efforts to wrest from the Indian his knowledge of native drugs. The second, *A Separate Reality* tells how, after a lapse of several years, he went back to continue his apprenticeship, and how his education progressed beyond psychotropic experiences into the problems of 'seeing'. In his last book *Journey to Ixtlan* (just published by The Bodley Head, at £2.25) from which we print these extracts, he goes back

over his earlier material and retells his whole relationship with Don Juan from the standpoint of his new understanding.

In the end he realised that drugs were beside the point. Don Juan's teaching was about 'seeing' the world rather than 'looking' at it. It was about stepping through the thick veils of western rationalism that enveloped Castaneda's mind and blinded his eyes. To understand Don Juan, he had to find a new relationship with everything about him.

## Losing self-importance

"Now we are concerned with losing self-importance. As long as you feel that you are the most important thing in the world you cannot really appreciate the world around you. You are like a horse with blinkers, all you see is yourself apart from everything else."

He examined me for a moment.

"I am going to talk to my little friend here," he said, pointing to a small plant.

He knelt in front of it and began to caress it and to talk to it. I did not understand what he was saying at first, but then he switched languages and talked to the plant in Spanish. He babbled inanities for a while. Then he stood up.

"It doesn't matter what you say to a plant," he said. "You can just as well make up words; what's important is the feeling of liking it, and treating it as an equal."

He explained that a man who gathers plants must apologise every time for taking them and must assure them that some day his own body will serve as food for them.

"So, all in all, the plants and ourselves are even," he said. "Neither we nor they are more or less important."

"Come on, talk to the little plant," he urged me. "Tell it that you don't feel important any more."

I went as far as kneeling in front of the plant but I could not bring myself to speak to it. I felt ridiculous and laughed. I was not angry, however.

Don Juan patted me on the back and said that it was all right, that at least I had contained my temper.

"From now on talk to the little



plants," he said. "Talk until you lose all sense of importance. Talk to them until you can do it in front of others."

"Go to those hills over there and practise by yourself."

I asked if it was all right to talk to the plants silently, in my mind.

He laughed and tapped my head. "No!" he said. "You must talk to them in a loud and clear voice if you want them to answer you."

I walked to the area in question, laughing to myself about his eccentricities. I even tried to talk to the plants, but my feeling of being ludicrous was overpowering.

After what I thought was an appropriate wait I went back to where Don Juan was. I had the certainty that he knew I had not talked to the plants.

He did not look at me. He signalled me to sit down by him.

"Watch me carefully," he said. "I'm going to have a talk with my little friend."

He knelt down in front of a small plant and for a few minutes he moved and contorted his body, talking and laughing.

I thought he was out of his mind. "This little plant told me to tell

you that she is good to eat," he said as he got up from his kneeling position. "She said that a handfull like her would keep a man healthy. She also said that there is a batch of her kind growing over there."

Don Juan pointed to an area on a hillside perhaps two hundred yards away.

"Let's go and find out," he said.

I laughed at his histrionics. I was sure we would find the plants, because he was an expert in the terrain and knew where the edible and medicinal plants were.

As we walked towards the area in question he told me casually that I should take notice of the plant because it was both a food and a medicine.

I asked him, half in jest, if the plant had just told him that. He stopped walking and examined me with an air of disbelief. He shook his head from side to side.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, laughing. "Your cleverness makes you more silly than I thought. How can the little plant tell me now what I've known all my life?"

He proceeded then to explain that he knew all along the different properties of that specific plant, and that the plant had just told him that there was a batch of the same species growing in the area he had pointed to, and that she did not mind if he told me that.

Upon arriving at the hillside I found a whole cluster of the same plants. I wanted to laugh but he did not give me time. He wanted me to thank the batch of plants. I felt excruciatingly self-conscious

This painting, by William Wiley, was originally designed as a cover for *Time Magazine* to illustrate a story on Carlos Castaneda, but was not used

# TIME



Wm. F. Wilson 1973

and could not bring myself to do it.

He smiled benevolently and made another of his cryptic statements. He repeated it three or four times as if to give me time to figure out its meaning.

"The world around us is a mystery," he said. "And men are no better than anything else. If a little plant is generous with us we must thank her, or perhaps she will not let us go."

The way he looked at me when he said that gave me a chill. I hurriedly leant over the plants and said, "Thank you," in a loud voice.

He began to laugh in controlled and quiet spurts.

## Death is an adviser

"The thing to do when you're impacted," he proceeded, "is to turn to your left and ask advice from your death. An immense amount of pettiness is dropped if your death makes a gesture to you, or if you catch a glimpse of it, or if you just have the feeling that your companion is there watching you."

He leant over again and whispered in my ear that if I turned to my left suddenly, upon seeing his signal, I could again see my death on the boulder.

His eyes gave me an almost imperceptible signal, but I did not dare to look.

I told him that I believed him and that he did not have to press the issue any further, because I was terrified. He had one of his roaring belly laughs.

He replied that the issue of our death was never pressed far enough. And I argued that it would be meaningless for me to dwell upon my death, since such a thought would only bring discomfort and fear.

"You're full of crap!" he exclaimed. "Death is the only wise adviser that we have. Whenever you feel, as you always do, that everything is going wrong and you're about to be annihilated, turn to your death and ask if that is so. Your death will tell you that you're wrong that nothing really matters outside its touch. Your death will tell you, 'I haven't touched you yet.'"

## Becoming a hunter

Don Juan watched my movements with apparent fascination.

"Well . . . are we equals?" he asked.

"Of course we're equals," I said. I was, naturally, being very condescending. I felt very warm towards him even though at times I did not know what to do with him; yet I still held in the back of my mind, although I would never voice it, the belief that I, being a university student, a man of the sophisticated Western world, was superior to an Indian.

"No," he said calmly, "we are not."

"Why, certainly we are," I protested.

"No," he said in a soft voice. "We are not equals. I am a hunter and a warrior, and you are a pimp."

We remained silent. I felt embarrassed and could not think of anything appropriate to say. I waited for him to break the silence. Hours went by. Don Juan became motionless by degrees, until his body had acquired a strange, almost frightening rigidity; his silhouette became difficult to make out as it got dark, and finally when it was pitch black around us he seemed to have merged into the blackness of the stones. His state of motionlessness was so total that it was as if he did not exist any longer.

It was midnight when I finally realised that he could and would stay motionless there in that wilderness, in those rocks, perhaps for ever if he had to. His world of precise acts and feelings and decisions was indeed superior.

I quietly touched his arm and tears flooded me.

## A worthy opponent

Before I came to a sharp bend in the road I encountered two other people whom I did not recognise, but I greeted them anyway. The blasting sound of the record player was almost as loud there on the road as it was in front of the store. It was a dark starless night, but the glare from the store lights allowed me to have a fairly good visual perception of my surroundings. Blas's house was very near and I accelerated my pace. I noticed then the dark shape of a person, sitting or perhaps squatting to my left, at the bend of the road. I thought for an instant that it might have been one of the people from the party who had left before I had. The person seemed to be defecating on the side of the road. That seemed odd. People in the community went into the thick bushes to perform

their bodily functions. I thought that whoever it was in front of me must have been drunk.

I came to the bend and said, "Buenas noches." The person answered me with an eerie, gruff, inhuman howl. The hair on my body literally stood on end. For a second I was paralysed. Then I began to walk fast. I took a quick glance. I saw that the dark silhouette had stood up halfway; it was a woman. She was stooped over, leaning forward; she walked in that position for a few yards and then she hopped. I began to run, while the woman hopped like a bird by my side, keeping up with my speed. By the time I arrived at Blas's house she was cutting in front of me and we had almost touched.

I leaped across a small dry ditch in front of the house and crashed through the flimsy door.

Blas was already in the house and seemed unconcerned with my story. "They pulled a good one on you," he said reassuringly. "The Indians take delight in teasing foreigners."

My experience had been so unnerving that the next day I drove to Don Juan's house instead of going home as I had planned to do.

Don Juan returned in the late afternoon. I did not give him time to say anything but blurted out the whole story, including Blas's commentary. Don Juan's face became sombre. Perhaps it was only my imagination, but I thought he was worried.

"Don't put so much stock in what Blas told you," he said in a serious tone. "He knows nothing of the struggles between sorcerers."

"You should have known that it was something serious the moment you noticed that the shadow was to your left. You shouldn't have run either."

"What was I supposed to do? Stand there?"

"Right. When a warrior encounters his opponent and the opponent is not an ordinary human being, he must make his stand. That is the only thing that makes him invulnerable."

"What are you saying, Don Juan?"

"I'm saying that you have had your third encounter with your worthy opponent. She's following you around, waiting for a moment of weakness on your part. She almost bagged you this time."

I felt a surge of anxiety and accused him of putting me in unnecessary danger. I complained that

the game he was playing with me was cruel.

"It would be cruel if this would have happened to an average man," he said. "But the instant one begins to live like a warrior, one is no longer ordinary. Besides, I didn't find you a worthy opponent because I want to play with you, or tease you, or annoy you. A worthy opponent might spur you on; under the influence of an opponent like 'la Catalina' you may have to make use of everything I have taught you. You don't have any other alternative."

We were quiet for a while. His words had aroused a tremendous apprehension in me.

## Disrupting the routines of life

We gathered some sticks and proceeded to build the hunting contraptions. I had mine almost finished and was excitedly wondering whether or not it would work when suddenly Don Juan stopped and looked at his left wrist, as if he were checking a watch which he had never had, and said it was lunchtime. I was holding a long stick, which I was trying to make into a hoop. I automatically put it down.

Don Juan looked at me with an expression of curiosity. Then he made the wailing sound of a factory siren at lunchtime. I laughed.

"I'll be damned," he said.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

He again made the long wailing sound of a factory whistle.

"Lunch is over," he said. "Go back to work."

I felt confused for an instant, but then I thought that he was joking, perhaps, because we had no provisions to make lunch with. I picked up the stick again and tried to bend it. After a moment Don Juan again blew his whistle.

"Time to go home," he said.

He examined his imaginary watch and then looked at me and winked.

"It's five o'clock," he said.

I put everything down and began to get ready to leave. I presumed that he also was preparing his gear. When I was through I looked up and saw him sitting cross-legged a few feet away.

"I'm through," I said. "We can go any time."

He got up and climbed a rock. He stood there, five or six feet above the ground, looking at me. ➤

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He put his hands on either side of his mouth and made a very prolonged and piercing sound. It was like a magnified factory siren.

"What are you doing, Don Juan?" I asked.

He said that he was giving the signal for the whole world to go home. I was completely baffled. He looked at me, smiled and winked again. I suddenly became alarmed. Don Juan put his hands on both sides of his mouth and let out another whistle-like sound.

He said that it was eight o'clock in the morning and that I had to set up my gear again because we had a whole day ahead of us.

I was completely confused by then. In a matter of minutes my fear mounted to an irresistible desire to run away from the scene.

## The sorcerer's ring of power

"Do you remember the time when I jammed your car?" Don Juan asked casually.

His question was abrupt and unrelated to what we had been talking about. He was referring to a time when I could not start the engine of my car until he said I could.

I remarked that no-one could forget such an event.

"That was nothing," Don Juan asserted in factual tone.

"Nothing at all. True, Genaro?" "True," Don Genaro said indifferently.

"What do you mean?" I said in a tone of protest. "What you did that day was something truly beyond my comprehension."

"That's not saying much," Don Genaro retorted.

They both laughed loudly and then Don Juan patted me on the back.

"Genaro can do something much better than jamming your car," he went on. "True, Genaro?"

"True," Don Genaro replied, puckering up his lips like a child.

"What can he do?" I asked trying to sound unruined.

"Genaro can take your whole car away!" Don Juan exclaimed in a booming voice; and then he added in the same tone, "True, Genaro?"

"True!" Don Genaro retorted in the loudest human tone I had ever heard.

"I jumped involuntarily. My body was convulsed by three or four nervous spasms.

"What do you mean, he can take

my whole car away?" I asked.

"What did I mean, Genaro?" Don Juan asked.

"You mean that I can get into his car, turn the motor on, and drive away," Don Genaro replied with unconvincing seriousness.

"Take the car away, Genaro," Don Juan urged him in a joking tone.

"It's done!" Don Genaro said, frowning and looking at me asked.

I noticed that as he frowned his eyebrows rippled, making the look in his eyes mischievous and penetrating.

"All right!" Don Juan said calmly. "Let's go down there and examine the car."

"Yes!" Don Genaro echoed. "Let's go down there and examine the car."

I looked down to the area at the foot of the hill, some 50 yards away, where I had parked my car. My stomach contracted with a jolt. The car was not there! I ran down the hill. My car was not anywhere in sight. I experienced a moment of great confusion. I was disoriented.

I looked all round again. I refused to believe that my car was gone. I walked to the edge of the cleared area. Don Juan and Don Genaro joined me and stood by me, doing exactly what I was doing, peering into the distance to see if the car was somewhere in sight. I had a moment of euphoria that gave way to a disconcerting sense of annoyance. They seemed to have noticed it and began to walk around me, moving their hands as if they were rolling dough in them.

"What do you think happened to the car, Genaro?" Don Juan asked in a meek tone.

"I drove it away," Don Genaro said and made the most astounding motion of shifting gears and steering. He bent his legs as though he were sitting, and remained in that position for a few moments, obviously sustained only by the muscles of his legs; then he shifted his weight to his right leg and stretched his left foot to mimic the action on the clutch. He made the sound of a motor with his lips; and finally, to top everything, he pretended to have hit a bump in the road and bobbed up and down, giving me the complete sensation of an inept driver that bounces without letting go of the steering wheel.

Don Genaro's pantomime was stupendous. Don Juan laughed until he was out of breath.

"Where's my car?" I asked, addressing both of them.

"Where's the car, Genaro?" Don Juan asked with a look of utmost seriousness.

Don Genaro began turning over small rocks and looking underneath them. He worked feverishly over the whole flat area where I had parked my car. He actually turned over every rock. At times he would pretend to get angry and would hurl the rock into the bushes.

Don Juan seemed to enjoy the scene beyond words. He giggled and chuckled and was almost oblivious of my presence.

"Genaro is a very thorough man," Don Juan said with a serious expression. He's as thorough and meticulous as you are. You yourself said that you never leave a stone unturned. He's doing the same."

Don Genaro took off his hat and rearranged the strap with a piece of string from his pouch, then he attached his woolen belt to a yellow tassel affixed to the brim of the hat.

"I'm making a kite out of my hat," he said to me.

I watched him and I knew that he was joking. I had always considered myself to be an expert on kites. When I was a child I used to make the most complex kites and I knew that the brim of the straw hat was too brittle to resist the wind. The hat's crown, on the other hand, was too deep and the wind would circulate inside it, making it impossible to lift the hat off the ground.

"You don't think it'll fly, do you?" Don Juan asked me.

"I know it won't," I said.

Don Genaro was unconcerned and finished attaching a long string to his kite-hat.

It was a windy day and Don Genaro ran downhill as Don Juan held his hat, then Don Genaro pulled the string and the damn thing actually flew.

"Look, look at the kite!" Don Genaro yelled.

It bobbed a couple of times but it remained in the air.

"Don't take your eyes off the kite," Don Juan said firmly.

For a moment I felt dizzy. Looking at the kite, I had had a complete recollection of another time; it was as if I were flying a kite myself, as I used to, when it was windy in the hills of my home town.

For a brief moment the recollection engulfed me and I lost my awareness of the passage of time.

I heard Don Genaro yelling something and I saw the hat bobbing up and down and then falling to the ground, where my car was. It did look place with such speed that I did not have a clear picture of what had happened. I became dizzy and absent minded. My mind held on to a very confusing image. I either saw Don Genaro's hat turning into my car, or I saw the hat falling over on top of the car. I wanted to believe the latter, that Don Genaro had used his hat to point to my car. Not that it really mattered, one thing was as awesome as the other, but just the same my mind hooked on that arbitrary detail in order to keep my original mental balance.

"Don't fight it," I heard Don Juan saying.

I felt that something inside me was about to surface. Thoughts and images came in uncontrollable waves as if I were falling asleep. I stared at the car dumbfounded. It was sitting on a rocky flat area about a hundred feet away. It actually looked as if someone had just placed it there. I ran towards it and began to examine it.

"Goddamnit!" Don Juan exclaimed. "Don't stare at the car. *Stop the world!*"

Then as in a dream I heard him yelling, "Genaro's hat! Genaro's hat!"

I looked at them. They were staring at me directly. Their eyes were piercing. I felt a pain in my stomach. I had an instantaneous headache and got ill.

Don Juan and Don Genaro looked at me curiously. I sat by the car for a while and then, quite automatically, I unlocked the door and let Don Genaro get in the back seat. Don Juan followed him and sat next to him. I thought that was strange because he usually sat in the front seat.

I drove my car to Don Juan's house in a sort of haze. I was not myself at all. My stomach was very upset, and the feeling of nausea demolished all my sobriety. I drove mechanically.

I heard Don Juan and Don Genaro in the back seat laughing and giggling like children. I heard Don Juan asking me, "Are we getting closer?"

It was at that point that I took deliberate notice of the road. We were actually very close to his house. "We're about to get there," I muttered.

They howled with laughter. They clapped their hands and

# 'After investing in a Slumberland Gold Seal bed I thought my troubles were over. In fact they were only just beginning.'

❧ I knew something was up. That well rehearsed officious glare had already set hard on his squirrel-like features.

The ensuing speech lasted for ten minutes. And by the end of it I had been left in no doubt that the senior partners were unanimous in their dissatisfaction with my (as they put it) lack of purpose.

Precisely what they meant by that, I wasn't certain. All I knew was that in a way, I agreed.

My wife, in typical style, said it was probably all her fault.

And I, for want of something better to say, put it down to a general lack of sleep and promptly changed the subject.

Two days later, my wife, in typical style, took it upon herself to remedy the situation, and proceeded to spend no less than £150 on a brand new bed.

From what I could gather, it had a hand built frame, a stretch Crimplene cover, Double Posture Springing, and goodness knows what.

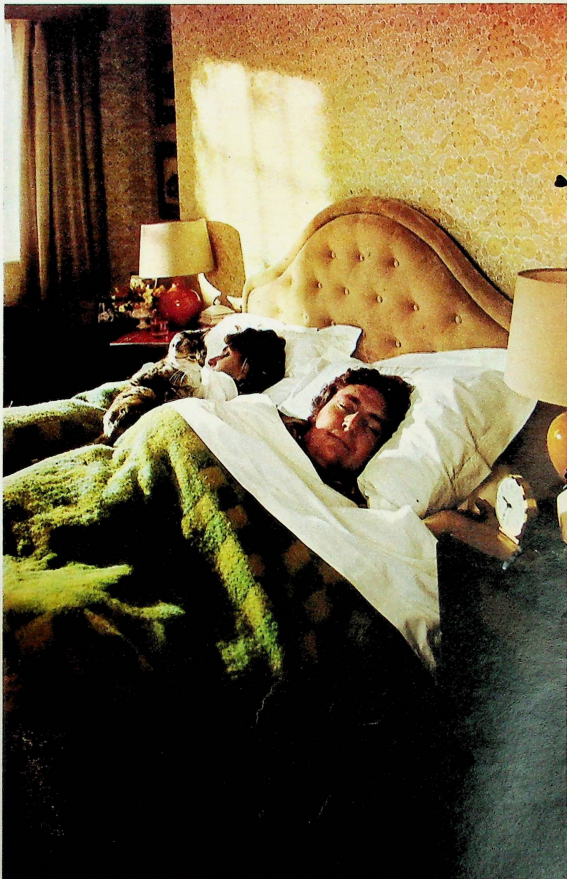
According to the salesman, the Slumberland Gold Seal was the finest bed she could buy. The only bed in the world with Double Posture Springing. (Equivalent to over 3,000 springs I'm told.)

After just one night on it, I must say I felt somehow that my problems might just be over.

The second night, after oversleeping for the first time in living memory, and arriving 40 minutes late for an important meeting, it occurred to me that they might just be beginning.

Should any points in the above story strike you as being somewhat familiar, write for a free Slumberland Gold Seal brochure and list of stockists to:

Dept. D.L.16., Slumberland Limited,  
Redfern Road, Birmingham B11 2BN.



By Appointment to  
Her Majesty The Queen  
Slumberland Limited  
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slapped their thighs.

When we arrived at the house I automatically jumped out of the car and opened the door for them. Don Genaro stepped out first and congratulated me for what he said was the nicest and smoothest ride he had ever taken in his life. Don Juan said the same. I did not pay much attention to them.

I locked my car and barely made it to the house. I heard Don Juan and Don Genaro roaring with laughter before I fell asleep.

"I will tell you one more thing," Don Juan said and laughed. "It really does matter now. Genaro never moved your car from the world of ordinary men the other day. He simply forced you to look at the world like sorcerers do, and your car was not in that world. Genaro wanted to soften your certainty. His clowning told your body about the absurdity of trying to understand everything. And when he flew his kite you almost *saw*. You found your car and you were in both worlds. The reason we nearly split our guts laughing was because you really thought you were driving us back from where you thought you had found your car."

## Stopping the world

"Go there," he said cuttingly.

I drove south and then east, following the roads I had always taken when driving with Don Juan. I parked my car around the place where the dirt road ended and then I hiked on a familiar trail until I reached a high plateau. I had no idea what to do there. I began to meander, looking for a resting place. Suddenly I became aware of a small area to my left. It seemed that the chemical composition of the soil was different on that spot, yet when I focused my eyes on it there was nothing visible that would account for the difference. I stood a few feet away and tried to 'feel' as Don Juan had always recommended I should.

I stayed motionless for perhaps an hour. My thoughts began to diminish by degrees until I was no longer talking to myself. I then had a sensation of annoyance. The feeling seemed to be confined to my stomach and was more acute when I faced the spot in question. I was repulsed by it and felt compelled to move away from it. I began scanning the area with crossed eyes and after a short walk I came upon a large flat rock. I

stopped in front of it. There was nothing in particular about the rock that attracted me. I did not detect any specific colour or any shine on it, and yet I liked it. My body felt good. I experienced a sensation of physical comfort and sat down for a while.

I meandered in the high plateau and the surrounding mountains all day without knowing what to do or what to expect. I came back to the flat rock at dusk. I knew that if I spent the night there I would be safe.

The next day I ventured farther east into the high mountains.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I wiped my eyes and as I rubbed them with the back of my hand I saw a man, or something which had the shape of a man. It was to my right about 50 yards away. I sat up straight and strained to see. The sun was almost on the horizon and its yellowish glow prevented me from getting a clear view. I heard a peculiar roar at that moment. It was like the sound of a distant jet plane. I again strained to see if I could distinguish the person that seemed to be hiding from me, but I could only detect a dark shape against the bushes. I shielded my eyes by placing my hands above them. The brilliancy of the sunlight changed at that moment and then I realised that what I was seeing was only an optical illusion, a play of shadows and foliage.

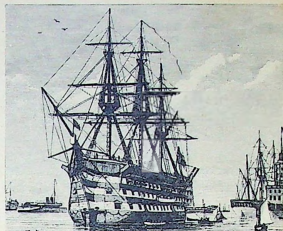
I moved my eyes away and I saw a coyote calmly trotting across the field. The coyote was around the spot where I thought I had seen the man. It moved about 50 yards in a southerly direction and then it stopped, turned, and began walking towards me. I yelled a couple of times to scare it away, but it kept on coming. I had a moment of apprehension. I thought that it might be rabid and I even considered gathering some rocks to defend myself in case of an attack. When the animal was 10 to 15 feet away I noticed that it was not agitated in any way; on the contrary, it seemed calm and unafraid. It slowed down its gait, coming to a halt barely four or five feet from me. We looked at each other, and then the coyote came even closer. Its brown eyes were friendly and clear. I sat down on the rocks and the coyote stood almost touching me. I was dumbfounded. I had never seen a wild coyote that close, and the only thing that occurred to me at that moment was to talk to it. I began as one would talk to a dog. And then I →

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Sherry is one of the world's great wines... lovingly matured in the solera.

The solera is simply a system of stacked rows of casks in which sherry is aged and blended. Every year, some of the sherry in the top row is moved to the row below, and so on. Matured sherry is drawn from the lowest casks, and the top casks filled up with new wine. So some of the sherry in a solera will always be as old as the day the solera was started.



Nelson was a lover of Domecq sherry, and is said to have taken many a glass. His named cask still stands in the cool, shady bodegas in Jerez – alongside that of Napoleon. Enemies united in the appreciation of the finest sherry in the world!

Domecq produce a range of sheries to suit all tastes. **Double Century**, the golden oloroso with a subtle touch of sweetness; **Celebration Cream**, rich and full-bodied; **La Ina**, the light, dry fino that is delicious served chilled; and **Casino Amontillado**, the medium sherry with a delicious hint of dryness.

When drinking sherry from a Domecq solera you could be drinking the Domecq that Nelson drank.



Domecq. Simply good taste.

thought that the coyote 'talked' back to me. I had the absolute certainty that it had said something. I felt confused but I did not have time to ponder upon my feelings, because the coyote 'talked' again. It was not that the animal was voicing words the way I am accustomed to hearing words being voiced by human beings, it was rather a 'feeling' that it was talking. But it was not like a feeling that one has when a pet seems to communicate with its master either. The coyote actually said something; it relayed a thought and that communication came out in something quite similar to a sentence. I had said, "How are you, little coyote?" and I thought I had heard the animal respond, "I'm all right, and you?" Then the coyote repeated the sentence and I jumped to feet. The animal did not make a single movement. It was not even startled by my sudden jump. Its eyes were still friendly and clear. It lay down on its stomach and tilted its head and asked, "Why are you afraid?" I sat down facing it and I carried on the weirdest conversation I had ever had. Finally it asked me what I was doing there and I said I had come there to "stop the world".

The coyote said, "Que bueno!" and then I realised that it was a bilingual coyote. The nouns and verbs of its sentences were in English, but the conjunctions and exclamations were in Spanish. The thought crossed my mind that I was in the presence of a Chicano coyote. I began to laugh at the absurdity of it all and I laughed so hard that I became almost hysterical. Then the full weight of the impossibility of what was happening struck me and my mind wobbled. The coyote stood up and our eyes met. I stared fixedly into them. I felt they were pulling me and suddenly the animal became iridescent; it began to glow. It was as if my mind were replaying the memory of another event that had taken place 10 years before, when under the influence of peyote I witnessed the metamorphosis of an ordinary dog into an unforgettable iridescent being. It was as though the coyote had triggered the recollection, and the memory of that previous event was summoned and became superimposed on the coyote's shape; the coyote was a fluid, liquid, luminous being. Its luminosity was dazzling. I wanted to cover my eyes with my hands to protect them, but

I could not move. The luminous being touched me in some undefined part of myself and my body experienced such an exquisite indescribable warmth and well-being that it was as if the touch had made me explode. I became transfixed. I could not feel my feet, or my legs, or any part of my body, yet something was sustaining me erect.

I have no idea how long I stayed in that position. In the meantime, the luminous coyote and the hilltop where I stood melted away. I had no thoughts or feelings. Everything had been turned off and I was floating freely.

Suddenly I felt that my body had been struck and then it became enveloped by something that kindled me. I became aware then that the sun was shining on me. I could vaguely distinguish a distant range of mountains towards the west. The sun was almost over the horizon. I was looking directly into it and then I saw "the lines of the world". I actually perceived the most extraordinary profusion of fluorescent white lines which criss-crossed everything around me. For a moment I thought that I was perhaps experiencing sunlight as it was being refracted by my eye-

lashes. I blinked and looked again. The lines were constant and were superimposed on or were coming through everything in the surroundings. I turned around and examined an extraordinarily new world. The lines were visible and steady even if I looked away from the sun.

I stayed on the hilltop in a state of ecstasy for what appeared to be an endless time, yet the whole event may have lasted only a few minutes, perhaps only as long as the sun shone before it reached the horizon, but to me it seemed an endless time. I felt something warm and soothing oozing out of the world and out of my own body. I knew I had discovered a secret. It was so simple. I experienced an unknown flood of feelings. Never in my life had I had such a divine euphoria, such peace, such an encompassing grasp, and yet I could not put the discovered secret into words, or even into thoughts, but my body knew it.

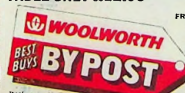
Then I either fell asleep or I fainted. When I again became aware of myself I was lying on the rocks. I stood up. The world was as I had always seen it. It was getting dark and I automatically started on my way back to my car.



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404

# DARK THINGS ON THE FRINGES OF EXPERIENCE

Despite the success of the technological age and the continuing advance of scientific thought, we are still a superstitious people. Many old beliefs remain - but with 20th-century modifications. BYRON ROGERS examines the extent to which we still cross our fingers



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On this island (left) in north Scotland men once threw pennies in a well and wished. The well dried, so ambitious Scotsmen stuck coins in a tree above. The tree is now dying of copper poisoning. Above: Eternal lodger. Mrs Kerton displays the skull of Theophilus Broome, who died in 1670 requesting that his head be kept at his house at Chilton Cantelo. Burial produces "horrid noises"

"This happened during the war. A distant relative of mine, a lad from Tiree in the South Hebrides, was helmsman on a destroyer. The ship was part of a flotilla escorting a convoy out into the mid-Atlantic where an American flotilla would take over. It was night and he was alone on the bridge except for the officer of the watch.

"Suddenly he felt the wheel moving against him. As he looked down in some bewilderment he saw in the gloom two hands - severed hands, a woman's hands - pulling at it. The force exerted was so strong that the ship lurched off course. The officer of the watch shouted at the lad, and by using all his strength he pulled it back on course.

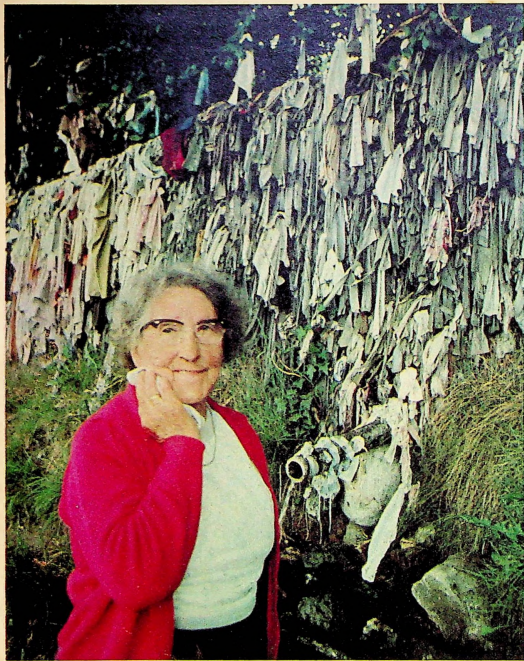
"But it happened again. This time he told the officer exactly what he had seen and was happening.

"The officer failed to see the hands but then he too saw the wheel move. He ran for the captain, who came up on bridge. The captain saw the wheel moving but again failed to see the hands.

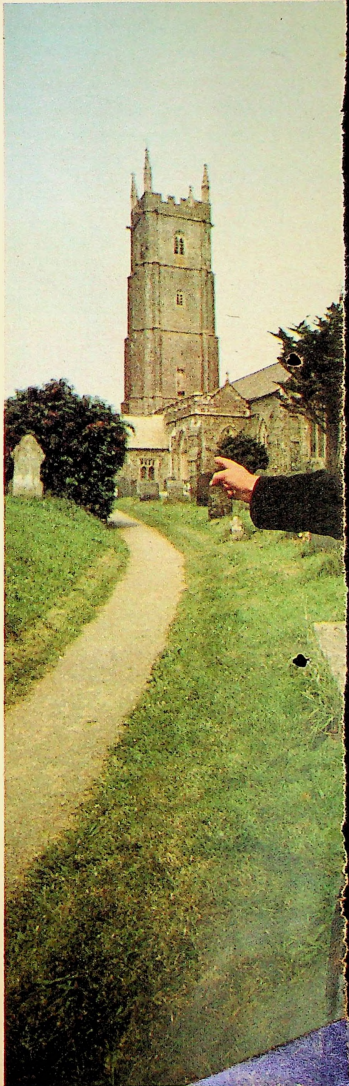
"This time the ship really was on another course. The captain asked the officer to plot it. Then, by sheer force again, they managed to get the ship back with the convoy. This time the hands seemed to give up.

"After their rendezvous they started back. Then

Photographs by John Goodhall



At the Cloutie Well north of Inverness (above) people tie rags along the pipe which is all that remains, and on the fence above. Mrs Jean Gray, who lives nearby, tries her luck. Below: Dupath Well, near Callington, Cornwall, reputedly cures whooping cough. Mrs Coombe and her son Andrew, of Dupath Farm, stand beside the shrine erected by coughing pilgrims. Right: Rev. Harold Lockyear of St Nectan's Church, Stoke, Devon, points to the place where he saw a hooded ghost. St Nectan, a Welsh missionary, was beheaded by the English, but kept walking







they got to the point where it had happened the captain ordered that the ship take the course for six hours. At the end of this time they came upon a raft. There were two bodies on the raft, that of a woman and a baby. The baby was still alive. The woman was quite cold.

"The lad came from a family in which there was a tradition of the second sight. Now if you make that story up either you've got a very powerful imagination or it actually happened. I'm an agnostic about the second sight; but you must remember that if I, sitting here in Edinburgh, can tell you that story it's an indication of how strong is the tradition."

John MacInnes is a lecturer in Scottish Studies in that shrine to rationality, the University of Edinburgh. A Gaelic speaker, he left his native Hebrides over 20 years ago, at 18, but frequently returns to a croft he owns there. He grew up in a culture which believed firmly in the second sight; the ability to see the future, and especially doom in the future, superimposed upon the present.

"The primary living superstition in the Hebrides and in the Highlands is the second sight," he says. "Only I wouldn't call it a superstition. This is pretty firmly believed in, still. I don't see any diminution in their beliefs at all, and there is no feeling of superstition. People there get very angry when outsiders laugh."

