

# St. John's Collegian

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A lecture in Baltimore sponsored by the Americans for Democratic Action on October 11 was a political speech, a tutorial, and at times, a sermon. The ADA invited Mr. Stringfellow Barr to lecture. He did, and delivered an extremely important lecture. To a half-filled auditorium Mr. Barr spoke on Foreign Policy, its problems and its function. Because of the lecture's importance this review will attempt to recapitulate and extend the essentials of Mr. Barr's talk so that it may be considered by the student body.

Primarily, Mr. Barr said that a realistic foreign policy should be based on a clear and precise statement of what problem the world faces. This presupposes, of course, the solution of what the world's basic problems are, and the formulation of plans in accordance with that view. But we have two worlds, separate and opposed, not "One World". These two worlds are battling for power, and therefore, their foreign policies clash, each offering the world a solution to her problems. Foreign policy deals essentially with foreigners . . . we forget that sometimes . . . and who are most foreigners? The world has 2.2 billion people and most of these are neither Russian nor Americans, nor are they white. Three-quarters of these people, or over one and a half billion, are sick, hungry, illiterate, and carrying diseased bodies for their brief time on this earth. They live in continual misery and it is extremely difficult for the well-fed western mind to conceive of their plight. Nearly all of these people belong to the colored races of the earth and all are terribly oppressed. These are the people we intend to lead in our crusade against Communism. Our policy is anti-Communist, but much to the embarrassment of the State Department, the world's problem is misery.

When these people look at Russia they see liberation from landlords, money

## A Quick Atinomy

Have you ever looked within yourself?  
Last night I did  
And found a stranger  
Whose identity dangled like a crust  
Of sleep  
From uncertainty's heavy lid.

Louis Graff

changers and corrupt politicians. They also see a planned development of their country on an industrial basis. When we look at Russia we see Totalitarianism. To the oppressed people of the world this means nothing. They have always known tyranny. They want to live, and to end their exile from life and to leave their inheritance of misery. Russia's solution to the problem is Communism. But it offers also to mankind freedom from poverty, starvation, plagues and ignorance.

Our solution is an almost unheard and very weak cry to the starving of the world: Point Four, the economic aid program to underdeveloped countries. But, Mr. Barr let us know, the Senate Committee's funds appropriated for this brave plan was not as much as New York City spent in 1949 to sweep its streets and dispose of its garbage, that is, when it gets around to dispose of its garbage. To the two-thirds of the world's population that live in misery how does this sound? Russia offers revolution. Russia offers planned industrial economy. Our Senate Committee offered garbage sweeping funds. Obviously, Communism has no competition in the world today.

Yes, you can shoot a Communist, but can you kill an idea? Communism *is* an idea.

This idea Russia claims is the *only* solution to save mankind from this walking death of misery. She offers a positive program. Mankind has slowly become awakened and is convinced that misery is no longer necessary. With scientific

knowledge and mass production she sees misery need not be tolerated. Knowing this the underdeveloped countries are struggling for the freedom they need to bring about this end; which is why the policy of isolation is nonsense. This is the new factor; the world is awakening and is determined to solve its economic problems with or without us. What is the solution the West proposes to the problem? Anti-Communism, but anti-Communism is guns and not bread. Is it an answer? Is our Foreign Policy dealing with the real world?

Mr. Barr offers another alternative - a positive, realistic policy. First, we must enquire why Point Four offered the world so much and received so little from the Senate Committee. Mr. Barr suggested the answer lay in what he considered to be four false assumptions governing our thought and the thought of the Senate Committee: That Russia is all that is in the way of mankind and a stable peace; That America can rebuild the world economy, or enough to stop Russia in the world struggle; That free-enterprise can do a better job than government; That the job can be done on small yearly appropriations.

If Russia and all the Communists were to vanish tomorrow, would not the problem be here? Would not the hungry millions still seek equality or would, with the Communists, the hungry millions vanish too? These millions are going to struggle with or without Russia for they have nothing to lose. But, Russia is not gone and she offers to two billion people freedom from misery. Mr. Barr asks us, "Why allow the Communists to be the only people to whom the oppressed and hungry can turn for understanding and action?"

The second premise when investigated came to this. That the addition of Point Four program for world development to our military and arms program would leave to Point Four just what we did leave them... garbage funds. Nor would the government abolish the Army, Navy and Air Force at this time to facilitate world development. What of the Marshall Plan? To the Asians it allowed the French and Dutch to fight Colonial Wars; for the Asian thought it was not a coincidence that Marshall Plan Funds to the French and Dutch equalled the war funds spent in Indo-China and Indonesia. Again, the Asians watched Europe

rebuilding from the chaos of War to a standard for which they can only dream. Yet, Mr. Barr let it be known that if we were to "watch" over governments to which we loaned money, the charge of imperialism might be justified. The oppressed resent ineffective plans and are thinking and acting more towards rebellion.

