

# MENNONITE LIFE

JANUARY 1967



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# MENNONITE LIFE

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COVER (front) "You're going to jail," says Laurie Pritchett, Albany police chief, to Martin Luther King, Jr. (left) and William G. Anderson, president of the Albany movement. The Negro leaders were part of a group arrested on the Albany, Georgia, courthouse steps when they continued to pray in defiance of Pritchett's order to move on.

COVER (back) A policeman sits on a Negro boy to prevent him from boarding a school bus carrying white children to neighboring communities for segregated classes, in Crawfordville, Georgia.

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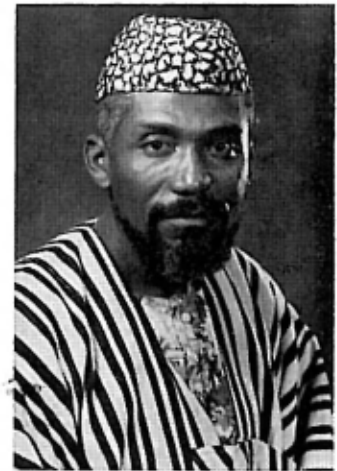
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## IN THIS ISSUE

INDIVIDUALS AND groups developing deviating thoughts and convictions run the risk of being discriminated against in one way or another. The history of mankind has never been without such disturbers to the status quo. In many instances they were and remained a nuisance. On the other hand many dissenters became prophets and pioneers pointing the way, the better way, for generations to come. These individuals and groups were usually the ones who differed ideologically in an otherwise homogeneous society. In many instances they chose to suffer severely and to become martyrs rather than to give up their views. This was a martyrdom by conviction and choice. ¶ Just as our creator has not given every individual a streamlined mind and an identical conscience so he has not given everyone the same physical appearance. Some differences in outward appearance and linguistic peculiarities often lead us to deduct from what background a person is. In the melting pot of nations which constitutes America there has always been the tendency for newcomers to adjust rapidly to the ways of the country. There is a human tendency to be just like the rest. Linguistic and cultural traits can easily be adjusted to a common denominator. ¶ This however is not the case with the physical and color features we have inherited. The problem would be greatly minimized if there was not such a strong tendency for people to discriminate consciously or subconsciously along these lines. Thus a majority, or even a strong minority, will discriminate in many ways against a minority, or even a majority, of a different racial background. There is even a tendency for a politically, socially, and economically strong minority to strengthen its advantageous positions to retain them at any price. ¶ As Christians and as representatives of the Western civilization we must realize that our white ancestors accepted both Christianity and the basic elements of our civilization from the inhabitants of the fading Roman empire spreading it in the Germanic and Slavic countries of western Europe. The same Christianity, however, also spread among nations of a non-white color south of the Mediterranean Sea. ¶ God not only chose to create man with various colors of skin and hair but he also chose to have his Son appear on earth in a nation which did not have the pale northern skin. Already Paul must have faced the problem we are still dealing with because he had to tell his generation that in Christ there "is no distinction between Jew and Greek; the same Lord is Lord of all" (Rom. 10:12). For Paul Christ was not an abstract remote possibility but an ever present reality of the daily life, walk, and behavior of every minute and in every situation. Paul was also aware of the fact that Christ's redemption was for the whole creation and was a challenge to those who had benefitted by the first fruits of this renewal. As in the days of Paul so in our day the creation is still "groaning in travail" for its deliverance (Rom. 8:22). We are challenged to be co-workers with Christ in his redemptive plan regardless of how little we may be able to do. Above all let us beware of abstractly embracing far away causes, people, and nations and neglecting our Christian responsibilities within our immediate reach.



*John T. Akar, Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa, lectured at Bethel College on conditions in Africa and "An African Views America."*

## I. The Church Reevaluates Itself

### THE COMFORTABLE PEW AND THE TANGLED WORLD

*By Elmer F. Suderman*

SEEN FROM THE comfortable pews of most of our American churches, the world today looks promising; its troubles are far away, and life smiles on us. In the sanctuary we can sing our hymns, contemplate the story of Jesus undisturbed, listen to "Angel voices ever singing," polish our souls, and leave with God's benediction following us.

The pew is tidy, the world tangled. In the congregation there is peace, in the world pandemonium. The church is sanguine, the world shocking; who would not prefer the placid pew to the wicked world?

But while we sit here Sunday after Sunday resting our weary souls in the love that will not let us go, from San Francisco to Harlem long submerged passions are breaking loose, and black men, frustrated, embittered, voiceless, face white men with lethal weapons and implacable hatred. National Guardsmen put down the rioters with orders to shoot to kill if attacked or fired upon. In Granada, Mississippi, angry white men, armed with ax handles, pipes and chains and urged on by screaming and cursing white women beat Negro children whose only crime was that they dared to attend desegregated schools. Next Sunday many of the white men will pray "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us."

In Washington silver-tongued senators from the North argue persuasively against and defeat the open housing bill which would allow the Negro to break out of his ghettos. The same senators are more concerned with getting prayer back into the public schools and escalating the war in Vietnam, voting ten times more money for the war than for funds to meet the elementary needs of deprived human beings. The costly war requires that we economize, for we cannot have both butter and bullets. Since the war will cost us \$23 billion this year, the free school lunch program must be cut from \$101 million to \$23 million, the \$78 million saving paying for a little less than two days of the war. Do not worry about the children who depended on the hot lunches; they can go to church where Jesus will bless them. Deplore the high cost of the poverty program, but support the war, for it stimulates the economy.

The more we kill  
The better we live  
a poet has told us.

Do not look out the window, from the affluent pew, for if you look far enough you may see that in India millions are starving and that the average per capita income is \$70 a year, less than many of us spend on our coffee breaks, and much less than we spend on stronger drinks or cigarettes. What we spend each year for wars, past, present, and future, costs each American \$350 a year, \$280 a year more than the per capita income in India. In the United States we spend less than one half of one percent of our gross national product for economic assistance to underdeveloped countries. We spend a million dollars a day to store our surplus food. Do not look; it disturbs worship. Indians are emaciated; we are fat. Huddled in sapped, starving, dry and dusty villages, they look with sunken, fearful, pained, and questioning eyes at our overloaded dinners, their children yearning from amid the squalor and dung for our garbage. We can't help it can we? Let us worship, rather, and thank God who made

The earth so bright;  
So full of splendor and of joy, beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here, noble and right.

Let us be thankful that our average per capita income is \$2,550 a year, not \$70. Do not think about the twisted pain of hunger; take up an offering and give a widow's mite and then let's all go to eat steak, eating without being hungry, enough to feed at least one starving man.

Do not look out the church window, for in Vietnam Americans die, a hundred or more a week, over 5,000 since the war began. The Vietnamese die faster, and we rejoice with every week's head count: the dispatches each Thursday reporting the Vietnamese dead with the same objectivity that a sports writer uses in reporting the score of a basketball game. There are no figures released for the civilian population killed—they would be too difficult to count—but one estimate is that since the war started 100,000 civilians have been

killed because the inextinguishable fire of Napalm does not distinguish between soldier and civilian or between friend or foe. Enjoy the self-indulgent pew; it is odious outside.

Close your eyes in reverent devotion, for if you look far enough you may see through our clean, clear window. Napalm blinding men, women, and children, searing their skin and replacing it with a hard black crust easily broken, speckled with yellow pus, making it impossible to sit or lie down—Napalm made by enterprising, profit-making, church-going Americans. Do not look at the mind-numbing horror of mutilated bodies without arms and legs; do not listen to the wailing women who have lost their children; and do not smell the stench of the burned bodies. Napalm is an ugly word. "The Lord be with you," is more satisfying. And the smell of burning flesh is, undeniably, unpleasant. Cologne elicits more pleasant thoughts.

Do not listen as you sit in the moral pew, for you may hear an American, fighting in Vietnam, expressing to newsmen his delight in flushing Vietcong out of their caves with bombs and then pouring Napalm on them. "I just love to see him burn." Do not listen, for such language inhibits singing "to the Lord with cheerful voice," serving him with mirth, and coming before him to rejoice.

Do not look out of the window from the affluent pew, at least not very far, for out there are the destroyed churches in Vietnam, stained glass shattered and altar defiled. Our stained glass throws interesting shadows on the comfortable pew. Do not look at the razed countryside, villages and rice granaries destroyed, leaving those who have not been blown to bits or reduced to a bubbling mass of Napalm to live as wild boars in the forest. Such destruction and defoliation will cost us \$5280 per South Vietnamese acre this year. Do not look that far. The maples are brilliant this fall and the wheat and corn crops are good.

Do not listen to the cries of these children. Sing rather the hymn which speaks so sweetly of God's children, living in far-off lands

In strange and lovely cities  
Or roam the desert sands  
Or farm the mountain pastures  
Or till the endless plain  
Where children wade through rice fields  
And watch the camel train.

It is much easier to bring "The truth that comes from Jesus," as the song continues, to such idyllic but make-believe children than to bring it to hungry Vietnamese whose rice fields we have sprayed with poison.

Put stained glass in the church windows to keep out the world with its confusion, terror, horror, and hideous pain so that we might be undisturbed in telling—to each other, of course—

The old, old story  
Of unseen things above  
Of Jesus and His glory  
Of Jesus and His love.

Wrap your souls in cellophane to avoid contamination by sweating, bloated, starving millions eating scraps of garbage, if at all. Breathe deeply of the bracing American fall air and the seductive perfume of well-washed, clean bodies to keep out the stench of the rotten dead. Keep your eye on the cross, comely mirror lucent, to avoid seeing

Green, Clumsy legs  
High booted, sprawled and groveled along the saps,  
And trunks, face downward in the sucking mud,  
Wallowed like trodden sandbags loosely filled,  
And naked, sodden buttocks, mats of hair,  
Bulged clotted heads sleeping in the plastering  
slime.<sup>1</sup>

Nestle more deeply into the comfortable pew, for it is better than the twisted world, and what's religion for if it doesn't shut out the evil? Do not listen, but if the curses of the wounded intrude even into the sanctuary, pray for peace, but not for the Vietcong. at least until we are certain that the House Committee on un-American Activities would not consider it subversive, and do not send food to the North Vietnamese; increase the number of bombing missions instead.

Do not look at the squalor and debasement of life in the slums where half-brutalized children fill the air with shrieks and curses, looking for cool water as they tumble among the littered street, going home at night to share a single room with twelve others. Let the church be concerned with keeping its haberdashery neat and perfecting its choreography. Do not look at Granada with its red dust and redder blood; here in the church chat amiably with our middle class God, briefing Him about how things are going here on earth, deploring the excesses of civil rights leaders and Vietnamese war protesters. Do not think about bloated hunger; church dinners are more interesting. Let us take a spiritual tranquilizer if we must, let us praise God from whom all blessings flow, if we can; and above all, let us pray, if we dare.

#### Prayer

O God of Martin Luther King and George Wallace.  
Of the North Vietnamese and the United States Air  
Force.  
Of the starving Indians and of Mennonites,  
Forgive us for being hurt by things that do not really  
matter  
And being insensitive to things that break the heart of  
God.

<sup>1</sup> Siegfried Sassoon, from *Counter-Attack*.

# WHERE HAVE ALL THE LOVERS GONE?

By Vincent Harding

Reprinted from *New South* (Vol. 21, No. 1, Winter, 1966).

*Reflections on the Nonviolent Movement in America*  
*I speak Americans for your good. We must and shall be free I say, in spite of you. . . . And wo, wo, will be to you if we have to obtain our freedom by fighting.*  
—David Walker (*Boston Negro*), in his *APPEAL*, 1829.

*Do to us what you will and we will still love you. . . . We will soon wear you down by our capacity to suffer.*  
—Martin Luther King, Jr., *STRIDE TOWARD FREEDOM*, 1958.

*A black man has the right to do whatever is necessary to get his freedom. We will never get it by nonviolence.*  
—Malcolm X, 1964, quoted in *LIBERATION*, February, 1965.