**D**EFINITIONS are central to any discussion of superstition. One man's belief, as Voltaire said, is another man's superstition. "A Frenchman travelling in Italy finds almost everything superstitious. The Archbishop of Canterbury claims that the Archbishop of Paris is superstitious; the Presbyterians levy the same reproach against his Grace of Canterbury..." The frontiers of superstition change constantly. Few people would believe today that it is possible to work out the Day of Creation from evidence provided in the Bible; yet for much of the last century this belief was stoutly defended.

Superstitions survive, despite the encroachments of secularity, science and the media. Danger, uncertainty, fear bring them surging up again, as in times of war and ill-health. Often, in the classic dictionary definition, they are beliefs sheepishly clung to in spite of the fact that no rationality or scientific evidence underwrites them.

A superstitious man would appreciate that wonderful exchange between Chesterton and a Cambridge student. Chesterton asked him whether he knew if he existed.

The student: "No I should say I have an intuition that I exist."

Chesterton: "Cherish it. Cherish it."

Yet there is little joy in superstitions. Usually they are an attempt to propitiate, or ward off, something—or just to ensure good fortune. They are difficult to index as few people are prepared to talk about their superstitions, unless they are shared by a

great number of people. Even in a society as traditional as that of the Hebrides, some are in eclipse and survive only in anecdote. Thus a belief in fairies is now universally regarded as pure superstition. But in living memory it was not so. John MacInnes, as a small boy, met a minister in Skye who claimed to have seen them.

"He would have taken an oath in court about it. He had seen, he said, the fairies dancing in the moonlight. They were small people. That was some time towards the end of the 19th century. All his Christian doctrine would have made him reject this, but he was convinced that he had seen them, and this had frightened him. Pressure of belief in a society can make people see things.

"My own great-uncle in Skye, a hard-headed businessman, announced when he was 80 that he had seen the Washerwoman at the Ford. She is the figure who washes the shrouds of the dead, and to see her is an omen of your own death. I don't think he would have believed in her at any other time of his life. But if the community you grow up in believes in something, even though you yourself reject it, something such as old age or ill-health can still jolt you back."

Mrs Eileen Watt of Dunfermline, a retired schoolteacher, comes from a Skye family who have the second sight. It is acknowledged to be a hereditary thing. "Nobody practises the second sight, you just have it. Nobody seeks it. People try to get rid of it in general as the experiences you have are so frightening. My father, for instance, never talked about it, except sometimes to my mother. She would tell us children.

"They never try to prevent what they have seen. A man on Mull dreamed on three successive nights that his son would be drowned. The following day he decided he would not let the boy out of his sight, so he took him to work. As they came down a road a horse suddenly bolted towards them. The man threw the child aside, out of danger, while he caught and quietened the horse. When he looked back he saw his child floating face up in the water. The boy cannot intervene. What you have seen will always take place. The child, had it stayed at home, would just have fallen face down into a bucket of water."

There is no tradition in a Gaelic community of anyone consulting someone with the second sight to see into the future. It is not boasted about, not even mentioned except to friends or close relatives. Though it is possible to pass it on, by the second-sighted one placing his left foot on another's left foot, and his left hand on the other's left hand, it is never sought. There is a chilling story of one man who sought it, and at last prevailed upon someone to do this for him, only to lose his reason as the result. The second sight was not hereditary, and he could not cope.

Second sight is the best con-



temporary example of a belief shared by a community who cannot account for it rationally. This is what the great superstitions of the past were like, dark things on the fringes of experience, often an alternative to the official teaching of Church and State, and one's own common sense.

MacInnes thought that belief in wishing wells had disappeared in the Highland communities. This is the idea that one gives an offering to a well in order to have a wish granted. Yet the wells survive, if only as a tourist attraction, or as a ritual for the living to carry out just for the amusement it affords, as at Christmas.

In his book *Haunted Britain* Antony Hignisley Cove instances the Christ Well in the Black Isle above Inverness as "the most telling visual manifestation of superstition" he had ever seen. Here on the first Sunday in May people hang out rags as offerings to the goddess of the well. The well is a pipe coming out of a bank beside the road. Just above it, fencing off a clump of trees, is some 30 yards of wire netting.

It looks like a rubbish tip. About the site are tied pieces of trousers, string vests, handkerchiefs, petticoats, trivets, sheets, pyjamas, linen drawers, socks, net curtains. They flutter weirdly in the wind, and look rather menacing.

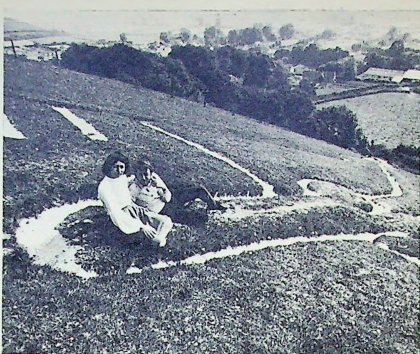
An old lady, who had lived near the well all her life, talked about it. "We all used to go in the old days when I was young. It was a meeting place. People came from all around. Yes, I used to wish. No, I don't now. You don't believe in it as you get older. The more education has finished it off, you see. No, the ministers never interfered with it. I think it's for the tourists now."

The attitude of the Church is always a good index to the strength of a superstition. In the Highlands it has been and remains, as Mrs Watt bore out, opposed to the second sight. It represents an alternative belief. John MacInnes said that he knew even now of one man afflicted with the second sight who would not go out at night except with a Bible in his pocket for protection.

But most superstition in Britain today is of a rag-bag variety, like a tendency not to walk under ladders or to touch wood for safety, which add up to no organised system of belief. A good example are the superstitions of sports players, particularly professional footballers.

Jackie Charlton, late of Leeds and England, now manager-elect of Middlesbrough, admits to being superstitious. "I go to the lavatory before every game. I take a programme with me. I put it down to the left of me if we're playing at home, and to the right if we're playing away. It was awful playing abroad where sometimes they don't have programmes. What did I do? Well I'd have to take the team sheet in with me."

Charlton's superstitions are all reserved for football. "Basically it's what you've found either brings you



Local married couple visit the Cerne Abbas Giant, an unequivocally male figure, 2,000 years old. Legend says that childless couples passing a night on the relevant portion of the giant will be blessed with fertility

success, or doesn't bring you failure. For years I'd never touch a ball unless I could crack it into the net first shot. Gary Sprake's first job was always to roll a ball to me gently and I'd hit it into the goal. I'd go crackers if a goalkeeper caught it.

"I think everyone in football has his pet superstition. I know players who wouldn't change their boots until the end of the season and you'd see them with their laces all covered in knots. In changing rooms you can often see them doing something, but that's their business. I wouldn't dream of laughing at them.

"I suppose I'm more superstitious than most, but Revie . . . he's worse than me. He's even had people to lift curses from the Leeds United ground. At one stage the team wasn't having any successes and someone told Revie that it was because of a curse laid on it by a gypsy who'd been moved off the site years before. Revie had a woman over from Blackpool to lift the curse. I think he had her over more than once."

Charlton has the classic conflict of a modern superstitious man, between the ritual he observes and his own common sense. "I'm not a religious man but I do have certain beliefs, so I'm a bit guilty that I do have these superstitions."

It is difficult to work out just how superstitious Britain is today. The only large-scale survey was undertaken by Geoffrey Gorer who in 1955 invited readers of a newspaper to answer a lengthy questionnaire. More than 14,000 replied. He found that one in six believed in ghosts, and nearly one quarter were uncertain as to whether or not they existed. One person in three had been to a fortune-teller. About two-thirds read their horoscope at least occasionally. One person in ten believed they had lucky days or numbers.

A psychologist investigated the

superstition of not passing under a ladder simply by putting a ladder against a wall over a pavement. There was no one up the ladder, yet 37 of the 51 people who passed by in 15 minutes stepped into the road.

Immigrant communities, if only because of their smaller numbers, are easier to study. One Leeds student for his post-graduate diploma investigated their superstitions. Two West Indians, who wanted to settle down with as little difficulty as possible in the city, brought with them to Britain a small sample of their native soil. When they got to Leeds they mixed this with some Leeds earth, and added water. They then drank the lot.

Occasionally there is delicate social comedy in the meeting of cultures, as when the immigrant from St Nevis, seeking to ensure a supply of good luck, went round the shops of Leeds asking for horseshoes, with no result.

One or two are quite peculiar, and it will be fascinating to see how long they persist on alien soil. To comb your hair at night is an open invitation for the Jumbies to call (Jumbies are West Indian ghosts). A dry leaf carried on the wind brings good news if it touches someone.

Certain jobs, such as mining and the stage, have their own superstitions. To quote *Macbeth* back-stage is bad luck (John Osborne once changed a mention of *Macbeth* in one of his plays to *Antony and Cleopatra* because the cast objected.) Bad things are supposed to happen when *Macbeth* is performed: the cast get injured or forget their lines.

Mining superstitions, as one examiner observed dourly, mostly involve not going to work. You turned back if you saw a woman on the way to the pit, or if you heard a crow caw. Yet it is arguable how many of these persist today. A Barnsley miner said: "I've been in the pits 35 years. All my

experience in that time was that when I got up to go to work I got to work."

The irony about superstitions is the way modern technology has adopted them. To the headless horseman and white ladies of folklore the Midlands has added one of its very own, fashioned understandably, out of the internal combustion engine. A ghost lorry with dim headlights haunts the wrong side of the A428 from Coventry to Rugby: it has no doubt figured in many a hopeful insurance claim.

Stewart Sanderson, Director of the Folk Studies Department at Leeds University, has done some research into the superstitions that have grown up around the motor car. There are the talismans like St Christopher medallions on dashboards and old number plates transferred to new cars to bring luck.

Sanderson is particularly struck by the short length of chain attached to the rear bumper of a car as a cure for travel sickness. The explanation advanced is that it transmits to earth the static electricity built up in the car's bodywork during travel, which, it is claimed, causes sickness. Yet, as he notes, almost invariably the chain is on a few links of road and never reaches the ground, thus earthing nothing. "The practice is in fact normally magic, and if indeed efficacious, presumably works by auto-suggestion."

Sanderson has also indexed a series of myths widely believed in connection with Rolls-Royces: that no one is allowed to drive a Rolls-Royce unless he has been trained at the company's driving school; that the bonnet of a Rolls-Royce is sealed and the breathing of the seals invalidates the guarantee; that the company will not allow any owner to make modifications to a Rolls (especially strong in the case of people who want to turn the car into a van); and that the Silver Lady mascot is always made of silver.

This is one of the few instances where a piece of technology has acquired its own folklore. Usually it is a case of a very old superstition acquiring its own modern slant, as in ghost lorries, or perhaps unidentified flying objects. Modern technology seems to have done little to diminish superstition.

Perhaps it is a case of wanting to believe in the strange, and the wonderful and the dreadful. Perhaps it is a case of just having to. As Sanderson remarked: "One might say that more highly-educated people are less superstitious; but the more I observe my fellow dons the less I am convinced of this. The logic that mankind has pieced together so painfully is easily broken through."

Perhaps complete rationality, like the Golden Age and the Just City, is out of reach of humankind. If anything goes wrong, like disaster or disease (magicians, as Defoe noted, thrived during the Plague), then the old horrors lurk back. Perhaps they will always be there, beyond the light, out of reach of faith, or knowledge, or even humour, their greatest enemy. □

# Of God' Are Edgy

By WILLIAM J. DRUMMOND

*Los Angeles Times Service*

NEW DELHI—The first nationwide public opinion poll among India's lowly untouchables shows a growing will to rebel that carries explosive possibilities.

The landmark survey was carried out by the Indian Institute of Public Opinion here, an affiliate of the international Gallup group.

The poll described the treatment of untouchables prevailing today as "indian apartheid."

"The high-handedness of dominant castes is creating what might be described as a psychological backlash among the Harijans (untouchables) said institute Director Eric P. W. De Costa. Harijans, literally "children of God," is the name given to the untouchables by Mahatma Gandhi.

"Forty percent of those surveyed throughout the country would opt for organizing their community to fight against injustice committed by other castes," said De Costas, adding:

## *Violence Threat*

"A sizable segment of the Harijan community is thus in a ferment that carries explosive possibilities. a majority of those willing to organize themselves would not hesitate to resort to violence in self-defense.

"This militant section constitutes only one-fifth of the Harijan community. But this small but determined segment may eventually convert the silent and resentful majority to opt for violence when the chips are down."

The number of Harijans in India is estimated at 80 million, or about 15 percent of the total population.

They are eligible for special government quotas in gaining employment or education.

Apart from constitutional guarantees for a number of individual rights, discrimination on grounds of untouchability is a crime punishable by law.

A special act provides penalties for preventing a Harijan from using public facilities or subjecting him to social or occupational discrimination.

However, De Costa found that the legal guarantees had been ineffective.

The survey of 1,500 respondents found that 13 percent of Harijan youngsters were placed in segregated seating arrangements in schools, more than 50 percent of Harijans were made either to stand or to sit on the ground during visits to the home of caste Hindus and 40 percent of Harijans said they were forbidden to enter a caste Hindu temple to worship.

## *Losing Battle*

Economically, the Harijans are still downtrodden, De Costa said.

"A vast majority, notwithstanding the evidence of some improvement in economic condition, still have to wage a losing struggle for making ends meet," he said.

"This is reflected in the feeling shared by a sizable segment (43 percent) that 'their lot is more than their parents'."

De Costa drew attention to the recent formation of a group in Maharashtra state calling itself the Dalit Panthers (Black Panthers), a militant organization of untouchables that has borrowed a page from Eldridge Cleaver.

Earlier this year, the Dalit Panthers engaged in violent clashes in the streets of Bombay with caste Hindus and police in which dozens of persons were injured.

The possibility that the Dalit Panthers might become the leaders of Harijans seeking change "must surely call for some furious thinking on the part of India's privileged classes."



BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING

The thought of Uncle Toby... from his own days... the first... the first... the first...

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THE PRACTICAL JOKER

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DOWN AND ACROSS

Connecticut as a... playground of liberal... the first... the first... the first...

Depositor Disillusioned

Depositor Disillusioned—how did... the first... the first... the first...

Prosperous Get in Her Bed?

Prosperous Get in Her Bed?—... the first... the first... the first...

Rebucce West-coffer hours

Rebucce West-coffer hours—... the first... the first... the first...

Mark Bushkin-Chair

Mark Bushkin-Chair—found... the first... the first... the first...

Only 18 and ready to crack

Throughout their stay in... the first... the first... the first...

PEOPLE, NAMES AND PLACES

Among the curious... the first... the first... the first...



The high hopes and troubled dreams of young Bert Cheney

Fifty years after the Armistice, Bert Cheney, a retired general, sits at his typewriter in his home near Dublin to subsection history of his career...

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# The Mechanists and the Mystics 408

BOBIS SPRENDO



WILLIAM IRWIN THOMPSON

Four years ago when he was 30, William Irwin Thompson left his teaching post at MIT, dismayed at what he called the "mindless, liberal technocratic managerial vision" he found there. At York University in Toronto he became a professor of humanities and wrote *The Edge of History*, a provocative little book greeted variously as "dazzling" and as "not so much an analysis of the decadence of our civilization as a symptom of its decline." Wrote one reviewer: "Thompson's *Edge* is to Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* what chess is to Chinese checkers." In a lengthy interview, TIME Correspondent

John Wilhelm pursued further Thompson's ideas about technocracy, beginning with the Club of Rome, the international organization of scientists and industrialists that has called for zero population and economic growth (TIME, Aug. 14). But Thompson's remarks about economic growth were only the starting point for an amazing, free-wheeling discussion that ranged from education and art to mysticism and evolution. Excerpts:

**I**n *The Edge of History* I said that there would likely be an invisible college surfacing in the '70s or '80s after the exhaustion of the protest movement, and I was surprised to see it come up faster than I expected. I was, however, thinking more in terms of a Cromwellian protectorate than a bunch of behavioral engineers round the world who would be trying to consolidate their power. The intriguing idea about the Club of Rome is its incredible sophistication as a prestige structure. They finess the whole power situation by not even trying to go for power, but they say: "We're going to show you in our computers that disaster is ahead of us. However, we happen to be just sitting here cornering the market on disasters, and so we're ready when you want to buy disaster control. We'll solve the planet for you."

I think it's probably useful to try to plan ahead, and I don't object to that. My ambivalences stem from the bureaucratic, technocratic and managerial structure of the group. I'm suspicious. In order to solve our problems, we have to use the structures that they're almost putting in our hands, so in some sense, I think it's a plea for a shift of power toward technocratic international managers. Now the only thing managerial people will respect is power blocs, like the ability of the Third World to disrupt. The managers will pay attention only to violence, which is why the Archie Bunkers of the world were fed up with the Kennedy-liberal Democrats, who would eliminate the white working class and listen only to the blacks.

I am frightened by the political implications of leading people into the promised land, moving them away from politics to political management, from being citizens to becoming subjects. Futurism, I think, is ideological camouflage, and should be very, very suspect.

Yet nobody talks about the end of the citizen. In *Future Shock*, Alvin Toffler writes about participatory democracy and the future of it, and yet everything in the new technology is antidemocratic. If you've got computers, you

don't have to share information with the bureaucracy; you just give the elite access to instant information. All the information coming in from different sides—economic, political, religious, social—has one common thing and that is that it is antidemocratic, which is one reason why the kids keep talking about participation democracy. Because when something is about to go, it has its sunset. It has its most beautiful, passionate colors and then disappears. When the railroads are talking about sexual automation and the elimination of motherhood, that's when you have a sexual explosion. Now that democracy is going, every naive kid says "participatory democracy," and it's an absolute fantasy.

Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute is a think tank. You would imagine that they would be able to be at least five years in advance of themselves. Yet in their book *The Year 2000*, which was written in 1967, there was not a thing about pollution, nothing about the Club of Rome. Already that book is ancient history. So in some sense it shows the kind of bankruptcy of that sort of imagination. It's so linear.

They are either glowingly optimistic or they are intensely pessimistic. There is no tragic sense of endurance and strength. That comes from a more cyclical and spiraling vision of history that doesn't flip back and forth between this kind of shallow optimism and shallow pessimism. It has a greater sense of the realities of human strength and growth.

With a tragic sense of history, you can see the limits to your own growth in technology without feeling that you've reached the end of the world. You can see other dimensions of possibility. It's the kind of strength that the blacks have had to see them through 400 years of suffering, that the Irish have had for 700 years to see them through the mess that's still going on, and the Jews throughout millenniums. It's a kind of capacity to endure. But now that we have reached the limits of one kind of technological expansion, there is a tendency on the part of progress-oriented thinkers to flip totally out and see lines going up or lines going down. It is more likely that the disintegration of one cultural structure is going to occur at the same time that the creation of another is going on, and that these things will be binary and paired and it won't be an either/or situation but both.

What's going on now is that the culture has split into mechanism and mysticism, and the people who are thinking of problems on a planetary scale are moving in opposite directions. Their solutions are different in content but have similar structures. So that planetary mysticism—the countercultural movement, Yoga, Zen, Subud, Sufism and all of the other newly popular religions—is trying to create an ideology for the planet that can relate to the limits of growth: non-aggression on nature; different relationships between men and women; a mysticism that is rooted in the physical, as it is in, say, Yoga. These things, new, mythic forms of imagination that seem to be unrelated, should be included in books like the Club of Rome's *The Limits to Growth*. But in that book there is nothing about any of the imaginative, emo-

HERMAN KAHN EMBRACES THE FUTURE &amp; A YOGA STUDENT PRACTICES MEDITATION



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## Modern Maecenas

The man across the table from Igor Stravinsky in Chicago's Union Station restaurant was an unlikely luncheon partner for a great composer to seek out on a stopover. He was a prosperous local wine importer, and his somber, heavy-set air evoked stocks and bonds rather than sharps and semiquavers. But when the man started to order coffee, Stravinsky insisted on champagne instead. "Contemporary music has many friends," Stravinsky toasted him, "but only a few lovers."

The man was Paul Fromm, and in the 14 years since that meeting he has continued to express his love of contemporary music in the most practical way. Each year he has set aside up to \$100,000 and, through his Fromm Music Foundation, parceled it out in commissions to an international *Who's Who* of composers: Milton Babbitt, Alberto Ginastera, Alan Hovhaness, Ernst Krenek, Roger Sessions, Stefan Wolpe—some 90 names in all. Composer Gunther Schuller describes Fromm as "the single most important benefactor in the field of contemporary music."

**Boos.** "Composers," says Fromm, "are the sources of musical culture; yet their status in the musical world is uncertain. They are professionals without a profession." Fromm's efforts to offset this situation begin rather than end with his individual commissions (\$1,000 for a piece by a young unknown, up to \$5,000 for one by an established master). He befriends his composers—most often while they are still obscure—keeps in touch with them, sells wine to them. He makes sure that their works get performed and even subsidizes recordings. "There can be no living musical atmosphere," he insists, "without sympathetic interaction between composers, performers and listeners."

Nowhere is this interaction better exemplified than at the Fromm-supported Festival of Contemporary Music each summer at Tanglewood. Last week the festival marked the 20th anniversary of Fromm's foundation with a week of special concerts, forums and workshops, which, for Fromm, were fraught with both the perils and joys of being a modern Maecenas. When members of the Boston Symphony rehearsed for the premiere of Fromm's latest commission, an electronically amplified violin concerto by Charles Wuorinen, they disliked the piece so much that they booed. When the Tanglewood listeners heard it, some of them booed too.

Much more successful were reprises of two of the most important works ever commissioned by Fromm: Luciano Berio's *Circles* (1960) and Elliott Carter's *Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras* (1961). These performances flanked a

rare public appearance by Fromm in which he pleaded eloquently for better integration of contemporary and traditional music rather than a mere "busing of indiscriminately chosen new music to the halls of Brahms and Beethoven."

The son of a cultured Bavarian wine merchant, Fromm learned enough piano as a child to join with his brother Herbert in four-handed transcriptions of Mahler symphonies. His first hearing of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, he says, "made a 20th century man of me." But unlike Herbert, who became a composer, Fromm settled into the family vocation, and after immigrating to Chicago in 1938, used it to support music

CLEMENS KALISCHER



FROMM WITH SCHULLER AT TANGLEWOOD  
Commissioning a *Who's Who*.

as a passionate avocation. Fromm and his wife live in an unpretentious apartment near the University of Chicago, where she teaches psychology (a field in which Fromm's cousin Erich has become prominent as the author of *The Art of Loving*). When a visiting Ford Foundation official asked to see Fromm's foundation offices and library, Fromm led him to a battered file cabinet in the corner of his wine firm's office and pulled open two drawers.

This year Fromm has shifted the administrative base of his foundation to Harvard University and passed the responsibility for making commissions to an expert committee of Schuller, Music Scholar A. Tillman Merritt and himself. At 65, he intends both steps as provisions against the future, hoping that the foundation will be able to continue and even extend his work after he is gone. Where new music is concerned, he likes to quote Mae West: "Too much of a good thing is wonderful."

tional, spiritual or deeply intellectual forms of human culture

What's a nonpolluting culture, a non-growth, a non-Faustian Western culture going to be like? The people who have really been doing the research and development on that kind of culture have obviously been in the counterculture. The non-growth culture is closer to the Hopi Indian way of life\* than it is to that of the jet-setting industrialist's. Frank Waters' *Book of the Hopi* is the most directly relevant book to something like *The Limits to Growth*. It's very clear that if you are going to humanize technology, you're not going to be able to do it within the limited terms of books and civilization and the other older containers. You've got to go very far out. In this sense, the people who really understand electronic technology, bio feedback, new forms of consciousness where you don't have to keep up by reading 36,000 books a year are the mystics. Seemingly you move away from culture and technology and become a world-denying mystic. But in reality—in a spiral—you are coming back into the heart of the post-technological culture.

It is a continued paradox that the only way to get to the center is to move in the opposite direction and then find that



MONKS IN THEIR REFECTORY & H.G. WELLS' "THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME"

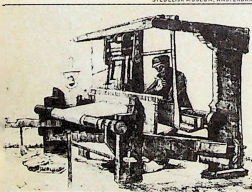


And then Rome came in and said, "No, you can't have it this way. You have to have a bishop, you have to have management, you have to be related to the central Roman structure, and you're now going to belong." And so they consolidated all these monasteries and put in their own kind of men. The battle between the Irish anarchist vision of cultural change and the Roman imperial one was a fascinating kind of collision. Now that we're in the Dark Ages all over again, I think back to this particular collision and see in it more of the problem of the difference between authority and power. But the trouble with separating authority from power was that it was only temporary. Later on Caesar and Christ were brought back together again and the papacy was created. And, you know, none of the early, really patristic Christians anticipated that.

But in the Dark Ages the Lindisfarne schools were trying to take the old Greco-Roman knowledge and miniaturize it by copying it, and in the process of copying it they created a new medium. They illuminated manuscripts, so that even in the act of transmission there was transformation. They put the old civilization as a content into the new larger structure, which was Christian civilization. Today if you take the old civilization—which isn't working—and you miniaturize the old knowledge, it will probably be done two ways, mechanically and mystically. The mechanist will miniaturize it in terms of microfiche, and the mystics will miniaturize it by moving to a certain core of books and developing consciousness. By putting our old industrial civilization as a content into a new structure and devising new forms for the transformation of consciousness through Yoga, Sufism, Zen—I don't care, pick the one your personality likes the best—and by a new recognition of the body, I think it's more likely that one can create the kind of deeply individuated self where technology isn't a problem any more. But if one tries to work in the bureaucracy, being a student, being job-trained to go on to teach English majors how to teach English majors, or computer programming—there's such an utter futility in it that that kind of education is really irrelevant.

The universities are no longer on the frontiers of knowledge. A lot of students are leaving, professors are leaving. The universities won't die or disappear, but they'll lose their charisma and their imaginative capacity to innovate, which means that they will become the kind of places where you learn the past, where you consolidate, and then, when you're ready to really get into things, then you'll say, "O.K. I'm gonna go and work with Soleri, or I'm gonna work with Piaget, or I'm gonna study with Gopi Krishna, or I'm gonna go to India or go to the Lama Foundation in New Mexico—" and if civilization is still holding together, you might have an

\*Paolo Soleri: an architect working with student apprentices in Arizona on schemes to redesign cities. Jean Piaget: eminent Swiss child psychologist. Gopi Krishna: Indian philosopher who has written about the evolution of man toward a new state of consciousness. The Lama Foundation: a commune devoted to the study of Eastern mysticism.



VINCENT VAN GOGH'S "WEAVER AT HIS LOOM" & A DETROIT ASSEMBLY LINE



somehow or other there's been a contrary swing and you're now in dead center. In this sense the yogis and the mystics are world-activating, planetary men of action. The ones that are irrelevant are the managers. The mechanists are so busy with the machines that they can't see that the gods that they think are their opposites are really just picking up the other half of the culture.

Some of our problems stem from the fact that authority today pretty much comes from those who have power. What we need is a clear distinction between authority and power—as in the days of Christ and Caesar before the papacy. We must realize that there are areas of human culture in the imagination, in religious instincts, in the full dimensions of human culture rather than its mere technocratic husk that are important and that have to be affirmed. If we look upon our Presidents as colorless managers and develop alternative systems for cultural regeneration, then I think we have ways of creating new institutions that aren't weighed down with institutional inertia. So the attempt to create a Club of Rome is useful, but it's such an imperial model. First it's a club, and it's also the idea of Rome again: the old Roman imperial model of the center of civilization sending its structures out into the provinces.

There are only two models when you are in a disintegrating civilization, the Roman and the Lindisfarne. Lindisfarne were the monastery schools in Britain that held on to knowledge during the Dark Ages. They had no power. Each abbot, each visionary, was the guru of his particular place.

\*The Hopi way of life is deeply religious, with esoteric prayers and ceremonies that are supposed to maintain the harmony of the universe.

education credit card like an American Express card. We could give every adolescent \$3,000 on his 18th birthday, and say, "Here. Open up a boutique and become a hippie capitalist, or blow it on a trip round the world, or finance your first rock album or your own book of poems, or have a channel on cable television or let it sit in your bank until the interest is sufficient to finance your whole Ph.D. after you go to college at the age of 28, which is the right age for university." This would probably put more energy into society—would be more truly capitalist than any kind of state-goliath-socialist system that we have reached.

I think that I would basically subscribe to the thesis that we have reached the limits of the growth of the Protestant ethic, the spirit of capitalism, the system of industrial nation states. And the danger that's built into this is that it's like a return to the Middle Ages. Many contemporary technological critics are medieval thinkers. Soleri is a medieval thinker, Ivan Illich is a medieval thinker, Marshall McLuhan is a medieval thinker, Jacques Ellul—they're all medieval Christians.\* Basically they're seeing the end of the modern era and the return to the Middle Ages, which they prefer.

They think in terms of culture, hierarchy, cathedral cities, the concentric universe and the integration of science, religion

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



DR. FAUSTUS IN HIS MAGIC CIRCLE; COMPUTER ART (RIGHT)

and art. Their vision is the Middle Ages reached on a higher level of order, with a new content but a similar structure. And that may be what's happening, because after a period of enormous creative expansion we're moving into a period of consolidation. And the medieval vision, Ptolemaic or what not, is a vision of consolidation, of structure, harmony, and correspondence rather than expansion. So most thinking this way is conservative.

A lot of this was anticipated in *The Shape of Things to Come*, where H.G. Wells envisioned that out of a military apocalypse, somewhere in the world, hidden during the period of tribulation, would emerge a freemasonry of scientists, engineers and technicians who would create a new rule of efficiency and would clean up the world after the mess. They would put away the old artist, the old military warlord and the politician with his raging ideology. Well, when we do put away these people, we can't kid ourselves that we're not also putting away the bourgeois middle-class democratic system.

Now some of this is O.K., because middle-class democracy meant freedom for the middle classes but not for the lower classes. And it meant the destruction of the culture of the upper classes. So that from top to bottom, there's a kind of reversal against middle-class, bourgeois industrialism.

\*Ivan Illich: brilliant priest who believes in deschooling society but founded a school of his own in Cuernavaca, Mexico. Jacques Ellul: French historian and lay theologian of a Calvinist persuasion.

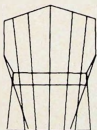
This is why many intellectuals like T.S. Eliot, William Faulkner or D.H. Lawrence would be disgusted by the modern world, and why the peasants would not like it either, and the top and bottom would come together to get rid of the middle classes. Except: the intellectuals are always betrayed, because the peasants basically want to become middle class, and so there's a slippage. Many of the intellectuals now are so hungry for order that they would be willing to see the end of democracy and some new kind of Napoleonic order coming in. Arnold Toynbee, in his recent book *Surviving the Future*, says that as far as he can see we have a choice between a world federal state with an Alexander at the helm or nothing—annihilation.

I think that the intellectuals will be the first people to make accommodation with the new power structure. As long as they can still have their elitist sense as professors and computer scientists, they will be quite happy in an aristocratic pro-management system. They don't stand to lose that much. Thus the ones who cry the loudest for freedom might not be all that much in favor of it.

These political implications are nowhere being discussed. Even the mystics don't really discuss the meaning of their intensely hierarchical system. All these mystical religions have gurus at the top and disciples at the bottom, and they're very much men. They are graded according to their state of consciousness and evolution, and there are some who are more highly evolved than others.

If we're moving toward limited growth and toward staying in your place, doesn't that mean no upward mobility? If we are going back to the Middle Ages where the little guy stayed in his place, we have to remember that the one thing that kept the guy in his village was the large cosmic vision of Christendom.

HOPI ART (LEFT); HOPI PRIESTS



The only thing that can make you small is to have eternity in a grain of sand, you know. Some religions would say one can strive, but Zen would say even to strive is to miss the satori. The goal is being rather than becoming. This is again where I feel that the mystical movements are the most technologically sophisticated political movements now operating. They make everything in Herman Kahn and the Club of Rome seem incredibly naive.

Incidentally, it's very interesting that any guru who has any kind of thing going for him is heading for the U.S.: Tibetan, Indian—all of them. They've all got this heavy message: "The planetary transformation and human evolution are going to occur through the instrumentality of the U.S." The blacks too are more into the culture in the U.S., bad as the problems are, than in Africa. Even the American Indians are coming back in with the Indian cultural renaissance. It seems to me that the one place where the four continents and the four races come together in any kind of planetary intermingling and transformation is the States.

We are again moving into a very hierarchical, mystical, Pythagorean, antidemocratic system. Half of me is in favor of that. The other half does not want to go through the Middle Ages all over again. Will it be good or bad? Take the Industrial Revolution. It may be that the Industrial Revolution was an ambiguous event that was equally good and equally evil. And this new revolution, which is not just a technological but a cultural transformation—probably the biggest one we've ever seen since we were hominized—is equally going to share those ambiguities.

SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT MAN—IV

## Reaching Beyond the Rational

*For the past three weeks, TIME has been examining America's rising discontent with entrenched intellectual ideas: liberalism, rationalism and scientism. In previous articles, TIME's Behavior, Religion and Education sections discussed how this trend has affected their domains. This week the Science section considers the repercussions for science and technology. It finds a deepening disillusionment with both, as well as a new view among some scientists that there should be room in their discipline for the nonobjective, mystical and even irrational.*

IN the years after World War II, few professional people were more widely acclaimed or publicly admired in the U.S. than scientists and engineers. Together they had not only perfected key weapons for the triumphant Allies, but also compounded the miracle of modern medicine, discovered among other wonders the mechanism of heredity, and not incidentally helped give America a material standard of living higher than any in history. More recently, they capped their achievements by landing men on the moon. Indeed, such was their success that many people became convinced that there were scientific or technological "fixes" for all the nation's problems, including its most serious social ills. Even as late as 1967, after Watts, Newark and Detroit had been engulfed in flames, the dean of M.I.T.'s College of Engineering, Gordon Brown, could be heard to proclaim: "I doubt if there is such a thing as an urban crisis, but if there were, M.I.T. would lick it in the same way we handled the Second World War."