Third, that "free enterprise" can do the job better than government. But "free enterprise", which most Europeans call private enterprise (for they realize that even before Pearl Harbor only 250 Corporations owned 2/3 of the vast manufacturing facilities of the United States) can not attempt the job and if it did it would only be capable of building temporary shacks for what is the history of man. Private capital, or capitalism, goes where it can make money. And it moves where the maximum profit is possible. To have profits one must have cheap labor, no currency restrictions, and a friendly government. To the oppressed peoples this spells Exploitation and Colonialism. Essentially, it is the wrong job for private enterprise, for it hasn't worked and it won't work. They need a return for their money. An investor who demands a return on the dollar is going to do some serious voting against the corporation director who endorses his funds for non-profitable ends. And he is right, he wants a return.

The underdeveloped countries need roads, schools, hospitals, electric power and irrigation *before* there are these things in a country. The business man who does not consider this does not deal with the world. A country must already be healthy and productive to enjoy American business. You can't sell gasoline to a man on a donkey travelling on a dirt road.

The concept of American Business is that corporations are formulated for profit - the quicker the better. This profit-drive can not build schools, roads, hospitals, irrigation or electric power projects, simply because it does not pay. If they were to invest in these plans there would be no check from your Corporation to buy Christmas presents or anything else for quite awhile. Nor is Uncle Sam able to provide for the world when we ourselves are not fully developed. The Tax-payer would have a legitimate gripe if money were to be spent in North Africa for schools when not enough is spent in his own community for the run-down school house.

Only the combined effort of the world can surmount this problem. For it is the world's problem. One world. We must rebuild our world economy. It will take massive funds of all nations. The only suitable agency for this plan is the United Nations because nations of the world lack a common government. But we are faced with world government of another kind, actually two governments, the two worlds, each desiring to force its own kind of peace upon the rest of the world, which is war. In the next war the victor must rule as the conquerer and that is totalitarianism. Each is seeking to sway the "free nations" but when have the pleas of the poor been heard by the rich? Will the oppressed believe in a Point Four through the United Nations? Or will they think this too has strings attached? Could the U. N. tackle the job?

The United Nations is still a group of representatives from national governments and subject to the dictates of their states. An agency of such importance as a world development corporation should not be founded upon the shaky stability of national whims. Mr. Barr here suggests we look for the key to this problem in our Tennessee Valley Authority. But what did TVA do? It gave us the basic answer to the problem of poverty in the Tennessee Valley. By damming up only one tributary river system of the vast Missouri River it brought prosperity to the valley. The funds came from the public of which the Valley was only a part, an undeveloped section of the country - actually, an "underdeveloped country". Dictatorship and forced labor battalions were not necessary, but we did it, and there are now many more smiling people in the valley. Here is our answer to Communism. The TVA was a product of Congress and responsible to it, yet was free to develop, make contracts, and make a "profit". It did not live on garbage funds and therefore those living in the valley were not made to feel like poor relations. The directors were Congressmen, voted to office by the people; responsible to the people of America. The T.V.A. was America's answer to poverty and misery in the Valley. The world is asking us when we will be able to give the world a world TVA.

Is this realistic or is war realistic? If it is war, then we are planning *for* the world what is best for it. Not *with* it. We will be dictating to the world that Communism is not

the answer without giving any alternative. The poor and hungry will still be without bread, and a decent place to live. The last war cost us, if we can talk of money next to blood, ten trillion dollars... what will the next cost? Should we contain Russia or embrace the World? Our world neighbors must be consulted and planned *with* for world development or for world war. Which will it be? *For* or *with*? Mr. Barr looked up and said almost reluctantly, for I think he might have thought that the time is already getting late, "The day the UN sets aside the funds for a World Development Corporation to plan for the world, hope would again sweep the world where now there is nothing but fear and that day would be marked as one of the greatest dates in the history of man."

The UN would have to issue Bonds, low priced bonds, so that the world's population could buy them. All of us. The interest could be paid in "world-peace". The funds would be used to irrigate the deserts of India, Africa, control the rivers of China, and build industry and nations so that war would not be a necessity.

I, too, believe, Mr. Barr, the people would buy... they would invest. Nations would fall in line. People all over the earth would bear and, if their rulers would not respond, actions would be taken against these rulers. Is Mr. Barr's plan too idealistic? No, I think most of us wonder why it has not been put forth before this time. We have been awaiting this challenge. It is *our* challenge. We have offered too many war speeches; too much time has already gone down the drain; we must act together.

