

ous point, nine-tenths of the message is iceberg-like below the surface of consciousness, in a series of very strategic Freudian slips. In these slips the heart beats out its own Morse code to other hearts—the “electrification” motif again—even while head speaks to head in sincere, tedious, Lenin-quoting clichés of the Establishment.

**R**USSIA'S NON-POLITICAL revolution of the heart reached a turning point, which no pressure or recantation can reverse, when thousands of young Muscovites stood for hours hearing the young poets on an icy day on Mayakovsky Square. I stood among them; it was an event I shall never forget. For the emotions were real and deep, not the superficial and phony reactions aroused by a demagogue or matinee idol; and they were and are not only local Russian emotions but also American and indeed universal, wherever the spirit of poetry is fighting for humanity against the spirit of robotism.

In the 1930's a then leftist political poet wrote in England:

*Minute your gesture but it  
must be made . . .*

*Still I drink your health before  
The gun-butt raps upon the door.*

Today let us repeat these same lines defiantly in a broader, less political sense. In either case the minute necessary gesture is the assertion of human dignity.

Russia's conspiracy of feelings may fail. So may our own parallel revolt against organization men in America. So did Pasternak's hero, Doctor Zhivago, fail. Overwhelmed by a society of metallic stereotypes, the individualistic Zhivago—the man of organic archetypes, the man of creative imagination—died in total defeat, felled in a crowded public conveyance by a heart attack of obviously psychological origin.

In terms of practical power Zhivago failed, and his creator Pasternak failed. But I know of nothing more honorable than failure in such a cause. I know of nothing more honorable and ultimately more fructifying than the conscience-kindling failure of the human spirit against overwhelming material power.

Today the American and Soviet boosters of production quotas like to ridicule the lonely artist for what they

both call “failure of nerve.” But (to use in a new way a phrase of David Riesman's) what a success-worshipping society most needs today is the nerve of failure. Only the nerve to fail honestly, in resistance to an over-mechanized society, can preserve for society its small flame of creativity, its living core.

The non-ideological writers and poets may fail, but such a cause cannot fail. It cannot fail because, Orwell's 1984 to the contrary, human beings are not ants, not the descendents of insects. They are the descendents of apes, individually playful fantastic apes, with all the crime and folly of such individualism but also with all its potential for free imagination and creative self-sacrifice.

“ . . . Minute your gesture, but it must be made.”

*Peter Viereck, poet and essayist, is a professor of Russian and European History at Mount Holyoke College; the article above was adapted from a talk he delivered to the alumnae and is a preview of his forthcoming book, A New Russian Revolution. Prof. Viereck received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1949 for his Terror and Decorum.*

## Letters:



### CABLE FROM CAMBODIA

SIRS:

I wish to express my sincere thanks for the courageous article [RAMPARTS, April 1966] concerning Washington's aggressive policy toward Cambodia.

Once again you have shown a lucidity and an objectivity which differs radically from the systematic bias of many American newspapers and magazines,

which are clearly trying to prepare the opinion of your country for a possible violation of Cambodian neutrality by the American interventionist forces in Southeast Asia.

Your article is thus a source of reassurance for my compatriots and for myself, for it proves to us once again that the cause of Cambodian neutrality has, even in the United States, objective witnesses and convinced defenders.

PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK  
Chief of State, Cambodia

### PASSPORT TO RESPECTABILITY

SIRS:

RAMPARTS deserves much credit for its innovating work in American journalism. It also deserves support for its unpopular views. The great majority of magazine writing and editing done by the Left only serves to satirize itself. Because of this self-negation it does not provoke discussion outside of inbred leftist circles. RAMPARTS seems to take itself seriously. It also seems to recognize the need for a slick format in a culture in which that type of format is the only passport to respectability. A combination of responsible radicalism with the most advanced American marketing techniques does not compromise that radicalism but is a necessity to bring certain topics into more general discussion.

The attacks on RAMPARTS currently being brought by Michigan State University only serve to illustrate the danger of such a magazine to entrenched views. The facts of Michigan State's involvement in the Diem regime have been available for quite a while in a pamphlet published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

I sincerely hope that you will become a mass medium of your own without retreating from your iconoclastic stance.

R. F. JAFFE  
Chicago, Illinois

SIRS:

Congratulations on your splendid article on Senator J. W. Fulbright. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee's televised hearings on Vietnam and China brought some hope to many troubled Americans that a reappraisal of our whole Asian policy might be

undertaken by the Congress and the Administration. It is tragic that Senator Fulbright is not our secretary of state. Let us hope that Fulbright's courageous decision to bring alternative solutions to light will not fall on deaf ears. The American people still have the right to *think* and to *vote*.