Such arrogant and naive optimism sounded questionable even then. Today it has a particularly hollow ring. For after years of sunny admiration, science suddenly finds itself in a shadow. No longer are scientists the public's great heroes or the beneficiaries of unlimited funding. Unemployment runs high in many scientific disciplines; the number of young people drawn to the laboratory in certain key areas has diminished significantly. Indifference to scientific achievement is the mood of the moment. Even such bold ventures as new voyages to the moon or Mars, construction of giant atom smashers, and journeys to the depths of

the sea fail to excite a public that is half jaded, half doubtful of the future benefits of such extravagant undertakings.

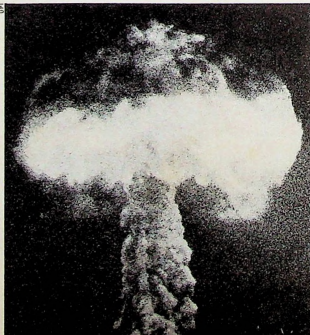
In part, the turnaround came from an increasing awareness of the environmental ravages that seem to accompany technological advance. On a more philosophical level, the reversal is the result of a new mood of skepticism about the quantifying, objective methods of science. Moreover, there has begun to emerge, even within the laboratory, a new fascination with what traditionalists consider the very antithesis of science: the mystical and even irrational. Says Harvard Biologist-Historian Everett I. Mendelsohn: "Science as we know it has outlived its usefulness."

That statement comes at a curious juncture in Western history—the 500th anniversary of the birth of the Polish churchman and scholar Nicholas Copernicus. It was his dryly mathematical, yet brash book *On the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies* that dislodged the earth—and man along with it—from the center of the universe, moving the sun into that place. The Copernican theory shook the most basic theological and philosophical canons of the day. Even more important, it provided the intellectual spark for the tremendous acceleration of knowledge that Western culture has since come to call science.

Under the stubborn prodding of Galileo Galilei, Johannes Kepler, Sir Isaac Newton and Copernicus' other intellectual heirs, questions of nature were thrust directly into the combative, public arena of empirical inquiry. For the first time, experiments became crucial. Theories were supported by close observation. The new scientific method, stressing reason and logic, was born. Individual scientists might still occasionally be wrong—sometimes outrageously so, as when Newton believed that the sun was inhabited. Yet it was the testing of such hypotheses, however far-fetched, that caused a new intellectual excitement to sweep the Western world, a determination to explore, understand and dominate nature, which had hitherto dominated man. Indeed, such was the faith in "natural philosophy," as science called itself, that its practitioners quickly came to believe that all mysteries would eventually yield before it. Science in effect became the new religion.

The ease with which scientists uncovered nature's secrets—the

A MUSHROOM CLOUD FOLLOWING 1961 NUCLEAR TEST



YOUNG COPERNICUS IN ROOFTOP OBSERVATORY, PUTTING THE EARTH IN ITS PLACE



laws of planetary motion and gravity, the basic principles of magnetism, the intricacies of the blood system—encouraged such a heady feeling. The universe, the scientists claimed, was simply smoothly functioning clockwork; each action within it had a cause. Chop the actions into small enough slivers, reduce them to their "simplest" forms, and science would identify all their causes. It was a highly mechanistic view, and it became more firmly entrenched with each new breakthrough by the new science and its offspring—technology.

Science did indeed bring forth a Brave New World—of transistors and miniaturized electronics, antibiotics and organ transplants, high-speed computers and jet travel. But progress came at a price. It was the genius of science that also made possible such horrors as the exploding mushroom cloud over Hiroshima, the chemically ruined forests of Indochina, the threat of a shower of ICBMs, a planet increasingly littered with technology's fallout. It is this Faustian side of science, with its insatiable drive to conquer new fields, explore new territory and build bigger machines, regardless of costs or consequences that worries so many critics.

The current disenchantment is also rooted in the growing gulf between scientists and laymen. In an earlier age, one man alone might dare take up a host of scientific challenges. Now science has been subdivided into so many cubbyholed disciplines that not even a Galileo or a Newton could keep pace with all developments. Some 25,000 books and a million scientific articles are published each year. Most of them are written in such abstruse jargon and abstract mathematical terms as to be incomprehensible except to specialists. Even computer systems seem unable to cope with the onslaught of information, to say nothing of translating it into understandable language. "It is quite easy to visualize a situation, perhaps in 100 years," says Economist Kenneth Boulding of the University of Colorado, "in which the whole effort of the knowledge industry will have to be devoted to transmitting knowledge from one generation to the next."

Of the spokesmen for anti-science, none has been more articulate or corrosive than Theodore Roszak, 39, a historian by profession, a cultural Cassandra by inclination, the man that Britain's *New Scientist* calls the "romantic at reason's court." It was he who best described the youthful dissenters of the late '60s in his bestselling *The Making of a Counterculture*. In his latest book, *Where the Wasteland Ends*, he turns his considerable polemic skills on what he calls the West's bleak "mindscape of scientific rationality" and pleads for a return of submerged religious sensitivities.

According to Roszak, science's alleged objectivity and its attendant evils have denatured man's personal experience and taken the mystery and sacredness out of his life. In his eyes, reason is a limited human skill, only one among many. Insisting that there is also "spiritual knowledge and power," Roszak adds: "Here is a range of experience that we are screening out of our experience in the name of what we call knowledge."

**I**n the eyes of Roszak and other critics, each successive advance into the clockwork universe has been achieved at an extremely high cost. Under the tradition of mechanistic, scientific methodology, they contend, nature has become an object to poke, probe and dissect. "We have learned to think of knowledge as verbal, explicit, articulated, rational, logical, Aristotelian, realistic, sensible," wrote the late physicist Abraham Maslow. "Equally important are mystery, ambiguity, illogical contradiction and transcendent experience."

This theme is echoed by other scientists as well. Says Geologist Frank Rhodes, dean of liberal arts at the University of Michigan: "It may be that the qualities we measure have as little relation to the world itself as a telephone number to its subscriber." In fact Rhodes and others are certain that the language of science is a metaphor for a limited kind of experience. Declares Richard H. Bube, a professor of materials science and electrical engineering at Stanford: "One of the most pernicious falsehoods ever to be almost universally accepted is that the scientific method is the only reliable way to truth."

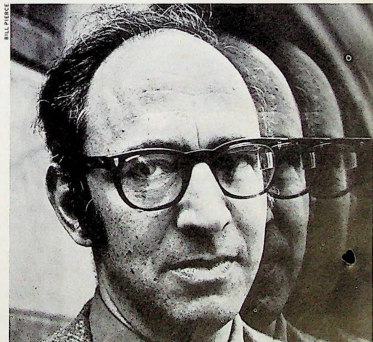
Faith has also been shaken in one of the central beliefs of scientific methodology. Even the most "detached" scientific observers, says Harvard's Mendelsohn, are beginning to realize that they bring certain "metaphysical and normative judgments" to their work. In other words, scientific observations are not "theory-neu-

MICHAEL ALEXANDER



SCIENCE CRITIC THEODORE ROSZAK IN BERKELEY, CALIF., STUDY

BOB PETER



PRINCETON'S THOMAS KUHN: EXPONENT OF SCIENTIFIC PARADIGMS

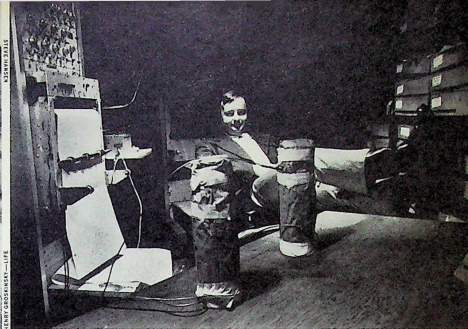
tral," as scientists once claimed, but are actually "theory-laden." Such a radical attack on science's vaunted objectivity is supported by no less a scientific dictum than Physicist Werner Heisenberg's half-century-old Principle of Uncertainty, which points out that the very act of observing disturbs the system. Writes Physicist Dietrich Schroer in his perceptive book *Physics and Its Fifth Dimension: Society*: "It seems to be just as the romantics have been claiming. The observer cannot be separated from the experiment."

The Heisenberg Principle also suggests that rational science may be limited in its ability to comprehend nature; at best it can only arrive at certain statistical probabilities in determining, say, where an electron is at any given moment. The concept that the universe cannot be known by more definite methods than such "guesswork" was so revolutionary that even Einstein could not accept it. "God does not play dice with the universe," he insisted.

Reverberations from the Uncertainty Principle are still being



HARVARD'S EVERETT MENDELSON: IS SCIENCE DEAD?



PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTER INGO SWANN TRYING TO CONTROL TEMPERATURE OF VACUUM BOTTLES

felt. Heisenberg has recently used it to argue against constructing even bigger (and more expensive) atom smashers on the ground that little more of a fundamental nature can be learned of the sub-nuclear world. In his controversial book *The Coming of the Golden Age*, Molecular Biologist Gunther Stent brashly assumes that all basic questions in his field are either solved or close to solution. He also thinks that all scientific progress is fast approaching the point of diminishing returns. Man will never know how the universe began or what is the most fundamental of atomic particles, he says, because such mysteries remain "hidden in an endless and ultimately tiresome succession of Chinese boxes."

Heisenberg's and Stent's pessimistic prophecies are widely disputed. Many scientists, in fact, see very drastic changes on the horizon. They frequently invoke a model of scientific advance proposed by Historian Thomas Kuhn, who argues in *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* that science is not cumulative, but that it collapses and is rebuilt after each major conceptual shift. Paradigms is the word he uses for those overreaching models and theories according to which each new era of science conducts its normal, day-to-day operations. Copernicus, for example, established a new paradigm of science with his heliocentric universe, overthrowing the old Newton did likewise, and so did Einstein. Following such fundamental changes, "normal" scientists go back to work again, but with a different set of assumptions. Maslow pointed out that it is these "normal" technicians who created the stereotype of scientists as mechanical men with narrow vision. The innovative, imaginative paradigm makers, "the eagles of science," are another breed entirely.

Is science on the verge of some bold new paradigm? Convinced that it is, Physicist David Finkelstein of New York's Yeshiva University has been searching for a link between particle physics, relativity and human consciousness. "The way has been prepared to turn over the structure of present physics," he declares, "to consider space, time and mass as illusions in the same way temperature is only a sensory illusion."

Expounding an equally radical idea, Britain's Fred Hoyle believes that there may be processes under way in the universe that are totally at odds with accepted physical laws. Even so conservative a physicist as M.I.T.'s Morrison is willing to risk the ridicule of fellow scientists by participating in a symposium on unidentified flying objects. "The idea of rationality is not that we should always be sober and do everything like Euclid," says Morrison. "Rationality has to include, so to speak, the irrational."

Some scientists, in fact, are exploring what once would have been dismissed as the irrational. In medicine and physiology, there is new respectability for such subjects as biofeedback—the idea that man can consciously control such functions as body temperature and heartbeat—and the ancient Chinese art of acupunc-

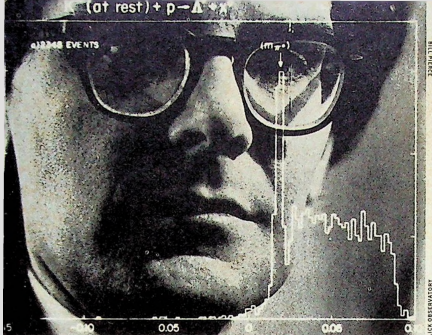
ture. There is even a renewal of curiosity about the cataclysmic ideas of Immanuel Velikovsky, author of *Worlds in Collision*. A psychoanalyst turned amateur geophysicist, he attempted to explain stories such as the biblical account of the flood in terms of close encounters between the earth and a giant comet, a theory that conventional geophysicists totally reject.

**P**ERHAPS the strangest realm in which there has been a new ripple of scientific interest is extrasensory perception (ESP). Not that scientific discussion of psychic phenomena is new: Freud, Physicist J.J. Thomson (discoverer of the electron), Thomas Edison and even Einstein at one time or another seriously considered the possibility. "Sheep" is the parapsychologists' word for those who believe in ESP; "goats" are skeptics. There is evidence, at least in England, that the number of sheep is increasing and the number of goats is decreasing. A questionnaire in the *New Scientist* last fall drew more than 1,500 answers, most of them from working scientists and technologists. Nearly 70% of the respondents could be classified as sheep of various hues, while only 3% were really "black" goats who believed that ESP is an impossibility.

In the U.S. the first serious investigations of psychic phenomena were begun at Duke University in the late 1920s by Dr. (of botany) J.B. Rhine, who had his subjects shuffle cards and throw dice while others tried to predict the results. More recently, a few scientific centers, notably the Stanford Research Institute, have undertaken investigations of this magic- and fraud-filled arena. Even Astronaut Edgar Mitchell (unofficially) conducted an ESP experiment on his Apollo 14 flight to the moon, and now devotes himself full time to investigations of psychic phenomena. In spite of these efforts, however, experiments have been far from scientifically convincing. Only a few "psychically gifted" subjects like Artist Ingo Swann seem to make the rounds, and at least one of them, Uri Geller, has a highly questionable record (*TIME*, March 12).

Moreover, even if it could be proved to the general satisfaction of scientists that certain "endowed" individuals can transmit messages from one to another (telepathy), predict events (precognition) or control an object by their mental powers (psychokinesis), scientists would still ask, How did they do it? What mysterious powers lurk inside them? In short, says Gunther Stent in a recent article in *Scientific American*, there would have to be some revolutionary new paradigm to explain what now seems to be a complete breach of elementary physical laws.

One of the few serious physicists who believe that such a breach is imminent is Columbia University's Gerald Feinberg, who suggests in his book *The Prometheus Project* that man may eventually find the means to achieve immortality. Feinberg thinks



COLUMBIA'S GERALD FEINBERG: EXCEEDING THE UNIVERSE'S SPEED LIMIT



CRAB NEBULA IN WHICH PULSAR WAS FOUND IN 1968

that psychic transmissions may one day be linked to as yet undiscovered elementary particles, so-called mindons or psychons. Other scientists, however, give less credence to such will-o'-the-wisps than they give to another conjectured particle championed by Feinberg: the tachyon, which always travels faster than the speed of light, the theoretical speed limit of the universe.

Such fanciful musings as Feinberg's are hard to refute definitively, especially in view of the proliferation of weird subatomic particles discovered by physics (more than 15 at last count). At least so says Arthur Koestler, the novelist and interpreter of science who once compared Rhine's work favorably with that of Copernicus. In his recent book *The Roots of Coincidence*, Koestler calls on his considerable skills as a popularizer of modern quantum physics to buttress his beliefs. Matter, he notes, quoting Bertrand Russell, is "a convenient formula for describing what happens where it isn't." An absurdity? Not to the new generation of quantum physicists, says Koestler. No longer able to accept the atom as simply a miniature solar system in which negatively charged electrons blithely circle the positive nucleus, they found that the "electrons kept jumping from one orbit into a different orbit without passing through intervening space—as if the earth were suddenly transferred into the orbit of Mars without having to travel." Even stranger notions were still to come, he says, when physicists succeeded in producing such ghostlike particles as the neutrino (which has no mass, no electrical charge, and can hurtle with ease through the entire earth). In view of all this, argues Koestler, there should well be room in the "common sense-defying structure" of modern physics for ESP.

**F**OR most scientists, there are already enough mysteries to contemplate without such conjecturing. Indeed, recent discoveries in astronomy alone seem to have turned scientists into what Koestler calls "Peeping Toms at the keyhole of eternity." Many of them, for example, believe that those incredibly bright objects known as quasars (for quasi-stellar) sit at the very "edge" of the universe; that possibility got renewed support only last week when astronomers reported finding a quasar that may be as distant as 12 billion light-years from earth. A dissenting minority, including Fred Hoyle, offers another startling view: quasars are nearby objects, possibly newborn, in which supposedly inviolable constants such as the acceleration of gravity are not constant but continually changing. Then there are pulsars, the collapsed cadavers of giant stars that give off extraordinary pulses of radiation, and kindred black holes, which are totally invisible but act like cosmic vacuum cleaners in sweeping up any stray stellar material in their vicinity. Where does this material go? England's Roger Penrose and Robert Hjelming of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory have dared to suggest that it might

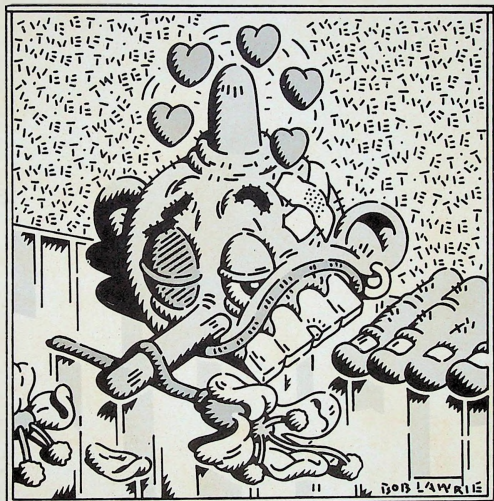
surface elsewhere, perhaps in an entirely different universe.

From such mind-boggling ideas it is a short leap to wilder speculations. The overwhelming majority of scientists would probably agree with Mathematician Martin Gardner that "modern science should indeed arouse in all of us a humility before the immensity of the unexplored and a tolerance for crazy hypotheses." Says Harvard's Owen Gingerich, who is an astronomer as well as a historian of science: "There might be non-causal things in the world." He adds that it is only people with tunnel vision who "think our science will go on in a lineal, explanatory fashion. It may be that aspects of mysticism totally outside science may come back and be incorporated within its framework." The eminent German physicist-philosopher Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker believes that such a unity already exists. At his institute outside Munich, he is attempting to show the essential convergence between Eastern mysticism and Western science. Gopi Krishna, an exponent of Kundalini Yoga, was his guest there for six months. From their discussions, Weizsäcker has become increasingly convinced that "mysticism is one of the great discoveries of mankind." He adds: "It may turn out to be far more important than our time is inclined to believe."

For all their occasional tolerance of radical new ideas, however, few scientists are ready to discard the old rationality. Even the iconoclastic Mendelsohn admits that "there is too much of use in the scientific way of knowledge to simply brush it aside." Most scientists believe that a swelling chorus of anti-scientism could jeopardize solutions to the technological problems that so distress Roszak and other critics. "We have created the kind of world we cannot reverse," says M.I.T. President Jerome Wiesner, a presidential science adviser in the Kennedy Administration. "Too many people are too dependent on technology for everything from agriculture to distribution of goods."

Science's critics may nevertheless have performed a highly important service by putting forth their questions, their doubts about relentless progress, their special pleas for a new harmony with nature. At the very least, they have helped prod scientists out of their old arrogance and aloofness and encouraged them to be more concerned—both spiritually and pragmatically—with the ends to which their quests will eventually lead. No longer are scientists likely to say, as Robert Hooke did three centuries ago when he helped found London's Royal Society: "This society will eschew any discussion of religion, rhetoric, morals and politics." Beyond that, the new critics have suggested that science does not have a stranglehold on truth, and that the cold, narrow rationality so long stressed by scientists is not the only ideology for modern man to live by. If such notions gain widening acceptance, they may usher in a new paradigm as significant as Copernicus' own revolutionary idea.

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# What is ARICA?

Arica is a body of theory, doctrine and method, synthesised by Oscar Ichazo, that takes into account the wisdom of the past and modern scientific knowledge to solve the problems of the present. Arica has achieved and experimentally proven the effectiveness of its system with a great number of people. Arica recognises that the final goal of human history is to produce a perfect society which, in turn, is capable of producing perfect individuals. Perfection, in this case, means the total realisation of the possibilities of any human being.

At first sight, this may seem like an unrealistic pretension, but if the structure of man and society are known, it will be understood that their natural process leads to this goal. Everything in nature is perfect, and only in man does this natural law seem not to be operating. If this is so, it is due to man's ignorance of himself. All ancient wisdom affirms that when man discovers his true nature, he becomes perfect.

Arica maintains that in order to reach human perfection, the task is greatly facilitated by working in groups. Considering this, it is possible to dramatically speed up individual realisation through relations with the entire group. With this system the goals of a perfect society and perfect individuals can be achieved at the same time, thereby unifying two ideals which, in the past, were considered antagonistic.

In 1969 a group of people living on the West Coast of the United States made contact with Oscar Ichazo in Arica, Chile. Subsequently, a group of fifty travelled to Arica for a ten-month training which began on July 1st, 1970.

In this first training a great number of traditional methods were worked and experimented with to give the group the greatest possible quantity of information. The purpose of this intentional eclecticism was to accustom the group to working with security within the human psyche, and, at the same time, to obtain a deep experience and understanding of future work - to teach the method.

In 1971 and 1972, the number of people integrated into the Arica Institute was increased to 250. In 1973, it was decided that the group had reached the necessary maturity to begin teaching the Arica system.

The methods used in this training seek to correct the lack of equilibrium caused by the imbalance of the three basic instincts: conservation, relations and syntony. The conservation instinct answers the vital question, "How am I?" The relations instinct

answers the vital question, "Who am I with?" The syntony instinct answers the vital question, "Where am I?"

Normally, the imbalance of the instincts creates deep states of tension and anxiety which are reflected in our physical body, in our emotional temperament, and in our personal idiosyncrasies. That is to say, as time passes, we absorb karma which instills in us a particular way of being, of living, and of doing, or reaching our goals. This entire complex produces in us what we call our personality, an arbitrary and unpredictable manifestation of the instinctual imbalance. It is seen in the form of habits, hidden fears, physical, emotional and mental tensions, anxiety, susceptibility, sickness, phobias, and in extreme cases, psychosis. Therefore, we say that the personality which projects itself as an individual ego is a synthesis of past negative experiences. As the personality is an artificial product, it is not our essential Being. Personality is our illness, and we see the world through the anguish of that sickness. In the sickness, the "I" isolates us from the world, causes fear, contradiction, and dis-orientation.

If we clearly answer our vital and instinctive questions, our psyche becomes purified and we see the world exactly as it is. This is the healthy and essential view - in other words, our natural or essential state. The Arica system uses methods for physical cleaning which returns natural balance to the body, and teaches us to use the entire musculature in a conscious and relaxed way. Methods are used to break emotional blocks and to allow a free flow of emotion. Emotional blocks cause poor communications between people. Methods are also used to produce a development of consciousness which breaks down the barriers of duality and intellectual prejudice.

Group work is employed as well. The group is an important part of the Arica system for the following reasons:

1. Group work moves away from the personal and is an important element in transcending the individual ego.
2. In a group, the tolerance of the lies projected by the sickness we call ego is substantially eliminated.
3. Our essence learns more rapidly when it finds that other essences are stimulated by the work. This is to say, there exists a law of essential contact that is entirely healthy for essential stimulation. A relationship develops between essences which awakes in them the need to express themselves, thereby transcending the limitations of the individual ego.
4. A group that does essential work creates pressure inside itself which greatly increases the velocity of the psychic processes. This means that work that would take years for individuals to do can be done by a group in a short time.

The next 40-Day Training begins on August 24th. This is a highly intensive, tightly scheduled 320 hour programme, the primary aims of which are to increase vitality, provoke changes in metabolism and energy transfer, eliminate negative states and replace them with positive ones, increase mental clarity and create a permanent higher level of consciousness. For further information call 01-235 8298.

# ARICA



The last two decades have been a marvellous period for the biologists. Their science has always been concerned with how living creatures work, but their recent efforts, combined with those of physicists and chemists, have led to astonishing new successes in the attempt to see more deeply into the 'secret of life'.

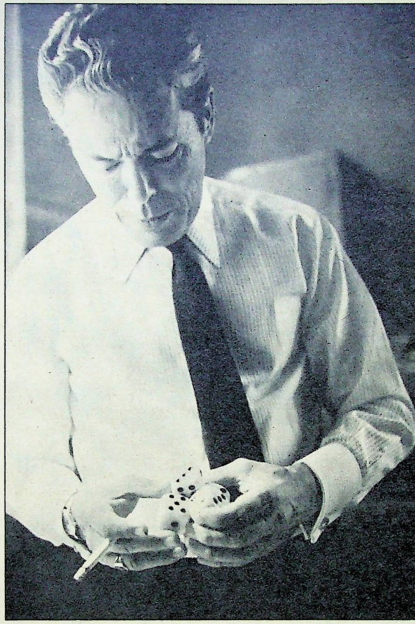
They have discovered in fact that there doesn't seem to be a secret; and that the enormous variety of nature and the richness of human culture can all be explained by the laws of physics and chemistry. One of the most distinguished spokesmen of the 'Life is nothing more than ...' school is Professor Jacques Monod, who won a Nobel Prize in 1965 for his work on inheritance in bacteria. His latest book on the nature of life is a marvel of clarity, but it is far from easy reading.

Even so, it has become a best-seller. It quotes the fifth-century B.C. philosopher Democritus: "Everything that exists in the universe is the fruit of chance and necessity", and the book (to be published here in May by Collins) is called *Chance and Necessity*. The message is that everything around us - the living world, ourselves, our institutions, even our publications and our politics - results from the chance collisions of atoms and molecules. These produced the first life on earth, and more chance physical events produced changes - mutations - in them. Only some of these changes produced improved, better-adapted forms of life. These new forms suffered more random changes, and natural selection worked inexorably on these until, in the end, there arrived the 20th century. Throughout geological history, nothing had been working but hazard and natural selection, the chance and necessity of the title.

Jacques Monod is a quiet, rather pale man, much involved with the organisation of the Institut Pasteur, of which he is director. Fortunately he is far from being the grey scientist with no background and no emotions that so frightens the rest of the world. He is the son of a painter; he fought in a Communist section of the Resistance, leaving it after the war on a matter of principle, and he was once a very good cellist. There was even the question of a choice between a career in science and one in music, and for many years he organised choirs and musical groups in the research institutes where he worked.

According to his book, the whole

## GOD'S LITTLE DICE GAME



**Jacques Monod, best-selling author and Nobel Prize-winner, is one of the most distinguished advocates of science's startling claim to have finally robbed life of its mystery; that Man and the world about him can all be explained in terms of physics and chemistry. A profile by Tony Osman; photograph by Bruno Barbey**

of Life can be understood in terms of physics and chemistry. He would certainly object, in fact, to the use of the capital 'L'. I asked him if this meant the universe had no discernible purpose. "It means that it can have no purpose at all, discernible or otherwise." This view does a fair amount of damage to what people have always claimed to be the basis

of morality, and Monod says he recognises the consequences and is willing to accept them.

This is just as well. As Samuel Johnson might have said, a man had better accept the universe as it is, as there is uncommonly little he can do to alter it. On the other hand, it is a bit difficult to believe that anyone lives out an eventful life - an import-

ant one from a less than universal viewpoint - while believing that the whole process signifies nothing. Does this mean, for example, that discussing political theories and ideas of right and wrong is a waste of time? "No, it is not a waste of time. They have been thrown up as part of evolution, in the Darwinian sense, and those that have survived have had selective value, in the same sense."

Best-sellers about the implications of modern science are not all that rare these days, but best-sellers by actual scientists still are, and they have an important distinction from the general run. They may be less clearly dramatic, but they are right about their science, and it is very difficult to refute their conclusions. There are still people about, no doubt, who say that scientists should stick to science, leaving discussions of the Nature of Man to the professionals - the theologians and the philosophers. Monod's reply would be that the nature of man is yet another phrase that is not worthy of capital letters; that it is pointless to try to describe any aspect of life without understanding its mechanism; and that once you have understood the mechanisms of life, and particularly of evolution, there is no room left for a Meaning of Life, passionately though many people want one.

This is, of course, the distinction between this modern nihilism and the older forms. Ever since man has left any record of his thoughts, one of the ideas he has a bit ambivalently gone to the trouble of recording is that there is no meaning to life. But it is only now that there is knowledge to back this view. Previously, opponents could say, "But surely, no-one could believe that the infinite variety and richness of life came about without some plan. And that implies an Architect [the capital letters rise again]". But as Monod puts it: "In the last few years, we have come to understand life." And from this understanding he has found that not only is there no need for an architect, but that there can be no architect. There is no Plan, no Design. The living world about us is "the product of a gigantic lottery that draws numbers out at random. From these, natural selection blindly chooses the winners".

If we were asked to say where the real secret of life lies - the part, if there is a part, that distinguishes the living from the mechanical and artificial - we would have to say

that it is in reproduction and inheritance. We can readily accept that movement and digestion of food are not mysterious processes. Even the idea of death, seen at its simplest, is comprehensible. Motor-cars wear out, so why not living creatures. But reproduction and inheritance are unique to life. In his book *Monod* sets us the task of devising instructions for the computer of a Martian spaceship, to enable it to report if it finds signs of life. The only sign, in the end, that it can be told to look for is that of something developing according to a built-in plan. Crystals grow from solution, but they become only larger, similar crystals. Frogspawn or a butterfly's eggs on the other hand each hold a single cell containing all the instructions necessary for it to develop into the mature creature. To unravel this process really is to solve the secret of life.

Monod himself worked with simple creatures - bacteria, the tiny organisms we think of as germs. He discovered that bacteria could completely change their 'eating' habits and digestion, much as if humans were suddenly able to eat and digest grass. He then discovered that the ability to digest the new food - a sugar - was inherited and was triggered off by the sugar itself. The sugar actually caused the bacteria to make the chemical it needed to digest the sugar.

**T**his explanation was crucial to understanding life, and understanding how living creatures are controlled to make only the right amount of anything, from chemicals used in digestion to the proteins that make up a limb. But the real, inner secret of life was explained by Watson and Crick. In fact, we have James Watson's word for it that the two of them rushed off into the pubs of Cambridge telling anyone who would listen that they had solved the secret of life. The story has become famous, and any broadly educated person reckons to bandy the names DNA and RNA around with a fair understanding. But, as Monod points out, not everyone has spotted the full significance of their discovery. What Watson and Crick set out to explain was how a cell was able to produce two identical cells when it divided. In other words, they wanted to know what was the basis of inheritance.

Long before this, microscopists had found that the centre of a cell appeared to break up as the cell divi-

ded. This meant that, somehow or other, the part of the cell that organised its life and development had to double and produce two identical copies, one for each new cell. Watson and Crick showed that the inheritance was in the form of a chemical called DNA, and that this was made up of four fairly simple compounds arranged on a spiral string of sugars and phosphate. The exciting part of their discovery was that the arrangement of the four compounds was a coded message to the cell, instructing it how to live and develop. Why was this arrangement copied perfectly every time the cell divided? Because the size and shape of their molecules prevented the compounds fitting together in any other way. The secret of life was merely the shapes of four simple compounds.

**W**hen scientists know so much about life, it seems that only the details remain to be filled in. How did life start? There must have been three stages. The first was 'pre-biotic'. The chemicals - amino acids, for example - that are essential to life must have been formed then. It is certainly imaginable that nitrogen, carbon and oxygen, or their compounds, could have been brought together so energetically that they combined. These essential pre-biotic compounds would then have had to combine to form large molecules capable of repeating themselves - directing the assembly of another, identical molecule from the pre-biotic mix. The third stage would result in real life. Somehow, these self-copying molecules had to become more complex, until they could cause the first living cell to assemble itself. This is difficult to imagine, but not impossible, and in any case, as Monod put it, "This must be what occurred". Did Monod foresee scientists creating 'life in a test tube' in the near future? "There is no immediate possibility of creating even the simplest of the organisms we know now. Even bacteria are very complex - they have been evolving throughout geological time, and they must have a chain of ancestors in evolution that left no fossil traces. It will be a very long while before we can create anything as complex as that. But if you make your definition of life something simpler, something that can reproduce itself following some internal instructions, then, certainly, life may soon be created in a test-tube." This would be similar to the 'life' ➡➡

that first appeared on earth. Supposing we were to create this form of life, and then go away and leave it. Would it evolve? Would it evolve into all the forms of life that now exist on earth? Would it, even more fascinatingly, evolve until, a few hundred million years later, there was again a journalist questioning a Nobel prizewinner? In other words, did the 'necessity' of his book's title mean that the future was predetermined and fixed? Monod certainly couldn't guarantee a similar meeting in what we might call the geological future. But if our primitive form of life 'took', if it came into existence in the right surroundings, then it would eventually evolve into forms that were adapted to their niches in the universe. "There would be a certain amount of hazard about whether evolution got under way at all. I believe that life started several times on earth and then petered out. The changes that occurred to the original form would be a matter of chance." If none of these changes were adaptive, life would stop. If the correct set of physical and chemical circumstances occurred again, life would start again from the beginning.

The 'chance' that the title of

Monod's book refers to is the stream of random mutations on which natural selection works, but there have always been people who have rejected the idea that evolution is pure chance. "I cannot believe," Einstein once said, "that God plays at dice." But as Monod pointed out, we could have a lot of opinions before we knew the exact mechanism of evolution and of the heredity through which it occurs. Nowadays no-one could believe in an overall Great Plan or the Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics. "We know that all that is passed from generation to generation is a chemical. Except in rare cases [some viruses] this is DNA, which must be very stable, otherwise offspring would not resemble their parents. Like any chemical, it can be affected by heat or by radiation, and the mutations that evolution works on can be accounted for simply by these." Not only does science not need a plan, but it now knows that there cannot be a plan.

**B**ut if there was no plan, and we arrived by chance, could we at least take care of our future? We know what it is that carries our inheritance. Could we tamper with it to produce

perfect, or at least superior, creatures? Couldn't we, a worse possibility, produce that science-fiction nightmare - imperfect and inferior creatures willing to be nothing but workers and soldiers? Monod has no time for the idea. "It could be proposed only by those who do not know the difficulties. There are ways of changing the heredity of cells, but we can understand the method only for something simple - the manufacture in the body of a single chemical. And the methods are hazardous and, in any case, there is no way of altering all the cells in the body, say, or even all the blood cells." In fact, since we met, there have been reports of a technique in which viruses can actually repair colonies of cells, but at present this is only at the test tube stage. No-one knows what would happen if the experiments were tried on a whole, living creature, and because some viruses can start cancers, the process is risky.

There is another way of getting at all the cells in a living creature, and that is to repair the egg or the sperm before fertilisation. Two British scientists, Edwards and Steptoe, have perfected a technique for removing an egg from a woman's ovary and fertilising it in a test tube. They intend to replace the egg in the womb to develop into a child, and they defend this medical legerdemain by saying that it could permit some sterile women to have children, and, more remotely, it could be used to remove a genetic defect permanently.