## Will They Learn?

Sometimes it seems far more than a decade and sometimes it seems no longer than a fiercely stretched and searing day since a young, frightened and eloquent black preacher stood in the churches of Montgomery, Alabama, and urgently called a determined Negro populace to fight evil with love. As those tens of thousands began their long walk of protest against the deeply entrenched injustice and humiliation of segregated buses, they were challenged with these words:

Our actions must be guided by the deepest principles of our Christian faith. Love must be our regulating ideal. Once again we must hear the words of Jesus echoing across the centuries: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you. . . ." In spite of the mistreatment that we have confronted we must not become bitter, and end up by hating our white brothers. . . . If we fail to do this our protest will end up as a meaningless drama on the stage of history, and its memory will be shrouded with the ugly garments of shame.<sup>1</sup>

In these ardent, moving words were the convictions that had been delivered up out of the man's own dark and solitary nights of turmoil and search. They were the words that struck responsive chords in the minds and spirits of his Negro listeners, and as he spoke, his words repeatedly brought forth impassioned outbursts of hope from trembling lives. Soon each intonation,

each line was heard throughout the wounded and broken communities of the South. Soon they seeped into the weary ghettos of the North, finally pouring out to a world half cynical, half wondering if this might indeed be the way.

In the minds of black and white men alike grim visions and somber dreams were thrown against these words of hope. Memories of Nat Turner, images of the carnage at Shilo and Antietam, sounds of hateful, fearful mobs, pictures of black bodies swaying in the winds on lonely country roads or above exultant, guilt-torn crowds—all these seemed too much to forget, to forgive, to overcome.

Still the black preacher preached on, and the people marched, and the court finally ruled on their behalf. And when the deaths continued, when the oppression seemed more devious but no less unrelenting, the young man born in the South adopted the Indian saint as his own and cried out,

We will match your capacity to inflict suffering with our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet your physical force with soul force. We will not hate you, but we cannot . . . obey your unjust laws. Do to us what you will and we will still love you. Bomb our homes and threaten our children; send your hooded perpetrators of violence into our communities and drag us out on some wayside road, beating us and leaving us half dead, and we will still love you. But we will soon wear you down by our capacity to suffer. And in winning our freedom we will so appeal to your heart and conscience that we will win you in the process.<sup>2</sup>

Soon a generation even younger than his own heard the call and moved into the battle. Their language and convictions were not as outwardly Christian as the prophet of Montgomery, but their personal commitment was no less complete. As they sat at the counter and rode the buses, as they fell beneath the billy clubs and sang in the jails, they too were hoping that this preacher of love was right and they were willing to risk their lives on the gamble—at least for a time. A new society might be worth a man's life.

Then in the midst of the tumult, among the community of white, hoping, wondering men—especially in the leader's own Southland—a question was raised,

a haunting, agonizing question: "Will they learn to hate before we learn to love?" The image of "they" was legion and yet one, and almost impossible to define: smiling, patient, loyal, devious, annoyingly shrewd, lazy, unctuous, happy, sad, fearful, and black. All of these, but not hateful, not yet. And the "we"? "We" were ruling, cringing, domineering, fearful, superior, confused, patronizing, conservative, and white. All these, but not loving, not yet.

It was a self-protective, anxious question, but it was also a question that revealed a painful courtship of hope. For it was surely true that some of the questioners dreamed of a day when their unclaimed Montgomery brother would be proved right, when the crushing shell of their whiteness and their customs and their possessions would be penetrated by the piercing shafts of love, and they would be "won" indeed. Passively, most often too passively, they waited, asking, almost fearing the answer, "Will they learn to hate? Will they?"

Now at the end of a decade of deaths and burnings, of victories and scarring overturnings, now with the echoes of Malcolm still in our ears and the flames of Watts dancing in the recesses of our minds, now the answer seems to be in. They have learned to hate and we have not learned to love; and the only real question seems to be, when will the ghettos of Atlanta and Birmingham hear the cries, "Burn, Whitey, Burn!"

After a ten year walk on the brink of hope is this our final answer? Has nonviolence lost its way in the American racial revolution? This essay pretends to no definitive answers, but represents rather a series of reflections which might provide a path toward some truth. Reflections are first in order on nonviolence in the Freedom Movement. Reflections are no less fitting on the anguished question concerning "we" and "they." Finally, reflections have no meaning without some attention to the grounds for future hope, resignation or despair.

### *I: The Paradox of Success*

As it began to be organized in Montgomery, this latest phase of American nonviolence grew up in paradox, no fertile ground for firm answers. (Among the first of paradoxes, of course, was the blooming of such a flower in the Cradle of the Confederacy, at the heart of the most militant section of the nation.) Only a moment's reflection on Montgomery suffices to force to the surface some of those fretful dilemmas that continued with the movement. For instance, all of the rhetoric and many of the convictions of those early days were framed against the background of that sublime fanaticism: "Love your enemies." When these words were originally spoken to the long aching hearts of an oppressed and noble people there were only two promises connected with them. One was acceptance as a son of God. The other was the cross. Through the life of the first Galilean speaker the two promises became

coterminal.

In Montgomery, different promises were often made, promises of "victory" of "winning" the enemy, of achieving desegregation, of creating "the beloved community." Gandhi was joined to Christ for social relevance, and nonviolence became a "tool" in the civil rights campaign. In the minds of many men it was seen as one means of achieving some very tangible and necessary goals. It was an experiment with struggle, even in Montgomery, and it was clear that a majority of those who tried it were ready to turn to other means if it did not work.

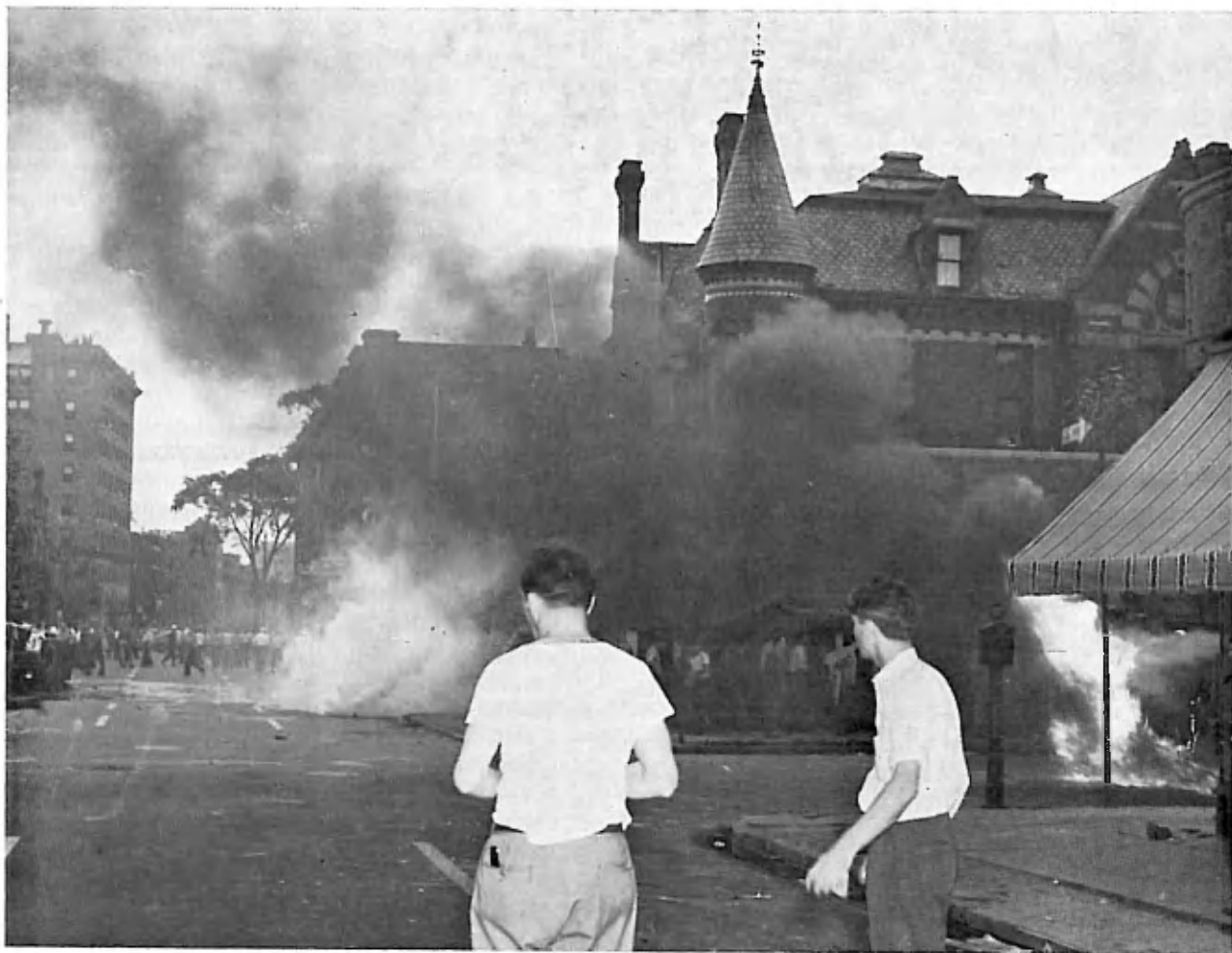
For a time in the South it "worked." But even where tangible successes came forth they too were hedged in by paradox, and Montgomery was again a classic example. One aspect of the paradox of success there was partially resolved in advance by Martin Luther King when he spoke not of a boycott against the bus company, but of non-cooperation with evil. He said this was an imperative. No such delicate distinctions were made, however, by the walkers on the city's streets. Most of them had read neither Thoreau nor Gandhi (and they did not understand their Christ to have spoken of bus companies). They knew only America and its profit-oriented world. "Hit them where it hurts," some said, "in the pocketbook." Somehow, though they hoped for a different reality, they often believed that the withholding of money was a surer weapon than sacrificial love. It was the cash register that changed men, not the heart. The tension between the hope of love and trust in economics was painful, and whenever it was relaxed it was most often love that lost. What else could one expect in a society so fearfully proud of its material possessions?

Even more difficult, perhaps, was the fact that when the buses were finally desegregated the action did not come through the initiative of a converted white community, nor even through the power of the dollar. It came rather by the fiat of a federal court, with its ultimate appeal to the coercive, destructive power of the government's armed might. (More will be said later about this strange ally in the cause of love.)

What would have happened if the courts had not come to the people's aid after a year of non-cooperation? King himself remembers that it was near the end of the protest, when the legal harassment of the city grew serious, when the car-pool was threatened with disarray, when the length of the struggle seemed interminable—it was then he says that he was able "to feel the cold wind of pessimism passing through" his followers. What would have happened without the courts? Would the winds have extinguished even the guarded hope in love? Experiences elsewhere strongly support such a guess.

Is this the natural fate of nonviolence when faced with a prolonged struggle? Is it possible that a mass, nonviolent movement cannot be maintained in Amer-





*During the Race Riots, Detroit, Michigan, June, 1943.*

ica? Are thousands (to say nothing of millions) of men and women and children too many, too variegated, too individualistic to submit to the self-discipline and group discipline required by nonviolence? Both Gandhi and King believed that a dedicated core of true believers could serve as the spine for the fluid crowds when times of disappointments came. And with sharp intuitions King knew that many discouraging times would come, for he realized how different were the tasks of winning independence from a society and integration into one. (How much easier it is to demand land and control in the nebulous West or in the all too specific heart of Harlem than to break down every steel-bound, fear-bound wall through the power of creative, disciplined loving.)