VIRGINIA ANDERSON  
Saginaw, Michigan

SIRS:

The intentions which prompted your recent article, "J. William Fulbright, A Profile in Courage," [RAMPARTS, June 1966] are admirable. Senator Fulbright is, to be sure, one of the few men in public office who has tried to question the clichés and untruths which President Johnson has foisted on the country during the past year or so. Such efforts deserve nothing but praise.

But the style of your article all but defeated your purpose.

In a recent article in the New York Review of Books Dwight MacDonald, defending the New Yorker, used the term "para-journalism" to describe such writing. It reads, on the surface, like vivid journalistic writing. But it includes, along with details which may well be factually accurate, things which the reporter could not possibly have observed. "Para-journalism," in the hands of a master, makes it impossible to distinguish fact from fiction; its overall effect is carefully designed, however, to produce anything but an unbiased response in its readers.

This is the prose style of Time magazine. Time doubtlessly uses this style in the service of confusion and half-truth; this does not give RAMPARTS the right to use the same style on the side of reason and honesty. The picture you try to draw of Fulbright is that of a man who, more than any other virtue, prizes intellectual honesty. It is sadly ironic that you should have done so in such an intellectually dishonest manner.

DANIEL COREN  
Berkeley, California

SIRS:

Page one of the April 1966 issue of RAMPARTS carries the following statement: "In the week after RAMPARTS published its massive study of the civic disaster that is Oakland [RAMPARTS, February 1966] two things of interest occurred: 1) the mayor resigned, and

2) the police chief quit."

May I suggest that you try your luck on Los Angeles? If you should meet with such crowning success there, I feel confident that you should be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. If you go down there, make sure you administer the coup de grâce to old Cardinal McIntyre. They goofed at Vatican Council II.

DOUGLAS C. FORD  
Honolulu, Hawaii

SIRS:

Your April 1966 issue contains serious distortions of my views of the modern American university.

On page 14, RAMPARTS states that "Clark Kerr... first came up with the vision of the large university as a 'service station' to society." That "vision" is not mine but Abraham Flexner's of 36 years ago. It was cited by me—in quotation marks and with clear identification—in my first Godkin Lecture. Moreover, Flexner did not like the "vision," nor do I.

On page 22, RAMPARTS says, "The students are, in Clark Kerr's idiom, only the 'raw material' that has to be processed." I don't know exactly whose idiom that is, but again it isn't mine. I have never used such a phrase for the logical reason that I have never entertained such a concept. On the contrary, I have stated in *The Uses of the University* that among the problems of consequence to be faced by universities is "how to treat the individual student as a unique human being in the mass student body."

At the University of California we are busy exploring possible approaches to the urgent problem of better undergraduate instruction through such methods as increased use of undergraduate seminars, independent study, honors program, experimental curricula, and undergraduate residential colleges as on our new Santa Cruz and San Diego campuses. These developments scarcely result from a view of students as mere "raw material!"

RAMPARTS, in its attempt to be provocative and stimulating, ought not to neglect the other journalistic virtues of accuracy and responsibility. Both the references to views I am said to hold are totally inaccurate and irresponsible.

CLARK KERR  
President, University of California

## CONTROVERSY OVER CLEAVER

SIRS:

After reading the review of James Baldwin's work by Mr. E. Cleaver [RAMPARTS, June 1966], I suggest you seriously reconsider your role in the magazine hierarchy. Not that this article did not have some merit, for it did. Many of Mr. Cleaver's comments are acute and valuable and it is possible that he is correct. Also there seem to be a few forums today in which the Negro writers can debate the clash in ideology that exists between them today. However, this particular article, though well phrased, was long, torturous, and, on the whole, tasteless. I do not particularly care to wade through reams of Mr. Cleaver's petulant defenses of his own manhood, nor do I care to read through volumes of legal slander to see if salient points may be made later.

Slander in itself, especially uninteresting slander, couched in vulgarity, is very boring. By eliminating redundancies, one would not have had to labor

- ➔ Peace marches
- ➔ Civil Rights demonstrations
- ➔ Berkeley riots
- ➔ Draft Card burnings
- ➔ Anti-Vietnam war teach-ins

... all are part of the new radical movement in America. Who are the new radicals? What do they believe? How much influence do they have? The answers are revealed here in a critical analysis by Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau. Included are the writings of Robert (Moses) Parris, Staughton Lynd, Carl Oglesby, and the other leaders of The Movement, along with a collection of statements, poems, songs, cartoons, and leaflets that show the style and quality of the protests of the 60's.

## THE NEW RADICALS

A REPORT WITH DOCUMENTS

by PAUL JACOBS and SAUL LANDAU. Clothbound, \$4.95; Paperbound, \$1.95. Now at your bookstore. RANDOM HOUSE



over the article to find the precious little that was worthwhile.