Monod, again, has no time for the idea. Although a genetic defect cured at this stage would be permanently and completely changed, it would be a fantastically difficult task. "And, really, sterility in women is not a pressing medical problem. We are all agreed that too many children are born. Likewise, research to eliminate genetic defects is not exactly of major importance. It is so much simpler to sterilise the people concerned."

**W**hat is the most important scientific problem of the moment? "Without a doubt, understanding the way that the fertilised cell develops. What controls the shape the new cells take up? How do cells tell one another where to go? When to stop multiplying? That, in fact, is the real importance of cancer research. It may lead to a cure for some kinds of cancer, but it is most interesting in the light it throws on normal development. A

cancerous cell was not getting the proper information from its neighbours, and if we understood the faults, we might understand how normal cells communicate."

Science and technology at the moment have a pretty poor standing in the public's opinion, largely because scientists do seem to go about their work in an amoral way. You can, it seems, hire a man to perfect gas chambers and nuclear bombs, and the technologist, even nowadays, is not over-concerned about who is downstream of his effluent pipes. If you accept Monod's view of the nature of beliefs about right and wrong, you cannot be surprised if scientists do their science amorally. It is, after all, a bit difficult to know how evolution is going to look at your effluent pipe. It is equally unsurprising that the public does not take science and scientists to his heart.

Monod is conscious of the problem, and mentions it in his book. It is not a good section. It is short, and all it amounts to is the statement that science rests on what can be called, vaguely, an ethical basis, and, more certainly, a basis that stands outside science. This is its objectivity. Scientific observations may affect the object observed, but any scientist should be able to repeat another's observations. In that sense, they do not depend on the observer.

This is a bit inadequate as a rejoinder to those who say that scientists are monsters and loathe them for it, and Monod recognises the defect. "I should have devoted more space to ethics and morality. I am conscious of this as a failure, and many people have mentioned it to me."

There may be something in the fact that Monod is now a scientist who can find no meaning in the universe, whereas he was a Resistance fighter and an idealist when young. He used to be a musician, too. Did he still play the cello? "Nowadays, very little." As an ex-cello player myself, I know that means that he has stopped. The cello is an unforgiving instrument, and unless you practise frequently you cannot produce an even tolerable tone. "As you grow older," he said, "you learn to be hard." What did he mean by that? "You learn that you have to give up some pleasures." Perhaps it is only young people who need a meaning to life. Others know that it is a course they will run, finding that decisions and judgements are made by their actions.

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R. D. Laing - psychiatrist and philosopher - is back in England after a year in India and Ceylon studying Oriental religion and the Oriental way of life. Studying meditation techniques with Buddhist and Hindu holymen has convinced him that they can bring a measure of peace of mind to the mass of people in the West who suffer mentally.

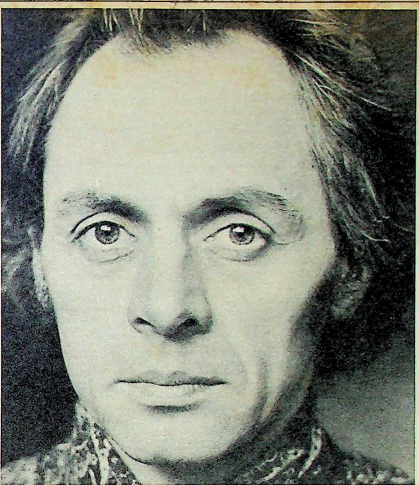
Laing's books have made him a celebrity and a cult-hero. At 44 he is acknowledged to be the most widely read and influential writer in psychiatry today. Laing is an originator of the social theory of mental illness which inspired the film *Family Life*. According to this theory, expounded by Laing in his books *The Divided Self* and *The Politics of Experience*, it is other people who drive a person mad rather than the person's own inherited biochemistry.

While in Ceylon Laing stayed in a Buddhist monastery where two monks instructed him in traditional techniques of meditation designed to increase 'mindfulness'. Sitting all day in a cell 6ft. by 7ft., without books or writing materials and eating only one meal a day, he was able to forget all his preoccupations. "It was the most relaxing holiday I ever had," he says.

The monks taught him to concentrate on his breathing so that he was aware only of the air hitting the membrane of his nose as he breathed in. When he was distracted by sights and sounds, perhaps the buzz of a fly or a crack in the wall, the monks instructed him to say to himself, "Hearing, hearing," or "Seeing, seeing," until his attention returned to its original focus at the nose. Then he began to recognise sensations within his own body - such as the beating of the pulse in his neck. One by one he attuned to them until they disappeared and he felt a deep calm. Meditation was supposed to be maintained unbroken while he was in the monastery and with practice it was, except for two or three hours' light sleep. The monks instructed him in how to maintain the meditation while eating and washing.

Was the experience mystical? "I have lost track of what that word has come to mean," he said. "Meditation is a straightforward training of the mind - although for many people it is shrouded by religious fantasies."

What was the purpose of the meditation? "To consider the nature of mental suffering - my own and other people's. To the Buddhist



## Busman's Holiday

The psycho-analyst R. D. Laing is today's most influential and controversial explorer of the human mind. He has just returned from a year in India studying Oriental meditation, an experience which many of his followers regard as an inevitable culmination of his "relentless voyage into the recesses of the soul". *Oliver Gillie* talks to him about the discoveries he made and why he believes they can bring us peace of mind. Photograph by *John Haynes*

everything is transient, nothing can last. But human suffering is not necessary - it is born of ignorance, desire, hatred and bewilderment of mind. Suffering can be diminished by skillfully seeking means to give up personal attachments. 'Mindfulness' meditation does this by reducing input of sensation from the world," says Laing.

After six weeks devoted solely to meditation, Laing began the study of Pali Buddhist texts with the help of an English crib. These are the texts which possibly most nearly preserve the original tradition as taught by Buddha. Although they have been elaborated by his followers, they contain practical instructions for meditation derived from those given by Buddha himself.

Next stage in Laing's Grand Tour of the East was a visit to Kashmir but the India-Pakistan war intensified and he and his family, who accompanied him, were driven

back. In the foothills of the Himalayas he heard of a *baba* - a Hindu holyman - who lived as a hermit under a crag halfway up a mountain. Laing visited him and was allowed to stay. They sat together meditating on the hillside, cross-legged on either side of a sacred fire. The *baba* wore only a loincloth although it was winter-time and sleeting down beyond their narrow shelter. Laing wore a heavy sweater and ate only once a day.

Laing believes that this experience - which lasted a month - taught him not to fear hunger and cold. They were not always alone on the mountain. People often came from villages in the valley to talk to the *baba* about everyday things and also to ask advice. When the mood took him the holyman got out a homemade instrument with three strings - one silver, one gold, and one platinum - and played an eerie resonating melody.

These experiences reinforced

Laing's belief that meditation can calm the disturbed mind and reduce mental suffering. "The disturbed patient who comes to a psychiatrist who is himself agitated in mind may go away more disturbed than when he came. Two disturbed, minds agitate each other with bad vibrations," says Laing. He believes that however people describe meditation - as the heart filling with love or as a door opening on to a beautiful vision - the effect is a new inner peacefulness.

Now Laing has a new desire to set up an asylum, perhaps in Devon, perhaps in New Mexico, where people can have a mental breakdown in peace. They will be looked after while they regress into madness and, hopefully, are reborn with a new and happier state of mind. As well as a meditation room and a room for each person, Laing hopes that the asylum will have a sauna bath and a masseur. Helpers in the asylum will be chosen because they have already learned to be undisturbed to disturbed people. The aim will be to create a "substantial ambience" which will be curative in itself.

Breaking into computer jargon Laing explains that disturbed people suffer from "scrambled input". "There is no justification for concluding that central processing in the brain is at fault because the output is scrambled, when the input is also scrambled," he says. He maintains that anyone might be made psychotic if his life is sufficiently disturbed, his input scrambled and biochemistry upset. The aim of the asylum will be to provide a refuge where people can learn to form new personal relationships and unscramble their input, if necessary by regressing to childhood and starting anew.

In the 19th century there was a call for the 'non-injurious treatment of the insane' - the madhouses were opened and the iron shackles taken off the lunatics. Now Laing is calling for a new search for non-injurious treatments for the insane - alternatives to drugs and electric shocks. He realises he is pursuing a direction contrary to the mainstream of psychiatric practice but believes that conditions may be created where disturbed people can cure themselves. He recalls the dictum of the 16th-century French surgeon, Ambroise Paré, who said: "I dressed him and God healed him." This philosophy should be applied to psychiatry, says Laing.

# TIME

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Superior  
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Pedro Arrupe

## The Jesuits

### Catholicism's Troubled Front Line

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## COVER STORY

# The Jesuits' Search For a New Identity

*If ever any Congregation of Men could merit eternal Perdition on Earth and in Hell, it is the company of Loyola.*

—John Adams, writing to Thomas Jefferson, in 1816

*The expense is reckoned, the enterprise is begun, it is of God, it cannot be withstood.*

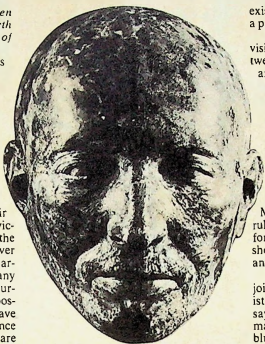
—Edmund Campion, S.J., in 1581, shortly before being hanged, drawn and quartered

SOME of their critics have assigned them, in holy outrage, to the lower regions of hell. Some of their defenders, with equally fervent conviction, see them as saints destined for the higher reaches of heaven. Whatever their presumed destination, they are arguably the most remarkable company of men to embark on a spiritual journey since Jesus chose the Twelve Apostles. With a certain pride, they have adopted the name their enemies once used against them in derision. They are the Jesuits.

Their founder, St. Ignatius Loyola, wanted them to be all things to all men, and even in today's pluralistic secular world it sometimes seems that they are. Apart from their shared religious identity and their common appendage—S.J., for the Society of Jesus—they are a bewilderingly diverse fraternity. They are seismologists, swamis, architects and engineers, theologians and winemakers, politicians, lawyers, social workers, astronomers, revolutionaries, economists—as well as missionaries, teachers and parish priests. The dictionary lists the adjective jesuitical as a condemnation—"given to intrigue or equivocation"—but the title of Jesuit also carries the tradition of their aggressive brilliance.

**Mystics.** From the very beginning, they have been originals. When Ignatius first brought together his handful of friends 439 years ago, he gave the Christian world a revolutionary creation. They were a company of men who chose the discipline, but rejected the shared observances of a religious order so that they could free themselves for work among their fellow men, a band of mystics who chose to find their enlightenment in a combative encounter with the world around them. Like religious orders before them—Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans—they pledged themselves to strict obedience but, like the Renaissance men they were, they also preserved a high regard for individual talent and initiative.

The synthesis of discipline and free-



HEAD OF ST. IGNATIUS, FROM DEATH MASK

dom proved to be formidable. It has kept them at the cutting edge of Roman Catholicism, and often on the frontiers of Western civilization. It is an exposed position, open alike to opportunity, risk and scorn. As a result of it, the Jesuits have become, both inside and outside the church, the objects of perennial controversy.

They are still in the vanguard, still vulnerable, still controversial. Today, the Society of Jesus is a microcosm of the tensions and turmoil that are sweeping the Roman Catholic Church as a whole. The old certainty that guided the Jesuits for so long has vanished, the new anxieties have arrived. Says Father David Tracy, a non-Jesuit theologian at the University of Chicago's Divinity School: "At one time, when you were seeking an answer, you'd find a Jesuit. Today, when you are looking for a question, you find a Jesuit."

Conservative Catholics, especially, are distressed that an order claiming a special fealty to the Pope should so often include some of the most vehement critics of the church; that what was once the church's first line of defense should now seem to be a fifth column. Many Catholic parents complain, for example, that their sons attending Jesuit schools are sheltered from neither the drug culture, early sex, political radicalism nor the general youthful antagonism to modern society. A young St. Louis Jesuit counters: "We no longer

exist to give the conservative Catholic a pat on the back."

Within the society itself, there is a visible—and highly audible—gap between the enthusiasts of *aggiornamento* and the defenders of older, stricter ways. Older Jesuits remember when their priestly training took 15 years, much of it in acute isolation from the world: some lived through most of World War II without hearing a radio or seeing a newspaper. The new Jesuit must still spend perhaps ten years in preparation, but he may live in fraternity-style surroundings in Berkeley, in Cambridge, Mass., or in Manhattan. Under the old rule of *tactus*, Jesuit seminarians were forbidden even to put an arm on the shoulder of a buddy; now they greet one another with warm *abrazos*.

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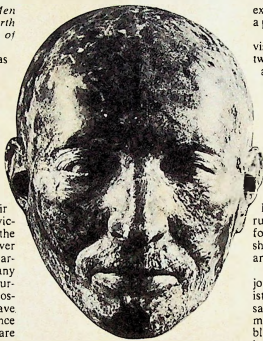
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## Justice Uncoiled

"A disgrace," said the Brooklyn district attorney. The judge heartily agreed, as he vacated the attempted-rape conviction. Thus last week George Whitmore, 28, was finally released from a Dickensian legal nightmare in which police, courts and prisons had entangled his life for nine long years.

In 1963 Janice Wylie, a *Newsweek* research assistant and niece of Author Philip Wylie, and her schoolteacher roommate, Emily Hoffert, were sadistically beaten and stabbed to death in their Manhattan apartment. Picked up eight months later for questioning about another crime, Whitmore, a black laborer, had a picture of a white girl on him that looked to police like Miss Wylie. Within hours, interrogators had extracted a confession not only to the Wylie-Hoffert murders, but also to another stabbing murder and to an attempted rape.

Whitmore was never tried in the Wylie-Hoffert case, however, because another man was found and convicted of the killings. Accordingly, that charge was dropped, and so was the other murder charge after a trial ended in a hung jury. Nonetheless, the state tenaciously prosecuted him three times for the attempted rape, the third time, his conviction survived appeals. It was that verdict that fell last week after the prosecutor's office learned that the victim had picked out a mug shot of her assailant at a time when no mug shot of Whitmore was in police files.

"It just became very important for someone to stick him with something," commented Selwyn Raab, a New York City reporter who dogged the case over the years and helped turn up the evidence that finally liberated Whitmore. "The honor of the police was at stake." Though his wife divorced him and disappeared with their two daughters—and though he was imprisoned for

nearly 20 years—Whitmore claimed he was not bitter toward anyone. Less forgiving, his lawyers were considering suing the city or state for malicious prosecution.

## The Gang's All Here

It started as the first shift of prisoners was marching out of the mess hall at the Illinois State Penitentiary at Pontiac: the next group came shuffling by, headed toward the tables. Suddenly more than 100 convicts were battling with cleaning utensils, metal trays and homemade knives. The melee lasted until a guard fired tear-gas grenades into the hall 20 minutes later—too late to save the lives of two young convicts who had been stabbed.

Their deaths last December were violent evidence of a serious new form of prison unrest. They did not die in an ordinary penitentiary riot, but in a full-scale street-gang rumble, transported virtually intact from the Chicago slums into the prison. Gang activity now plagues penal systems not only in Illinois but in California, New Jersey and New York, among others. Indeed, nearly every prison that draws inmates from large urban areas these days must deal with gangs operating behind bars.

At Pontiac the problem is especially acute. Two years ago, police began a crackdown on such Chicago gang "nations" as the Black P. Stones, Black Disciples and Vice Lords. Today, there are probably as many members inside Pontiac as on the streets. After the fatal rumble, most prisoners were kept "on deadlock"—that is, in their cells all day as well as all night. Only this month were the final 200 inmates released from deadlock. With the return to comparative calm, *TIME* Correspondent Joseph Boyce was admitted to Pontiac and talked with inmate leaders about the killings and what might happen next. His report:

All four prisoners were in their early 20s—tough, street-smart, prison-wise. They compared jails the way Yalies compare prep schools. They shied away from pointing to specific causes for the fight. "All the tensions just came out," said Earl Moore, Pontiac head of the Disciples. Gang rivalries had been going on for some time. According to the leaders, each organization had preserved some form of identification—either a private greeting that members gave each other or special berets or insignia they were permitted to wear. Fights that normally would have remained disputes between two individuals exploded into confrontations between the exclusively black gangs. The grapevine was ripe with ominous rumors about a mass confrontation. But "no one realized that someone might



EARL MOORE, RUDY MOORE & BROOKS  
The rumor man has to validate.

lose his life," said John ("Shaka") Parker, an editor of the prison newsletter.

Afterward, while the cons were on deadlock, Warden John Petrilli began meeting with the gang leaders. "At first everyone came and just glared at each other," said Rudy Moore, chief of the Black P. Stones. The initial meetings were heated and dominated by loud talk and bad-mouthing. But, said Rudy, "it finally dawned on us that this wasn't too hep." Gradually agreements were reached: recruiting was prohibited, there would be no interference with a guard disciplining an inmate; an organization leader was to be held accountable for the actions of members; disputes were to be negotiated.

The leaders also agreed to crack down on the prison rumor mill. "Before," said Rudy, "if a guy saw a Stone [Black P. Stone] with a knife, he'd go and tell the Ds [Disciples]." Added Andrew ("Candy Blue") Brooks, boss of the Vice Lords: "Now when a dude makes that kind of charge, he is brought before the leaders. Now the rumor man has to validate his stories." Finally, a drive was organized by the leaders to dispose of all "shanks" (knives). "What we have here now," Earl Moore said, "is a sort of United Nations to settle disagreements. The U.N. folks have their SALT talks; we have our shank talks."

The leaders were not eager to relinquish all organizational individuality, and Petrilli was reluctant to press too hard. Members continue to give gang salutes. "The guys still identify as members," admitted Rudy, "but it's more like belonging to a political party."

Despite all the talk about *détente*, things are not settled at Pontiac. No one has yet been charged in the knifings during the mess-hall scrape, and between 25 and 30 cons believed to have been most involved are still isolated in a special cell unit. Petrilli has long been criticized by guards and others for working with the gangs instead of trying to break them up. But, he argues, "the gangs didn't form here. The men have their own leadership—they came in with it." He is still committed to the delicate task of trying to use that structure to restore peace at Pontiac.

WHITMORE, LAWYER & RAAB (SEATED)



ELMIRA VITKOVICH

in an accurate bit of doggerel in the Jesuit weekly *America*: "There are Jesuits left and Jesuits right/ A pro and con for most any fight/ So wherever you stand, you stand not alone./ Every little movement has a Jebbie of its own."

It is an odd position, almost a public embarrassment, for an order of such traditional rigidity—"the long black line"—to play out its differences before the world. Older Jesuits feel lost in a dangerous indiscipline, the younger members sense themselves on a ragged edge of change. The clenched dictum promulgated in Jesuit schools, *Age quod agis* (Do what you are doing) begins to seem like a narrow tunnel vision, tempting sidelong glances at the confusing larger world.

**Departures.** As with the church, the current Jesuit controversy has been simmering for years, but it came to a boil as the Second Vatican Council drew to a close. The society's superior general, John Baptist Janssens, died, and the order convened in 1965 one of its rare "general congregations," both to elect a successor and adjust its ways to the council's rapprochement with the modern world. Jesuit superiors and provincial representatives from around the world converged on Rome. The man they elected as the society's 28th general (to serve, like the Pope, for life) was a career missionary named Pedro Arrupe, the first Basque to head the order since Ignatius himself. Something of a mystic, also like Ignatius, Arrupe, now 65, presides over the troubled order today with disarming calm and good cheer.

He needs it. The Jesuits are already a smaller order than the one Arrupe took over in 1965. Though still the largest religious order in the Roman Catholic Church, they have suffered the same kind of attrition that has affected other groups of priests and nuns. There were 36,000 Jesuit priests, brothers and scholastics in 1966, but by the end of 1972 there were fewer than 31,000. Some of the lost numbers are men abandoning the order—so many in recent years that the newspaper of the society's Oregon province has a feature headlined DEATHS—LEAVES—DEPARTURES. The emigrants are not merely from the ranks, either. U.S. Jesuits who have left have included such eminent names as Theologian Bernard Cooke, Maryland Provincial Edward Sponga and former Woodstock College Rector Felix Cardagna. In addition, the number of new recruits has plunged, especially in developed countries. The U.S.—the society's largest national community with 6,600 Jesuits—used to get some 350 novices each year; now it is down to fewer than 100.

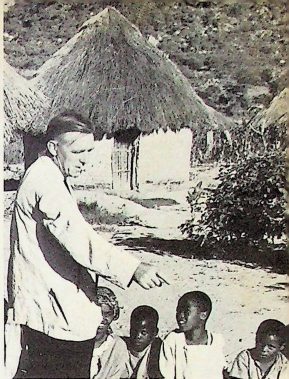
"The Jesuits are in crisis because we are in a world of cri-

sis," says Father John Blewett, who advises Arrupe on educational matters. Indian Jesuit Herbert de Souza observes that Jesuits react to the crisis in one of two ways: "Some of us become numbed while others overreact. There will be a split among thinking men, especially devoted thinking men, in a crisis situation. They will often clash head-on because of a common devotion." Arrupe presides over a sometimes chaotic variety of individuals, whose special Jesuit intensity, a quality of the breed, often gives them individualistic interpretations of the society's slogan, *Ad maior-*

FATHER NICK WEBER IN CIRCUS ACT



BUCK REPARRETT



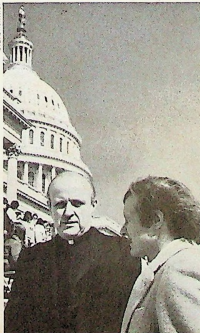
ENGLISH JESUIT MISSIONARY IN RHODESIA



NIXON AIDE McLAUGHLIN



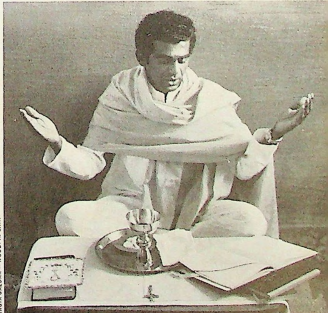
MOVIE ACTOR O'MALLEY



CONGRESSMAN DRINAN AT CAPITOL

STEVE ROBINSON

JESUIT PHYSICIST CELEBRATING INDIANIZED MASS IN POONA



JHANRUP SARDAS—WOODFIN CAMP

*em Dei gloriam* (To the greater glory of God). Some examples:

► Father Robert Drinan, onetime dean of the law school at the Jesuits' Boston College, is now a Democratic Congressman from Massachusetts' Third District with a 100% A.D.A. rating. He has irritated conservative Catholics with his stand on the Viet Nam War (vehemently opposed), tax credits for parochial schools (opposed), and abortion laws (opposed because he feels abortion is a moral, not a legal issue). Philadelphia's John Cardinal Krol has stated publicly that Drinan should resign from Congress.

► Another Jesuit, the Rev. John McLaughlin, joined the White House staff in 1971 as a speechwriter for President Richard Nixon. A former associate editor of *America* magazine and a defeated antiwar Republican candidate for the Senate from Rhode Island in 1970, McLaughlin became a vocal supporter of Nixon's Viet Nam strategy. This has prompted Jesuit William Van Etten Ca-

sey of Massachusetts' College of the Holy Cross to call him "a Judas."

► Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J. (TIME cover, Jan. 25, 1971), convicted of destroying draft records, led the FBI on a merry chase up and down the Eastern seaboard, finally to be carted off, smiling, by two stern-faced agents. He was paroled from prison last year after serving 18 months.

► Shortly after Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos declared martial law last September, American Jesuit Vincent Cullen was clapped into jail. The reason: Cullen was a social action director on the island of Mindanao, where his labors on behalf of minorities and poor farmers in a land dispute provoked the wrath of local officials. Now Cullen has been released, but is under the custody of the Philippines provincial. While Cullen chafes, a fellow Jesuit, Father James Donelan, regularly offers Mass at Marcos' Malacañang Palace, and other Jesuits have given retreats for the President.

► Jesuits are at loggerheads in Latin America over a Christian-Marxist synthesis known as the "theology of liberation." A Chilean Jesuit, 50-year-old Gonzalo Arroyo, wants to put its principles into action through a cadre of Christian Marxists called the "Group of Eighty" (TIME, June 5). But long-time Political Activist Roger Veke-mans, a Belgian Jesuit who has spent years backing Christian social democracy in Latin America (most particularly Chile's former President Frei), decries the theology of liberation as simplistic and totalitarian.

► Young Dutch Jesuits who were popular student pastors in Amsterdam created a stir when they married but insisted on continuing their ministry. The controversy has left the Jesuits in The Netherlands split fifty-fifty between sympathy for the student pastors and sympathy for a growing group of hard-line conservatives.

► In San Diego, Calif., an inner-city Jesuit parish called Christ the King be-

## Witness to the Apocalypse

**H**IS face is thinner than that of the order's founder, but his high, broad forehead and strong nose bear the same Basque imprint. It is an open face, quick to smile. "He is optimistic by disease," says one colleague. But the Very Rev. Pedro Arrupe has reason to be optimistic. He is a survivor of a cataclysm next to which the problems of his Jesuits must instantly pale. As rector of a Jesuit novitiate in wartime Japan, he was in Nagatsuka, a suburb of Hiroshima, on Aug. 6, 1945, when the atomic bomb struck. "Arrupe," says a Jesuit associate, "has seen the Apocalypse."

Arrupe started toward that rendezvous in Hiroshima some two decades earlier in Madrid, where he had gone to study medicine. The only son among five children of a wealthy architect and newspaper publisher, he had grown up in comfort in the Basque city of Bilbao. The slums of Madrid shocked him: "I found terrible suffering—widows with children begging for bread, sick people begging for medicine, waifs running through the streets like stray dogs."

The daily visits to the slums pricked Arrupe's conscience. "I began asking, 'Why did I come into this world?'" he later wrote. He made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, where he witnessed what he was certain were three miraculous healings. "I felt that God was calling me not only to cure bodies but also to cure souls." In 1927, at the age of 19, he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Loyola.

When the new, anticlerical Republican government expelled Spanish Jesuits in 1932, Arrupe finished his studies in other parts of Europe and the U.S. After his ordination in 1936, he began to study psychiatry, but was stopped short by superiors who were then uneasy about a marriage between Jesus and Freud. His new assignment: Japan.

At a mission parish in the western Honshu city of Yamaguchi, Arrupe be-

came an aggressive Japanophile. So well did he learn the language (one of the seven he speaks) that he went on to write eight books in it. He also wrote haiku, studied calligraphy, practiced the tea ceremony. Once he advertised a "great concert" at the church. The musicians proved to be three Jesuits, one of them Arrupe. He still likes to sing Spanish songs at the top of his lungs in a deep bass.

Arrupe was transferred to Nagatsuka in 1942. When the bomb fell on Hiroshima, his old medical experience proved priceless. Disregarding reports of poisonous gases in the ruins, he and his fellow Jesuits waded into the smoldering city, taking victims back to the temporary infirmary they had set up in the novitiate.

Arrupe stayed in Japan for 27 years; when the country became a Jesuit province in 1958, he became its first provincial, a post he held until his election as superior general. He still loves Japan, but mourns the "brusque change of values" that brought abortion to "a country that loved children so much."

At the Jesuits' Roman headquarters, a severe, palazzo-like building on Borgo Santo Spirito, a stone's throw from St. Peter's, Arrupe still emulates Japanese ways. In the tiny private chapel off his room, he prays, sitting Zen-style on a cushion, each morning and evening that he is there. Often he is not. Though previous Jesuit generals stayed close to Rome, Arrupe has logged 200,000 miles on more than 30 trips. Says an aide: "His face lights up when he's on the road."

Traveling or at home, Arrupe puts in an 18- to 20-hour day. But his labors as superior general can bring criticism from both sides. Many Jesuits accuse him of being a second-rate administrator. Conservatives say that his permissive standards have weakened the order. Liberals sometimes think that his most daring innovation has been the automatic Pepsi machine he installed at the austere Jesuit headquarters. Through it all, Arrupe proceeds with a deep serenity that his friends find saintly and his foes infuriating.

SUPERIOR GENERAL ARRUPPE IN ROME



THOMAS HOPPE—WOODFIN CAMP

came the focus of disputes with the local bishop when the Jesuits assigned there twice offered the church as sanctuary to sailors who refused to board Viet Nam-bound vessels.

► Within the Pope's own bailiwick, a veteran moral philosopher disobeyed Arrupe. A faculty member of the Jesuits' prestigious Gregorian Pontifical University since 1961, Father José María Díez-Alegria set off the squabble last December by publishing his autobiography, *I Believe in Hope*, without Jesuit clearance. The book is sympathetically leftist, and somewhat candid about priests' sexual frustrations, but what piqued Arrupe was Díez-Alegria's refusal to submit to Jesuit censorship before publication. Arrupe has since suspended the Spaniard from the society for two years. One important reason for his action: the case revived talk among a group of conservative Jesuits in Spain about starting separate houses where they could follow a traditional, disciplined regime.

**Rogue.** Such conflicts of interest and direction are not exclusive to the Jesuits; they bother other religious orders as well. But the Jesuits, almost since their inception, have been the most dramatic of the church's orders. What is most fascinating about them is their perilous attempt to live energetically in the world without being of it. The risks involved in this attempt mark their long and flamboyant history—a history that reaches back to a junior officer in a minor battle in a small war in 1521.

He was known at the time as Inigo de Oñaz y Loyola, the last of perhaps eleven children of a family of lower Basque nobility. He had left the gloomy castle of Loyola as a boy, packed off to one of his father's noble friends, who took him to court. He had grown into little more than an engaging rogue, spending his days in military games or reading such popular chivalrous romances as *Amadis of Gaul*, his nights pursuing less noble adventures with local girls.

In the year that Martin Luther stood before Habsburg Emperor Charles V at the Diet of Worms, Inigo was fighting for the Emperor's borderlands against the invading French at Pamploña. A cannonball shattered one of his legs. During a long, painful convalescence, he turned out of boredom to two popular inspirational works on the lives of the saints and the life of Christ, and his long process of conversion began. Months later, at the Benedictine abbey of Montserrat, he exchanged his gentleman's clothes for a rough pilgrim's habit and dedicated his sword and dagger to the shrine's famed Black Virgin.

In a little town called Manresa, he devoted nearly a year to an orgy of austerity, begging door to door, wearing a barbed girdle, fasting for days on end. For months he endured the terrible depressions of the mystic's dark night of the soul, even contemplating suicide at one point. But what followed was the mystic's singular reward, an immense

breakthrough to enlightenment. In a wave of ecstatic illumination one day at the River Cardener, Inigo became, in his own words, "another man."

He entered a Barcelona school to sit with boys less than half his age to study Latin, then threw himself into a dizzying year of courses at the University of Alcalá. Out of it came Inigo's conviction that learning must be organized to be useful. The idea eventually grew into the Jesuits' famed *ratio studiorum* (plan of studies), which measured out heavy but manageable doses of classics, humanities and sciences.

He became such a fervent evangelist that the Inquisition imprisoned and examined him more than once about his life, teaching and theology. Perturbed, he left for Paris, where he spent seven years at the university, became "Master Ignatius," and gathered around him the first of his permanent companions, among them a young Spanish nobleman named Francis Xavier.

Ignatius shared with them one of the most remarkable spiritual guides ever written—his *Spiritual Exercises*. A distillation of Ignatius' own religious experience during and following his conversion, the *Exercises* are measured out prospectively in four flexible "weeks" of meditation that begin with a week on Sin, Death, Judgment and Hell, and move on to Christ's Life, Passion and Resurrection. They are the basis of every Jesuit's spirituality, returned to for refreshment through his career.

In the *Exercises*, Ignatius laid out paths to spiritual perfection: rigorous examination of conscience, penance, and a resolute amnesia about guilt once God's forgiveness has been obtained. Though Ignatius designed the *Exercises* for individuals, they were later applied to the group retreats so vividly reconstructed in James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. A certain violence, even a spiritual terrorism, has often characterized Jesuit rhetoric. The young hero of *Portrait*, Stephen Dedalus, is reduced to horror by the sermon

on hell ("A wave of fire swept through his body ... flames burst forth from his skull!"), but after he has gone to confession, "the past was past."

In Paris in 1534 Ignatius and his friends made their first vows of poverty and chastity (Ignatius was ordained a priest three years later), but it was not until 1540 that Pope Paul III approved the small band as a new religious order. As part of the bargain, they placed themselves at the express call of the Pope. In Ignatius' metaphor, they were to be chivalrous soldiers of Jesus, mobile, versatile, ready to go anywhere and perform any task the Pope assigned. As a recognized order, they added to their earlier vows the traditional vow of obedience to their superiors and a fourth vow expressing their special fealty to the Pope. They gave command to a superior general elected for life. Their choice for the first general was Ignatius.

The Jesuits rode full gallop into their new assignments: convert the heathen, reconvert Protestant Europe. Francis Xavier hoppedcothed from India to Southeast Asia to Japan, a country that had never before heard the Christian message. More than any others, the Society of Jesus stemmed, and sometimes reversed, the tide of Protestantism in France, the Low Countries and Central Europe. When Ignatius died in 1556, his order was nearly 1,000 strong and had dispatched its apostles to four continents.

The Jesuits rose to eminence in the two centuries that followed Ignatius' death. Seeking to be the consciences of kings, they served as confessors to every French King from Henry III to



CHINA MISSIONARY MATTEO RICCI



ST. ISAAC JOGUES UNDERGOING TORTURE

## The Jesuit Swamis of India



SWAMI ANIMANANDA, S.J.

**D**ESPITE their talent as missionaries, the Jesuits have left their imprint most deeply on the culture of the West. Now, not so much as missionaries but as citizen Christians, they are making a mark on a major culture of the East—that of India. "If India is today in some degree Christian, it is because of the Jesuits," says Father Theo Mathias, S.J., head of the Roman Catholic education organization in India. The 3,100 Jesuits in India constitute the third largest national contingent in the society after the U.S. and Spain, and fully 2,600 of them are native Indians. In 1972 they took in 161 new entrants, almost as many as did Western Europe, Canada and the U.S. combined. The De Nobili seminary at Poona is the largest Jesuit "house" in the world. Indian Jesuits are even sending missionaries to other countries.