Where then was the solid center of believers in the North, in the South? Could it be that the movement was never prepared to "experiment" with nonviolence for the long years that might be required before a truly new and united community of respect and love could be built? Could it be that the necessary dedication to truth and to poverty that Gandhi assumed was hard to imagine among black men who had been forced for centuries to use a mask as a way of life, who lived in an image-oriented, public relations-dominated society, and who had tasted the tempting affluence of America? Or was it simply that the hope for the "beloved community" was an impossible one from the beginning, no less chimerical than the Marxist dream of the New Society? And even if it is more than a dream, can love be used as a tool, even for good ends? Can its results ever be predicted, be guaranteed?

Perhaps Martin Luther King was involved in an unresolvable dilemma when he first called men to follow the commands of Christ as a means of achieving integration. It may be that the Negro boy sitting in the debris of Watts saw more clearly than he knew when he said, "I'm tired of hearing about the good old Jesus Christ . . . The cross is a sign of death, that's all there is to it. Jesus Christ hung from it." What is the future of nonviolence in America or in the world without a cadre of those who will face the cross—and its equivalents—as a beginning and not as the end?

## II: *God Is Nice, But . . .*

Among the strange and paradoxical elements of the attempt at nonviolent resistance in our midst few are more perplexing than the activities of the federal government, especially in its role as the *deus ex machina* for many men. After Montgomery, against the background of a relatively sympathetic Supreme Court, the Movement turned again and again to the hope of federal power. President Eisenhower was castigated for moral neutrality and apparent unconcern. Men wept as he waited until troops seemed the only alternative in Little Rock. The late John F. Kennedy was

repeatedly taken to task for playing too shrewd a game with his narrowly won power and his great popularity. Criticism was widespread against his failure to speak out with clarity and precision until after Birmingham. And from the outset of Lyndon Johnson's assumption of presidential power the pressure was on him to use that massive weight on the side of civil rights and integration. Meanwhile Congress was being constantly assailed for its staunch refusal to deliver national legislation that would help to secure the rights of black men and their allies to life, liberty, and the pursuit of power.

Throughout the cities of the South nonviolent demonstrations often seemed more precisely aimed at Pennsylvania Avenue and Capitol Hill than at the Albanys, Greenwoods, or Shreveports where they were taking place. At times it appeared that the demonstrators and their leaders did not really live in the hope their nonviolent rhetoric proclaimed. Decades of disappointment, duplicity, and suffering seemed to have produced a certain skein of hopelessness in their attitudes toward the local white citizens, officials, and police.

There were exceptions, of course, but by and large the approach seemed to be a short-circuited one that leaped quickly and brilliantly beyond the seemingly impenetrable consciences of a segregationist, fear-ridden populace to the power inherent in the national government. The placards were to be read in the White House. The marches were timed for Huntley-Brinkley and Telestar. The assistant attorney general—after the first hard grueling months—was often on call to deliver the prisoners if jail got too long or too hard.

All this was understandable when hope was discounted. When little but repression was really expected of "the white man" then other allies were needed. The consciences of influential northern liberals seemed less impervious, and their complaints seemed helpful upon reaching the White House or various congressional offices. All of this fitted into a pattern of pressure and dependence upon the federal power, but it may have compromised the integrity of the power of nonviolence. It may have by-passed the stubborn, frightened southern opponents in the understandable search for quicker, less painful results. Meanwhile, an enemy who might have been waiting in terrified, flailing anticipation of love was left to laugh and cry alone in his fear.

In 1964 the results of such strategy began to come in. Apparently the pressure on Washington and the appeal to the world had worked. Suddenly the movement was besieged by a president who operated with as great a flair for publicity as any civil rights lieutenant; who made and carried his own placards, who moved quickly and often ruthlessly with great power whenever it pleased him, or so it seemed. The marchers and field workers were overwhelmed by money, by registrars, by national legislation, by a war on poverty, by a chief executive who seemed ready to burst out with the music as well as the words to *We Shall Overcome*.

A repentant white Southerner had seen the light. What more could be desired? Here was federal power, often with a vengeance. If some persons felt that the appearances and the labels were often more impressive than the actuality, they still could not deny the seemingly ubiquitous reality of the federal presence. Here were the "results" that the Movement had so long sought.

The great majority of television-prone barriers that were such obvious targets for nonviolent demonstrations and protests now seem to have been broken down by the actuality or the threat of federal force. In the minds of many financial contributors the battle is done and money flows into the civil rights coffers far more slowly than at any time in the last five years. Young heroes of the Movement are drifting back into school, moving reluctantly toward the army, or simply wandering, like the remnants of a victorious but forgotten crusade. Officials are turning to the service of the Great Society. Is that the natural resting place for a movement that began as an experiment with Christian love, became a syncretistic appeal to "all men of good will" and then a tool in the struggle for power? Is it natural that it should have been lured into the national consensus to sing the paeans of a greatness created by fiat, television, and money?

The results are in, and in many ways they are impressive, but at the same moment a strange, almost inexplicable malaise has settled down like a spangled shroud over the Movement. Somehow it all seems so overwhelming. The heavy-breathing octopus of government initiative seems to have sucked the life out of so many protests and creative actions. Is this the end of the nonviolent aspects of the Movement? Could it be that nonviolence has passed and we are left no nearer to the beloved community than we were ten years ago? Segregation remains at the core of the American way of life. Unemployment figures arouse little compassion and are countered by contracts for ammunition, helicopters, and napalm. "Desegregated" schools are shields for the continued alienation that both Negroes and whites endure, and the churches remain the last public—but increasingly irrelevant—bastion of fear.

Is this what was bargained for? Is it possible that dependence on federal power, a conservative, manipulative power, has actually sapped the *elan vital* of nonviolence? Could it be that the movement that began with a promise to match "physical force with soul force" may well have found too easy a way out in matching instead the physical force of the federal government against the terror of Al Lingo's state troopers? Could it be that the movement that promised to encounter the "enemy" with tough, protesting, forgiving love may have escaped the hard and costly encounter by appealing to Washington in the showdown? Is it possible that the movement that sang "God is on our side" was really more happy with the national guard

around it, and thus may have chosen the lesser part? In the process many a strategic battle has surely been won, but no one seriously speaks any longer of "redeeming the soul of the South" or of America. Has the task been given up as hopeless or have the victories been confused with redemption?

Dare we even raise such questions? Do they suggest unbelief? Who is to say that there was not a spirit at work among us, created by the truly nonviolent minority, a spirit which accounts for victories yet unseen? Who is to say that all is known when we describe laws and cash registers and troops? Was there no tortuous movement of conscience beneath the surface of expediency? Did the gallant songs from Parchman jail, the blood on Birmingham's street, the death of William Moore and his brothers—did these produce no fervent tumult in the lonely nights among judges, police, and presidents? Perhaps our myopic bondage to the perspectiveless present bars us from the vision of miracles such as these.

Nevertheless we *are* bound and the appearances are what they are. And they seem to suggest that the task of redemption through suffering and dogged loving has been given up without sufficient effort. Perhaps the marchers and the singers have now accepted the chilling conclusions of the black poet, LeRoi Jones, when he speaks with evident conviction of "the rotting and destruction of America." Or, do they look with less despair (but no more hope) to Bayard Rustin, that veteran of the struggle, as he says:

Hearts are not relevant to the issue; neither racial affinities nor racial hostilities are rooted there. It is institutions—social, political, and economic institutions—which are the ultimate molders of collective sentiments. Let these institutions be reconstructed *today*, and let the ineluctable gradualism of history govern the formation of a new psychology.<sup>3</sup>

### III: Farewell, White Brothers, Farewell

Such questions lead to reflections upon the future of a movement once called nonviolent, now often nameless, indescribable—like some rage. What is its direction, what are its goals? In a sense it is Rustin who has articulated what many persons believe to be the newest (yet very old) goals of the Movement. Through this attack on institutions Bayard and Malcolm's heirs, Martin and Muhammed's followers would all see a common greater vision: to bring to America's Negroes a sense of manhood, a conviction of true human dignity.

How, specifically, shall that be achieved? Is there possibly a role for nonviolence here yet? In a society that so often equates manhood with the capacity to use physical, destructive force against animals and men, this is a difficult matter. For many Negroes believe that America will recognize their manhood and their dignity more quickly through the sniper's sights

of Watts than through the prison bars in Jackson. (Thus one reputable Negro professional will soon produce a book that goes beyond the Deacons for Defense in its call for the formation of a Mafia-like protective police force among Negroes to face the federal government with a grim alternative.) Only if Negroes—and whites—in America find some more transcendent standards of manhood could the situation be different. Under such conditions of thought nonviolence is surely passe and has no role in the new phase of the Movement. For it suggests another standard by which to measure a man. The vision of nonviolence suggests that it is a man's commitment to truth, to love, to life that makes him truly man and not his readiness to "defend" himself. It affirms that manhood is to be found in the ever deepening and interdependent life of the loving community rather than in the traditional violence and personal isolation of romantic frontier individualism. Whether nonviolence can ever deeply dent the American image of manhood is a moot question.

And what of dignity? It is not surprising that the means of achieving dignity are now equated with political and economic power. It is not surprising, but it is so very disappointing in the light of history's verdict on power. Still even the voice that once spoke of winning the enemy through enduring love now says "political power may well . . . be the most effective new tool of the Negro's liberation"; and one wonders what struggles against the hardness of our hearts led to this new path for him. One wonders if his words reflect a loss of hope for any deeper way to dignity in the midst of a society of men and women whose capacity to coil themselves around power and privilege seems greater than any capacity to receive the sword of love.

Clearly power has become the theme. Even though we have been greatly disillusioned by the uses of federal power, even though a library of volumes and unknown graves mark the exploitations of private power, still there is an infatuation with political and economic force. "We must have jobs and income, not simply for what they mean to our families and our spirits but for the lever they give us." So goes the cry. "We must have the capacity to influence those political decisions that concern us. We need the power of self-determination in the ghettos of Harlem and Chicago and Detroit no less than the black men of Africa and the nonwhites of the rest of the world. The white man is the same the world over and we do not trust him. Power alone can change our situation, can bring us the dignity of real men."

This is the new theme in the Movement. (And those who are waiting yet to be loved by "them" need to recognize the current preoccupation. It is a direction that no longer offers any significant attention to the needs of "our white brothers" for redemption, but rather focuses on the needs of "our black brothers"

for dignity. It has evidently appeared that both cannot be done at once. In some ways the new fascination appears racist and in some ways it is. As such it may simply indicate another way in which we have "succeeded," another way in which the Negro has broken into the mainstream of American thought.) But here again the question must be raised: Are these really the things that bring dignity to a man, important though they may be otherwise? Do the spokesmen for such goals consider the members of the power "structures" in our cities and nation, the wheelers and dealers, to be persons of dignity and true manhood? Do the worshipers of power assume that Negroes would use economic and political levers in a more humane and compassionate way than others? How can this happen unless at the same time something is changed within the human spirit?

The continuing problems of socialist nations reveal to us the human factor at the heart of the issue. New institutions and control over them—no matter how benevolent their intent—do not produce either humanity or dignity. The greatness and awesomeness of nonviolence was that it promised to reform not only the evil system and the men who ran that system, but it essayed a change in the nonviolent resister himself. Is such a hope in vain? Or is it too much a threat, too frightening to realize that we might have to experience change no less radical than the society and the men we face on the line? Perhaps the devotees of the nonviolent change desired more of the pie-as-is than anyone knew. Perhaps the burning ship was not so bad at all if you could travel first class and dance with anyone you please.

Perhaps it was not their fault. Perhaps there simply is not present in America any philosophical, moral or righteous grounds for an understanding of new men or new society. Could it be that bad?

#### *IV: In the American Style*

Whatever the causes, there now appears solid reason to believe that "they" have at least forgotten about loving, and at most may have learned to hate. If this is true then it may be that there is no hope for us at all save a possibly slower "rotting and destruction" than Jones expects.