There is an alternative. The third world war; Mr. Barr outlined that, too. Then when it is over, if anything is left, including us, we might well have learned that we are not alone and must work together. It would indeed be harder then, with much of our resources and men gone, but, perhaps we would be compensated by a little more wisdom in our poverty. Yes, Mr. Barr, rich folly might have to fail where simple tools and men might not, but the price would be tremendous... the devastation of a Third World War.

Mr. Barr finished, folded his papers, acknowledged the applause and sat down. The speaker from the ADA said a few words to Mr. Barr, then paused and addressed the group. He reminded them that there were some petitions in the rear to sign as they

walked out. As we passed the door I read, "I pledge to resist aggression and tyranny anywhere in the world." But, aggression and tyranny are born from misery and man's indifference to man. To resist aggression and tyranny is only to slay the product with us.

I noticed that I was reading the third line of the "Crusade for Freedom" petition. Curious that the third line will lead us to the Third World War.

*Pierre Grimes*

### ZERO FOR CONDUCT

"Zero for Conduct" demonstrates a presumption about the reality of childhood (essentially fantastic); an audacity about the stature of maturity; a violation of surrealism (which, in turn, may well be a violation of Art) - the story has no theological, philosophical, psychological or pathological meaning; and, at last the words of the prologue submit to a certain immense vacuity with the candid (and, I suspect, desperate) statement: "This is an ode to childhood."

First, childhood as such is not real, and anything said about it is necessarily presumptuous. Particularly when one goes so far as to say it is unreal. If it were unreal, it certainly could not then be fantastic, for what is more real than phantasy? And such a phantasy as that is always in the special province of a Cervantes.

In this way, we proceed to maturity (not, here, audaciously, but with some kind of discretion). Maturity, after all, is not something between train smoke and cigar smoke which sleeps and is proclaimed dead by blasé moppets (who later were heard to say, in effect, "Don't wake him! If you wake him, you'll kill him!") Nor is it bearded dwarfs, dumb thieves, or glass-entombed derbies. It is wrong to associate maturity with blind-folded lamp-lighters and corpulent, homosexual skeletons—it is...maturity is...

*(Q'est-ce-que je dis!?)*

André Breton's 1924 "Manifesto" defined surrealism as "A psychic automatism with the help of which we propose to express the real functioning of thought, either orally, or in writing, or in any other way. A dictation of thought without any control by reason, outside all aesthetic or moral pre-

occupations."

From this, we can at least consider the phrase, "...the real functioning of thought...," somehow.

The real functioning of adolescent and pre-adolescent thought cannot be thought to differ essentially from more mature thought processes. The continuum, or, more strictly, the evolution of thought behavior, etc., must, in all reasonableness, be thought to be just that: an evolving of cause and effect actions and reactions through time, as one unceasingly participates in some kind of thoughtful integration with external and absolute reality...

Freud says, ("Leonardo da Vinci", Random House, New York, 1947) "Important biological analogies have taught us that the psychic development of the individual is a short repetition of the course of development of the race, and we shall therefore not find improbable what the psychoanalytic investigation of the child's psyche asserts concerning the infantile estimation of the genitals."

Hubbard, however, says, ("Dianetics", Hermitage House, New York) "Persons, as they live forward from childhood, suffer... losses... and each loss takes from them a little more of this  $\Theta$  (life force)... quantity..."

In either event, that this (R. F. of thought) should be expressed in terms of nose-blown toy trumpets, balloons, bouncing rubber balls, swinging lanterns and floating feathers is unthinkable. A childish sensitivity which cannot extend beyond an adoration of merely Chaplinesque qualities in one's tutor, for example, (otherwise, a rather excellent fellow, I must say), is a lamentable—rather, a disturbing possibility.

(...however, there was with this Hugert... a singular kind of...of rapport...)

In fact, Breton peremptorily states in his "Second Manifesto," (1926) "Everything suggests the belief that there is a certain point of the mind where life and death, the real and the imaginary, the past and the future, the communicable and the incommunicable, the high and the low are no longer perceived as contradictions. It would be vain to look for any motive in surrealist activity other than the hope of determining that point."

Or (Really):

"A pleasant and more hopeful

life in general—and never think (we intimate) that the woman stays for food alone, whatever the wits say about women—has a high survival potential, and that can overcome a very great deal of pain."

*L. R on Hubbard*

*Charles Powleske*

### DIALECTIC IN LIMBO

Suppose morning  
Closed the frail petunia's lips,  
And dreaming violets were  
Bled;  
Could you be sure?  
Inside the visceral pains  
Betray  
Tinkering of a frigid  
Head.