The Indian Jesuits still take their cue from the adaptability of the pioneer missionary, Father Roberto de Nobili, who adopted the ascetic life of the Hindu holy men shortly after he came to India in 1605. The Jesuits reflect the broad spectrum of the subcontinent's culture. At Poona, for instance, a group of De Nobili Jesuits are experimenting with an Indianized version of the Mass that incorporates Indian serving dishes, Indian music, language, and postures of prayer. Father Matthew Lederle, a German-born Jesuit who is now an Indian citizen, directs the serene modern center of Sneha Sadan in Poona specifically to encourage an intellectual exchange with the city's 200,000 Maharashtrian Brahmins. Some De Nobili seminarians live out in the city's slums where they have won the friendship of the poor.

Jesuits are engaged in pressing secular problems. They administer the country's Roman Catholic medical network, with its 400 small hospitals and 600 dispensaries. They run In-

dia's only social sciences institute. But perhaps the most engaging of the Indian Jesuits are the handful who have chosen to adopt the life-styles and manner of Hindu *sanyasi*—holy men—while continuing their work as Roman Catholic priests. Two such Jesuits are Swami Amalananda and Swami Animananda, who work in remote, poor villages in the state of Mysore. The 70-year-old Animananda, whose chosen name means "devotee of the small," turned *sanyasi* in 1947. Now he travels by bullock cart to five small villages talking about religion with clusters of interested listeners in Hindu temples. Because the villagers are monotheists, Lingayat Hindus who worship the God Shiva, Animananda preaches "less about Christ and more about God the Father."

Swami Amalananda, 54, whose name means "taking joy in the immaculate," is building a small stone church at Deshnur in the style of the Hindu temple, the *mandir*. But it will have Stations of the Cross carved into the outside wall and ten windows symbolizing the Commandments. Sitting on a small cement platform in the holy man's traditional style, he dispenses advice to reverent villagers. The advice is often practical as well as religious, perhaps warning them about such practices as thatching their cow sheds because of the danger of fire. He has also started both a savings bank and a seed bank for the villagers.

The Indian Jesuits are in an enviable position compared with priests elsewhere. The religious man is still hallowed in India; the priest is still an authority as he was in Europe before the Industrial Revolution. Because he is expected to be an ascetic, there is little temptation to become "relevant" by marrying. Eventually, of course, Indian Jesuits may face the same problems as their colleagues in the West. Already they are getting fewer novices from the Westernized parts of the country than from those that are still underdeveloped.

Louis XV. In 16th and 17th century China, the great Jesuit missionary Matteo Ricci and his successors labored for decades to impress the Emperor and the powerful mandarin scholars with their own impeccable scholarship, eventually becoming keepers of the imperial calendar. But this opportunity to win China for Christianity was lost when Rome denied the missionaries' pleas that Chinese converts be left undisturbed in their Confucian reverence for their ancestors.

Jesuit achievements were as often secular as spiritual. French Jesuit Jacques Marquette paddled down the Mississippi in the first European expedition to explore that river. Brother Jiri Kamel, a Moravian botanist at the Jesuits' College of Manila in the 17th century, gave Europe the camellia. A German mathematician and astronomer of the Society of Jesus, Christoph Klau, contributed to the Gregorian calendar and gave his Latinized name, Clavius, to a lunar crater that he discovered.

Jesuits used the arts to reach the consciences of their fashionable audiences, and in so doing, made significant

contributions to opera, drama and ballet. They produced thousands of plays in the 17th century, and ballets as well, many of them to lure the balletomanes of the French aristocracy. One such ballet portrayed the triumph of free will over predestination.

But Jesuits were more than dance-masters; their martyrs died in Japan, in Elizabethan England, and in North America, where St. Isaac Jogues was tomahawked by the Iroquois—and where the British put prices on Jesuit heads.

**Reductions.** Despite their remarkable accomplishments, the Jesuits were suppressed in 1773 by Pope Clement XIV, and the order was disbanded for 41 years. The suppression grew out of a convergence of hatreds. The anticlerical freethinkers of the Enlightenment detested the Jesuits. So did Jansenist Catholics, who adhered to a puritanical view of man's depravity. Their most articulate spokesman was Blaise Pascal, who, in his eloquently satirical *Provincial Letters*, accused the Jesuits of abetting the decay of Christianity by their lax moral and ascetic teachings. Their

papal loyalty, furthermore, infuriated believers in the new nationalism. A magnanimous missionary project in New Spain—the "Paraguay Reductions"—grew into self-sufficient Indian strongholds under Jesuit protection, angering European colonists who spread calumnies against the order. Finally, the Pope bowed to the mounting pressure of France, Portugal and Spain and decreed that the Jesuits should disband for the sake of church harmony.

Some Jesuits found a haven in the realm of Catherine the Great of Russia, who esteemed Jesuit teaching and resolved to keep the society's schools alive. Others functioned as secular clergymen, joined other orders or created *ad hoc* communities with new names. When the order was restored by Pope Pius VII in 1814, there was a cadre of 600 Jesuits to begin again. But so wary were the Jesuits of earning new criticism that their first post-restoration general, Jan Roothaan, set a pattern for defensively prudent administration that few successors have risen above.

The relative timidity of Jesuit leadership in the years since restoration has

not meant the eclipse of Jesuit accomplishment. Contemporary Jesuit theologians, for instance, helped shape the Second Vatican Council. Probably the most eminent Catholic theologian alive is Germany's Jesuit Karl Rahner, whose works have been translated into more languages (47) than Goethe's. Canada's Bernard J.F. Lonergan has built a formidable reputation on two brilliant but difficult works, *Insight* (1957) and *Method in Theology* (1972). A newer name, at least to Northern Hemisphere Christians, is Montevideo's Juan Luis Segundo, whose theology is just beginning to appear in English. The restored society has also produced the other kinds of creative minds that distinguished its earlier eras, including Philosopher-Paleontologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin and Poet Gerard Manley Hopkins.

The question troubling Jesuits today is not so much what they have done or can do, but rather who they are or who they should be. Says Father Paul Reinert, now in his 25th year as president of the Jesuits' St. Louis University: "I have been a Jesuit since 1927. Never have I engaged in so much introspection as I have in the past five years." Pedro Arrupe has called another general congregation to meet in Rome in 1974 or 1975, at which Jesuit delegates will decide which directions they want to explore and which they need to turn away from.

Ignatius himself once said: "If the whole society should come to an end, it would take 15 minutes for me to regain my composure." Such a spirit of brusque and even self-abnegating utilitarianism now goes against the Jesuits' institutional traditions. They still operate one of the most prestigious privately run school networks in the world, with 420 high schools and universities on six continents, including 52 high schools and 28 colleges in the U.S. Most of them are urban schools that helped

form an immigrant Catholic population into an accomplished class of educated Catholic professionals.

Today, however, there is some sentiment that the society should pass on some of its educational responsibilities to others and find more urgent work. In an article urging his fellow Jesuits to stay "on the ragged edge of nowhere," Theologian James Conwell of Washington State's Gonzaga University suggests that educated Catholic laymen could take over much of the Jesuits' role as educators. Arrupe has shown a willingness to let a few "good things" die, notably two of the nation's five Jesuit theological schools—one of them the famed Woodstock College (TIME, Jan. 22). Still, it is a difficult idea for some of the world's best educators to accept.

**Values.** For the most part, Jesuit educators and the ten U.S. provincial superiors still think that the educational effort is still worth it. They acknowledge that there have been changes. The *ratio studiorum* no longer prevails; students can create their own educational plan—or chaos—from a smorgasbord of electives. The old, tough discipline is gone. The Jesuits themselves, clad in everything from jeans to wide-lapel sports jackets, often look like older versions of the students. A generation ago, young men and women could seldom share the same campus; now they sleep in the same dorms, and not always separately. Even so, the defenders of the new Jesuit-college style in the U.S. insist that the schools still offer an atmosphere different from that of secular campuses. Explains Richard Matre, a layman and dean of Loyola University of Chicago: "Our school says to the student that there are good things and bad things in the world, that there are real values."

Jesuit politics have also been changing. An order that seeped predominantly conservative two decades ago now nurtures almost every shade of political style and ideology. In the 1950s

many Catholics were reading *Total Empire*, written by Edmund Walsh, a Georgetown political scientist, priest and, according to Author Richard Rovere, the man who gave Senator Joseph McCarthy the idea for his anti-Communist campaign. In his book, Walsh set down moral justifications for a preventive first-strike nuclear attack.

There are still a few Jesuits who perpetuate the Walsh syndrome: Father Daniel Lyons, columnist and founder of the right-wing Catholic newspaper *Twin Circle*, still hammers away at the containment theme. But he now has an articulate group of opponents within the order. Father Aldon Stevenson, who recently returned to his post at the University of San Francisco after a trip into Mao's China, cited the Communist Chinese as exemplary "anonymous Christians" that Western Christians could well emulate. "People are valued above things," says Stevenson, "and neighbors love and help each other. There is hope in abundance, and that is the beginning of charity."

Father Arrupe got a heady taste of both political sides on a visit to the U.S., when on the same day he visited Daniel Lyons in New York City and Daniel Berrigan in Danbury prison. There are many more in the society who mirror the polarization. One of the most serious dichotomies that Arrupe must try to bridge is between those who patrol the corridors of power, still hoping to influence the conscience of the king, and those who have chosen to work for the only remedy they consider effective—the complete change of society. Many Third World Jesuits, despairing of a change of heart by developed nations, are growing more and more sympathetic to the idea of total change. One bewildered Chilean Jesuit sighs: "We don't seem to believe in the same Gospels." Peru's Father Luna Victoria, a prominent Latin American Jesuit intellectual, hopes for a more evolutionary kind

THE OLD WAY: JESUIT SEMINARIANS IN 1954



THE NEW WAY: JESUITS DINING AT WOODSTOCK COLLEGE IN 1971



of change that would fuse the thought of Teilhard de Chardin with that of Marx. "It could be done," he says, "if we substitute Christian love for Marxist class hatred."

In the U.S., Jesuits seem to tolerate a wide diversity of sociopolitical projects. In the California province, for instance, a young priest from the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley last summer donned a sports coat and turtleneck, picked up a briefcase, and traveled into San Francisco, where he counsels executives and other personnel in a corporate office. Across the bay, in East Oakland, two other Jesuits are immersed in work among the city's many minorities: the old, the poor, the black, the brown. They may be out on the streets by 7 a.m., checking to see that a wrecker has shown up to knock down an unsafe building, or be battling until 3 in the morning at a neighborhood meeting.

At the School of Medicine of the University of California's San Francisco campus, Father Al Jonsen is analyzing health policy issues and the moral desirability of such technical advances as the mechanical heart. From a base in Los Angeles, Father Nick Weber, 33, and two companions carom round the country in a battered station wagon giving performances of the Royal Liechtenstein One-Quarter-Ring Sidewalk Circus, an amiable blend of circus acts and low-key morality plays. Weber and company live a frugal, catch-as-catch-can existence, begging meals and a place to sleep wherever they stop. A Rochester, N.Y., Jesuit high school teacher, Father William S. O'Malley, is in a different kind of show business: a role in *The Exorcist*.

The sexual revolution has had a disconcerting effect on the society, probably because Jesuits were so ill-prepared for it. "I was a scholar-athlete," says Robert Blair Kaiser, a journalist and author who studied for ten years as a Jesuit in the '50s. "We were taught to be well-rounded in everything except how to relate to women." As a result of the protective environment, says Presidential Aide John McLaughlin, the newly freed Jesuit often seemed to be struck by "delayed puberty." In the encounter, some debarked. Many of those who remain seem to have resolved the issue. A remarkable number agree with Arrupe that the Jesuits should preserve celibacy as a rule even if—and many of them recommend it—voluntary celibacy is instituted for diocesan priests.

Despite the considerable criticisms of some older Jesuits, Father Richard Hill, the president of the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, contends that many young Jesuits are in fact earnest-

ly spiritual, caught up in a renewed interest in prayer. "We are going back to the *Spiritual Exercises* in a huge rush," he says. "They go around quoting from this little black book. They are consciously and deliberately spending more time in personal prayer." One quip going around: "Any day now, somebody's going to invent the rosary."

Indeed, though the number of Jesuits may have dropped drastically, superiors round the world widely agree that the quality of the new recruits is generally better and the number of vocations seems to be stabilizing. Moreover, there remains a special fraternity about the Jesuits that smaller numbers

Ignatian spirit. Father Lyndon Farwell, a recently ordained California Jesuit, would in fact like to see the upcoming general congregation focus on that ideal by conducting its meeting as a spiritual retreat, with no agenda. It would be "a good witness to the faith of the Jesuits—coming together to see what God wants them to do next. I would like to see them define the spirit and priorities of the society, but it should be a religious, not a legislative, thing."

However they go about it, of course, the society will have—as is appropriate to Jesuits—some important this-worldly decisions to make. A number of Jesuits within the order and admirers without

would like to see some way developed for interested men to become sort of Jesuit reserve officers—taking temporary vows, perhaps, for three or five years at a time. There is growing support for the order to find a way for dedicated married couples to affiliate with it, perhaps along the lines of the successful Jesuit Volunteer Corps run by the Oregon province, which has some 250 laymen in domestic and foreign assignments. François Cardinal Marty, the Archbishop of Paris, wants to see Jesuits engaged in resolving the "metaphysical crisis" in modern society. "Jesuits are needed in the intellectual world," he says. "Alienation is their specialty." Some Jesuits want to discuss issues that are harder to nail down—a return, for instance, to more heroic poverty within the order, a goal Arrupe heartily favors.

Many Jesuits, including Superior General Pedro Arrupe, would like to see the general congregation put some kind of cap on the Jesuit gusher, pushing the very visible turmoil back underground for a while. It may be a vain hope. The Jesuits are certainly settling back a bit these days, resting from the traumatic departures and heady changes in the order, but it is far from clear yet whether the Society of Jesus is at the far edge—or merely in the eye—of the storm.

Arrupe, observes Richard Hill of the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, is not a man who takes more than reasonable risks. But he lets others move imaginatively in new directions, then defends and protects them. He does that, suggest some of his fellow Jesuits, because he looks to the victory of Resurrection where many others are able to see only the defeat of Golgotha. In Christian life, however, the two are inextricably joined—and in few places more than in the Society of Jesus. As long as he is the Jesuit general, Pedro Arrupe will likely have no real rest: he will be defending and protecting the troubled and sometimes troublesome sons of Ignatius long into tomorrow.



JESUIT PROVINCIALS CONCELEBRATING MASS IN NEW ORLEANS  
The conscience of the king or total change?

cannot destroy. "In my work around the world," says Philip Land, a Jesuit priest on the Vatican's Commission for Justice and Peace, "I run into a network of our people everywhere, people in whom I have total confidence."

Many former Jesuits preserve that kind of family feeling and regard themselves as Jesuits years after they have left the order, even if they left long before ordination. Author George Riemer (*The New Jesuits*) studied as a Jesuit for only seven years in the 1940s, but he continued to think of himself as a Jesuit until his death from cancer two weeks ago. "When I'm confronted with my own death," he said a few days before he died, "I believe I'm still a Jesuit, because the core of the Jesuit is still the *Spiritual Exercises*."

Many Jesuits see an instauration of

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# Basic Communities in the Church

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Over the last few years, in every continent it has been more or less strongly accepted that basic or "grass-roots" communities constitute one of the most characteristic signs of the times. The phenomenon of grass-roots communities is not primarily an event confined to the Church. It is a phenomenon belonging to the realm of general anthropology and is an expression of the quest for new relationships between persons. That the Church feels the effect of these currents is no matter for surprise; all the more so since, throughout the centuries, she has been more or less happy to put forward the ideal of the communities of the Acts of the Apostles. There are many Christians who feel themselves crushed by church structures both on the plane of ideology and that of organization. The feeling of powerlessness in face of these structures is all the stronger since the arousal of high hopes by Vatican II. The aspirations after a 'fraternal faith' bearing witness to its credibility by the way it is lived in a group becomes a necessity for many people.

The following document is based on a study which appeared in "Blueprint" (May 1977). We reproduce it here in an abridged and edited form.

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### *Historical Perspectives*

In every country in every continent church leaders are faced with the problem of the future of the "parish" or "mission" of the traditional type.

There was a line of continuity between the little domestic communities of the first centuries, numbering 20-60 Christians, and the diocese-parish of small towns or rural parishes which were "founded" by princes, feudal lords, abbots or chapters, and rarely comprised more than 300 members. But a change took place when towns became commercial centres of ever increasing importance, and the clergy an "estate", more and more distinct and set apart from the people, exercising power by virtue of its monopoly of education, its authority in the sphere of the sacred, its civil functions and its concentrated accumulation of financial resources.

It was a slow change, but one which gradually spread everywhere. At first it came about as the result of mutations in Church and society at the time of the Reformation and the counter-Reformation. (These mutations were largely an expression of the deep malaise caused by an estrangement between laity and clergy, by urbanization, and by the then developing scientific outlook of the relations between man and nature). But this change subsequently led to important shifts in the structure of society. Church and State became more and more separate from each other, parish and commune became more and more differentiated. Finally the medieval structure of the parish was confronted with the great urbanization of the 19th and 20th centuries, which saw the movement of enormous masses of people, resulting in a megalothis of 9 - 10 millions.

This does not mean that the parish lost its *raison d'être*, but rather that a fundamental reorientation became necessary. It is true that serious efforts were made to improve contact between clergy and laity, between church and society: catholic Action movements of a general or more specialized nature, liturgical renewal (still very timid when looked at from this distance, but at the beginning quite revolutionary for public opinion), the discovery of the values of married life, the experience of priest-workers, a theology of terrest-

rial realities, all these were so many attempts at opening up the way. Backed up by monumental efforts at a renewed theology (J. A. Mohler, E. Mersch, H. de Lubac, Y. Congar, K. Rahner), in the years 1930-1950 they prepared the way for the inspiration of the Council. All this however could not slow down the inexorable process described by many authors as the disappearance of authentic community life. The parish was still too far removed from the life of the average man, too sacralized, too clerical, too vast. It afforded insufficient scope to those at grass-roots level who felt truly concerned to exercise creative activity, spontaneity or coresponsibility.

### *A turning point in the west and in the Church of the third world*

It really seems that a turning point has been reached both in the West and in the Church of the Third World but most of all in Latin America and in Africa. Mgr. Matagrino thus describes this turning point: "What is happening is a revolution in the Copernican sense of the term, a complete reversal, corresponding to the theological definition of the Church as the People of God: a switch from a Church resting on the point of a pyramid, in the person of bishop or priest, to a church resting on the base, the community of the baptised. This is to be connected with what we have said about the need for remaking a fabric of interwoven communities by increasing the number of groups, teams, and communities. It involves substituting for the scheme of a Church that emphasized the vertical relation of each one to the priest, considered as the sole person responsible, the idea of a Church made up of Christians who feel themselves jointly responsible within groups, teams, and communities, on the basis of their common faith, and who are anxious to be coresponsible for the life and mission of the Church.

### *The phenomenon of Grassroots communities belong to the realm of general Anthropology.*

The phenomenon of grass-roots communities is not primarily an event confined to the Church. - It is a phenomenon belonging to the realm of general anthropology and is

an expression of the quest for new relationships between persons. There appear to be three determining factors in the sudden flowering of a variety of grass-roots groups, small communities, non-official groupings, etc.

1. There is *first* of all the increasing *pressure from social structures*, which limits the liberty of the individual as well as his interpersonal relationships.

2. An important factor in the process of alienation is the weakening of intermediate groups within society. The family finds itself forced to abandon a great number of its functions to society, the mass media, and organised leisure. Big organisations of a professional, cultural or political order, enterprises and universities - not to mention trade unions and the Churches - often afford but little room for community experiences: relations between individuals are often of too short a duration, too functional, too free, perhaps too uncommitted.

3. Man's deeper needs on both the affective and the ideological plane require social structures on a smaller scale and of greater variety. Psychology and pedagogy have laid bare these often repressed needs and encouraged man to become more free and creative, but, by the same token, has rendered him more vulnerable in the face of conflict and frustration. The tension between his conscience and his personal convictions on the one hand and the need for social recognition on the other have led him to look for new ways of being integrated into society which will guarantee him a minimum of personal harmony and allow him to be recognized and recognizable in his "otherness" at the social level: "the homeless mind" (Peter Berger) wants partners to share its ideology within a world of different fundamental options. Charismatic groups and religious "sects" of all sorts provide to some degree at least, an answer to these needs. Due to these factors, attempts to form limited groups have the following characteristics:

- an **aspiration after security**, in a group aiming to live according to one and the same scale of values and offering a guarantee of authenticity in relationships within and commitment outside;

- a **protest** against the inhuman character of many social structures and the scale of values on which these structures rest;

- an **ideal type of small-scale society** really capable of replacing a society which has fallen a prey to gigantism.

## **Basic communities in the Church**

That the Church feels the effect of these currents is no matter for surprise; all the more so since, throughout the centuries, she has been more or less happy to put forward the ideal of the communities of the Acts of the Apostles. There are many Christians who feel themselves crushed by church structures both on the plane of ideology and that of organization, : strong organization, stress on the power of the hierarchy and the ministry, maintenance of ways of life and standards which are outdated, etc. The feeling of powerlessness in face of these structures is all the stronger since the arousal of high hopes by Vatican II. With the growth of a certain sense of marginalization among the poor, the young and the intellectuals (who incidentally have progressively less connection with the high-income groups), this feeling has increased.

In the Church, too, intermediate structures, parishes as well as organizations, are in a state of crisis. Finally, account must be taken of the fact that the faith of the modern Christian has become more vulnerable: in a pluralistic society the faith, less protected than before, is being continuously called into question. The aspiration after a "fraternal faith" bearing witness to its credibility by the way it is lived in a group, becomes a necessity for many people.

**Characteristic of most, though not all, of the groups within the Church are the following features :**

1. Grass-roots communities **start at ground level**, more or less **spontaneously**, as the result of a number of men and women **feeling a need to share their faith, their commitment, and their researches**, sometimes to the point

of being **willing to live in community**. They are different from parishes and Catholic Action groups of former times in so far as they are built up from below, though they may well be encouraged by the institutional church, as is the case with many basic communities in South America and Africa. Where that is not the case these groups generally have a position of their own vis-a-vis the official Church: Sometimes they tend to challenge it, sometimes they are simply parallel to it, sometimes they are very marginal to it.

2. Many people join a group because they **need to meet other people**, to establish human relationships, and such persons give **importance to the more affective aspects** (togetherness); traditional roles are blurred; few formal leaders, more group responsibility. The essential thing is the experience of being brothers and sisters and partners. Natural leadership, which crops up spontaneously in most groups, is balanced as far as possible, in the most healthy groups, by new modes of influencing people and sharing out the various tasks.

3. All are anxious to arrive once more, by some **new road** at an **authentic community of faith after the model of Jesus and his disciples**. Even if the Eucharist is not celebrated regularly it is always of central significance for the group: when this significance is lost an ecclesial grass-roots group easily develops into a basic community that is purely secular and political in aim. Most communities try to take up a new position vis-a-vis man's classic idols: possessions, power, and sexuality. But the actual way in which they express their liberating criticism concerning these idols varies greatly from group to group.

4. For the majority of these communities a **life according to the Gospel** has no meaning if it is **not related to the needs and problems of man today**, in a context that is real. The importance attributed to an exemplary personal life along the lines emphasized in days gone by is increasingly transferred to the giving of witness through committed life in a group, or else the important thing is the community's own witness,; sharing in a man's adventure as he creates and suffers, working for the liberation of new humanity and here what counts is the liberating of the other person, not one's own personal perfection. The ascetical practice and mystique of these groups are profoundly different from those held in honour 25 years ago.

5. It is noticeable that many groups are formed around one or more personalities of the charismatic type, but the latter are far less "founders" in the old sense than interpreters of a group process: through them the groups sometimes stress conversion to a more interior life, sometimes conversion to social and political commitment, sometimes both.

6. There is a great variety among the groups and it is very difficult to reduce them to any one type.

- They differ greatly in their composition, the number of members, social background, predominant characteristic (lay, clerical, religious), origin, race, etc.

- They also differ as to the frequency of their meetings, the intensity of their community life (for example, occasional help, regular mutual help, sharing of income and management), and their will to continue.

- There is great variety in their aims, the stress they put on the life of faith and liturgy, on social and political commitment, on training, etc.

- As regards their attitude towards the official Church, the position of the groups varies from total indifference to the closest possible attachment.

- There are "all-embracing" communities which affect the entire life of the members and there are others which touch but one sector of their members' life.

It is impossible now, as it was during other periods of great social and religious developments, to get a clear view of the direction this many-sided phenomenon is taking. It would seem that official recognition is increasingly being given to diversity in Christian communities.

## The Case of Latin America

It is in the continent of Latin America that the most explicit recognition has been given to grass-roots communities

as an ecclesial phenomenon. Many reports by bishops from Latin America during the 1974 Roman Synod afford proof of this. In his "general survey of evangelization", Mgr. Pironio characterized "basic ecclesial communities or groups" as "the primary cells of the entire ecclesial edifice, centres of evangelization and the most important factor for human development". "Their formation" he added, "calls for the presence of ministers of the word and of the Eucharist..... coming from the ranks of these same communities for the accomplishment of their purpose.

## **Description and Origin of Basic Communities in Latin America**

The evolution giving rise to basic communities must be put into the context of the pastoral trends that marked the post-conciliar period. Let us here distinguish three fundamental features. Upto Vatican II, the attention of the Church focussed mostly on teaching, preaching, and apostolic movements. The council reawakened awareness in the Church of its social mission, promoting in particular more rapid and more just development. Social and economic analysis made from this point of view aroused in many the desire to turn the Church into a kind of **pressure group**, taking its inspiration from the theology of liberation. Many realised that the Church had to free itself from long-standing collusion with economic and political groups in power, which were an obstacle to or a brake on real liberation of the people. Naturally, the reaction of political systems has been one of mistrust and often even a resort to repressive measures, amounting to persecution. Open-minded church leaders have felt it necessary to make special efforts to call upon the "grass roots", which still lacked motivation and often had become fatalistic, inviting them to take part in a process of liberation likely to result in real community.

A new pastoral aim was born out of the two features just emphasized: the social process of making people aware had to be combined with the people's profoundly religious sentiments; there had to be a creative synthesis of the people's religion and the theology of liberation. The place, then, for achieving such a synthesis with nothing artificial about it and for starting an evolution with an organic rythm of its own, is the grass-roots community. There, plans for development and plans for evangelization are not made for the people, but

rather by the people themselves, starting from the people, with leaders of their own, in accordance with their own rhythm of growth and respecting their own cultural values. A long road has to be travelled before this result is achieved and all illusion has to be guarded against.

Many Christians understood that their commitment in the world and their life of faith had to develop simultaneously and that old ideas on a dualistic conception of the relations between Church and world had to be got rid of. The ground was, then, relatively well prepared for a gradual acceptance of Vatican II doctrine concerning a non-pyramidal, non-clerical Church (*Lumen Gentium*) and a world marked by justice and progress (*Gaudium et spes*). The resolve to endow the Church with a more specifically South American character through closer contact with the people, and therefore with the poor, became increasingly clear-cut. The value of cultures and communities of Indian origin received greater acceptance. At the same time the great lack of priests in the countryside and the demographic explosion in the towns led to ever greater number of believers meeting together to form grass-roots communities of a size appropriate for face-to-face relationships, organic in character and as far as possible capable of being self-supporting.

Most of the basic communities in Latin America are to be found in country parts and on the outskirts of big towns. In the towns basic communities cater for groups which are homogeneous in their way of life. Most basic communities are run by lay people, assisted by a priest, who devotes himself to animating several communities. Basic communities are found, for most part, at the poorest levels of society; the middle classes hold back from them and the rich have practically nothing to do with the movement. When basic communities meet, most of the time is given to the liturgy of the Word, to community prayer and to mutual help. In some basic communities a whole year may pass before the Eucharist is celebrated. Though basic communities have a social commitment, they do not for all that follow any definite political option. However through a process of conscientization they lead their members to commit themselves on the political or social level -- not, however, in the name of the basic communities, but for personal reasons inspired by the faith. In ever-increasing numbers they are beginning to have the sacraments (baptism, marriage, penance) celebrated within the community.



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## CHRISTIAN PARTICIPATION IN POLITICS

"The Church praises and esteems those who devote themselves to the public good for the service of men and take upon themselves the burdens of public office....

Christians must be conscious of their specific and proper role in the political community : they should be a shining example by their sense of responsibility and their dedication to the common good; they should show in practice how authority can be reconciled with freedom, personal initiative and with the solidarity and the needs of the whole social framework and the advantages of unity with profitable diversity. They should recognise the legitimacy of differing points of view about the organisation of worldly affairs and show respect for their fellow citizens, who even in association defend their opinions by legitimate means. Political parties, for their part, must support whatever in their opinion is conducive to the common good, but must never put their own interests before the common good.

So that all citizens will be able to play their part in political affairs, civil and political education is vitally necessary for the population as a whole and for young people in particular, and must be diligently attended to. Those with a talent for the difficult yet noble art of politics, or whose talents in this matter can be developed, should prepare themselves for it, and forgetting their own convenience and material interests, they should engage in political activity. They must combat injustice and oppression, arbitrary domination and intolerance by individuals or political parties, and they must do so with integrity and wisdom. They must dedicate themselves to the welfare of all in a spirit of sincerity and fairness, of love and of the courage demanded by political life".

—*Second Vatican Council, The Church in the Modern World, art. 75*

## Pope John Paul II

*On the 3rd of March 1981 met a spirituality group of French Members of Parliament, who had come to the Vatican to return the visit paid by the Pope to France last June. This "spirituality group" was set up within the French Parliament in 1946 to allow members to meet for common prayer and a deepening of faith. The group was led by the President of the French Senate, Alan Poher.*

*The Holy Father delivered the following address.*

Mr President.  
Ladies and Gentlemen,

Let me thank you in the first place for the sentiments of respect and confidence that you have just expressed to me with such delicacy on behalf of all the participants, and also for the brief introduction you made of your distinguished group. I deeply appreciate the fact that you have come in such large numbers as pilgrims to Rome and to visit the Pope.

### **An unusual group**

1. Your assembly offers an unusual characteristic. You assume or have assumed high functions, serious responsibilities--particularly of a legislative nature, in the service of your country, within the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate, the economic and social Council, and other authorities. Sharing the same Catholic faith, you meet in this "spirituality group" to deepen this faith and be better inspired by it in your lives as politicians.

I am happy to know the special events that mark the life of your group: the evenings of meditation and discussion, round the Word of God or the great documents of the Magisterium, and testimonies about the major problems of the Church; Eucharistic celebrations and, among others, the more solemn re-opening Mass with the Archbishop of Paris; the pilgrimages in which you participate; your annual retreat: these longer moments of contemplation are necessary for you to rediscover your Christian identity in depth and set yourselves in God's plan which secularized society blurs. I hope that your other Catholic colleagues of the parliamentary Assemblies, especially the young, have ample access, like yourselves, to these activities, and feel at home in them. Is it necessary to add that they will bear all the more fruit if they correspond to a regular commitment? I also congratulate the priests who assist you.

Certainly, your multiple responsibilities impose a very intense rhythm of work on you and, on the ecclesial level, you also have your place to fill in your usual Christian communities, parishes or other associations. But since you have

a specific field of action, it is natural that you should also have a place for Christian reflection at this level. And I now come to what characterizes you.

## Right to dialogue

2. I myself receive here, as you know, the most diverse groups. Meetings with politicians of all horizons are among them. I consider, in fact, that they have the right to a special dialogue with the Church, in view of their heavy responsibilities: it is in the interest of their lives as believers for those who, like you, present themselves as such; and for all, it can be fruitful for the quality of their service in national and international society. Pastors have to listen to them in order to grasp better the complexity of their problems, and also to bear witness to the light and power of the Gospel before them.

As regards you, the office of Member of Parliament, among the institutions of a democratic regime, remains a key office to ensure the smooth operation of social life and management of national affairs, in a loyal atmosphere of free discussion permitting those who have been elected to this noble task to offer their cooperation, their opinions and decisions with a great sense of responsibility. I know that you often have other local duties as well, but the former, on the national plane, seems to have a priority demand on your studies, your competence and your presence. For the least texts of laws deserve the greatest vigilance, wisdom and equity, and at every stage of their elaboration: preparation in commissions, proposals, introduction of amendments, debate and vote. The common good of the whole nation is at stake, and repercussions, in the short run or in the long run, will be of great weight, whether it is a question of a fair distribution of advantages or of burdens, of educational projects, or of morals themselves for everything that concerns moral conduct: as you can see for yourselves, what is permitted legally while being morally evil, soon leads to a confusion in consciences and a degradation of morals. I hope that you will always merit the esteem and gratitude of your fellow countrymen for the accomplishment of this highly qualified service whose importance I was anxious to stress, and I pray to God to assist you in it.

## Witnessing to the primacy of spiritual values

3. And when you meet at the level of this spirituality group, with an animator, what do you seek? You do not generally envisage a concrete answer to the precise questions raised by your political discussions, all the more so in that you have chosen to belong to different political parties, according to a legitimate pluralism, in a democracy. But above all, you strengthen your Christian being which will enable you to act as Christians; and the fact of sharing a certain spirituality is already an important witness in a society in which oppositions tend to harden and to be transposed to the whole of life. In this way you show that your personal political opinions, or those of your party—for party discipline can never dispense one from acting personally according to conscience—are not the whole of your life, are not its last word; that beyond these party choices, there is your life of faith properly speaking, your common membership of the Church. There is Christ towards whom you all turn to receive the Life of God from him; there is his Word and the sacraments upon which you all draw; there is prayer in which your common divine sonship and your deep brotherhood is expressed; there is the same doctrine of the Church which structures your faith; there is the cordial and warm exchange between brothers and the witness you bear together to the primacy of spiritual values and charity. This ecclesial experience unites in what is fundamental, as, moreover, in many other ecclesial movements and places where people of different horizons respect one another, draw nearer and fraternize.