Have "they" really learned to hate? How hard it is to hear such words. How terrifying to live under such a cloud. Have they? While Martin King once spoke of enduring and wearing down the whites with love, now a different set of voices can be heard in every section of the land, sections where even the brave warrior of southern streets dares not walk when the "next time" becomes now and fire burns the land. In such places Malcolm is still echoed and revered for saying "I'm against anyone who tells black people to be nonviolent while nobody is telling white people to

be nonviolent . . . Let the Klan know we can do it, tit for tat, tit for tat." In Los Angeles a young man reflects on the experiences of Watts' riot and says:

It was the best thing that ever happened. You come to the Man and try to tell him, over and over, but he never listens. Why, the Man has always been killing. He first drove the Indians out. Now my arm's almost been bit off. I've got to bite back. The riot? There'll be more of the same until the Man opens up his eyes and says "We're going to give it to you because we're tired."<sup>4</sup>

Thus the capacity to endure suffering is exchanged for the bitter resolve to wear out the deaf and blind "Man" with the capacity to inflict violence.

Why is it that such voices seem more dominant in America today? Have "they" really learned to hate? Perhaps they knew all along. Perhaps they were waiting, too, to see if consciences would truly be moved, to see if deep changes in the society would be made voluntarily, to see if love might well prevail. Perhaps they knew their hate too well, knew its fearful debilitating consequences, and waited, hidden from us, at the other end of the brink of hope. Perhaps they did not try hard enough, perhaps they did not wait long enough, perhaps they should have entered the non-violent movement more deeply, perhaps there should have been a movement for their concrete jails.

However much we yearn for it to be different, they are waiting no longer. They are rising up, and it must be known and it must be affirmed that their response is no new hatred, learned at our feet. It is as old as man, old as the first slaveship rebellion, old as Walker's *Appeal* and Nat Turner's rusty sword, old as the Deacons for Defense and *Negroes With Guns*. It is a response more human than black, a reaction to humiliation, exploitation, and fear. So it is not that "they" have learned to hate, rather they were human all along, just as "we" are, and they knew the arts of hate, knew them well. They were only waiting with cool, masked hope to see if Martin King would make any significant change in the American way of life.

In their eyes he did not. If there were changed consciences they could not see them. What they saw was force and pressure and the power of law, of money and of guns. Meanwhile they were still unemployed, still given atrocious schooling, still kept out of the Man's communities, still humiliated by social workers and coerced by police—in spite of all the highly praised laws. Periodically they were still being swept off the streets into the patronizing, isolated job corps camps or into the burning jungles of Vietnam. They had neither the words nor the concepts but they knew the truth was being spoken by the man who said:

The unintegrated Negro is the symbol of our democratic failure and the unemployed Negro is the most

conspicuous evidence we have of the breaking down of the economic machinery. I do not believe there is any chance that the private, self-adjusting economy can provide today's unemployed Negro with a job, the traditional means to dignity and self-respect. Tax cuts and war on poverty notwithstanding, most Negroes now without work are not likely to be taken up into the private economy again.<sup>5</sup>

When the hopelessness within them seemed to give a vivid witness to such statements about their society and their future, then they gave vent to their anguish in the American way. (Perhaps they do not hate us. Perhaps more than anything else they despise us. Perhaps they are blind in their rage because we did not learn in time, and if we did learn, then did not resolve to act in ways radical enough to save them from decay. Did they not want us to love? Is this the madness of it all? Is this why the heat, the seeming hate is so intense? Are we like lovers in some limbo, acting out the urgings of death, repressing the surgings towards life and never never reaching far enough and long enough to touch the fevered hand, the atrophied heart on the other side? And where other broken seekers in other kinds of worlds would then take to the long silence of meditative night and slow dying, is it that we turn instead to violence and shall at least burn together?) Is this the anguish imbedded deep within the meaning of the young man's soliloquy in Watts?

If it is, then what more than failure could we have expected of nonviolence in such a land as ours, when faced with such terrible pain and humiliation? What could we expect of nonviolence in a nation that had come to being in the midst of armed revolution? What could we expect of nonviolence in a nation that had realized its Manifest Destiny over the unburied bodies of the natives of this land? What could we expect when the savagery of Civil War seemed required to bring freedom to four million men in the land we believed chosen by God as the world's last best hope?

What could we expect of nonviolence in a nation that had bombed some enemies into submission, atomized others out of existence and now lives easily with the threat of complete annihilation of all who would seek seriously to oppose or dominate us? What could we expect of nonviolence in neighborhoods where frightened policemen recorded their fear in fierce words and quick guns? What could we expect of a society that defines manhood as the state of being willing to "fight for your rights"?

Violence to the enemy is built into the American grain far more deeply than nonviolence. Negroes in Chicago and Los Angeles and Atlanta consider the Man to be their enemy. They have seen the economic, educational and residential walls being built stouter and higher against the majority of them. They attribute this either to the malignant purpose or the careless disdain of the Man. Why should they not turn to

violence if they believe that he will listen to nothing else?

When will the violence come south? If some observers are right it has begun in the North because the cities of that promised land were once considered pinpoints of hope in a racist society. Something more than despair was expected where hundreds of laws were on the books and where newspapers daily and fully condemned the white South. Now the moment of truth has come and many Negroes have discovered that their hopes are being dashed more cruelly because they had hoped for more. Northern residential segregation is more humiliating because it is denied. Northern unemployment is more difficult because the food-producing land has been left behind and the signs of other men's affluence are even more obvious. Northern schools are more offensive because they have been "desegregated" in some places for a long, long time.

The North claimed to offer more, partly because it just was not the South. So its frustrations are greater, and TV simply helps to make all of it breathlessly vivid. Thus the argument goes.

If this is true then we need wait only long enough in the South for our city officials, newspaper editors, and chambers of commerce to announce to the world our new image. Soon we too will claim to be fully liberal, desegregated and great havens of economic opportunity for all men. We too will no longer have any racial problems. We will have gathered all our Negroes from their diaspora throughout the cities and placed them in concentrated enclaves. Then we will chide the rural areas of the South and ask for federal action on behalf of those wonderful Negroes. When that day comes we can expect our own explosions, explosions that will make us long for Birmingham and Albany.

*Five hundred Negroes participated in an integration march in 1962 at Albany, Georgia. One hundred twelve were jailed for "parading without permit."*



For as long as Negroes expected us to act like Southerners, clinging to official segregation, practicing informal desegregation, waiting for "them" to love, we could escape. Once we claim to be as good as the North, our nakedness will be seen. For in the eyes of black sensitized men we shall be as bad, as frustrating and as provocative as Chicago or New York. Then the burning will begin. Such seems to be the price of progress in our America.

We say it is madness for them to choose violence. Their minority status in a hostile nation would make their destruction certain. But they find it hard to hear us when any night's newscast brings to them glimpses of the American style in the world. Is their madness any greater than ours when the nation attempts the same approach in a world where "we" are in a minority? Is our destruction any less certain? The voice of conscience from Montgomery once proclaimed to Negroes that the use of violence to achieve justice would cause their "memory to be shrouded with the ugly garments of shame." The nation seems little concerned about the way future generations will judge its dress. Why should the Negroes care more?

### *V: Shall We Overcome?*

Perhaps such harsh reflections can lead us to one of the deepest insights for the present moment. It may well be that in a society of violence it is no longer a matter of our learning to love the Negro, but our learning to love. Perhaps we shall find no solution for the explosive problem in our own midst until we eschew violence as a way of life in international affairs or keep the Negroes out of the army and away from TV sets. For who can tell the black, indignant men that violent solutions are no real solutions while he has television or can join the military forces? Who can speak of the need to love those who are hating him when our national policy is at least to frighten and at most to destroy those who hate us?

Can the American Negro — so very American — change his heart before the rest of us? Once Martin King and a host of other men deeply hoped for this. Once they thought the Negro might bear some Messianic possibilities for our nuclear-ringed world, but the evidence is not with them now. We have not learned to love soon enough, and Negroes have not chosen to be the suffering servants of the society on a long-term basis (most of them had no desire for this on even the briefest terms). Now we must do our own loving and it may be too much to require, for now it must include Negro and Chinese and Castroite Cuban and a variety of intermediates. Indeed the "we" must now be expanded to encompass both the black and white non-lovers and haters. Perhaps this is what it really means to overcome, to overcome even our we-ness and our they-ness on a scale no less than the measurements of the globe. Have we given up all

hope that such a day could possibly begin to appear?

So we return again to hope. Perhaps the problem is lodged deeply in that direction. Is it possible that our capacity to hope is now as far from us in America as our sense of moral absolutes? The conquest of non-violence depends both on hope and upon truth. It speaks of love and goodness, of evil and wrong as if such things were real, as if amoral meant immoral. Could it be then that the failure (how sad a word!) of nonviolence in our own generation is a sign of our multiple loss: loss of hope, loss of nerve and loss of any truth outside our own small, quaking lives? The ultimate vision of nonviolence is the beloved community. Where shall we find our model in the midst of America's age of personal isolation and corporate fear? Where shall we find it in the midst of our non-families? Where shall we find it when we protect ourselves against the majority of the human community with never sleeping silos of concentrated hell?

Perhaps it was all too wild a dream in the first place, this hope of redemption. Perhaps it was a child's fantasy in the sleep of night, or another Negro folk tale dredged up from the long dead age of faith. But if it was, then who shall preserve us from the day, from this age, from the sudden blaze of fiery light?

### *Speak to Us of Love, But not Much*

In the midst of our endless, almost involuntary, hopeless search for "them," for the black brothers who once held hope for us all, there is something raging within that turns us instinctively to glance toward the man who preached the tender words so very long ago.

Now ten years older, a thousand years sadder, the wounds of evil upon him, he still seems to search for grounds of hope — sometimes desperately. As he moves — such burdened moving — from East to West, from ghetto to cotton field, searching for his followers, we cannot stifle a sudden, urgent call, a call to him.

"Speak to us of love; speak of hope; speak of brotherhood," we say. And all we hear is the anguish of his troubled words describing, protesting napalm and gas and death in Vietnam.

We are angry; and in our anger's rigid, fearful strength we push to keep him in his place, his place of civil rights, his place of nonviolence, his place of love for us.

"Speak to us of love, not of fighting for our freedom against 'them,'" we say.

What must he think as a billion of the humiliated "them" gather in watchfulness under the strange darkness of his visage? What ranges of almost bitter sadness and weighted laughter must the somber shades of flesh and blood conceal?

What must he think?

Who will save us from the breaking in of fire, of light?

FOOTNOTES ON P. 45.

## TOWARD A NEW UNDERSTANDING OF NONRESISTANCE

*By Stanley Bohn*

WHEN I BECAME a member of the local branch of the National Association For the Advancement of Colored People in Kansas City, Kansas, I found them discussing at their regular monthly meetings the problems the Negro has with employment, housing, hospital care, education, and contacts with local churches. Like NAACP groups across the country in the 1960's this group was becoming more militant, using direct action, and no longer limiting itself to taking grievances to court in expensive lawsuits and successive appeals to higher courts. The only other white member who attended meetings when I joined was a Catholic clergyman. Catholics who were a few years beyond middle age could remember from their childhood the burning crosses of Klansmen at their homes and churches in Kansas City, Kansas. In the 1960's they were the first church group to become involved in righting wrongs done to Negroes in that city.

My education about the church's role in race relations and the usefulness of a doctrine like nonresistance began immediately. At a NAACP meeting we were discussing school desegregation. Among other practices the school board was hiring buses to carry Negro children from the Negro ghetto in our parish, driving past two white grade schools to a small under-staffed and under-equipped Negro grade school. My contribution at this meeting was to make the remark that we should inform the churches of the city about the issue and get their help to work for a change. Everybody had a good laugh and the meeting resumed. I was not quite convinced then but months later I realized I had said something pretty funny. Churches that taught love and even nonresistance were not being persecuted and felt no need to re-evaluate the doctrine that one should love one's enemies or that one should be using nonresistance in dealings with a foe. They felt they had no enemies. It was almost as if the churches had planned their indifference to drive the Negro to the violence that erupted later. Presumably after the Negro attacked them, then the doctrines of loving the enemy and non-

resistance could be applied and they would then forgive the Negro his wrongs to them.