W. TRENTON HENDRICKS  
Subscription No. 6610E  
Trenton, New Jersey

Eldridge Cleaver  
c/o RAMPARTS

Dear Eldridge:

Your article, "Notes on a Native Son," made me happy that as beautiful a man as you could be alive.

Here is a flower.

BRIGID BRINE  
Rye, New York

SIRS:

It seems to me, we have a problem.  
How to get Eldridge Cleaver out.

KRIS NEVILLE  
Los Angeles, California

SIRS:

Paul Jacobs' presentation of Eldridge Cleaver's arrogant whimperings is inexcusable.

It is very simple to understand Cleaver's tendencies toward self-compassion. But the psychotic white man who constantly wars on reason; presumes to rectify the fumbblings of God and Mother Nature; would repeal the law of gravity and make all men equal by pulling the highest down to the level of the lowest—now a reasonable possibility—is beyond analysis!

If all men are equal—deep inside are brothers—we are lucky that some are more equal than others.

BOB OAKES  
Ashland, Oregon

SIRS:

Is the article by Eldridge Cleaver your idea of good taste? Does a life of crime prepare one for a career in writing? Should mature adults take seriously the shock phrases and whining babble of society's misfits?

Should we take seriously their juvenile message that since they do not measure up to the standards of our society—then our society must be all wrong? These are the whimperings of a con artist.

Should a man and his family be subjected to such filth in the name of liter-

ary criticism, free speech, or the Negro revolt?

CHARLES WATERS  
Ewen, Michigan

SIRS:

I am a new subscriber to RAMPARTS. I find your magazine rude, insolent and argumentative. In short, it is about the best investment I ever made.

JOHN P. JARVIS  
Garden Grove, California

#### PEOPLE SERVED UP NIGHTLY

SIRS:

RAMPARTS' art work leaves me cold, but its guts are the juice of life.

Through you, I have met some remarkable thoughts: the clear statements of Frantz Fanon. Camilo Torres, Christian Geissler's America—Nazified. The courageous report of Donald Duncan.

My neighbors can digest their dinners while viewing the anguish of little brown people spitted, broiled, and served up nightly—dispassionately—by TV news. My neighbors' eyes only water and wander. "Scratch the thin cover of dung on the sand of our convictions? We have a big investment in dung and sand and blood. It's the American Way. It's the Great Society. So, shaddup!"

LOUIS B. MULVEY  
Cathedral City, California

SIRS:

I would like to make a brief comment concerning "Amerika Uber Alles" by Christian Geissler [RAMPARTS, April 1966]. It is my feeling that his exposition of our moral stance, or lack of it, in Vietnam is extremely striking. Although we as a nation have no overt gas chambers here or in Vietnam and have made no manifest statements advocating genocide, the result morally and ethically is the same. I would sincerely hope that members of the present Administration would read his opinions in their entirety. It might not bring about any positive reformation in policy but at least they would be unable to say that they were unaware of such implications.

BRUCE CAMPBELL  
Welfare Island, New York

SIRS:

New York City is always the whipping boy [Totalitarian Capital with Acanthus: RAMPARTS, April 1966]. It's buildings are monoliths and ugly—I'm sure that comment was hurled at the Flatiron Building and even City Hall at one time or another. New York has always been big and ugly, quote the critics; and I admit more than just a grain or two of truth. However, I think that New York is a jewel compared with our non-urban "development." A "developer" buys a large parcel of land and develops (rapes) it. And should you think this poor taste, what do you say of those who call these ubiquitous ranches and splits their homes? These non-urban areas are so well planned that should a resident care to see two trees standing together, he must go to a city park or into some rare nondeveloped area.

If you wish to view totalitarianism, take yourself to the suburbs.

WALTER TYSZKA  
New York City

SIRS:

It's been some time since I've enjoyed a cartoon as much as I did in RAMPARTS, April 1966. The Crocodile fits Lyndon Johnson to a "T."

GORDON PEDERSEN  
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

I have been increasingly impressed not only with the quality and documentation of your reporting, but with the excellence of the writing in *all* sections of the magazine. I have never before seen an American magazine cover such a wide scope of material without degenerating into the Newsweek—Time kind of superficial and homogeneous articles after a few years. Somehow, you have managed to maintain a sense of humor and objectivity, to write with wit and good English, to cover everything from factual reporting to creative, imaginative thinking, all with equal excellence.

Thank you for what I consider to be categorically the finest magazine printed in the United States today.

SHEILA QUINN  
Portland, Oregon



WALTER DORTCH/FLAGG

**I WANT YOU  
FOR U.S. ARMY  
NEAREST RECRUITING STATION**

[Turn the Page]