## Judging with an enlightened conscience

4. But I think that beyond this spiritual communion, you can also strengthen your convictions on essential ethical points which will enable you to pass judgments and direct your action according to an enlightened and upright conscience. That is, furthermore, the problem of every person and of every Christian, whatever the field of his activity may be.

Certainly, outside the points manifestly and directly required by the moral order (cf. Const. *Gaudium et Spes*, n.

74, par. 4), faith does not determine, in an indisputable way, the concrete attitude that should be adopted with regard to individual situations or political projects, for many elements are involved which belong to another order than that of faith and which call for prudence, to the extent that one can speak of a legitimate autonomy of politics. But, in order to weigh his political decisions, every Christian must take into consideration not only the inviolable imperatives of fundamental morality, which every person or every public authority must take into account, but also a certain number of goals which are an integral part of the Gospel or which are consistent with it. For if the Gospel does not have the monopoly of these attitudes common to believers and to men of good will, it sharpens their requirements and gives them a deeper and renewed meaning. Is that not the whole meaning of the conciliar Constitution on the Church in the modern world and of the documents that have extended it?

### **Serving mankind**

5. Allow me to mention some examples.

In the first place, the Christian sees his political role as a service of men and a rigorous pursuit of the social conditions of their development in all respects: a service which has very evangelical echoes of unselfishness, loyalty, justice, lucidity and charitable attention to persons and situations.

To serve man is to consider all "the dignity of the human being, understood in his integrity, and not reduced to a single dimension"; it is, therefore, to consider all his inalienable rights, which I recalled before the United Nations Assembly (2 October 1979, n. 13). Respect for human life, at all the stages of its development, is the first of these rights, and therefore the first of the duties of citizens as a whole, and particularly of those who have legislative responsibilities.

To serve society is to promote ardently the sense of the common good, the good of the whole nation, of the whole people; it is to ensure that the selfish action of individuals and particular groups, harmful to the interests of

others, will be overcome. But at the same time it is to prevent rightful freedom from being stifled, it is to prevent the transcendence of the person, who, for Christian faith, is never a means, but an end, from ever being sacrificed.

As the recent Synod stressed once more, the Christian gives special attention to the family, which is the primary and fundamental cell of society and which must find the maximum protection and assistance in laws; he also relies on the contribution of intermediary bodies.

The Christian considers it an essential duty to safeguard and promote the conditions of moral and spiritual education: how can we fail to recall it when a purely materialistic and hedonistic view of life is emphasized, when the reasons for living are dimmed?

Social inequalities worry the Christian particularly, and especially the fate of those whose conditions of housing, wages, work, or unfortunately unemployment, do not permit a decent life, and cause serious damage to family life; and like-wise the precarious situation of the handicapped and of immigrants.

On the other hand the Christian refuses to confine himself to the problems, even acute ones, of his own environment or country, for he feels united in solidarity with the underprivileged countries, the innumerable masses that do not have the bare necessities of food, medical care and freedom. He will not accept anything that may foster or fan, directly or indirectly, oppositions and wars, even if it is in his interest. He considers with extreme seriousness the threats of destruction of which I have just spoken at Hiroshima. Positively, he tries to direct the immense resources of science and technology towards development, the solution of the problem of hunger and the progress of health.

Beyond legitimate differences in political means, the Christian maintains concern for truth and respect for persons. He counts on the power of reconciliation and on the progress of unity. He knows that, without love, a civilization goes to its ruin.

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I hope and trust, ladies and gentlemen, that these few Christian principles, which are, moreover, very general ones, are familiar to you. At least they confirm, as the Second Vatican Council recalled, that "faith throws a new light on all things and makes known the full ideal which God has set for man, thus guiding the mind towards solutions that are fully human" (*Gaudium et Spes*, n. 11, par. 1).

I hope that your spirituality group will enable you to deepen these principles and develop them, so that they will inspire you more and more when you assume your important responsibilities, in particular when you work out or vote on laws in your Assemblies. The witness and activity of Christians must, in fact, be manifested here in all clearness and in conformity with the Gospel. My intention was to encourage you in this, while realizing the complexity of your task.

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# Socialism and Man

Che Guevara



## Notes on Man and Socialism in Cuba

*Guevara wrote "Notes for the Study of Man and Socialism in Cuba" in the form of a letter to Carlos Quijano, editor of Marcha, an independent radical weekly published in Montevideo, Uruguay. It bore the dateline "Havana, 1965." In addition to appearing in Marcha, it was printed by Verde Olivo, the magazine of the Cuban armed forces. It is translated in full below.*

*Though belatedly, I am completing these notes in the course of my trip through Africa, hoping in this way to keep my promise. I would like to do so by dealing with the theme set forth in the above title. I think it may be of interest to Uruguayan readers.*

\* \* \*

A common argument from the mouths of capitalist spokesmen, in the ideological struggle against socialism, is that socialism, or the period of building socialism into which we have entered, is characterized by the subordination of the individual to the state. I will not try to refute this argument solely on theoretical grounds, but I will try to establish the facts as they exist in Cuba and then add comments of a general nature. Let me begin by sketching the history of our revolutionary struggle before and after the taking of power :

As is well known, the exact date on which the revolutionary struggle began—which would culminate January 1st, 1959—was the 26th of July, 1953. A group of men commanded by Fidel Castro attacked the Moncada barracks in Oriente Province on the morning of that day. The attack was a failure ; the failure became a disaster ; and the survivors ended up in prison, beginning the revolutionary struggle again after they were freed by an amnesty.

In this stage, in which there was only the germ of socialism, man was the basic factor. We put our trust in him—individual, specific,

with a first and last name—and the triumph or failure of the mission entrusted to him depended on his capacity for action.

Then came the stage of guerrilla struggle. It developed in two distinct elements: the people, the still sleeping mass which it was necessary to mobilize; and its vanguard, the guerrillas, the motor force of the movement, the generator of revolutionary consciousness and militant enthusiasm. It was this vanguard, this catalyzing agent, which created the subjective conditions necessary for victory.

Here again, in the course of the process of proletarianizing our thinking, in this revolution which took place in our habits and our minds, the individual was the basic factor. Every one of the fighters of the Sierra Maestra who reached an upper rank in the revolutionary forces has a record of outstanding deeds to his credit. They attained their rank on this basis. It was the first heroic period and in it they contended for the heaviest responsibilities, for the greatest dangers, with no other satisfaction than fulfilling a duty.

In our work of revolutionary education we frequently return to this instructive theme. In the attitude of our fighters could be glimpsed the man of the future.

On other occasions in our history the act of total dedication to the revolutionary cause was repeated. During the October crisis and in the days of Hurricane Flora we saw exceptional deeds of valour and sacrifice performed by an entire people. Finding the formula to perpetuate this heroic attitude in daily life is, from the ideological standpoint, one of our fundamental tasks.

In January, 1959, the Revolutionary Government was established with the participation of various members of the treacherous bourgeoisie. The existence of the Rebel Army as the basic factor of force constituted the guarantee of power.

Serious contradictions developed subsequently. In the first instance, in February, 1959, these were resolved when Fidel Castro assumed leadership of the government with the post of Prime Minister. This stage culminated in July of the same year with the resignation under mass pressure of President Urrutia.

There now appeared in the history of the Cuban Revolution a force with well-defined characteristics which would systematically reappear—the mass.

This many-faceted agency is not, as is claimed, the sum of units of the self-same type, behaving like a tame flock of sheep, and reduced, moreover, to that type by the system imposed from above. It is true that it follows its leaders, basically Fidel Castro, without hesitation; but the degree to which he won this trust corresponds precisely to the degree that he interpreted the people's desires and aspirations correctly, and to the degree that he made a sincere effort to fulfill the promises he made.

The mass participated in the agrarian reform and in the difficult task of the administration of state enterprises; it went through the heroic experience of Playa Giron; it was hardened in the battles against various bands of bandits armed by the CIA; it lived through one of the most important decisions of modern times during the October crisis; and today it continues to work for the building of socialism.

Viewed superficially, it might appear that those who speak of the subordination of the individual to the state are right. The mass carries out with matchless enthusiasm and discipline the tasks set by the government, whether economic in character, cultural, defensive, athletic, or whatever.

The initiative generally comes from Fidel or from the Revolutionary High Command, and is explained to the people who adopt it as theirs. In some cases the party and government utilize a local experience which may be of general value to the people, and follow the same procedure.

Nevertheless, the state sometimes makes mistakes. When one of these mistakes occurs, a decline in collective enthusiasm is reflected by a resulting quantitative decrease of the contribution of each individual, each of the elements forming the whole of the masses. Work is so paralyzed that insignificant quantities are produced. It is time to make a correction. That is what happened in March, 1962, as a result of the sectarian policy imposed on the party by Anibal Escalante.

Clearly this mechanism is not adequate for insuring a succession of judicious measures. A more structured connection with the masses is needed and we must improve it in the course of the next years. But as far as initiatives originating in the upper strata of the

government are concerned, we are presently utilizing the almost intuitive method of sounding out general reactions to the great problems we confront.

In this Fidel is a master, whose own special way of fusing himself with the people can be appreciated only by seeing him in action. At the great public mass meetings one can observe something like a counterpoint between two musical melodies whose vibrations provoke still newer notes. Fidel and the mass begin to vibrate together in a dialogue of growing intensity until they reach the climax in an abrupt conclusion culminating in our cry of struggle and victory.

The difficult thing for someone not living the experience of the revolution to understand is this close dialectical unity between the individual and the mass, in which the mass, as an aggregate of individuals, is interconnected with its leaders.

Some phenomena of this kind can be seen under capitalism, when politicians capable of mobilizing popular opinion appear, but these phenomena are not really genuine social movements. (If they were, it would not be entirely correct to call them capitalist.) These movements only live as long as the persons who inspire them, or until the harshness of capitalist society puts an end to the popular illusions which made them possible.

Under capitalism man is controlled by a pitiless code of laws which is usually beyond his comprehension. The alienated human individual is tied to society in its aggregate by an invisible umbilical cord—the law of value. It is operative in all aspects of his life, shaping its course and destiny.

The laws of capitalism, blind and invisible to the majority, act upon the individual without his thinking about it. He sees only the vastness of a seemingly infinite horizon before him. That is painted by capitalist propagandists who purport to draw a lesson from the example of Rockefeller—whether or not it is true—about the possibilities of success.

The amount of poverty and suffering required for the emergence of a Rockefeller, and the amount of depravity that the accumulation of a fortune of such magnitude entails, are left out of

the picture, and it is not always possible to make the people in general see this.

*(A discussion of how the workers in the imperialist countries are losing the spirit of working-class internationalism due to a certain degree of complicity in the exploitation of the dependent countries, and how this weakens the combativity of the masses in the imperialist countries, would be appropriate here; but that is a theme which goes beyond the aim of these notes.)*

In any case the road to success is pictured as one beset with perils but which, it would seem, an individual with the proper qualities can overcome to attain the goal. The reward is seen in the distance; the way is lonely. Further on it is a route for wolves; one can succeed only at the cost of the failure of others.

I would now like to try to define the individual, the actor in this strange and moving drama of the building of socialism, in his dual existence as a unique being and as a member of society.

I think it makes the most sense to recognize his quality of incompleteness, of being an unfinished product. The sermons of the past have been transposed to the present in the individual consciousness, and a continual labour is necessary to eradicate them. The process is two-sided: On the one side, society acts through direct and indirect education; on the other, the individual subjects himself to a process of conscious self-education.

The new society being formed has to compete fiercely with the past. The latter makes itself felt in the consciousness in which the residue of an education systematically oriented towards isolating the individual still weighs heavily, and also through the very character of the transitional period in which the market relationships of the past still persist. The commodity is the economic cell of capitalist society; so long as it exists its effects will make themselves felt in the organization of production and, consequently, in consciousness.

Marx outlined the period of transition as a period which results from the explosive transformation of the capitalist system of a country destroyed by its own contradictions. However in historical reality we have seen that some countries, which were weak limbs of the tree of imperialism, were torn off first—a phenomenon foreseen by Lenin.

In those countries capitalism had developed to a degree sufficient to make its effects felt by the people in one way or another ; but having exhausted all its possibilities, it was not its internal contradictions which caused these systems to explode. The struggle for liberation from a foreign oppressor, the misery caused by external events like war whose consequences make the privileged classes bear down more heavily on the oppressed, liberation movements aimed at the overthrow of neo-colonial regimes—these are the usual factors in this kind of explosion. Conscious action does the rest.

In these countries a complete education for social labour has not yet taken place, and wealth is far from being within the reach of the masses simply through the process of appropriation. Underdevelopment on the one hand, and the inevitable flight of capital on the other, make a rapid transition impossible without sacrifices. There remains a long way to go in constructing the economic base, and the temptation to follow the beaten track of material interest as the moving lever of accelerated development is very great.

There is the danger that the forest won't be seen for the trees. Following the will-o'-the-wisp method of achieving socialism with the help of the dull instruments which link us to capitalism (the commodity as the economic cell, profitability, individual material interest as a lever, etc. ) can lead into a blind alley.

Further, you get there after having traveled a long distance in which there were many crossroads and it is hard to figure out just where it was that you took the wrong turn. The economic foundation which has been formed has already done its work of undermining the development of consciousness. To build communism, you must build new men as well as the new economic base.

Hence it is very important to choose correctly the instrument for mobilising the masses. Basically, this instrument must be moral in character, without neglecting, however, a correct utilization of the material stimulus—especially of a social character.

As I have already said, in moments of great peril it is easy to muster a powerful response to moral stimuli ; but for them to retain their effect requires the development of a consciousness in which there is a new priority of values. Society as a whole must be converted into a gigantic school.

In rough outline this phenomenon is similar to the process by which capitalist consciousness was formed in its initial epoch. Capitalism uses force but it also educates the people to its system. Direct propaganda is carried out by those entrusted with explaining the inevitability of class society, either through some theory of divine origin or through a mechanical theory of natural selection.

This lulls the masses since they see themselves as being oppressed by an evil against which it is impossible to struggle. Immediately following comes hope of improvement—and in this, capitalism differed from the preceding caste system which offered no possibilities for advancement.

For some people, the ideology of the caste system will remain in effect: The reward for the obedient after death is to be transported to some fabulous other world where, in accordance with the old belief, good people are rewarded. For other people there is this innovation: The division of society is predestined, but through work, initiative, etc., individuals can rise out of the class to which they belong.

These two ideologies and the myth of the self-made man have to be profoundly hypocritical: They consist in self interested demonstrations that the lie of the permanence of class divisions is a truth.

In our case direct education acquires a much greater importance. The explanation is convincing because it is true; no subterfuge is needed. It is carried on by the state's educational apparatus as a function of general, technical and ideological culture through such agencies as the Ministry of Education and the party's informational apparatus.

Education takes hold of the masses and the new attitude tends to become a habit; the masses continue to absorb it and to influence those who have not yet educated themselves. This is the indirect form of educating the masses, as powerful as the other.

But the process is a conscious one; the individual continually feels the impact of the new social power and perceives that he does not entirely measure up to its standards. Under the pressure of indirect education, he tries to adjust himself to a norm which he feels is just and which his own lack of development had prevented him from reaching theretofore. He educates himself.



In this period of the building of socialism we can see the new man being born. His image is not yet completely finished—it never could be—since the process goes forward hand in hand with the development of new economic forms.

Leaving out of consideration those whose lack of education makes them take the solitary road toward satisfying their own personal ambitions, there are those, even within this new panorama of a unified march forward, who have a tendency to remain isolated from the masses accompanying them. But what is important is that everyday men are continuing to acquire more consciousness of the need for their incorporation into society and, at the same time, of their importance as the movers of society.

They no longer travel completely alone over trackless routes toward distant desires. They follow their vanguard, consisting of the party, the advanced workers, the advanced men who walk in unity with the masses and in close communion with them. The vanguard has its eyes fixed on the future and its rewards, but this is not seen as something personal. The reward is the new society in which men will have attained new features: the society of communist man.

The road is long and full of difficulties. At times we wander from the path and must turn back; at other times we go too fast and separate ourselves from the masses; on occasions we go too slow and feel the hot breath of those treading on our heels. In our zeal as revolutionists we try to move ahead as fast as possible, clearing the way, but knowing we must draw our sustenance from the mass and that it can advance more rapidly only if we inspire it by our example.

The fact that there remains a division into two main groups (excluding, of course, that minority not participating for one reason or another in the building of socialism) despite the importance given to moral stimuli, indicates the relative lack of development of social consciousness.

The vanguard group is ideologically more advanced than the mass; the latter understands the new values, but not sufficiently. While among the former there has been a qualitative change which enables them to make sacrifices to carry out their function as an

advance guard, the latter go only half way and must be subjected to stimuli and pressures of a certain intensity. That is the dictatorship of the proletariat operating not only on the defeated class but also on individuals of the victorious class.

All of this means that for total success a series of mechanisms, of revolutionary institutions, is needed. Fitted into the pattern of the multitudes marching towards the future is the concept of a harmonious aggregate of channels, steps, restraints, and smoothly working mechanisms which would facilitate the advance by ensuring the efficient selection of those destined to march in the vanguard which, itself, bestows rewards on those who fulfill their duties, and punishments on those who attempt to obstruct the development of the new society.

This institutionalization of the revolution has not yet been achieved. We are looking for something which will permit a perfect identification between the government and the community in its entirety, something appropriate to the special conditions of the building of socialism, while avoiding to the maximum degree a mere transplanting of the commonplaces of bourgeois democracy—like legislative chambers—into the society in formation.

Some experiments aimed at the gradual development of institutionalized forms of the revolution have been made, but without undue haste. The greatest obstacle has been our fear lest any appearance of formality might separate us from the masses and from the individual, might make us lose sight of the ultimate and most important revolutionary aspiration, which is to see man liberated from his alienation.

Despite the lack of institutions, which must be corrected gradually, the masses are now making history as a conscious aggregate of individuals fighting for the same cause. Man under socialism, despite his apparent standardization, is more complete; despite the lack of perfect machinery for it, his opportunities for expressing himself and making himself felt in the social organism are infinitely greater.

It is still necessary to strengthen his conscious participation, individual and collective, in all the mechanisms of management and production, and to link it to the idea of the need for technical and

ideological education, so that he sees how closely interdependent these processes are and how their advancement is parallel. In this way he will reach total consciousness of his social function, which is equivalent to his full realization as a human being, once the chains of alienation are broken.

This will be translated concretely into the regaining of his true nature through liberated labor, and the expression of his proper human condition through culture and art.

In order for him to develop in the first of the above categories, labor must acquire a new status. Man dominated by commodity relationships will cease to exist, and a system will be created which establishes a quota for the fulfillment of his social duty. The means of production belong to society, and the machine will merely be the trench where duty is fulfilled.

Man will begin to see himself mirrored in his work and to realize his full stature as human being through the object created, through the work accomplished. Work will no longer entail surrendering a part of his being in the form of labor-power sold, which no longer belongs to him, but will represent an emanation of himself reflecting his contribution to the common life, the fulfillment of his social duty.

We are doing everything possible to give labour this new status of social duty and to link it on the one side with the development of a technology which will create the conditions for greater freedom, and on the other side with voluntary work based on a Marxist appreciation of the fact that man truly reaches a full human condition when he produces without being driven by the physical need to sell his labour as a commodity.

Of course there are other factors involved even when labour is voluntary: Man has not transformed all the coercive factors around him into conditioned reflexes of a social character, and he still produces under the pressures of his society. (Fidel calls this moral compulsion.)

Man still needs to undergo a complete spiritual rebirth in his attitude towards his work, freed from the direct pressure of his social environment, though linked to it by his new habits. That will be communism.

All that he is doing, however, is attempting to escape. The law of value is not simply a naked reflection of productive relations: The monopoly capitalists—even while employing purely empirical methods—weave around art a complicated web which converts it into a willing tool. The superstructure of society ordains the type of art in which the artist has to be educated. Rebels are subdued by its machinery and only rare talents may create their own work. The rest become shameless hacks or are crushed.

A school of artistic "freedom" is created, but its values also have limits even if they are imperceptible until we come into conflict with them—that is to say, until the real problem of man and his alienation arises. Meaningless anguish and vulgar amusement thus become convenient safety valves for human anxiety. The idea of using art as a weapon of protest is combated.

If one plays by the rules, he gets all the honors—such honors as a monkey might get for performing pirouettes. The condition that has been imposed is that one cannot try to escape from the invisible cage.

When the revolution took power there was an exodus of those who had been completely house broken; the rest—whether they were revolutionaries or not—saw a new road open to them. Artistic inquiry experienced a new impulse. The paths, however had already been more or less laid out and the escapist concept hid itself behind the word "freedom". This attitude was often found even among the revolutionaries themselves, reflecting the bourgeois idealism still in their consciousness.

In those countries which had gone through a similar process they tried to combat such tendencies by an exaggerated dogmatism. General culture was virtually tabooed, and it was declared that the acme of cultural aspiration was the formally exact representation of nature. This was later transformed into a mechanical representation of the social reality they wanted to show: the ideal society almost without conflicts or contradictions which they sought to create.

Socialism is young and has made errors. Many times revolutionaries lack the knowledge and intellectual courage needed to meet the task of developing the new man with methods different from the

conventional ones—and the conventional methods suffer from the influences of the society which created them.

( *Again we raise the theme of the relationship between form and content.* )

Disorientation is widespread, and the problems of material construction preoccupy us. There are no artists of great authority. The men of the party must take this task to hand and seek attainment of the main goal, the education of the people.

But then they sought simplification. They sought an art that would be understood by everyone—the kind of “art” *functionaries* understand. True artistic values were disregarded, and the problem of general culture was reduced to taking some things from the socialist present and some from the dead past (since dead, not dangerous). Thus Socialist Realism arose upon the foundations of the art of the last century.

But the realistic art of the nineteenth century is also a class art, more purely capitalist perhaps than this decadent art of the twentieth century which reveals the anguish of alienated man. In the field of culture capitalism has given all that it had to give, and nothing of it remains but the offensive stench of a decaying corpse, today's decadence in art.

Why then should we try to find the only valid prescription for art in the frozen forms of Socialist Realism? We cannot counterpose the concept of Socialist Realism to that of freedom because the latter does not yet exist and will not exist until the complete development of the new society. Let us not attempt, from the pontifical throne of realism-at-any-cost, to condemn all the art forms which have evolved since the first half of the nineteenth century for we would then fall into the Proudhonian mistake of returning to the past, of putting a straitjacket on the artistic expression of the man who is being born and is in the process of making himself.

What is needed is the development of an ideological-cultural mechanism which permits both free inquiry and the uprooting of the weeds which multiply so easily in the fertile soil of state subsidies.

In our country we don't find the error of mechanical realism, but rather its opposite, and that is so because the need for the crea-

faults. The youth is treated in accordance with the revolution which education steadily grows more full, and we are not to sink into a its integration into the labour force from the beginning. The enemy, will ship students do physical work during their vacations or also a their studying. Work is a reward in some cases, a means education in others, but it is never a punishment. A new generation is being born.

The party is a vanguard organization. The best workers are proposed by their fellow workers for admission into it. It is a minority, but it has great authority because of the quality of its cadres. Our aspiration is that the party will become a mass party but only when the masses have reached the level of the vanguard, that is, when they are educated for communism.

Our work constantly aims at this education. The party is the living example : its cadres should be teachers of hard work and sacrifice. They should lead the masses by their deeds to the completion of the revolutionary task which involves years of hard struggle against the difficulties of construction, class enemies, the sicknesses of the past, imperialism...

Now, I would like to explain the role played by personality, by man as the individual leader of the masses which make history. This has been our experience ; it is not a prescription.

Fidel gave the revolution its impulse in the first years, and also its leadership. He always strengthened it ; but there is a good group who are developing in the same way as the outstanding leader, and there is a great mass which follows its leaders because it has faith in them, and it has faith in them because they have been able to interpret its desires.

This is not a matter of how many pounds of meat one might be able to eat, nor of how many times a year someone can go to the beach, nor how many ornaments from abroad you might be able to buy with present salaries. What is really involved is that the individual feels more complete, with much more internal richness and much more responsibility.

The individual in our country knows that the illustrious epoch in which it was determined that he live is one of sacrifice ; he is familiar with sacrifice. The first came to know it in the Sierra

every one of us must pay his exact quota of sacrifice, conscious that he will get his reward in the satisfaction of fulfilling a duty, conscious that he will advance with all toward the image of the new man dimly visible on the horizon.

Let me attempt some conclusions :

We socialists are freer because we are more complete ; we are more complete because we are freer.

The skeleton of our complete freedom is already formed. The flesh and the clothing are lacking. We will create them.

Our freedom and its daily maintenance are paid for in blood and sacrifice.

Our sacrifice is conscious : an installment payment on the freedom that we are building.

The road is long and in part unknown. We understand our limitations. We will create the man of the twenty-first century—we, ourselves.

We will forge ourselves in daily action, creating a new man with a new technology.

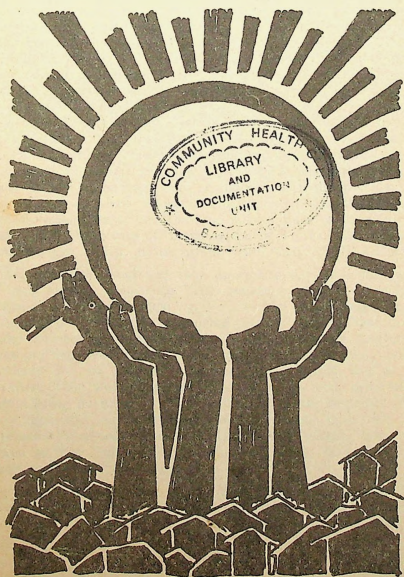
Individual personality plays a role in mobilizing and leading the masses insofar as it embodies the highest virtues and aspirations of the people and does not wander from the path.

It is the vanguard group which clears the way, the best among the good, the party.

The basic clay of our work is the youth. We place our hope in them and prepare them to take the banner from our hands.

*If this inarticulate letter clarifies anything it has accomplished the objective which motivated it. I close with our greeting—which is as much of a ritual as a handshake or an "Ave Maria Furissima"—Out Country or Death !*

The Bombay  
which the fascists  
could not burn!





## Introduction

**N**OW that the communal holocaust which engulfed Bombay for ten days and nights has subsided, a large number of middle class and upper class secularists have set out on a one point mission: To teach the common people communal peace and harmony. Scores of meetings and peace marches are being organised, human chains of brotherhood are being formed. Stickers, posters, advertisements and even programs on Doordarshan preach with a sickening monotony the same old hackneyed messages that "We are all brothers and sisters", "Ram and Rahim are one", "We should spread love and not hatred", "Religion does not teach us to hate" etc, etc, etc. As far as the masses are concerned, all this so-called anti-communal propaganda falls on deaf ears. And rightly so. Most of our middle class and upper class secularists are living in a make-believe world, totally cut off and alienated from the conditions of survival and struggle in Bombay's slums, chawls and pavements. Many of them cannot pass a slum without holding their noses to keep off the stench. Most of them believe that the slums are infested with criminals, crooks, pickpockets, thieves and gangsters — the source of all riots. With the same arrogance that characterised the colonial white man who believed that he alone was civilized while the Indian masses were savages, illiterate and uncultured, our modern secularists believe that the masses have to be reformed and taught the virtues of communal peace, brotherhood, compassion and yes — that all important word today **SECULARISM**.

We can understand and even appreciate the missionary zeal of our modern secularists. The savagery of the communal holocaust really shook them up. For the first time, lumpen mobs had invaded their exclusive housing colonies, ringing their doorbells, threatening them on their phones, extracting protection money. Their teak doors, double doors and even triple doors suddenly did not appear so strong. Name boards had to be removed. They were paralysed in their homes with even their cars offering no route of escape. All of them are desperate that the nightmare which Bombay went through must not be repeated. Preaching humanitarianism to the masses (who are forced to live and toil in inhuman conditions) is one of the tasks they have undertaken.

However as we said earlier, these modern secularists are living in a make — believe world. If they are really interested

in fighting the fascist monster they should stop preaching their honeyed sermons to the masses. If anybody requires preaching, it is the big money bags who donate crores of rupees to the Shiv Sena, VHP and the various Babri Masjid Action Fronts. If anybody requires preaching, it is the Congress party and the BJP who are competing with each other to use the Shiv Sena for their own sordid political ends. Let our modern secularists preach to all these 'cultured folk.' And for a change, let them start learning — learning from the very people whom they have hitherto looked down upon — namely, the masses.

If they do so, they will discover the heroic collective acts performed by common people when Bombay went berserk. They will discover to their surprise that a spontaneous mass movement began in hundreds of slums and chawls when Bombay was shattered and brutalised — A mass movement for **active defence** against the lumpen mobs from outside. A mass movement to defend communal harmony, not with sacharine words but with simple weapons. A mass movement to enforce order, security and sanity in a city that had gone insane. There were no *netas* or *pudharis* to lead this movement. It was led by simple common people who are forced to live in overcrowded slums and dingy homes. It was led by common people whose sweat and toil have created this city and keep it going. It was led by common people who have no claims to higher learning or long degrees.

This booklet is about this silent mass movement which took place in Bombay's slums and chawls. It is about the living and throbbing secular culture which the toiling masses created and upheld during those traumatic days and nights. It is about a culture which every patriot can be proud of, both here in India and in the world at large. When the new custodians of Indian culture, the RSS-BJP cheered as the lumpen mobs attacked, killed, burnt and raped the innocent, millions of common Hindus and Muslims kept the conscience of our country still alive.

Activists of the Bharatiya Janwadi Aghadi not only actively took part in this mass movement for defence but also met hundreds of people who formed such defence committees in other areas. Everywhere one striking lesson stared us in the face. Wherever defence committees were formed the marauding mobs did not dare to attack, or were successfully repelled. In Hindu majority areas Muslims were protected and vice versa. **In areas that did not form defence committees, lumpen mobs ter-**

**rganised not just Muslims but also Hindus, looting, killing and burning.**

Enough has been publicised about the bestiality of these fascist mobs. In this booklet, we give reports of how the people organised for defence and resistance against the mobs. Of course we can give reports of only a few cases. There were hundreds of such cases throughout Bombay.

We consider it very important to publicise as widely as possible these mass actions against the fascist hordes. They are important not just for the toiling masses, but especially for our modern secularists. It is important for the masses because they tend to underestimate their great strength and power and belittle their own heroic achievements. Obviously this suits very well the exploiter ruling classes.

But these mass actions are especially important for our modern secularists who are directionless and filled with despair at the growing forces of fascism. All this, because most of them are blind to the historic actions of the masses and refuse to be in solidarity with them. Only if we understand, how the toiling masses unconsciously **provided a way forward** in the midst of anarchy and communal frenzy can we extract important lessons for the future. But more important, we will be inspired and strengthened by the real Sainiks of Bombay who defended the defenceless, protected the honour of our mothers and sisters and upheld the most glorious traditions of our people and country.

**Bombay**

**17 February 1993**

**BHARATIYA JANWADI AGHADI**

# A fortress against fascism

**T**HE sprawling Gilbert Hill - Gamdevi Dongri - Juhu Galli region, a few kilometres from Andheri (West) station, houses close to 2 lakh people, 85% of whom are Muslim and the rest Hindu. As news filtered in on December 6 that the Babri Masjid had been destroyed, the senior citizens in the Muslim community gathered together, and, in the words of 65-year-old Ainullah Khan, vowed that the people of the area would "guard human values at all cost and not become demons."

Within days, as rioting broke out in all parts of the city, a few enraged Muslim youth attacked a police patrol in the area — the police firing that ensued took five lives. Immediately after this, some of the youth from this group tried to attack two Hindu shops in Juhu Galli. Before the mob could reach the shops, senior Muslim citizens like Juned Usman, Ainullah Khan, Zaheer Hasan Anwar Azmi, Rashidbhai, Khalil Ahmed and Ghafoorbhai were there to prevent them from doing any damage. Said Zaheer Hasan, a CPI member who has been in Juhu Galli since 1962, "We stood in front of the shops and told the boys, if you **must** attack your Hindu neighbours then kill us first." The mob halted in its tracks.

That very day all these boys were banished from the *mohalla* and told to return only when they were sure that they had worked out all the hatred from their system. Then, around 150 people — Hindu and Muslim — formed a committee to co-ordinate defence of the area from outside attack. Said Ainullah Khan, "**We had determined that not a single Hindu will be harmed here and no one from outside will be allowed to attack our mohalla.**" The committee members went around meeting people, assuring them that they were safe and groups of 10-15 were formed to guard every corner of the sprawling area. The men and youth kept awake, using their voices in the still of the night to warn of any danger. The women kept up an endless supply of tea to the vigil-keepers. Sabina Sheikh, a Congress woman universally known as Tai, described the situation, "We blocked off all the gates, leading in — there are 6

such gates. People were all together, totally organised. Women and elders were in the lead, going around together. None of us had ever imagined that there could have been such a fantastic response to a crisis, in our area."

Then one night, suddenly around 2.30 a.m. screams rent the air, *Ya Allah, Ya Ali bachao, bachao, maaro maaro* The patrolling youth rushed to the exits sure that people had been attacked. But the elders were more cautious. Said Rashidbhai, "We stopped them and first and went out ourselves to check. There was nothing — no mobs, no attack no people shouting. A cassette was being played from the nearby buildings. It was a ploy to bring the youth out and then make them easy targets for police bullets." Once the people started ignoring the cassettes, they stopped automatically.

With this constant vigilance, the people of Gilbert Hill have managed to keep the area completely peaceful. Our team spoke to several Hindu families, shopkeepers, vegetable vendors and business people in the area. All of them clearly said, "We have no fears from our neighbours. We have lived together like brothers and we continue to do so. We patrol the area together. The only fear is from outsiders."