By 1961 I felt that nonresistance as I had always understood it (turning the other cheek, avoiding fights) had proved its value. The church's Sunday school, Boy's club, Vacation Bible school, Weekday church school was integrated and we had begun to integrate our membership. Negroes in our neighborhood had their own preferences and convictions and they were not desperately trying to join a white church. There were, however, a few looking for a church home in their own neighborhood who were willing to venture into the painful embarrassing slips, the glad relief as old myths are shattered, and the side by side efforts that go with integrated membership. Our church office received a few calls from other suburban congregations asking for help to set up interracial dialogues. I received two awards for interracial work and was even asked to represent the Negro viewpoint, even though I was not a Negro, in some of the discussions that took place at city hall concerning racial controversy and the poverty program. My role was that of a go-between helping the two sides that seemed to misunderstand each other, to speak to each other.

If this was nonresistance, this friendly handshaking on both sides of the conflict, the Mennonite forefathers who found that it led to suffering must have had some kind of personality problems because I was finding it a popular way to live, having friendships on both sides of the controversy, some honors, and only an occasional protest from neighbors who felt that associating with Negroes was wrong.

At the same time, the experience of having our Boy's club turned away from the YMCA pool several times, having the same club dropped from a baseball league before the season began because we had Negro players, seeing friends and parishioners humiliated at the restaurant next door to our church, and seeing how a city pushes Negro youth out of the school and out of the neighborhoods the whites want, provided



plenty of grounds for a guilty conscience for a go-between. Mennonites can see that the doctrines of non-resistance phrased to bring reconciliation in boundary line arguments between two landowners and to prevent fruitless court squabbles has to be restated in the new situations where God had led us.

### *"Staying Out of Fights"?*

The change most obvious in the understanding of nonresistance is that one cannot be satisfied with the go-between role that I had drifted into. One has to choose sides. One cannot, for example, take the role the Pope is described as having taken in World War II in the play "The Deputy." In this role the Pope accepted both the Nazis and the persecuted Jews and supported them both. The Pope sympathized and understood both sides but did not openly declare himself opposed to the Nazis and as a defender of the Jews. It is the same role taken by moderates in the South and many of us in the North. However, if a person has not chosen sides and identified himself with the oppressed, the doctrine of nonresistance (turning the other cheek) is wrong for him. Non-resistance is a doctrine for one who is offended or attacked not for the "umpire" or the "go-between."

If a person does not "choose sides" and stand with those he feels God has shown him to be the oppressed, he can say "Love your enemies" but both sides know he does not have to care about them to say that. If a person on one side or the other says to his fellow battlers "Turn the other cheek" or "Love your enemies," this statement means something.

The person who has chosen sides can also be forgiving to those on the other side because he has taken sides, has been offended, and has something to forgive. If he is only an "umpire" he has nothing to forgive. To put it more strongly, he cannot be a reconciler unless he has taken sides. He can only be an umpire.

The Biblical description of this is God's action in which He tries to reconcile man to Himself by sending His leaders and prophets to them. Finally, as the New Testament relates, He comes Himself, takes a position, is offended, and forgives men. An all-powerful God had little to forgive until He Himself was involved, offended and threatened when He was powerless. Likewise, Jesus in Luke 4:14f chooses the side He sees to be the oppressed.

### *Reconciling Requirements*

When one chooses sides he has the possibility of being a reconciler. Until he does a Christian is in danger of taking over the state's role as a court or a federal mediator, hearing both sides and forcing some kind of agreement or settlement. This umpire is needed and the state does it as best it can. The Christian's

role, however, is one of reconciliation. We see God at work reconciling men to himself and men to each other. Our mission is to work with God at this same work, not by umpiring but by reconciling our differences, not someone else's differences, with others.

I am not saying that the Christian must choose sides in a labor-management conflict, the marital conflict of a husband and wife, or the cold war between China and the United States. It is not easy for us to see in such cases who is the oppressed and who is the oppressor or whose propaganda we should believe. It is often the case that both are at fault. However, when God shows us as clearly as He has in America that it is wrong to continue the oppression of Negroes, Christians are no longer allowed to take the umpire role saying "you should not be fighting" or "please, please let's not do this here." Neither is he allowed to merely be an understander."

It should also be noted that when one chooses the side of the oppressed, this does not mean he is choosing the side of the people who always do right and just acts and do not ever take revenge. Standing with the Negro does not free the Negro from human feelings, hatefulness, or from doing illegal acts of vengeance. One who stands with the Negro and finds himself involved in things he does not condone, will have to share the blame when his side does wrong, ask for God's forgiveness, and keep on working at the reconciling task. There are, of course, things he cannot participate in and activities which his group does that he must speak out against. The point is that a Christian cannot refuse to choose sides because he feels that both sides do wrong and neither side is good enough for him.

### *A Reformulation of Nonresistance*

If nonresistance was no longer to be interpreted as "don't cause anybody any trouble" and now meant that one chose the side of the oppressed, in order to be a reconciler what would the result be? A test came in July, 1965. Like those in the seminary community at Elkhart, Indiana, a member in the Fort Wayne Mennonite congregation and in the Topeka Mennonite congregation, and many others, my wife and I decided to sell our home in a white community through a Negro realtor. (In Kansas City a Negro realtor is called a realatist.) The buyer was Henry Goodson, a Negro raising his family in a house the city would have condemned if it would have been vacant and they would not have been in a position of forcing a man out of his house and being unable to find a place for him to go. The street on which he lived was unpaved as were many of the streets in his area, and in fact cars could no longer use a part of it. The ghetto in which he lived used septic tanks for their sewage although all the surrounding areas of the city were able to use the city sewage system.

*A Negro community in the state of Mississippi.*



The plea that children should go to a neighborhood school did not apply to this community and they were bussed out of the neighborhood to a Negro school in another Negro ghetto two and a half miles away.

I let my neighbors know that I was using a Negro realtor so the house would be open to anyone as, of course, it should be in America. When Henry Goodson bought it after several people, white and Negro, had looked at it, I visited my neighbors with a written letter to sit down and explain our action. I had not asked my neighbors whether they would mind having a Negro neighbor before I sold the house because I did not feel that this was a moral thing to do and because I felt that I might anger them too much by going against the advice white neighborhoods like ours feel they should give.

In this case the "sides" between which we could choose were on the one hand our Negro friends and church members who felt housing should be open to all. On the other were our white friends and a few church members and many people that I never knew who felt selling a house in a white community to a Negro was all right but a Christian should not do it because it hurts his neighbors. In a choice between offending the next door neighbors and keeping Henry Goodson's family in the neighborhood that

was deprived of good schools, scout troops, YMCA clubs, and which had its share of polluted streams that ran down the streets from over-running cess pools, some felt that it would be better not to offend my next door neighbors. On the other hand, I felt that most people would choose as I did if they would have been fortunate enough to have been in on the NAACP meetings that discussed these problems and would have been patiently taught the realities of urban life.

My job, if I was no longer an umpire, was to absorb the hate (the phone calls at night, the threats to my children, the hint from the city official that I had better not ask the police for assistance if I got in trouble, "the visit" from a group of young men one night who after a little shouting left a white peaked hood on my door, and the other kinds of harassment familiar in our present racial conflict). I could teach in the Freedom School to Negro youngsters "love your enemies" because I had shared some of the hatred which they are subjected to. I could go through the painful process of reconciliation to white neighbors and white real estate developers who started the harassing campaign because I had been offended and had something to forgive. In other words, I could be the reconciler instead of the umpire.

Six months ago, almost a year after Henry Goodson had moved into my home, we revisited our old neighborhood. We made the visit not because we were anxious to go through those painful reconciling attempts again, but because we knew that this was something we should do. By this time, the Goodsons were well liked by their next door neighbors and many on the street were a little proud they had weathered the storm and had learned some new things about what a neighbor is. Reconciliation was a reality.

### *Conclusions*

1. The new meaning of nonresistance, that I am learning at this stage of my pilgrimage is that it is based on the incarnation, the fact that Christ dwelt among us and identified with people. Nonresistance to be practiced means that Mennonites must first agree to come into the world and live in it as Christ did. If this first requirement of nonresistance cannot be met, this doctrine that we prize so highly will be the cause of our downfall. Nonresistance will then become a cruel practice of being friendly to both the oppressor and the oppressed, but refusing the painful role of reconciler.

2. Nonresistance as a doctrine means a way to do the reconciling work that God does and calls us to do. Nonresistance does not mean being an umpire but it means being a reconciler. Reconciliation is only

possible if one has chosen sides and stood with the oppressed.

3. This interpretation of nonresistance means that Mennonites must learn about nonresistance from a group outside themselves. We do not have in our recent history the kind of experience that we need. Our history tells us to stay out of fights, a right way of reconciliation in many situations in the past. The new situation means that we will have to go through the painful role of learning that we have only a partial gospel to contribute, and will have to learn from non-Mennonites what the rest of it is so both Mennonites and non-Mennonites can find salvation. It would seem obvious that Mennonite missionaries and voluntary service workers in the South, in South America, in Asia or wherever they might be, need to choose the side of the oppressed if they are going to proclaim the reconciling word of God. It is not known how long the oppressed, the American Negro for example, is willing to be the patient teacher.

It seems very important, if we are not to proclaim a false gospel about reconciliation, that all proclaimers of this word in this country and abroad identify with the oppressed and let us know when they return to our churches to give reports, when we as oppressors do the oppression. The church in England did not identify with the laboring man when he was going through his struggles to gain a decent and wholesome life for himself and his children and the churches of England are now empty. If we lost such opportunities it is hard to know how many more opportunities God will be willing to give us.

## **"THE GOOD SAMARITAN"**

*By Clarence Jordan*

ONE DAY A very religious person came up to Jesus and tried to find out whether he really knew the scriptures or not by asking him a question that is something like this, "Professor, how—uh—what do you do to be saved?"

So Jesus took him up on that and said, "Well, you've read the Bible, haven't you, what does the Bible say? How do you get saved from your understanding

of it?"

And this Sunday school teacher, I suppose he was, wanted to show off to Jesus how much he really knew about the Bible so he said, "Well, the Bible says, 'You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your mind and with all your soul'. And, yes, it says something about 'Love your neighbor as yourself' too, I believe."

And Jesus said, "That's right, that's right! You make a habit of this kind of living and you'll be saved, too!"

Well, the Sunday school teacher, he was kind of backed into a corner and trying to save face, he said, "But now there is a little technical question. Now you say I got to love my neighbor, well now, really who would you say my neighbor is?"

So Jesus took him on and said, "Okay, fellow, you asked for it, let's go.

"There was a man one time going from Atlanta to Albany and while he was going along there driving along in his 1958 Ford going down the road about fifty miles an hour—all of a sudden he came to a blockade in the road. And he slammed on his brakes, screeched to a stop and some men jumped at him with pistols and "Stick'm up buddy" and he put his hands up and they grabbed him by the collar of the neck, pulled him out, and bopped him over the head with a pistol, knocked him out, stripped off his brand new suit, grabbed his wallet, jumped in his automobile and away they went, leaving this fellow beside the road half-conscious, groaning, and moaning.

"Why, in a little while, about a half hour later, a 1962 Buick came scooting down the road about 65 miles an hour driven by a white preacher going from Atlanta down to Albany to conduct some revival meeting and he was going along there about 63 to 65 miles per hour and, coming around the curve, his light flashed on that guy lying on the shoulder of the highway, blood all oozing out of his head, a big hole cut on his forehead. And he takes his foot off the accelerator and starts to hit the power brakes. And all of a sudden he remembers that he told the preacher he was going to be there at eight o'clock tonight to begin this revival meeting and besides he realizes that if he stops he's liable to get taken into court as a witness or something and besides that man's bleeding all bad there and if he picked him up and put him in there he's liable to get blood all over his new upholstery and everything and my goodness the man was nearly naked and if he were to drive up to the First Church in Albany with a naked man they'd think that he was out of his mind so he takes his foot off the power brakes and hits the accelerator and away he goes. And as he goes by he says 'God bless you, son! God bless you!'