Suppose you woke  
Feeling dew on your pillow  
And heard echoes of last night's  
Tears;  
Would you tremble?  
Oftimes impatient streams  
Annoy  
Proud Pacific's white-capped  
Seer.

Suppose the dark  
Agreed to pollinate God's breath  
But earth refused to join the  
Rite;  
How would you know?  
Jupiter shoots his arrows  
Cleanly  
And robs Achilles of his  
Flight.

Suppose the bridge  
Let loose his aching hold  
And broke the arc from truth to  
Truth;  
Could you recall?  
Determined Corioli  
Burned  
The corn where once sobbed  
Ruth.

*Louis Graff*

### PORTRAIT OF A MAD PAINTER

A scrap of peeling fresco illustrates the Talmud  
And teases impatient eyes for stolen light;  
The rapid glance of impious youth,  
Otherwise pledged to vowelless blight,  
Beholds the vision of a prenatal period:  
While canvas soothes the beardless demigod,  
Parchment buries deep the priestly truth.

As nomads feast on flat bread and fetid garlic,  
And practice the covenant among the sphinx,  
Their children toy with Euclidean means  
Of freeing the tribe from what it thinks  
Is Jaweh's sequestered kosher picnic:  
34:21 becomes the golden chemic  
From which is brewed a graven scene.

A head anointed with wormwood oil  
Construes an elongated Ubangi dream,  
And smears her dress with jungle juice;  
Instead of breasts, a sermon screams  
Serving up God a reborn gargoyle:  
The spirit leaps from soil to soil,  
Leaving at altars fresh prepuce.

A stolen pear makes us saints,  
Whose magic confuses  
The artist with what he paints.

*Louis Graff*

### A FREUDIAN MAGNITUDE

Irony  
Prevents me from sounding the well;  
The depths return  
A somber knell  
And leave me  
With an ominous vision  
Of death's taciturn  
Parody.

Yet imagery  
Exposes my rational flight;  
The heights unveil  
A raw insight  
Into the  
Indecencies of a mind's  
Passion for frail  
Novelty.

*Louis Graff*

## A Fragment

When infants in our cribs of birth,  
 We knew not dream nor goal,  
 A room was then our little earth,  
 A word was then our soul.

Usually in the early evening when the air and the sky and the leaves were at peace with themselves he would walk. His gaze would usually be directed toward the chips of shale and ash in the curb. Occasionally he would look at the sluices of cloud stuff, noticing how some looked as if they had been juiced up while others moved with the wind and fell apart like rapidly dividing cells and still others were so stilly puffed out that they could have been mistaken for props.

Everything was quite casual at that time. In the side streets he would often notice men in undershirts sitting in a thoughtful, sad, after-dinner, almost animal-like silence, some smoking straight black pipes, most simply plumped down in their chairs with the weight of their sins and happinesses and embarrassments balanced safely but nimbly on their navels. He would turn a full photographic glance at them and continue walking, bearing with him the image of sorrowful eyes, grim cheeks, blunt bellies. The images would turn over and around and inside out in his mind like dissolving cud, then further gradually down into the vague, smudgy depths of things remembered.

Then there would be the quick cries.

"Y-you hit me and I'll tell momma and you'll catch it"

"You was out. I tagged the telee-pole. You was out."

"I was not."

"You was. I tagged."

"How'd you know?"

"Cause I tagged, that's how."

"Cause why?"

"Cause."

"Why?"

"Cause, that's why."

And the thin cries would dwindle away around a corner, leaving behind them the instant absence that a rabbit leaves when it darts quick legged into tall grass.

All these things, along with the fanned out brilliance of the sun setting, the ants tugging stubbornly at tremendous toothpicks, the grass laying down like blown hair in the

wind, the women who swept the black dust from their walks with worn-down brooms, would come to pass on these evenings.

*Anonymous*

## GOSPEL ACCORDING TO

I

Think and think

But fathom not

Mysteries

Of life, love, frogs, of fleas;

For once when close I seem to come,

Their shadows slip into the Sun.

Son!

Hanging there

In God's strange grace,

Crucified,

Dead, buried, yet quite alive;

And ear which hears no outer sound,

Of truth er'lasting, truth uncrowned.

Found

Yes, at last,

An unwatched gate,

Liberalized

From freedom's barb-baited prize;

Clear logos smiles and winks her eye,

And bids me come prepare to die.

My!

What weird dispatch destroys the dirge;

I lay seduced

By a demi-urge

*Louis Graff*