The brotherhood of Hindus and Muslims in the area was further exemplified in January, when close to a thousand refugees from riot-hit areas in Andheri, Borivali and other parts of Bombay flowed into Gilbert Hill-Juhu Galli for protection. Hindus and Muslims alike pitched in with food, clothes, vessels, money and space in their homes for the largely Muslim refugees. Within three days a sum of Rs. 16,000 was raised by the people, many of whom are daily-wage earners. Rashidbhai, a ration and clothes shop owner said that the people of Gilbert Hill have provided total support to the riot-hit, many of whom still continue to stay in its relief camps until early February.

Tai herself has also been involved in not only organising relief work but has been taking claimants to the government offices to demand their dues. Has any help come from officials? Tai snorts in anger, "What official help? Leaders come with police escort in jeeps, roam the area and leave. Is that help? No help has come from elected representatives or government officials. We expected them to be here, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the people, finding out their troubles."

Juned Usman, who was instrumental in controlling the mobs in December and is the Congress taluka secretary, was himself contemptuous of his party and the official machinery. He said, "Babanrao Pachpute came here on December 9. But what's the use of his coming, because the Shiv Sena people cannot be arrested by the police. We have told our party leader Shivajirao Deshmukh that now grassroots activists can't go to the public as Congressmen. They will throw shoes at us. The government has no strategy or policy to provide relief or any security to the people."

In fact, the Shiv Sena continues to try and provoke trouble in the area. On Tuesday, January 26, an SS MLC abused Muslims on the loudspeaker after the *maha-aarti*. The police gave up in frustration. On the following day, Hindu women from Gamdevi Dongri took a *morcha* to the D. N. Nagar police station protesting against such abuses being given. Even a prominent Shiv Sainik of the area, reportedly joined the protest.

Then where does the future lie ? Says Hasan, "Only with the people. We will have to continue our united vigil. No amount of *shanti yatras* or police patrolling can save us. We have to unite and fight together." ■

## "People kept party politics aside...."

It was early January 1993.

The residents of Lahuji Salvi Nagar, a sprawling slum colony situated on a steep hillock near Andheri's MIDC area were petrified. A mosque had been destroyed that day at Upadhyaya Nagar, a stone's throw away at the bottom of the hill and two outsiders who had come there to offer namaz, had been hacked to death by a group of lumpens. 5-7 Muslim families from predominantly Hindu Upadhyaya Nagar had fled. Though no one from Lahuji Salvi Nagar was involved even remotely in this attack, the residents were petrified because rumours were rife that a counter attack was in the offing. Towards sunset, a group of goondas came to the slum and warned the people, "Better keep awake at night, all of you - the Muslims are going to attack." After the goondas left, all the residents, including the 4-5 Muslim families of Lahuji Salvi Nagar met. Says Rambhau (not real name), "We all felt that we **must** guard our slum not because we feared Muslims would attack us, but because we feared that the goons who came to 'warn' us, may themselves attack us in the guise of Muslims." How did the people come to this conclusion? Replied Rambhau, "Well, this area has an overwhelming Hindu population. Muslims coming into this area to attack is very far-fetched. And then we are mainly Dalits living here. You can understand from whom we fear an attack!"

From that night, groups of 10-15 stood guard at strategic points in the slum. Says Radhabai, "No one slept. The men were outside and the women were in readiness inside the houses. Even children were awake."

The night passed without incident, but the goons roaming the areas and the palpable tension made the people continue to feel insecure. So the next day, the Nagrik Kruti Samiti of the slum gave a written request to the police station asking for security. Says Jagannath, "We were told that it was not possible to provide security and we should protect ourselves as best we could and the police van would make a 'chakker' from time to time."


For the next three days, the residents patrolled the area as usual. The Muslim families were reassured that they were safe and would be protected by their Dalit neighbours. But the events of the fourth day shattered this confidence. The police came to the area, searched the houses and confiscated all the 'weapons'—sticks, rods, bricks, stones — gathered by the people for protection and rounded up over 250 men and youth, most of whom were mainly responsible for the defence of the area. Describing the situation, Ratnabai said, "Mostly women were left behind and a few men who happened to be away when the police came. We felt sure that there would be some incident that night." Sensing a crisis, all the people met and it was decided that the Muslim families would have to be evacuated from there. Rambhau who was one of the few men left behind told us, "You see, we feared the worst, and when an armed attack takes place and your own house is under threat, how can you save others?" The Muslims in the area also felt that the entire slum was being threatened because of them, and wanted to leave. But the question was How? For, curfew had been declared and the streets were unsafe.

It was the women who came out with a brilliant solution. Says Radhabai, "We women decided to take a morcha to the police station to demand that our men be released or we be allowed to stay at the police station itself. In the middle of the morcha, we hid the Muslim families. Some boys went ahead to catch rickshaws so that at a mid-point, these families could be bundled into the vehicles and taken away safely." Akbarbhai, whose family escaped in this manner and who has now returned to Salvi Nagar, had tears in his eyes when he recounted, "We came out in the morcha and the rickshaws were waiting. But the rickshawallas refused to take '*miyabhais*'. Then my neighbours fought with the rickshawallas and finally came all the way to Nagpada to reach my family. I can never forget this. I am alive today because of them." Akbar also told us that while shops were looted all over Bombay, not a single item was even touched in his shop, even though some things were left lying outside as they left in a hurry.

Rambhau attributes the achievements, in Salvi Nagar to the fact that "people kept party politics aside and decided to protect the area, probably because the burning down of a few houses could mean entire areas getting destroyed." In fact Rakesh, a local Shiv Sainik was one of the people who escorted Akbar all the way to Nagpada. The pressures such 'Sainiks' suffer from



can be seen from the fact that he did not feel bad about the breaking of the masjid in the next area. "Something must take place in our area. Otherwise we will be told we have no guts." However, this did not make him blind to his own self-interest. As he emphatically said, "We will not allow anything to take place in our Salvi Nagar."

More consistent is Rambau who belongs to a Dalit party. He is convinced that the defence committees of the area should not be disbanded and in fact needs to be strengthened. Why? He explains, "We feel that the Ayodhya and Hindutva issues have been raised as a counter to Mandal. We definitely feel that a so-called Hindu Rashtra will treat Dalits as badly as they are treating Muslims today. Perhaps a Punjab-like situation will be created or gang wars will become rampant. In such a situation organised committees are imperative to defend our lives, homes and property." 

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## *"We will teach these leaders a lesson!"*

**D**HARAVI, famous as the largest slum in Asia, stretches between the central and the western railway lines, from the Mahim creek in the north, to Matunga in the south. Over three lakh people, from all over the country, all states and all religions, make Dharavi nothing less than a mini-India. The narrow roads are lined with shops, schools, workshops, temples, mosques, dispensaries, restaurants, markets, nursing homes, laundries, lodging houses. Tanneries, export-quality leather workshops, metal workshops, garment manufacturing units, hum 24 hours of the day, as workers work 12-hour shifts and earn foreign exchange for the country. A customer speaks to a shopkeeper in Tamil, boys playing on the road yell in Telegu, a laundry signboard informs you in Marathi, burkha-clad women walk by chatting in Urdu.

But the cheerful hustle and bustle is time and again rudely interrupted by a burnt-down shop here, a gutted van there,

charred remains of a row of huts — stark reminders of the violence that rocked Bombay in December-January.

Mahatma Gandhi Nagar is one slum within Dharavi, lying on a narrow strip of land edging the Central Railway tracks. The land is used by the Tata Electric Companies power lines, and belongs to the Tatas, says a resident. As we make our way down the hardly one-foot wide passages between houses, the high-tension cables are constantly visible hardly 15 feet above our heads. In such constant danger, always 'at the threshold of death' as one resident put it, the people of M. G. Nagar have had to live for the past 20 years.

M. G. Nagar was almost completely free of violence throughout December and January as it was jointly defended by the people of the area against outside mobs. Other areas in Dharavi had seen attacks on Muslim houses and property by local and outside Shiv Sainiks, and then reprisals, followed by police firing and curfew. But here 'nothing happened', says a man who is standing with others outside his house. Before explaining further they lead us through the area to the house of 'Appa' (sister), as she is known throughout the area. Appa is a Muslim who has been living in the area for 20 years. Near her house are the homes of four other Muslim families, and together they make up the total of five Muslim families (all from U.P.). The number of Hindu families in the area (Maharashtrians, Tamilians, and people from U.P.) is about 1000.

Did the Muslims not think of leaving this place when all the trouble in Bombay began? "Why should we, when here we have not just neighbours, but protectors" asks Appa. "If they were not there, we would not be alive today."

They tell us how, soon after all the trouble began in the rest of the city, some anti-socials belonging to the Shiv Sena had entered the area, armed with swords and choppers, and shouting abuses against Muslims. They came straight to one of the Muslim houses and began to break the door down. "I thought death had come for all of us," says Shameem, whose house it was. But then the neighbouring Maharashtrian Hindu women came out of their houses, and started shouting at the goondas to stop. Before their shouts could attract more people, the goondas ran off. Shameem showed us the chopper marks on her door. "Such is the relationship between us here."

Following that incident, the people of the area decided to prepare to defend themselves against attack. They organised men and youth into groups, each with the responsibility of patrolling one part of the boundary of the slum. No outsider was allowed to enter. If any outsider appeared, the plan was to start shouting, at which all the other residents would rush to the place. "We had heard that in other places while mobs were burning and looting, the police had just stood and watched. So how could we expect them to protect us", asks Jadhav. "Instead of staying terrified ourselves, we decided to create terror in the goondas, and by staying awake and alert, we were able to", says another. "Our youth are quite capable of taking care of any goonda attack. The problem is that the police come in between."

The police had not shown their face in the area till then. But now, on the second or third day after the defence committee was organised, they arrived and arrested all the youth and men who were standing watch around the slum. "We were standing to protect ourselves against attack by goondas, and they arrest us instead of the goondas who were still roaming free", says a youth. "Even children in the 6th and 7th standards, who were standing at the door of their own houses were picked up. Some of these children are orphans, some work during the daytime to provide for their houses, and then study at night. But the police arrested them on the charge of rioting!" says Appa. "They do not offer protection themselves, and on top of that, they take away those who are protecting us" her neighbour, an old Muslim woman, exclaims.

All the women of the area then took their children with them and went in a morcha to the police station. Women from nearby Social Nagar and other areas also joined the morcha. "The road was full of women. There must have been at least a thousand in the morcha," says a youth. "We asked the police who was going to protect us if they kept our men, and under pressure from all of us, finally the men were released". And the vigil continued.

What did they feel about the Ayodhya issue. "This is all a game, a *chaal* of the politicians. They will benefit from it, only the poor will suffer," says Suresh vehemently. "There is no problem between ordinary Hindus and Muslims," says another. "I am a Hindu and I have a small shop in Madanpura, which is a Muslim-majority area. But my shop was untouched." Another

woman adds, "this is all the work of building-people. They come to our areas, throw bombs, start fires, instigate people, and then go back to the safety of their buildings. And on top of death and destruction, we *jhopadpatti-wallahs* are left with a bad name of fighting also."

"That Delhi-walla" says Appa, "that Shahi Imam says put up black flags on your houses. He is sitting safely in Delhi, will he come to protect us Muslims if we put up black flags?"

Here we have been reduced to eating the walls of our houses — without ever having put up black flags, we are seeing such terrible days. And he wants to worsen it ! All these so-called leaders only appear at election time, to ask for votes. Then they promise gutters, lights, jobs, everything. Once they get the votes they disappear till the next election. Look at the gutter here, we had it built ourselves, but the *netas* promised to build it hundreds of times !"

Many residents of M. G. Nagar have left and gone to their villages. Both Hindus and Muslims left, we are told, and not because of terror but because of hunger. "Many of us subsist on daily earnings. How can we feed our children during unending days of curfew ?" Many women of the area do jari-work, attaching jari to saris, and earn about Rs. 6 to Rs. 8 per day. "But in all this *lafda*, marriages are either being postponed or cancelled. So our work has almost stopped". Other women sell vegetables at the local market, yet others are domestic workers. "Many people have still not been able to go back to work. But the government is not bothered that we are jobless and hungry!" "Every day these leaders make some announcement or the other. Rs. 7 lakhs for the riot-affected, Rs. 70 lakhs for the riot-affected. Who is getting all this money? Nobody we know has got any relief !" One woman was told of a relief-distributing centre that was distributing food. When she went there she discovered that packets containing 2 kg of rice and 1 kg of dal were being sold for Rs. 45 each !

Tension and hunger are taking a heavy toll. Appa tells us of two old relatives of hers in Nagpada, who died of heart failure within one week of each other, after witnessing barbaric murders and destruction with their own eyes.

She sums up the anger and the spirit of the people, "let the elections come. We will teach these leaders a lesson. Not one of them will get a single vote !" ■

## *"Our main weapon was our voices...."*

**T**RIMBAK Estate is a group of chawls — Laxmi Nagar, Trim-bak chawl, Gupta chawl, Sanjay Nagar and Subhash Nagar — in the MIDC area, Andheri (E). It is surrounded on three sides by posh multi-storeyed complexes of the Unit Trust of India, Colgate Company and Meridian Company. On the fourth side is an open hill with a track that leads to Jogeshwari.

"There is no feeling of, 'I am a Hindu — You are a Muslim in this area'. After all when we are in trouble, we depend not on relatives who stay far off, but on our neighbours. Hindu or Muslim, they come to our rescue." These are the words of two women, Mrs. Shantaben J. Yadav and Sarla Yadav who have lived in Gupta Chawl for over 15 years. Their statements are confirmed by Aziz Sheikh, a worker from Gupta chawl. "Ordinary Hindus and Muslims cannot fight each other over religion. We are neighbours, we live together, do business together. We are interdependent and that builds trust."

About 1,500 families live in the area, of which about 500 are Muslims and the rest mainly Hindus. The Muslim families are concentrated in the centrally-located Gupta Chawl, surrounded by the other areas. The people are mainly workers in MIDC or outside. Many of the Muslim families work for a few scrap dealers in Gupta Chawl, where huge piles of cardboard, plastics and metal scrap are heaped in the open. There are also some government employees, teachers, a few lawyers and a doctor living in the area.

The news of events as elsewhere in Bombay, especially in nearby Jogeshwari, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of January worried the people. On the 9th a mosque in Upadhyaya Nagar in MIDC was attacked and two Muslims were murdered. From that day onwards there used to be regular shouts of *aaya, aaya, aaya*, from the road, and the sound of running feet. Nobody knew who was shouting and why. A feeling of terror began to spread through Trimbak Estate.

"We were all scared. Hindus were told by some people that a Muslim mob was coming. Muslims were convinced that Hindu

mobs were coming. That is why we decided to prepare ourselves," says Patil Tai in Laxmi Nagar. The people spontaneously discussed the issue with each other and made a plan of action. This was not the first time that they had prepared to defend their area. "During the Bhiwandi riots in 1984 too, there were rumours afloat about mob attacks, and all of us men of the area had organised ourselves to keep watch throughout the day and night," says Sonawane of Laxmi Nagar. This time too the aim was the same, to prevent any outsider from entering the area. "In each of the 5 chawls here, the people were responsible for the defence of their boundaries. But all the groups were in contact. The minute any noise broke out, we were to all rush to the spot." Floodlights were rented and set up all along the boundaries of the chawl. "The men tried to insist that we women stay indoors, but we refused," says Patil Tai. "None of us could sleep" recounts Shantaben. "Instead we organised tea at regular intervals and also had joint meals." "We armed ourselves with sticks and stones, but our main weapon was our voices," explains Tribhuvan Pandey, who has lived in Gupta Chawl for 23 years. "We even rehearsed once to make sure that everyone would come at once."

"It is not as though we have no goondas or trouble makers within our area," he continues. "But we kept a special eye on them, and ensured that they didn't start anything."

A few families in the area left for their villages during those days. "We tried to persuade our Muslim neighbours not to leave," says Mrs. Sonawane. "But they felt more and more insecure. They came and met us before leaving. The women were weeping. Here I could not eat for 2 days after they left, we were so close."

In Gupta Chawl, the people tell us, both Hindu and Muslim families have left, not because of fear, but because of hunger. "People came close to starvation, for many live on daily wages and could not earn for over a week," explains Qadirbhai, who runs a paan shop in the chawl.

The local M.I.D.C. police station had deputed 2 constables to protect the Gupta Chawl Masjid after the Masjid at Deendayal Upadhyaya Nagar was attacked. "But when the shouts of *aaya*, *aaya* used to come, the police were the first to run," says Mrs Yadav. Responds Qadirbhai, "They can't be blamed. After all, what can 2 danda-wallas do against a mob armed with swords?"

The general opinion in the area is that the Ayodhya issue is not a Hindu v/s Muslim issue at all, but a game being played by politicians with the lives of ordinary people. "All this mandir - masjid, and these riots are the game of goondas for loot and builders for land, with political support also provided" says Avaiiz categorically. They have no faith in the political parties or their leaders any more. "Throughout January not a single so-called leader came here," says Mrs. Joshi. "They only come at election-time with their promises — that is the only time they remember the people." The men at Gupta Chawl scoff at the very idea of *netas* coming to help. "All *netas* are crooks" is the common opinion. "Not all *netas*..." begins Tribhuvan Pandey who was the SJP candidate for the 1992 Municipal elections. He is firmly interrupted by his neighbour "No, all *netas*. With any *neta*, comes only trouble. Stop these *netas* and trouble will also stop." ■

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*"Our religion may be different,  
but our pain is one"*

## II

IN our area, there has been no trouble at all. The Hindus and Muslims have lived together and protected the area. This was possible only because there was no *neta* (leader) here. If there had been any *neta*, there would certainly have been trouble." These are the words with which 55-year old Rajnarain Singh greeted our team, at Shastry Nagar, Kalina. Housing around 6,000 families, the area, situated behind Kalina Church, has a mixed population — 50% Muslims and 50% Dalits and Hindus. As soon as trouble broke out in Bombay on December 7, the respected, senior citizens of the area formed a committee of 150 people and chalked out a plan to protect the area. Says Hasanbhai Cyclewala, "The committee members visited each and every home in the mohalla, reassured people and explained that even a single incident in the area would mean disaster. Not a single house was left out. We formed squads to keep awake at night and decided where each group would be located. Each and every house also left a light burning through the night." The

residents also kept in touch regularly with the Vakola police station and were full of praise for senior inspector, Mazumdar and the beat officer, Jagdale.

However, the residents also complain that while these two police officials were very helpful, the police themselves tried to create tension in the area one day with a false rumour that a mob was coming to destroy a temple in Shastry Nagar.

An attempt to create tension was also made by some Muslim boys from Shastry Nagar, who ran into the gullies of the area one day in the second week of December, shouting loudly. (Some Hindu residents claim the boys carried swords and some Hindu residents deny it).

But the boys were immediately brought under control by the elders in their community. Said one of the senior Muslims of the area who did not wish to be named, "We told the boys that we have lived here for years together, known each other, shared each other's troubles. We have to reassure the non-Muslims here that we will die first before we allow them to be harmed."

A similar situation arose for the Hindus when news reached the area that a maha-aarti was being planned by some leaders of a political party, at the Radhakrishna Mandir in the heart of Shastry Nagar. An active member of the Radhakrishna Mandir Samiti, who was part of the group which guided us through the area, recounted the incident, "When we heard there was to be a maha-aarti we were stunned. We thought perhaps there was some mistake, since there is a Radhakrishna Mandir at Santacruz (W) also. Our Samiti members and chief, Ramchandra Pandey immediately went and met the local MLA, Abhiram Singh (BJP) and told him that the Hindus of Shastry Nagar do not want a maha-aarti. We told him that in our area Hindus and Muslims live in peace, there is a mandir here as well as a mosque, no one is troubled by either. Let us maintain the peace."

All the residents who spoke to us were unanimous on one count — outsiders mean trouble. Said women from the predominantly Dalit area, Mahatma Phule Nagar, which is part of Shastry Nagar, "What is there to fear from Muslims? We have to fight the outsiders. The Muslims are our neighbours. We have all together defended the area."



That the people of the area are united, is evident. The group that led us through the area had a Hindu, a Muslim and a Dalit youth. Each of them was greeted by every family, irrespective of religion. In fact, so unitedly have the people organised themselves that when some Muslim families wanted to bring refugees of their community to Shastry Nagar, they first asked the permission of their Hindu neighbours — lest there be any insecurity. Not only did the Hindus give permission, they even gave generously from what little they had, to the refugees who poured in from Govandi, Golibaar, Asalfa, Pratiksha Nagar and Vikhroli.

The Hindus and Muslims of Shastry Nagar not only defended the area together, but also shared the same sorrows. We experienced this when two women, one Hindu, one Muslim, living next to each other for 20 years spoke to us together. Both had tears in their eyes when they said, "The men cannot go to work in both houses. No money has come in for a month. The food in both houses is the same — dry roti and chatni. One is Hindu, one is Muslim. What is the difference? Our religion may be different, but our pain is one." ■

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## *In the spirit of Babasaheb Ambedkar*

**A**MBEDKAR Nagar is a slum colony in the M.I.D.C. area of Andheri East. Flanked by tall well-kept buildings housing the Marol Telephone Exchange, the Indian Standards Institute and a major BSES branch office, the slum consists of hundreds of tiny houses, some with pucca (cement) walls and others with just tin sheets and gunny bags stretched on a framework, separated by narrow lanes, that can hold only one person at a time. Its residents told us that about 600 families, i.e. about 3,000 to 3,500 people live here, the majority of whom are Hindus and neo-Buddhists, with about twenty Muslim families and about ten Christian families. Most of them are construction workers, factory workers and coolies.

We were told that the slum is 20 years old, but had got electricity and other facilities only about two years ago, and that too after a long struggle. A resident told us that though most of the people work in the MIDC units, yet there is no provision for their housing in the MIDC area. To add insult to injury, the houses built by the workers are called "illegal encroachments" by the government. Some years ago, the MIDC authorities declared that an electricity connection would be provided for the slum, if they signed a bond saying that their houses were unauthorised and could be demolished at any time by the MIDC. The slumdwellers started an agitation against this and refused to sign the bond. But some Congress workers staying in the area, who were trying to press the scheme, signed the bond and got a connection. Some other families later took lines from this connection and when no more such lines could be tapped from the existing connections, others signed the bond and took new connections. Some have refused to sign and still have no electricity. Thus, most of the slum has now got electricity, but at the cost of their security.

A group of youth gave us an account of what happened in the area during the January riots. According to them, on 10th January, in the evening, a man came running down the road in front of the slum, screaming, "A mob has come with swords! They are going to attack!" Terror spread immediately and the people dashed wildly into their homes and bolted the doors. Some even hid in the toilets in fear. Nothing happened. These youth after a while went to the neighbouring slum colonies and discovered that at the same time a man had run screaming through their areas too. Clearly, there was a plan to spread terror. A few days later, a mob of goons attacked the nearby Deendayal Upadhyay Nagar, tortured and killed Muslims and broke down a mosque.

Though there was tremendous fear in Ambedkar Nagar, according to the youth, the people also realised that they would have to protect their area themselves. Not just Muslims, but also Hindus feared an attack. They rapidly organised lighting in every lane. Sticks, stones, kitchen knives, mirchi powder and other implements that could be used as weapons were kept ready. Some went around from house to house to build up the courage of those who were very scared. They began staying awake and guarding the slum all night long. We asked how many people stayed awake like this. They replied that about 80% of the people stayed up all night long for about 15-20

days, with a few women undertaking the responsibility of making tea for the watchers each night. Muslims and Hindus were both involved in this and some Hindus especially visited all the Muslim houses to assure them of their protection. Even some Shiv Sainiks who live in the area took part in the defense.

We asked them how their relationship was in normal times — were there no fights? "Of course there are", the youth replied. "Over what?" we asked. "Over so many things", he said, "almost every day people fight at the water tap over who is ahead in line and who is behind. One day someone's dirty water might fall into someone else's house, or the narrow lane might be blocked by somebody's goods.....fights are always there." "Then how come all this unity is possible now?" we asked. An older man said, "See, the situation in which we live is such that fights take place. But if we fight often, we help each other also, we don't become enemies. Now that the need has arisen, we have pushed aside all our small differences and united."

The youth told us that on 13th January, the SS councillor brought a morcha from another area to the MIDC police station to demand the release of some of their people. The police refused. The next day when the morcha was brought again, it was dispersed by the police.

A rumour was calculatedly spread, that those in the morcha had a list of all the Muslim families in Ambedkar Nagar and were planning to attack them. Terrified, the Muslims talked it over with their Hindu neighbours, who pressed them to stay and promised to protect them. Some of them decided to stay. But about fifteen families were so scared they left. Before going, they assured their Hindu neighbours that it was not distrust in them, but fear of outsiders that made them leave. They left some of their possessions, like fans and TVs, with their Hindu neighbours till they returned.

We spoke to other Hindu men and women, and some of the remaining Muslim families and heard more or less the same story. Some Hindus were hurt that the Muslims left, saying, "Why did they have to leave? We would have definitely protected them." Others said, "How can you blame them. Naturally they would get terrified in such a situation." Some of the Muslim families, who remained, were banana-sellers from Gulbarga, Karnataka. They said that they were scared too, but could not afford to go anywhere else. "What is there in our

village to return to? Whatever we have is in Bombay. We have to stay."

Another Muslim, a former welder, who was thrown out of his job, because of his work in the trade union, said, "My family stayed because we know that our neighbours will look after us."

We asked whether there had ever been any conflict between the Hindus and Muslims of the area. The welder said, "Never. We always take part in each others' festivals without bothering about whether it is Hindu or Muslim. Every year I give Rs.101 as a donation for Ganeshotsav. I take part in it for all ten days." A Hindu paan-shop owner said, "You must have seen the temple and dargah nearby on the road — both are decorated and lighted up for all religious functions, Hindu or Muslim."

We asked what they thought about the Ayodhya issue. The Muslim said that all this is just the game-plan of leaders. "Only poor people die, Hindus and Muslims. If the mosque is broken, it is broken. We should keep our unity going", he said and the other nodded in agreement.

We asked what the role of the police had been. The welder said, "We have seen what the police has done, we have no faith in them. While keeping watch, we told the police to go away, we can look after ourselves." A Hindu worker said that while patrolling, their group heard some SRP men saying, "Hack those Muslims to pieces." He also said that "some policemen are good, but what can just a few do?"

"What do they think about what the government is doing", we asked. The welder said he does not know, because he has not been able to read the paper for several days — his eyes have been ruined by the welding work, though he is only 43 years old. Most of the other people we met said that the government is useless, their faith lies only in their own collective capacity to protect themselves.

We asked whether the organised defense was still functioning. They said that now only a few people keep watch at night. Besides, it was difficult to stay up after doing ten to twelve hours of back-breaking work. But at the start of February when a gangster was killed in Andheri, most people stayed up and patrolled the area that night, afraid that something may happen.

One thing is clear. In any emergency or breakdown of civil order, the people have learnt how to protect themselves. ■

## *Where the police helped the peace efforts*

**D**URING the 1984 and 1987 communal riots in Bombay, Kamatipura was one of the most badly affected areas in the city. However this time, the entire area was free of communal violence as it was protected and defended by the people of all communities.

Kamatipura is about 10 minutes walk from Bombay Central on the Western line. Most of the buildings here are old, dilapidated and rickety. Some of them are propped up by stilts. The whole area is divided into gullies — from gully number one to gully number sixteen. About 35,000 people live in this area. Most of the residents are either Hindus or Muslims. A sizable section have migrated from Andhra Pradesh and Tamil Nadu.

In Kamatipura you will find masjids and temples. There are even small dargahs. In the first gully we noticed a dargah and next to it a temple. The entire area is infamous because it houses the red light area. Hundreds of women from all parts of the country who have been forced into prostitution eke out a living here. Besides this, a big section of the people have jobs or petty businesses.

Activists of the Bharatiya Janwadi Aghadi met a number of residents to find out how they protected their area from communal violence.

Babubhai, a Bohra Muslim, who has a chemist shop in gully number three explained that "after the Masjid was demolished in Ayodhya on December 6, there was some tension in our area. That is why some of us came together. The former shakha pramukh of the Shiv Sena Prabhakar More, Sudhir Kolge, Narmadabai Pawar, Suneela Puppala, Ali Karimbai, myself and other political workers of the area met together. We personally visited the residents of every building. We appealed to them to maintain communal peace. We received an enthusiastic response from the people."

However in a situation where armed fascist lumpen mobs were moving from area to area, killing, looting and burning, the resolution to maintain peace had to be actively defended. As Babubhai explained "We formed an Ekta Samiti. We decided that if we were attacked from outside we would all come together to repel the attack."

The people informed us how they themselves organised all night vigilance and patrolling of the area. Big lights were installed. Groups of 8-10 volunteers patrolled the area. The volunteers had devised their own system of signalling and warnings in order to be alert to every danger. At different places a small bonfire would be lit to keep off the cold. As Narmadabai confessed, "We were never afraid of the people of our area. The fear always was the threat from outside. That is why we still maintain vigilance."

The people also told us that while Kamatipura was defended from within, the surrounding area was racked with violence, looting and burning. The people alleged that the Nagpada Congress (I) Youth Block Committee General Secretary, Ravindra Kumar Pande was involved in these activities. One of the important steps which the people of Kamatipura took to maintain peace was to remove all sources of tension. Narmadabai told us, "On two occasions Maha-aartis were held but subsequently they were stopped. Similarly, loud speakers were removed from the masjids."

It is not that there were no attempts to create tension. Narmadabai recalls that "During curfew one day, a milk man was stopped by some trouble makers. At that moment an old Muslim went forward and scolded the youth. 'This milk man at great risk to his life is coming to provide milk for our children and here you are threatening him! Get lost from here!' At this the youth fled and the old man reached the milk man safely out of Kamatipura."

One of the important things that struck us was the important role played by some police officials in maintaining peace. We were told that senior police officials, Kamlakar Pawar and Vilas Gaikwad went out of their way to help the people. In fact, Mr. Kamlakar Pawar was given the honour of hoisting the national flag at the Republic Day programme in Kamatipura, organised by the residents belonging to both communities.

The extent to which common people of both communities went out of their way to help each other in this crisis period can be seen from the following example. We were told that during this period at least 20 pregnant women belonging to different communities had safe deliveries. Hindu and Muslim youth with the help of the police ensured that these women were reached safely to the hospitals. Narmadabai summed up very well the lack of communal animosities in the people. "We enthusiastically participate in each others festivals. During the Navratri festival, the Muslims participate with the Hindus. During Id we visit the houses of the Muslims and relish the *kheer* served to us."

The people of Kamatipura have shown that they are not only determined to live in peace but also to defend this peace when it is threatened from outside. ■

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*"There is no MLA, MP,  
corporator in our committee...."*

**O**N January 10, 1993 and the few days following it, arson, burning down of entire bastis and killings turned large sections of Worli into a zone of horror. The only reason why the Jijamata Chawl at Worli's E Moses Road escaped unscathed, was because its organised and alert 200 strong defence committee successfully beat back all goonda gangs which tried to enter the area.

Jijamata Nagar, which consists of a chawl and 5 neighbouring slums has a population of over 28,000. Roughly 60% of the population is Hindu and 40% Muslim. When riots broke out in Bhiwandi-Malegaon in 1984, the people of the area had got together to form a peace committee - with 150 Hindu and Muslim representatives being selected from all 6 areas that make up Jijamata Nagar. Said the committee members, (none of them wanted their names to be quoted, since they said that as all had contributed equally to the task, either all 150 names should be printed or none at all) "There is no MLA, MLC, MP, corporator in our committee - we don't trust them and don't need

them. We have only ordinary citizens in this committee. Yes, many of the members do belong to some party — either Congress, Shiv Sena, BJP, Janata Dal, RPI or BRP. But we all have to leave our party behind in this work, because party politics will destroy our unity." Since it was formed in 1984, the committee has met regularly even though no formal programme was taken up by it. When the riots broke out in December, the committee met, and work began. Said an active member, "We held a meeting and decided that this was an emergency situation. Everyone was unanimous that if even a single person of either community was hurt here or a house burnt, there would be catastrophe for the area. The first thing we did was to form groups and go house to house telling everyone that they had to come out and protect the mohalla. Then we sealed off all the entry points — in some places with barbed wire and in others with makeshift patra gates that would at least delay attackers for some time. Groups were formed to guard each gully and all houses had their lights on throughout the night. The strategy was that as soon as danger was sensed in one spot, the people there had to shout and all the others would come running there." The women not only stayed up and provided tea through the night, but gave each other much needed, valuable, moral support.

The eagle-eyed vigil of the defence committee saved Jijamata Nagar on the night of Sunday, January 10. Said Laxmi, a resident of the area for over 6 years, "That was a very bad night. We were all awake. Around 2.00 a.m., a gang of goondas tried to enter the area. There was a loud shout and then our group of 150-200 rushed towards that spot, shouting *ek bhi goonde ko mat chodo* (don't spare a single goonda). The mob fled in fear. Within half an hour we saw a nearby area go up in flames." The mob had attacked a nearby area which was not defended.

The going was not all smooth for the defence committee of Jijamata Nagar. The main problem was to ensure that elements who wanted to create trouble in the area, especially when drunk, did not get a chance to instigate trouble. "We found only one way to check such drunkards and goondas. We put them compulsorily in the patrolling, so that they were under our control all night. We also warned them of the folly of throwing stones when they themselves live in glass houses. These methods worked."



However such communalised elements were present in both the communities. We ourselves got a first hand experience of a relatively well-off Muslim school teacher who virtually yelled at our team. "They can't tolerate the prosperity of Muslims. They are looting our videos, TVs, fridges. But however much they loot, they will still remain beggars. We will get more. We have 13 countries in the world to go to. But they have only one." We had heard Hindutvawadis warning Hindus that they have only one country as if Muslim Indians have many countries. But here we were listening to a communalised Muslim parroting the same poison spewed by the Hindutvawadis.