"Well in a little while a gospel singer came down on the road. He's not driving a 1963 Buick. He's driving a 1961 Chevrolet and he's going about 60 miles an hour and he comes around the curve and his lights hit this fellow rolling, groaning, and moaning right there on the shoulder of the highway, he says 'zhew' and he starts to stop. He puts his foot on the brake and then he remembered that he told the Junior Choir he was going to meet them there thirty minutes early to teach them a little chorus and that besides you could start a meeting without a preacher but you got to have

somebody there to hize the tune. So he, he decides that he got to get moving so he puts his foot back on the accelerator and away he goes. And as he passes by he starts whistling the little tune he's going to teach the Junior Choir, 'Brighten the Corner Where You Are.' Well with the preacher gone by and the gospel singer gone by, who's going to stop for this poor fellow?

"Well, in a little while," Jesus said, "another automobile comes down the road and it comes to this man lying on the side of the road and it stops. And out of this Ford gets a man, he is a," Jesus said, "he was a Samaritan but I think if He were telling this story today He would say and 'He was a Negro!' He gets out of this car and goes over and looks at this man and he's moved to compassion by what he sees; the big cut on his forehead, blood coming out of his ears. He goes around and he drains some gas out of his carburetor onto his handkerchief and he comes back and he wipes the blood off the forehead of the man and as he's wiping off the blood he's thinking something like this, 'You know somebody robbed you, I don't know who it was, but I know what it means to be robbed, too. And somebody has beat you up, I don't know who beat you up, but I know what it means to be beat up, because people beat me up, too. Now all these other people have been driving on by and leaving you here. I know, I know what it means to be left on the side of the highway.' And so he then picks the man up very tenderly and puts him on the back seat of his automobile and goes on into Albany. He passes by this church where they're having a big revival meeting as they're whooping it up in there on 'Love Lifteth Me.' There's a big sign out front that says 'Everybody's Welcome', but he knows how to read the signs. He goes on into the hospital and goes in and gets a nurse and asks her to come out that he's picked up a, he says to her, 'I picked up a white man out there on the side of the road between here and Abbeville. I don't know who he is, but he sure is hurt bad and I don't have much money with me. I haven't got but two dollars but I want to give you that as a down payment. Evidently he's been robbed and hasn't got any money and you just keep account of the bill and I just want to let you know that if he can't pay it, why when I come back Saturday after I get my paycheck, why I'll stand good for it.'" Then Jesus turned to the Sunday school teacher and he said to him, "Of these three men that passed this man on the road, the white preacher, a white gospel singer, and the Negro, of those three who would you say was the neighbor of the man who was held up by the gangsters?"

And the Sunday school teacher said, "Why, it was that nigger, I mean it, it, it, it was, well, it was the man, who, it was that fellow you know that picked him up and treated him nice. He was the man."

And Jesus said to him, "You're right fellow! Now why don't you start living that way yourself?"

## II. Where Are We?

### AN AFRICAN VIEWS AMERICA

By John T. Akar

THE NEBULOUS AND indefinable phenomenon called "the American Way of Life" has spread like a wild contagion, with choleric effect, throughout the world. Wherever you go today, in Asia, in Europe, in Africa, in Australia, in the Americas, everywhere, on radio, on television, on films, on stage, on records—you hear and see America in many tongues, many languages, many dialects, many sounds and many ways. The dollar is the chief inspiration behind the monetary system of the West, and the dream of the treasuries of the Western world, and the longing of the eastern camp. American clothes, American food, American cigarettes, American cars, American's language, American hot dogs, hamburgers and relish with milk shakes; and the inevitable trade marks of Americana—Coca-Cola, Wriggley's chewing gum, Camels, Hershey chocolates, Mars bars, and *Time* and *Life* magazines are common household words in many tongues and many countries. Never in the history of any empire—both Roman and British included, has so much influence, for good or ill, been wielded by one country and one people upon the rest of the face of the earth. Such is the extraordinary position of Americans today at this, the last third of the twentieth century. Such a position carries immense responsibilities.

Because the world is now so small that it is no bigger than our backyard, and because the headache and toothache of your neighbors are ours also, the need for making friends and influencing people assumes a larger dimension in reality. Today, the great powers as well as the small powers need friends and the friendship of the world. No single nation, including America or Russia, can afford to survive in complete isolation from the rest of mankind. It would be a strident act of masochistic brutality even to contemplate such a futile thought. In her search for friends and in her pursuit of friendship, America and her philosophy are put to the test. For on the opposing picture in vivid and violent contrast to America and her democratic philosophy, stand Russia and the mighty ideological challenge of totalitarian communism. Both ideologies bestride the narrow

world like two mighty giants and we petty nations crawl about helplessly under the shadows of their enormously contrasting impact.

In viewing America, an African cannot but dwell long and profoundly on the fundamental conflicts and challenges of both opposing ideologies. As this challenge of communism and democracy also constitutes the current preoccupation of every American, I propose to dwell at length on the subject, speaking quite freely, frankly, and honestly in our true African tradition, and from the perspective of an objective and dispassionate nationalist.

—But first let me say this: Make no mistake about it, we Africans are not angels. We are too human for that. We are no devils either. We ask for some time to allow us to seek a solution to our problems. This explains our current unrest, upheavals and what I have called the "changing winds of the winds of change." We have democracies in Africa and we have dictatorships as well. So does Europe. We have many faults and many, many weaknesses. We are not without virtues either. This could also be said about the Americans. We ask that, in the spirit of genuine and sincere friendship you help us to discover our faults and solve them so that the hungry, suffering masses of our people will be happier, healthier, and better cared for. The hungry and poor in Africa do not know the difference between communism and democracy. It makes no difference to them. But they search religiously for a different way of life—they search for decent food, decent jobs, decent education, decent health, a decent roof over their heads and a decent place in the sun. This is the challenge posed by the broad base of our human pyramid.

We ask that you speak honestly and frankly to us. The African appreciates and welcomes frank, brutal truth. We know that we are all less than ten years old, we the new independent nations of Africa, beginning with Ghana.

You will be doing us a great disservice if you do not tell us, in the spirit of friendship and goodwill, the brutal truth about our foibles, our weaknesses

and our obvious excesses. True friendship, lasting friendship, rests on the permanent foundation of truth and honesty. Even if the truth hurts.

Neither the east nor the west would understand why Africa would choose a middle-of-the-road, non-aligned neutrality, searching for the best in both opposing ideologies and philosophies and synthesizing it within a distinctly indigenous African framework. But for the African, the choice was inevitable. *Both* ideologies—both communism and democracy—baffle and confuse us to a point of utter frustration.

There are many, many things inherent in communism which make it, both as an ideology and as a way of life, abhorrent and repugnant to our African traditional sense of decency, good order, and peace. Because we do not understand so many imponderables about communism, it is not unrealistic to assume that its future in black Africa is unquestionably foredoomed.

We do not understand why they would talk of anti-colonialism and anti-imperialism on one hand, and on the other submerge Eastern Europe in the quagmire of colonialism and imperialism. We do not understand why they would talk of democratic socialism and at the same time liquidate their leaders, like Khrushchev, their greatest leader so far, without so much as an explanation and without a twinge of conscience.

We do not understand why freedom, individual freedom, man's sacred possession, is so hopelessly meaningless to the communists and why assassinations and fatal intrigues of the James Bond 007 vintage seem so commonplace in a communist country. Africans instinctively dislike wars and killing.

We do not understand why Marxism-Leninism, which was obviously tailored and designed for a particular period of European history, claims to have all the answers and all the solutions to all the problems of this complex and increasingly more complex space age. This is plainly ludicrous, to say the least.

We do not understand why African students in Russia are forced to attend classes in Marxism-Leninism; why they are restricted, like Western diplomats, to a radius of fifty miles from Moscow without prior approval of the powers that be, and why their letters to their parents in Africa are invariably censored before dispatch.

We do not understand why God has been replaced by the state and the state machine in communist countries. This is a fatal tragedy. We Africans are fundamentally religious and believe in God.

It will be incredibly difficult to expect us to replace reverence for God by reverence for the state and the state machine. Nkrumah tried it in Ghana and what happened to him is now common knowledge.

No, Ladies and Gentlemen, we, in Africa, do not understand all these things, and the more confused

communism or communist ideology succeeds in making the African intelligentsia, who is capable of cool, calculated, dispassionate analysis, the less attractive communism obviously becomes. Clearly it is impalatable to the thinking African intelligentsia who is inclined to say, quite frankly perhaps, that communism should be confined to areas where it belongs—Russia, and China, that is if it belongs anywhere at all.

Similarly, the re-education of Americans is necessary to bring them up to date on the Africa of today—as a continent with countries belonging to and participating effectively in world organizations; as an area with a rich cultural background; with a wealth of natural and human resources, a profound philosophy, and a capacity for a strong public opinion on the part of the masses.

Alas, most Americans, and there may be some among you in the audience here today, still rely on Tarzan films as their source material of information about Africa even though the film series is invariably shot behind Hollywood's back door.

Chauvinism and isolationism are the twin diseases and dis-eases of America. While Russia and China battle for the minds of the uncommitted in Africa, America is still pathologically preoccupied with the racial genealogy of her "friends." Suddenly, when it will be too late, Africa will be lost to the West and that will be your doom because you need Africa more than Africa needs you. Our African gold constitutes the backbone of your whole western monetary system. Our natural resources—many of them happily still untapped—keep your factories running and decide the balance both of your payments and of your employment.

Perhaps one day soon America will realize that its very survival is at stake. That she needs Africa as much as Africa needs her. That Black and White need each other if both are to survive. Each needs and is needed by the other. The key to the future of America in Africa lies not in your foreign policy, but in your domestic policy. The African intelligentsia—and he influences the masses today in that continent—cannot understand why White America is anxious to inculcate Black Africa's friendship while simultaneously discriminating against our brothers and sisters of color and of African ancestry here in America. This is one sad issue no American politician or statesman can explain and to us Africans this is the heart of the matter.

Many things in your American democratic society baffle, bother and perplex us, the intelligentsia of Africa.

We cannot understand or even explain why 75,000 *Nisei*, American citizens of Japanese descent, in one of the most tragic aspects of World War II, were uprooted and incarcerated. These loyal citizens of America, Americans all, were unjustly interned only be-



*Ku Klux Klansmen, carrying their torches, march around a large burning cross at a KKK rally in Spartanburg, S. Car.*

cause of their Japanese extraction, while Americans of German descent went unnoticed. Why it was reasonable to assume that the latter would be more loyal than the former defies logic. And when time came for compensations to be paid, the Japanese Americans received only ten cents on the dollar. Is this not a crime against humanity?

We cannot understand why it required the American Army to send an American Negro to a school, a right which constitutes an inseparable part of his American birthright.

We cannot understand why the atrocities of the Congo, the product of a pathetic colonial policy plagued with a melancholy myopia, should receive so much adverse publicity in America, calling the Africans of the Congo savages, murderers and criminals, while the everyday murders, rapes, hit and run deaths of your large cities, particularly New York, are described by these same newspapers as "contemporary metropolitan social problems."

We do not understand why miscegenation is frowned upon legally and morally when everybody fully knows that it has been going on all the time illegally and immorally for decades. The Negro who came here to America from Africa was black. Today the Negro ranges in color from jet black to jet white, in short, all shades. May I ask, how do you account for that?

We do not understand why you accuse Russia of anti-Semitism, when Jews in America are still restricted from membership in some university fraternities and sororities and some of your social clubs—like golf and country clubs. Remember the African adage. If you point an accusing finger at a foe, you have three pointing back at you!

We do not understand why our Lord Jesus Christ, who incidentally was not a white man, is in America made to be a racist as evidenced by exclusive White and Black churches throughout the length and breadth of America. Some American Christians, es-

pecially the anti-Semites, even forget that Christ was a Jew!

We do not understand why almighty God in his inscrutable wisdom has created the White man in the minority with a majority complex.

We do not understand why in your American colleges and universities the emphasis is on the school of action rather than the school of thought. Your campus heroes are not the potential poets, novelists, playwrights, scientists, inventors, historians, mathematicians or economists of the America of tomorrow, but the captain of the football team, the basketball team and the tennis team, the track star, the bridge player and, of course, the homecoming queen. Alas! it is like stressing the *hole* instead of the *doughnut*.

We do not understand why *you* do not understand why your bitterest critics among African intelligentsia are invariably Africans who, like we, have been recipients of higher education in your American colleges and universities. But when they start relating to you their sad, pathetic, humiliating experiences of racial discrimination and insult in your universities and so-called Christian colleges, then you will understand; *and*, unless you *personally* are the recipient of such a personal insult and humiliation, you do not really understand or appreciate how it all feels.

We do not understand why there exists a cleavage between the *theory* and *practice* of democracy. We Africans are not just interested in "words, words, words." We are interested in deeds. This is the strength and superiority of your ideology—or should be!

We do not understand why you Americans decry African tribalism, admittedly a blithering nuisance, and at the same time export religious tribalism to Africa as evidenced by the Christian churches' numerous tribal labels—or what else are they?—Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Jehovah's Witness, Seventh-Day Adventists, Presbyterian, Congregational, Evangelical United Brethren and God alone knows what else.

We do not understand why the church of Christ in America has been reduced to nothing more than a glorified social club. What the cricket club is to the English as a socially exclusive club, the Christian church is to most of the American white Christians. The churches' response to history is slower than the movement of history itself.

We do not understand why America, Christian democracy, has allowed itself to substitute the almighty dollar for almighty God; and, what is even more tragic and catastrophic—to substitute psychiatry for prayer. It is a sad-sick-sorry- state, on the road to moral decadence, that allows itself this unlikely and ungodly institution.

If we must be critical, we who are on the side of democracy, you and I, we must be critical first and foremost of our own conduct.

What is happening in Viet Nam is not good. It is wrong and I do not want to blame anybody. As a Christian, however, I do want to make this observation, that war preparation and war assume that Jesus was wrong. In the final analysis, even if the war in Viet Nam is won, what will it mean to the average American taxpayer, to average Mr. and Mrs. America? What will Americans get out of the victory? Perhaps some day someone will tell me. War is the invention of the human mind. The same human mind can invent peace with justice. We cannot understand why America pours billions of dollars into Viet Nam and sacrifices countless American lives to arrest the spread of Communism and at the same time spends millions of dollars in South African investments to bolster and support a vicious, fascist, totalitarian police state. How do you reconcile the two? How do you explain these double standards?

You have deliberately forced the American Negro to speak the harsh, cruel language of force. There are politicians in your Senate who would rather see racial violence and riots than social justice. Now America is reaping a harvest of hate and revenge, bloody and remorseless: Whatever a nation soweth that shall it also reap! There is still time for you to sow seeds of brotherhood, partnership, true partnership and equality. If you do, your harvest will be abundant and your peace serene.

Harsh as this may sound, we Africans cannot understand why the whole ethos of your American civilization is *sex* and *dollar* oriented.

We cannot understand why the American South is a law all to itself—a law founded on fear, executed in fear and, doomed inevitably, to a fearful failure. The South's fear is not the Negroes but fear itself.

We cannot understand why there exists in America a strong public opinion, pampered and directed by the American press, a public opinion which has been allowed to replace American leadership. This is a serious danger sign.

Yes, my friends, there are many, many other such searching things that we do not understand. If we Africans are perplexed by them then *you*, the students of America, upon whose shoulders will devolve your country's future, should be provoked, yes, provoked by them—provoked to think, provoked to act, provoked to do something to redeem the unfortunately tarnished image of this great nation of yours.

It is gratifying to observe that changes are taking place and they start right here in your hearts, where everything good or bad is formulated.

You are the leaders of tomorrow and upon your shoulders will devolve the future destiny. Will you respond to the global challenge and emerge as yet another Abraham Lincoln, another Franklin Delano Roosevelt, another John Fitzgerald Kennedy, or will you be satisfied to float aimlessly on the outskirts



of the challenge in glorified mediocrity?

Today, more than ever before, the world is divided by "isms" and ideologies — Communism, Socialism, Fascism, Imperialism, Militarism, Pacifism, and so on and so forth. Some of them turn their disciples into murderous troublemakers who would exterminate all who differ from them with a fanaticism reserved exclusively for their own political creed, while others, although well-intentioned, have proved inadequate.

Day after day we pick up our newspapers to find nations snarling at each other, bombs and armies increasing in size, and conferences, conventions, and committees increasing in number. Intolerance, abuse, hate, and violence have become commonplace, quarrels arise out of the slightest provocation, and mutual esteem is on the decline.

In addition to this, we find the ghastly doctrine of racial superiority still rearing its ugly head all over the world. In some countries it has degenerated into racial segregation, whilst in others, although no strong opinions are expressed, it has been a traditional way of thinking for centuries.

Man in his scientific wisdom and genius has conquered time, space, and distance. He has succeeded in leveling mountains, in making rivers flow forwards, backwards, or not at all; he has burrowed in the ground and has provided shelter and comfort there; he has found refuge, of a sort, in the bowels of oceans

and seas; he has put on wings and has transcended distance. In short, man has rendered our world a very small place to live. So small in fact that mankind is mankind's neighbor. The world is so geographically shrunken and humanly expanded that everybody is everybody's neighbor and friend. The greatest and biggest enigma of the country is not the conquest of man's environment, which man has achieved, but the conquest of *man* himself. In the field of human relations, mankind is sadly lacking.

We must all agree that we are all children of Almighty God and we must accept our physical and other differences as mere differences, as mere manifestations of God's creative handiwork, but not as indications of a superiority strata in the human family.

Man, whoever he may be, and whatever his station in life, should evolve that element of tolerance and understanding of the sacred and divine value of the human personality and mind, a divinity which dame nature has endowed on her children. Only by this way can we achieve a new world order and realize in practice the oft-quoted phrase, "The brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God."

There will soon break a new dawn in the horizon of the American dream. And when that dawn will come, of your emancipation from the fear of bondage and the bondage of fear why, America will be the undisputed paradise on this side of heaven!

## RACE, AN INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM

*By Don Jacobs*

THE RACIAL PROBLEM is acute in America just now, not because the Negroes have suddenly become impoverished or that the white man has suddenly become rich, but because the American Negroes now understand the intricate machinery of the power structures and see these structures almost hopelessly rigged against them. The important fact is that they now feel they know the facts earlier denied them.

### *Keeping Poor People Poor*

The only way to keep a poor people poor and powerless is to keep them uninformed or throw a curtain around them and permit just the "right kind"

of information to get through, information which promises a better day some time in the future. But when the underprivileged people get enough information to enable them to get valid "inside information" the spell is broken and it is just a matter of time before the insistent demands are heard.

This is not only true of American Negroes, but is precisely the same for people living under colonial governments. In the beginning they were overwhelmed by the government force and apparent excellence of the colonial governments; therefore they adapted themselves to the circumstances, hoping for the best. They were promised little more than internal peace by the

strange governments, a thing which they all desired anyway. In those far-off days the colonial rulers could effectively censor information for mass consumption.

Then the process of education was begun, spear-headed by the church in mission, all over the colonial world. People slowly began to read and to understand. Their progress in education was usually accompanied by advances in living standards. During this early phase of colonial education there were two world wars in which armies were recruited in the colonies and incorporated into the armies of the master nations. They were sent to the far corners of the earth. For many colonial peoples this was their first significant window on the world. They began to see and faintly understand where they stood in the power structures of the world.

But it required the revolutionary change of the steady educational and urbanization processes to bring home to the people the fact that they were far, far behind in technical and economic skills. They also discovered that the universal power structures were weighted against them and that the task of "catching up" appeared, apart from some unexpected miracle, quite impossible.

The independence movement which took place and is still running strong since 1955 is indeed not the result of a decline in the standard of living among these peoples, but on the contrary, the people had come to a point in their educational pilgrimage where they were quite certain that they must find a more favorable position for themselves in the power structures of the world. To be sure, these people are not living lives of great material prosperity but neither are they helplessly poor.

Some people say, "But then why all this clamoring for independence? These people are better off now than they have ever been before. Why aren't they satisfied with what they have?" This is the sentiment which is often expressed by the white people in South Africa where the African population has a higher average income than anywhere else on the continent. South Africa is trying to kill the independent spirit of the Africans by steadily increasing their income. This, by the way, is not the way to go about it. The only way you can keep a people subjected is to keep them poor and uninformed; poor so that they are preoccupied with scratching together a meager living and uninformed so that they do not know that there is any possible alternative in their struggle.

### *A New Self-consciousness*

The colonial phase is now almost at an end. One phase in the struggle is almost past. Now these new nations are trying desperately to consolidate their freedom lest they lose it to another tyranny. They are also hopeful of finding a place in the power structures of the world in which they can exercise their new freedom.

These new nations are now learning some difficult lessons. The power structures of the world are reluctant to give them rights of full membership, so to speak. For instance, these nations naturally wish to raise the standard of living of their people. This requires rapid development and rapid development requires capital. But instead of being able to use accumulated capital these new nations discover that they must go deeply in debt in order to get the simplest industries started. Yet, when they go into debt their money begins to be devaluated which scares capital away.

An African, in some bitterness, recently remarked that the scriptures were being fulfilled in the world, he said, "To those who have shall be given." The economic picture is painted in very somber colors as far as the new nations of the world are concerned. Somehow it seems as though economic law is working against them: little wonder there is such massive discontent around the world among new nations and little wonder that the fabricating nations are beginning to feel a measure of insecurity in the light of the glaring inequality of the distribution of wealth in the world.

The readers of this article are well acquainted with the problems which now exist as the American Negroes seek a little place in the American sun. It is a very traumatic and disturbing situation indeed. And we have only begun to see some of the problems. Some of us almost throw up our hands in despair when we see how very difficult it is for Negroes to infiltrate age-old power structures which were established to perpetuate the prosperity of the privileged. And all of this is an enlightened America!

Now just in case this does not give us enough material to worry about I would like to suggest that we might begin to worry about a situation which is really "worry worthy"; that is the clashes which are bound to occur as the new nations discover that they are not really very welcome in the "international clubs" because they cannot afford the membership fees and also because the entrenched interests are reluctant to part with anything which they bought so dearly.

The question arises: "Is there a place in the power structures of the world for the new nations?" I am not asking whether they will have seats in the U.N. The new nations do appreciate their seats at the U.N. But the U.N. does not set the price of raw materials nor does it have investment capital. This is what the new nations want to talk about.

The big question of our time is, will the new nations and other developing nations acquiesce to the status quo and reluctantly assume a position of poorer brothers in the world for all time? Or will they struggle and fight and refuse to rest until they have become full members in the international economic committees?

To complicate the whole picture further, almost all of the "poor" nations of the earth are non-white. And so a picture which is basically an economic one is over-

laid with a yet more highly emotional one, race. What this spells for the future is anyone's guess. On the basis of the facts we have, the present racial and economic problems now so obvious in America simply point the way to a similar problem on an international scale where they will be of far more consequence.

### *Reasons for Worry*

You might well ask, why get so worried about this all at once, has not this condition existed for centuries? Certainly we have always had a poor mass of humanity inhabiting the same planet with the wealthy. This is true but does not take into account some very significant factors. Now the poor know that they are poor. This is a result of many things, not the least of which is the revaluation in communications. Furthermore, most of the world's poor were ruled by the world's rich. Now they are free nations and insist on being a part of the new picture. We can no more return to the past than can we put Humpty Dumpty together again. The new day is indeed a new day and cannot be brushed off as a bad dream.