However, the most affected by this tirade was **Salim** the Muslim youth who had guided us around the area. With literally tears in his eyes, he said, "This is money talking. Such people are the ones who defame and disgrace the entire community." ■

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## *"Our hearts are on fire...."*

**B**ETWEEN the intersection of two roads in the Marol MIDC area lies Bhimnagar — a ragged-jagged slum of about 1000 houses. The zhopdas reflect abject poverty and pauperisation. Made of gunny sacks, bamboos, plastic sheets and rusted patras, the homes are stuffy, dingy, dark and tiny. A thick pall of smoke hovers over the whole area.

The slum is a labyrinth of congested gullies about 2 1/2 feet narrow. We had to tread carefully because any loss of balance would have hurtled us straight into a house as most of the houses have no walls. What serves as walls are torn gunny sacks stitched together. And yet the people survive in such conditions. Most of them look emaciated and weak. But there is fire in their eyes. They toil as contract workers, coolies, stone breakers, construction workers, painters, rag pickers, etc. Many of them are Dalit neo-Buddhists. But there are also quite a number of Hindus. About 15 Muslim families live here.

Suresh an activist who lives here informs us that the slum is 8 years old. But it has been broken twice by the

Municipality. The people have paid sums ranging from Rs.1,000 to Rs.10,000 to slumlords for a small piece of land.

Suresh collects a group of men and women and we eagerly listen to their story of courage and solidarity.

"When we heard that violence had taken place in a neighbouring area, we all felt scared," began Indubai vividly describing how rumours and tension gripped the slum within minutes.

"Whom were you afraid of, Hindus or Muslims?" We asked deliberately.

"No, no, we were neither afraid of Hindus nor of Muslims. We were afraid of goondas." To make herself more specific Indubai stressed, "You know, goondas have no caste or religion. They will do the dirty work of anybody who hires them. For one, our zhopadpatti was demolished twice. If any builder hires these goons, they will not hesitate to set it on fire! Our whole world can turn into ashes. That is why we were mortally afraid of goondas."

We asked whether they had complained to the police or asked for protection?

"Police"! Chinnama asked with scorn. "We have no faith at all in the police. After all the lives are lost, the police will come to make the panchnama! What is the use of their coming after our homes turn into ashes?"

"Did you go to your corporator or MLA for help?"

"Don't even utter her name," Indubai fumed. "For two days we waited for her. Then we went to meet her. She was in and yet we were told that *Sahebin* had gone out. What do they care about the poor? To ask for votes, they come with folded hands. Then they come right up to our *chulla*. Now they have no time to come to us. All of them are beads of the same *mala*. Now if they ask us to follow them, we will thrash them with our chappals," Indubai gesticulated angrily.

"When we realized that nobody would protect us, we decided that we should all keep awake at night! We decided everybody would patrol the area."

"Everybody"? we asked surprised.

"Yes, Everybody!"

"About how many kept awake at night?"

"What do you mean by how many, we told you, didn't we? Everybody — men, women, children. Everybody!"

"And how did you intend defending yourselves from the lumpen mobs?"

"Defend ourselves? Of course with stones and bricks! We had collected stones, bricks, sticks, rods, axes and kept them ready! Our women and children had collected a pile of stones and bricks in every gully. We used to patrol the four corners of the area. We had decided to whistle the moment we heard or saw any sign of the goondas. Our womenfolk had even prepared chilly water to greet the goondas."

We also learnt from the people that since Bhimnagar has no electricity, the people got temporary connections from a nearby shop and hotel. As many as 50 bulbs were installed in the various gullies.

"We had to pay Rs.10 per bulb per night for the electricity" said Laxman. "Now where can we people afford to spend Rs.500 on electricity every day. But you know our homes had to be protected! We further tightened our stomachs. How we managed to do it, we only understand."

"Each of us started contributing two-two rupees every day for the expenses as well as for the tea which was prepared during the night," added Sangeeta.

We also learnt that during those traumatic days all the Muslim families were not only reassured and protected but they also joined in the patrolling. However, after the 22nd January when the situation became 'normal' some of the Muslims anticipating another bout of violence on January 26 sent their womenfolk to the villages. Some of the Muslim men stayed with their relatives for a few days and have since returned. Every one of their homes were protected by neighbours.

When we asked the people what they would have done if Hindu goons came looking out for Muslims, Laxmibai spoke with a vehemence which even surprised us. "We would never have allowed them to enter in the first place. As long as we had life in our bodies we would have let no goonda — Hindu or Muslim to enter."

"Did any goondas try to enter"? "No. But twice we heard loud shouts, 'They are coming. They are coming' Immediately whistles were blown and about 1500-2000 people with stones,

bricks, iron rods collected on the road to defend the area. We waited for a long time for them. But the goondas never dared to come. If they had come, we would have made a chutney of them," said Muktabai.

At this, Suresh remembering the incident said that "when all the people together with their weapons collected on the road to confront the goondas, some of us activists were worried that the police could use this as an excuse to arrest the people. We therefore immediately ordered the people to stand at the entrance of the gullies so that we would not be mistaken for an aggressive mob."

We were especially overwhelmed by the militancy of the women. As Indubai expressed it, "Brother our hearts are on fire! If our homes are destroyed, where can we take our children. In the villages, we have no jobs. In the city, despite backbreaking work, this is our situation. That is why we decided that if the goondas come for us, it would be do or die."

The whole process of organising themselves for defence has created a new spirit and unity among the people. As Suresh explained, "Before, the people would fight like cats and dogs every day. How can you blame them when we have only 4 taps supplying water for 1000 families, and that too not all taps work at one time. However the struggle has brought us closer. There are now fewer fights at the water tap."

However Siddappa best sums up the determination of the people. "We have learnt a very important lesson. We are no more afraid of any goonda or dada. We need no police or army. Earlier we thought we were weak. But now we can defend ourselves and our homes".

In some reports, names of the people have been changed in order to protect their identities and their fledgling efforts.

## The historic significance of the defence committees!

**B**OMBAY has a population of more than 10 million people. The majority are Hindus, but a sizable section are Muslims and other minorities. As many as 70% of the population live on the pavements, in congested slums and chawls. If communal frenzy and religions barbarism were really to grip the masses, it would leave behind lakhs of people dead.

It is not that conditions were not created for such a holocaust. The breaking of the Babri Masjid on December 6 and it's fallout in the country, especially Bombay had already raised the communal temperature. Then began the political organisation of maha-aartis by the BJP-SS which deliberately not only disrupted traffic but were used to mobilise and incite Hindus against *Namaz* on the roads and the use of loudspeakers from mosques. When the 'riots' actually broke out, there were atleast 30,000 lumpens and criminals who formed mobs in search of easy targets to loot, kill, burn and even rape. The police force was by and large paralysed, with a section even actively supporting the rioters. During all this, a criminal power struggle was going on in the ruling Congress party between the Pawar faction and the Sudhakar Rao Naik faction with the latter turning a blind eye to the mayhem of the S.S. A big section of the middle class, 'educated and cultured' were emotionally with the lumpen mobs, cheering them and defending their actions in private and in public. Marathi papers like *Samnaa* were daily inflaming the most dangerous communal passions and tensions. Some of the Urdu papers were not lagging behind. Big builders and big traders were dishing out huge sums to mob leaders to burn down slums or to get rid of rival businesses. Thus we see that all the objective conditions were created for a mass slaughter to take place. Despite all this, the number of victims were contained at 650 dead and about 1,700 injured. How come?

There were two main reasons for this. First of all the masses are not communal and criminal, despite what our modern secularists may think of them. Infact the educated middle class babus proved to be more communal and fascist than the toiling

masses. Of course the masses have communal prejudices that are constantly fed to them by 'the educated'. However these prejudices do not turn them into savages and murderers. The second reason is that in Bombay, the working people quickly organised themselves into **armed defence committees** to not only maintain peace but also to repel any outside mob. Without these defence committees, the communal and lumpen elements within slums would have exploited the situation, creating a spiral of violence that would have claimed thousands and thousands of victims. Infact the defence committees which were first formed in slums and chawls soon spread to some buildings and housing colonies. Of course in many buildings their motive was "to prevent those *zhopadpattiwallahs* from attacking" or "to defend themselves from Muslims who are coming." However the important thing is that huge masses of people organised together and with the help of simple weapons kept off the fascist mobs. This is of historic significance and there are important lessons to be learnt from this.

### No faith in political parties!

The first significance of the mass defence committees is that they signalled the complete lack of faith of the masses in parliamentary political parties. In every slum and chawl, there was a common refrain. "The mandir-masjid dispute is only a struggle for power and we common people have to suffer." "All these leaders are only interested in our votes". "We have lost faith in all political parties."

However this lack of faith in all political parties did not lead to cynicism and paralysis. **It led to mass action.** This is important because lack of faith in politicians and political parties is dangerous if it does not give rise to alternative mass actions. In Bombay, while faith in established political parties dipped to zero, the masses discovered and asserted a new found faith in **themselves**, in their united strength, in their collective solidarity. Where millions of people kept awake at night, patrolling their areas, reassuring minorities, foiling the attempts of anti-socials to foment trouble, they began discovering their own power — **PEOPLE'S POWER!**

### Sinking their political differences!

The loss of mass faith in political parties forced all political workers belonging to different parties to sink their political dif-

ferences, forget their party affiliations, ignore their past disputes and to become ONE against the external aggressor. In the defence committees, nobody was a Congressi or Shiv Sainik, Communist or Republican party worker. All had to come together. All came together. In the past, all these political affiliations and political identities divided the toiling masses. If one slum committee was patronised by a Congress *neta*, another rival committee was in the pockets of an SS corporator. During every election, each of these political leaderships would give a bagful of notes to their yes-men to set up booths, organise padyatras and even to buy votes. All this led to splits and fights in every slum. The masses were lined up like sheep behind these rival political leaderships who gave big promises and then betrayed them. The defence committees saw the opposite process taking place. Political loyalties dissolved under mass pressure and the struggle against the outside mobs. Dependence on political parties was drastically reduced. Self reliance, reliance on each other, became keywords. This was the second significance of the defence committees.

It was because of this significance that no parliamentary party **even recognised** the existence of these armed defence committees nor attempted to give them direction. All the parties from the 'secular' Congress party to the Hindutva BJP were united on this one point. Ignore the defence committees. Pretend as if they don't exist. This was not surprising. If the defence committees during crisis develop into peoples committees when 'normalcy' is restored, would anyone bother about these political leaderships? That is why the defence committees were deliberately ignored. That is why we say to the people. "Ignore such political leaderships. But at no cost ignore your defence committees. Understand their historic importance and develop them further."

### Mass actions from below!

The third significance of the defence committees was that they were truly the result of mass actions from below. They were not formed in only a few slums and chawls but in hundreds of slums and chawls. Millions of people were involved in all-night vigilance and patrolling. Thousands of women — some even behind the *ghunghat* or *burkha*, mobilised themselves to fight the outside mobs. Even children played an important role in alerting the elders.

In the past, only a part of a chawl or slum could be mobilised for any struggle. At very few times, the whole slum. In the work of defence, everybody was mobilised. People of all castes and creeds came together. In the defence committees, there was no Hindu-Muslim divide. Infact the opposite took place. A special bond developed between Hindu and Muslim neighbours.

In areas, especially in middle class areas, where the Hindu-Muslim divide was not overcome, defence committees could not be formed. Such areas were terrorised by lumpen mobs who looted, killed, raped and burnt. There is a lesson in this for all the people. Unite together or be terrorised separately!

### Order — when civil order breaks down!

The fourth significance of the defence committees is that they arose as a response to the impotency of the police or even military to stop the fascist mobs. Everywhere the common complaint was "We have lost faith in the police. The police cannot protect or defend us." But what was significant was that the people did not stop there. They began collectively organising for their own defense and protection. When the *Sarkari* police turned impotent, the masses became their own police. The defence committees were embryonic people's militias.

Not only were the people armed with simple weapons but they maintained their own order and discipline. The most elaborate tactics of defence were worked out. This development is important for the future when the fascists are creating conditions of civil strife and civil war.

At the best of times, the toiling people could hardly rely on the police for protection. Now even less. The reason is that the fascists have won a sizable section of the police to their side. This section not only did nothing while the riteers went berserk but in many cases even encouraged them. In a number of cases, they instead arrested the common people who were defending their *zhopadpattis*. Of course there is a section of the police that is secular and anti-fascist. It was this section that understood how helpless they were and hence went out of their way to help the defence committees. In future, this section can only fulfil their responsibilities by building the closest of links with the toiling people and the anti-fascist, anti-communal forces.



## Rejecting mantras of peace!

The fifth significance of the defence committees is that they decisively rejected the pseudo-Gandhian outlook of fighting fascism by merely mouthing *mantras* of peace and non-violence. This pseudo-Gandhian outlook has especially been propagated by the Congress party for the consumption of the masses, while the fascists have been allowed to build all kinds of *senas* under Congress patronage. Sermons have been preached to the toiling masses to remain peaceful while the fascist lumpens perpetrate violence and terror. "Law and order" is for the common man who honestly slaves for a living, while the fascists are allowed to break any law with impunity.

The defence committees broke through this web of deceit. Peace was defended by the masses through simple weapons. The terror of the fascist mobs was resisted through mass defence. The instigation of the communalists was firmly put down through vigilance and mass pressure. The role of the police to maintain "law and order" was replaced by the people themselves maintaining law and order.

Today a number of political parties are talking of fighting communalism and fascism. How come, they refused to recognise the historic significance of the defence committees? How come they refused to support this process from above? How come they refused to demand that the peoples defence committees be given state recognition? Is it because they want to deceive the people with pseudo-Gandhian peace? Or do they believe that the fascists who have built private *senas* can be stopped with the help of the police and the military? What happens when the fascists come to power in Delhi? It is time political activists belonging to different political parties confront their leaderships on these questions.

## Two divergent outlooks!

The sixth significance of the defence committees was that they brought to the fore two sharply divergent outlooks of dealing with the monster of fascism. On the one hand was the outlook of the liberal bourgeoisie and on the other hand was the outlook of the toiling masses. A section of the bourgeoisie was shocked with how the lumpen mobs ravaged their "beloved city". Bombay was not only their financial capital but also the place where they and their families lived and socialised. But what affected them most was: "What would happen to their foreign collabora-

tions?" "What would happen to their export orders?" "What would happen to all their corporate plans?"

Out of this "anguish of heart and soul", the bourgeoisie began vociferously making the most 'tough' demands. "Clamp partial emergency". "Hand over the city to the military!" "Modernise the police force!" etc, etc, etc. In short, the only solution the bourgeoisie saw was to further strengthen the state machinery.

This was not surprising. The exploiter classes are not opposed to the lumpens *per se*. Infact it is considered sound business practice to use them from time to time to crush the workers. As far as the bourgeoisie is concerned, the lumpens can terrorise the masses in the slums 24 hours of the day or night. That is not his concern. They are only affected when the lumpens start affecting business and profits; when the lumpens bring even Malabar Hill and Marine Drive to a halt! Tomorrow if the BJP can 'control and contain' the various senas, better than the Congress, the bourgeoisie will not hesitate to support the BJP — all this while they are singing the virtues of secularism.

The toiling masses on the other hand have very little faith in "administrative measures". All the modernisation of the police will finally be used to crush their struggles — not the lumpen class. The goondas will be arrested from the front door and released by the back door. Their political patrons will protect them and get them released on bail. The toiling people on the other hand, rot in lock-ups and jails. Therefore, this lack of faith in "administrative measures" is born out of bitter experience.

The toiling masses require measures which can help them to rely on their own strength and power. The defence committees were an attempt to build this strength and power. With this strength and power they kept the lumpen mobs from tearing apart the city. If this strength and power is consolidated, they can get rid of not just the lumpen class but the source of lumpenisation itself.

The exploiter classes have always deliberately prevented this strength and power of the masses from developing. That is why today there is a near conspiracy of silence about these defence committees. No exploiter class or parliamentary political party can and will tolerate these defence committees being given a permanent form. What would happen if these defence committees

set up in hundreds of areas, formed a huge federation? What would happen if the tens of thousands of youth who patrolled the areas and maintained communal peace began organising themselves into people's militias and conducted weekly drills and parades just as the RSS does? What would happen if these people's defence committees used their power against corruption in the ration system, against black marketeering and hoarding? What would happen if these people's defence committees used their power against government corruption? What would happen if the people's defence committees used their power against bootlegging, slumlordism and other criminals, who are patronised by the ruling party to keep the people under constant terror? What would happen if the people's defence committees used their power against MP's, MLA's, corporators, who break their promises? Such a political system would strike terror in the hearts of all exploiter political parties. Hence the conspiracy to let the defence committees disintegrate and die. Hence the conspiracy to ensure that this IDEA does not take root and grip the masses. Hence the people's defence committees were totally ignored, as if they did not exist. With the exception of a few journalists, the press did not cover this historic process. There were hundreds of horrifying photographs of arson, lootings and of the lumpen mobs. How many photographs appeared in the newspapers of the people of Bombay protecting their homes by night? There were photographs of Shiv Sainiks in all the dailies. How many photographs did you see of the real sainiks who defended the people of Bombay? Doordarshan beamed to us the usual hypocritical messages of discredited politicians and ministers to maintain peace. How come no program showed how simple women folk organised for peace with *laatnis* (rolling pins) and chilly powder?

What was worse, was how some 'leaders' went out of their way to disarm the defence committees. On the one hand SS leaders who themselves roamed with arms were demanding that the homes of the common people be searched by the police, under the guise that "the Muslims had stored arms". On the other hand, rival leaders were also demanding such a police search "to prove how peaceful the people are."

The exploiter parties can be expected to disintegrate the people's defence committees and kill this important idea. But will we the toiling people allow this to happen? Will we ourselves kill the defence committees by saying: "Bombay has come

back to normal". "It is the job of the police to maintain law and order now and not ours."

Every day we complain that *sab party chor hai*. We are all pining for a real alternative. The people's defence committees can grow into a powerful alternative — if not today, then tomorrow. It can grow into a powerful alternative which will shake the foundations of this exploitative and oppressive system. An alternative that can resist successfully the onslaught of the fascist forces.

One thing is sure. The people's defence committees could arise **spontaneously** in a period of crisis. However they can only grow into a mighty alternative with the **conscious** determination and sacrifices of thousands of people who have experienced the magic of this idea!

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# An Appeal

OUR country is at the crossroads. It is being hacked into pieces by not only communal riots but also casteist massacres. It is being bled by not only secessionist forces but also by the para military, who slaughter innocent people in the name of fighting secessionism. To top it all is the total sellout by our rulers to the IMF hounds who are extracting their pound of flesh by dictating 'radical changes' which will not only destroy our industries but which will create mass unemployment and stifling inflation, agonising pauperisation and intense misery. All democratic struggles of the people are being crushed and fascism is being hatched because even parliamentary democracy has become a burden for our exploiters.

While most political parties line up to either directly or indirectly pave the way for fascism, the people of our country are desperately searching for a POLITICAL ALTERNATIVE which can lead them out of this nightmare. This ALTERNATIVE is being built unheard and unsung in different parts of the country where the best sons and daughters of our land are challenging the policies of the ruling classes.

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### *To the Scientist of India*

*"I would like you to be men, who stand up before the world firm in your convictions. Let your zeal for the dumb millions be not stifled in the search for wealth. I tell you, you can devise a far greater wireless instrument which does not require external research but internal—and all research will be useless if it is not allied to internal research—which can link your hearts with those of the millions. Unless all the discoveries that you make have the welfare of the poor as the end in view, all your workshops will be really no better than Satan's workshops."*

**Gandhi**

13.7.27

*"What have we to do if we are to save India in this scientific age? First, we have to resolve to decide all social problems by non-violent means. Secondly, science should be utilised for producing instruments that would serve man and not armaments that would kill. Thirdly, the prevailing situation alone should decide whether science should be ordered to produce big machines or small ones. If we keep these axioms in mind, we can derive immense benefit from science. Let the growth of science be steady and unimpeded, this is my desire."*

**Vinoba Bhave**



## STRATEGY:

In 1935, when Gandhi started the All India Village Industries Association (AIVIA), he had invited the top scientist of the day to be on its Advisory Committee, including Dr. Jagdish Chandra Bose, Sir C. V. Raman, Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray and others. The experiments in village industries, he got initiated, were meant not only to improve the existing crafts in the rural areas, but also to introduce new techniques on the basis of the latest scientific knowledge, which would improve rural economy. True, efforts so far, fall far short of the expectations of Gandhi, of converting the rural habitat into an ideal setting which could afford man the fullest expression to his being in close communion with fellow human beings on one hand and Mother Nature on the other. Yet as we look to the results of rural developmental work done by voluntary agencies under Gandhi's inspiration for the past 50 years we find that there is great impact leading to the formation of 1500-2000 dedicated people in small groups working independently and are covering a large number of villages. The field of their activities is varied e.g. Khadi and Village industries, welfare of tribals, removal of untouchability, basic education, agriculture and cow protection (Goseva), welfare of woman and children etc. This is no mean achievement in a country where, the gulf dividing urban elite and the village people is probably the widest, the communication between the elite class and the masses is weak; and the understanding of the realities of the villages by the decision makers is poor. Through these institutions, the application of science and technology, has to be done to meet the requirements of the poorest and to pursue the unfulfilled dream of Gandhi.

### *The Line of Approach:*

The procedure to be adopted for this endeavour, will have to take the experience of the past into consideration and lay down the future plan of action, in which all the available resources are utilized in such way that the lower most will be benefited.

The following points could act as guidelines in this:

a) The kind of techniques which we pick up for the villages should be such as to touch the life of the poorer sections of the people and bring hope to the oppressed.

b) These techniques should increase the avenues in rural employment, prevent the erosion of talents from the villages and enrich the life of the total community.

c) All institutions engaged in rural work, along with their usual activities, should undertake the responsibility of introducing some appropriate techniques in their field. This activity of transfer of technology, for the benefit of the poor will give ready results, and it will also bring confidence in the fulfillment of the long range plans that are being implemented by the institutions.

d) In introducing new methods, it is necessary that the technological institutions and the scientists assist the voluntary organisations doing constructive work, adding to the efficient functioning of the project, this will give an opportunity for interaction between the scientists and the social workers.

### *Mobilizing the Three Forces:*

The need of the day is to bring about a forceful movement by establishing co-operation between the voluntary

organisations, the scientific institutions and the industries, for the benefit of the less fortunate section of the society. India possesses the <sup>3<sup>rd</sup></sup> largest group of technologically trained people in the world. The result of their scientific work, however, is unable to bring ready benefits to the large number of people living in the villages, as it is mostly urban oriented leading to greater economic stratification of the society.

The other great force that can bring about rural development is that of the industries in the country. The industrial sector should not only look for increasing production, but also be responsible for the welfare of the weakest, and removal of disparity in the land.

#### *The Next Step:*

All these three forces, the agencies doing constructive work, the technological institutions and the industries, require the establishment of bilateral links and need a source from where information about the applicable techniques can be obtained. To facilitate such co-ordination, the following are being undertaken by the CSV.

#### *a) Documentation and Dissemination:*

To collect and disseminate all such information from the technological institutions and other agencies in India and abroad which will fit in with the objective laid down above.

#### *b) Demonstration and Experimentation:*

Such of the experiments which have been tested and found to be fruitful, should be demonstrated at the centre.

*c) Field Application:*

In this work, the various voluntary agencies working in rural areas will be approached and through them the techniques which need to be perfected at the field level i. e. in the villages, will be tried before making them available to the nation. Each institution could choose a few techniques and experiment them in one or more key villages so that small villages around them can observe a particular technique that are being introduced, thereby motivate people to apply the observed technique.

*d) Co-ordination in this endeavour.*

The three kinds of institutions mentioned earlier could associate themselves in a co-ordinated movement. This general plan is expected to lead to a cohesion amongst various agencies involved in the constructive work, taking the new technology to villages. This is no doubt a very ambitious scheme and requires a tremendous amount of labour. But the optimism is that if once the people concerned, catch the idea, beneficial results will flow out of it in a short period of time and will spur the nation towards the required direction.

The Centre of Science for villages at Magan Sangrahalaya, the museum for rural industries founded by Mahatma Gandhi in 1937 at Maganwadi, Wardha, will work for the fulfilment of the Sutra (Formula) of—

Science + Spirituality = Sarvodaya (Welfare of all)

**IMPLEMENTATION :**

Centre of Science for villages (CSV) on the basis of the approach initiated above, which was approved and co-signed by Acharya Vinobo Bhave, took its first step in 1977.

CSV puts before you the work it has done for the past one year. Initially the centre started with the collection of relevant information regarding the application of scientific techniques to the rural areas, from various sources, and published it in a form of booklet. Then to post all the new techniques to those who are interested in rural development, CSV brings out a bulletin called "Science for Villages".

Along with gathering and dissemination of information, demonstration of the applicable techniques was taken up. A low cost house was constructed at the centre, with the technical know-how and assistance of the Building Research Institute, Roorkee. This model house is designed to suit the black cotton soils found in Wardha. In collaboration with Appropriate Technological Development Association, CSV organised a workshop on Solar Energy and collected some solar heaters and fabricated some cookers, which are being tested and exhibited.

CSV took up a scheme to improve sanitation and to do away with manual scavenging of night soil in some areas of Wardha, where large number of poor people live. The scheme is to provide simple lavatories and train masons in building aerobic manure tanks. The centre was instrumental in getting Wardha selected as one of the twenty districts in India, for a project of Integrated Rural Development. CSV emphasized the need for introduction of new employment avenues for the landless and planned two schemes, (i) hand made paper units from the fibres of banana stems, which go awaste, and (ii) improvement of work shops of the village black smiths, which is going to be taken up soon. In Varud village the mud walls of some of the houses were coated with Bitumen spray to guard them against erosion, ball bearing pulleys on wells were introduced, soakpits and lavatories were put up for

environmental cleanliness. A dozen villages were chosen around Seldoh, where late J. C. Kumarappa had worked, for the introduction of techniques with the association of Leprosy Relief Institution, Dattapur. Here intensive work is proposed to be taken up. For this CSV is making a project report on a prototype station for rural techniques and this will be submitted to the Department of Science and Technology, Government of India, for financial assistance.

Links have been established with the Central Research Laboratory of Khadi and Village Industries Commission, which is adjacent to CSV, since the director of the centre, has been asked to act as the Honorary Advisor of the laboratory. The Centre has an advisory board of eminent persons viz.—

M. S. Swaminathan, A. Ramachandran, Y. Nayudamma,  
D. S. Kothari, C. Gopalan, J. P. Naik, Radhakrishna,  
Ramlal Parikh, C. V. S. Ratnam, N. M. Swani, M. S. Sodha,  
A. P. Verma and V. G. Bhide.

## STATEMENT

Of the CRI National Assembly, Morning Star Regional Seminary Barrackpore December 29, 1991 - January 3, 1992

***"The cry of the children of Israel has come to me, and I have witnessed the way in which the Egyptians oppress them, so come, I send you to Pharaoh to bring the children of Israel, MY PEOPLE, out of Egypt". (Ex. 3:9 - 10)***

### 1.0 THE CALL

- 1.1 This same cry of the suffering and the oppressed has been heard in our land. Like Moses of old we today, more than ever, are urged by the Lord of history to listen to their cry in the burning bush of their struggles.
- 1.2 In the Eucharist, Jesus calls us in a significant way to listen to this cry and to renew our commitment fully to the liberation of the oppressed. The bread we break and the cup we drink nourishes and strengthens us.
- 1.3 Reflecting together on "The Indian Situation and the Church's Social Teaching", we, the Major Superiors of the Conference of Religious in India, gathered at Morning Star Seminary, Calcutta, are spurred by the urgency of this call to struggle in solidarity with OUR POOR in the pilgrim movement towards the Promised Land of the Kingdom of justice, peace and love.

### 2.0 THE CONCERNS

- 2.1 The dehumanised dalits, the dispossessed tribals, the discriminated against women, the marginalised ethnic and other minorities, the enslaved bonded and child labourers, the degraded slum-dwellers, and the unorganised agricultural, industrial and domestic workers, have begun to raise their

For CMC

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CRI with Conference of Religious in India

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voice and assert their rights in many parts of our country. As followers of Jesus we can no longer take a neutral or political stand. Their demands for human dignity, equal opportunities, a just distribution of resources, and a share in political power cannot be dismissed, and require that we support these through our solidarity with their struggles.

- 2.2 The alarming trend of religious fundamentalism and the consequent minority insecurity, too, are a source of grave concern to us.
- 2.3 Our response becomes all the more urgent as, with the receding of the Cold war era, we already see dominant powers in the unipolar world determining the economic and political climate of our country, thus affecting the already poor condition of the marginalised.
- 2.4 We are also deeply aware of the growing demand of the peoples of Asia and Africa, Latin America and Oceania, for a just share of the World's resources, and for equal participation in global decisions. The struggles of the migrants and refugees, racial and ethnic peoples in various parts of the world draw our attention to their cry for human dignity and freedom.

### **3.0 INSPIRATION**

- 3.1 In the movement of oppressed peoples towards liberation throughout the world, we see signs of great hope. These signs of the times reveal to us afresh the God of history who is drawing us together as children of one family. All over the world, amidst mighty upheavals, political movements and unforeseen changes, we hear prophetic voices witnessing to the indomitable spirit of man and woman. In their voices we hear again the voice of Jesus who was good news to the poor, who proclaimed liberty to captives, new sight to the blind, freedom to the downtrodden.
- 3.2 In our corporate, prayerful reflection, we now hear Jesus' prophetic voice echoing in the Church's social teaching of the past 100 years. Raised in defence of the industrial workers' rights a century ago, the Church's voice was the expression of "her desire that the poor should rise above poverty and wretchedness and better their condition in life".



(RN 23). Proclaiming first the rights of the human person made to the image of God, the Popes' encyclicals have in recent year laid increasing stress on the struggle for the rights of oppressed groups and nations in a spirit of solidarity.

- 3.3 We hear the call of Vatican II to see the unity of the material and the spiritual, to save the body as well as the soul; and the call of the more recent papal documents inseparably linking evangelisation and human liberation, and making social justice an integral dimension of all apostolates. Recalling this rich heritage of the Church's social teaching of the past hundred years in *Centesimus Annus*, the present Holy Father invites us to raise our prophetic voices against the evils of liberal capitalism and consumerism.
- 3.4 We humbly acknowledge that we have failed to respond radically to this call. We confess our sin in contributing to oppressive structures within the Church itself: the sin of factions and division of caste and language; of mutual recrimination and suspicion among rites; of giving a lower status to women; of clerical and religious monopoly of power. We are aware that this sin within the Church has impeded her mission in India and prevented us from being instruments of liberation and witnesses of justice in society. We profess our desire for the grace of a corporate conversion of heart.

#### **4.0 RESPONSE**

- 4.1 Sent on a mission to evangelise the world, we now pledge our-selves to a new thrust for social justice in all areas of our apostolate. We experience the urgency of this task and call all our religious men and women to study, reflect on and respond enthusiastically in order to bring about the needed transformation.
- 4.2 We appeal to all Congregations to evaluate, re-orient and prioritise their ministries in consonance with their varied charisms. This will demand re-deployment and training of personnel and distribution of material resources accordingly.
- 4.3 We are convinced that solidarity with Peoples' Movement is an effective method of working for justice with the poor of our country. We want to study its requirements and equip our religious suitably.

- 4.4 We realise the magnitude of the task and offer to collaborate with all those who are involved in working for justice at all levels. We welcome issue-based collaboration with all agencies after sufficient discernment.
- 4.5 We shall approach this complex activity of involving ourselves in the struggle for justice in a professional manner. In order to realise this we shall provide suitable training and include the social teachings of the Church in our Formation Programmes for those religious who are specifically missioned to this area of apostolate.
- 4.6 We recognise that the present set-up in the CRI is not conducive to immediate action in response to justice issues. We therefore see the need to reorganise the Body at all levels to facilitate effective action.
- 4.7 We want to evolve a way of life that leads to a spirituality that is nurturing and supportive of action for justice programmes. We urge that Major Superiors of each Congregation address themselves to this task from the early stages of formation. We invite theologians and spiritual guides to join us in this journey towards an integration of life of faith and new forms of action for justice.

## **5.0 SPECIFIC RESPONSE FOR 1992**

- 5.1 The Joint Executive will get in touch with the relevant CBCI Commissions that are already working in this direction and collaborate with them, co-opting new personnel wherever necessary. The National Secretary will, through the help of the local CRI, identify voluntary agencies with whom we can collaborate on issues and publish these through the Newsletters.
- 5.2 We shall organise training programmes for action for justice with a thrust for peoples' Movements. The methodology will include exposure experience programmes for those missioned to the social apostolate, outreach programmes for those engaged in the educational, medical, pastoral and evangelical apostolates, and for Major Superiors who feel the need for such exposure for their animation work.
- 5.3 We urge Major Superiors during the course of the year to initiate a community study and reflection on the social

teachings of the Church using the input material provided during this Assembly, and then to help the community to formulate its own Action Plans. A synthesised report is to be sent to the CRI Secretariate which will circulate it among the member Congregations for mutual inspiration and encouragement.

***Into that Heaven of Freedom, my Father,  
Let my Country awake !***



NOTE : EXPLANATION OF THE TERM "PEOPLES' MOVEMENTS"

1. "Peoples'" refer primarily to such marginalised groups as dalits, tribal ethnic minorities, bonded and child labour, women, unorganised agricultural, industrial and domestic workers, etc. Secondly, it refers to those sections of society which are denied civil, economic, social, political, rights. Environmental movements, consumer societies, Peoples' Union for Civil Liberties, etc. are some of the forms taken by these sections.

*In brief, the first section concerns itself with the question of structural justice, and the second with rights.*

2. "Movements" refers to the organisation of people by a process of empowerment through critical awareness of the structural causes of injustice, their mobilisation for political action on issues carried out in a democratic manner, and their networking at the semi-macro and macro levels with other movements.

*Issue-based action will require legal, media and other forms of support. In this respect, any organisation, association, forum, etc., cannot be considered as movements except insofar as they form part of the movement we have described above. However, they can also function as supportive of such movements.*

3. The "Peoples' Movements" we have referred to above are not to be identified with militant or terrorist groups or organisations which believe in the use of armed force to achieve their objectives.