Has it ever occurred to you that maybe the white West will deny the non-white peoples of the earth a place as partners in the new day? Is it not possible that communism, excluding Russia and "Western Communism" may take these new nations under its wing,

promising them partnership status, a position which they are denied in the West?

Let us use Africa as an example. At the present time the Africans are in no mood to sell their hard-earned freedom to anyone. They are very sensitive to any new colonialism. But when this first flush of independence fever wears off, what then? Is the next generation of Africans going to be able to keep things in perspective or may they be drawn toward some ideology which offers promise for a brighter future?

We have not seen the end of the racial and economic struggle in the world. I believe we are just seeing the beginning of what may prove to be the crucial phase in international reorientation.

Does the Lord Jesus Christ have any interest in all of this? We must never forget that all things were made by him and for him and through him. He is still in control of his creation. Yet this does not relieve his people of their responsibilities in the matter.

In these days of rapid change around the world we as God's people need to think like Jesus, to have the mind of Christ. We may not be able to revolutionize the world for him but we can revolutionize the spot where we are, just like Jesus did, and add a touch of salt, a bit of light in a world torn by divisions. We can at least be part of the answer, insignificant though that may be, instead of part of the problem.

## **ETHNIC MENNONITES?**

*By Warren Moore*

It is now a year later. Many things have happened since I reported on race relations in some Mennonite congregations. Perhaps the one, most beneficial thing that has happened, is that enough time and events have passed to enable me to separate a "Mennonite" from "Mennonitism."

Being introduced to the "Mennonite way of life," did not equip me with a rationale for the actions of Mennonites. The "stuff" that goes into the making of a Mennonite remained, for me, an unknown quantity. I kept asking myself: "What is it that makes these people the way that they are?" Whenever I put this question to Mennonites, they would recite rote answers,

given from the uncertain vantage point of an intellectual.

Digging into the tightly knit structures of towns where Mennonites have control, revealed a survival tactic, not uncommon to most minority groups, that fear of losing an identity: the disavowal of values in alien groups and institutions.

This type of social programming carries over into relations between Mennonites of various ethnic groups. Although the best might be intended, defeat and frustration are engendered. It seems that in some communities there is a three-layer "caste system" among Mennonites. (1) Those of Swiss extraction are on top (2)

The Low German are sandwiched between, and (3) The Hutterites are pressed to the bottom. The rationale for this system was based upon cultural habits and degrees of over-all assimilation into the wider context of Americanized living. Each of the three layers has set up criteria for acceptance and, for reason of pride of hostility, resists the intrusions of the others. My visits to all three were brief, but my most immediate and lasting impression was that there was not enough basic difference between them to matter. Their habits were different, to be sure, but their goals were essentially the same. They were all terribly preoccupied with their way of life and fearful of any substantive change in the familiar environs. To some extent, my presence was disturbing. Some were probably wondering whether or not I represented the avante-garde of a certain influx of non-ethnic Mennonites. Perhaps I inspired this by cultivating a taste for German food and using a few Low German words, which I had picked up at the Mennonite Seminary.

When I wrote "Mennonites in June," I knew that my impressions were premature. At this point, I suspect that next June will find me revising this statement. However, I have had enough time to think about Mennonites to know that there is no "stuff" that makes one a Mennonite. It is not a quantity to be isolated, cultured, or studied. Most of what is currently called "Mennonitism" is a residue of personal history, which without the re-occurrence of certain parallel accidents, will dissipate.

Given enough time and automation, the Mennonite "way of life" as a phenomenon, will become a folkway of antiquity and remembered only on festival occasions.

Many Mennonites realize that the church cannot be equated with the ethnic family structures. Fewer are willing to engage in or initiate affirmative action programs which would lessen the possibility of such an equation. This is not to suggest that Mennonites, either as a church or as a people, need to decentralize or dissolve. But it is to say that more physical contact with the problem areas and aggrieved persons is needed.

As an ethnic group, with its own tried interpretation of the Christian ethic, the Mennonite church can bring something fresh and fundamentally vital to Christendom. Hopefully the Mennonite vision of discipleship has sufficiently imbued every quarter of the church,

to reduce embarrassing contradictions. Yet, the church cannot, realistically, spend its energies policing its aggregate body. It must move ahead, in faith, believing that there is therapeutic value in being actively obedient.

The Mennonite church could project its interpretation of the Christian ethic through in-depth communication with the masses of oppressed, privileged, religious and non-Mennonite cultists, who for the moment, are the pivot of national and international conflict. Mennonites, as others, might feel that such a relationship would be too sectarian and could endanger their established programs of outreach. There is no assurance that this would not be the case. However, the problem of implementing the Christian ethic remains. It is my feeling that anyone who can get a program of voluntary service and pacifism off the ground should be able to explain the role of participant-observer.

The present structure of the General Conference Mennonite Church is ideal for producing "experts" in various fields. There is ever the sense of being "sent and called" in Mennonite circles. The broader constituency in the church remains unaffected by the revolutionary experiences of the "experts." To a great extent, emissaries from inner-city ministries, peace projects, *et al*, find a void between their situation and that of the remotely located constituents. It is not so much a question of ignorance as it is one of indifference. Yet, the emissaries cannot feel free to challenge them, because of the need for support. Maybe this void could be filled by dispatching a trustworthy, dyed-in-the-wool, rural-oriented, slightly bigoted person to the inner-city of Vietnam, and requiring that they experience a "live-in" for one year or more. The reports which they would take back to their towns would be accepted. Perhaps the sense of urgency, which hangs like stale air in the abused hallways of flats on Woodlawn, would get through to them.

What would happen if all Mennonites decided to move South, join all-Negro churches and live in all-Negro neighborhoods? This could justifiably be denounced as extreme and impractical. But, it would be interesting to see what would happen to the concepts, customs, and language of Mennonite styled Christianity, as it engages the racist culture of the South.

## The Services of **Mennonite Life**

*Mennonite Life* has devoted issues to various significant problems of our day. It has featured "The Mennonite Church in the City" (January, 1964), "A New Approach to Missions" (January, 1966), "Mennonite Graduate Students" April, 1965), "Mental Health" (October, 1966), "The Fine Arts" (January, October, 1965; July, 1966). Back issues are available for 75 cents. Write to *Mennonite Life*, North Newton, Kansas 67117.

## THE INDIAN AND THE CANADIAN MENNONITES

*By Alfred Heinrichs*

WITH MIXED FEELINGS Mennonites have entered into the social issues of the Negro problem. And with renewed vision the church sought to speak to the inequities of a people that have their 'place.' The church witnessed to the 'powers that be' for disenfranchising a people. The given witness was to be tempered with love and justice, expressing love by helping to reconcile the white and the Negro and expressing justice in words of criticism to those who failed to live with due regard of the other 'brother.'

The Mennonite church in Canada has accepted vicariously, at least, the Negro cause in the United States. It has supported individuals who have given themselves amidst the trying areas. It has gone much further than merely financially supporting involved persons; the Canadian segment has sent with great frequency young persons to the areas of involvement. And as Canadian Mennonites have supported the Negro cause across the border, with greater oblivion have they regarded the Indian within their boundaries. One receives the impression within the Canadian Mennonite constituency that it is great to rally behind the Negro cause, but it is below our dignity to express similar attitudes towards the Indians.

I would dare say that the Canadian Mennonite church need not look far to express its Christian concern. Within a half hour's drive from many of our Mennonite concentrations we have the dilapidated conditions of the Indian Reserves. The Reserves stand there as a bleak reminder of the things that we have not done in the last few decades.

We have failed to see that the Indian's life is one of dependency. He has no institutions that he can call his

own. Economically, he has become a welfare case. Socially, he accepts the lower strata of our white society. Politically, he flounders not knowing who is for him. Religiously, he has been told what the forms of behavior should be within his culture.

This attitude of dependency has forced the Indian into the embarrassing position of having 'no place' in society. The only place he really feels at home is the Reserve, which is unwholesome. In addition, Indians as a people are in conflict: the older generation has its reservations of the integrity of the non-Indian, whereas the younger set accepts without a criteria the sub-culture of the non-Indian. When everything is said and done, the Indian lacks the capabilities to forge an integrating path within today's problems.

The problem is compounded by the inevitable disintegration of the Indian way of life, nebulous as that may be. Still we are made aware of the trend by viewing the isolated deviations within their culture as compared to ours. With increasing frequency they are arranged in our court for a variety of minor offenses. In greater number the Indians find themselves part of broken homes or a common law marriage. Other deviations could be mentioned which would basically indicate that the pressures of a cohesive society are rapidly disappearing, and thus resulting in uncontrolled behavior.

The Canadian Mennonite church has become one with society in its attitude towards the Indian. With common occurrence we hear words like shiftless, drunks, good-for-nothing, hopeless, etc., as they are used to describe the character of the Indian. Our 'do-nothing' as it pertains to the Indian's over-all problem is



*What is the future of the Canadian Indian? Does Christianity have an answer?*

supported with the belief that if he wants to make something out of himself, he can. And if he cannot it is not the church's responsibility; for it is then the task of government to help him learn skills so that he can get a job, help him rid himself of alcohol, that he may become more stable. The church has said its responsibility is to save the soul! But, we have forgotten that so-called saved souls will have to make concrete decisions amidst the prevailing problems which inevitably will be called the Christian life.

The Canadian Mennonite church has been engaged in mission work amidst the Indians. The church has been present largely through a verbal ministry, believing thereby to fulfil its basic responsibility. With great difficulty the church has labored on this plane; for it had to say "We care, we love you, even though we don't help you in your economic, social and political problems. We are here to save your soul!"

In addition, that which we do on the mission field through our representatives is largely negated by what we do in our home community to the Indians. For example, we remain quiet when our car dealers sell them old cars that may break down before they have traveled a hundred miles. We hire them as beet laborers through some middle-man; then we absolve ourselves of the responsibility of learning to know them and becoming acquainted with their need: this might demand that we pay them more than we usually do. We give

them an old granary to live in; for he is just an Indian. However, we would not think it possible that our own relatives could live that way. All this is supported by the church members, deacons, preachers, and bishops, who are guilty of the same practices.

The Canadian Mennonite church needs to repent. And the repentance should take the form of re-developing attitudes and actions. The previous attitudes must be relinquished and more sympathetic ones adapted. The new attitudes must express themselves in concrete actions. These concrete actions must take into consideration the total problem of which the Indian is part, for the Indian is asked to live his life amidst the compounded evils already referred to. What possible form should the witness take? The answer is difficult to formulate. It may take two forms within two respective communities. Thus the answer that I would like to cite is only a tentative one which should point us into the proper direction.

At the basis of the answer rests the concept that whatever is ours must be brought into the kingdom of God so that it may serve in many different ways. The store owner should learn to see his store as a tool of the kingdom and not merely as a way through which one can live on a higher plane. He should possibly consider taking a young Indian as an apprentice who would be taught the processes of that type of business. The garage operator should consider the same thing. The farmer should not be excluded; and least of all the housewife with many of her skills. All these must serve to the betterment of other people.

To many this may sound like the social gospel which many people flee like the plague. But the gospel is social; it speaks to people, and that makes it social. The gospel must speak to the whole man; for it has the possibility of developing the various capabilities, and then bringing them into the service of our Lord. For example, the Indian school drop-out must be tutored; the capabilities of his life must be salvaged, in order that he may express himself to the limit of his potential.

The church should do this. In what way can we really show our Christian concern to those who have lost confidence in us other than in concretely entering into the Indian problem and learning to become his servant? This might be the only way we are able to say that we are concerned.

The Canadian Mennonite church is rich in money and culture. These things can be used in a constructive way as they help the 'neighbor' in need. We should strengthen the imperative of his demand by saying that the wealth and culture must serve the less fortunate. On the Canadian home front we are able to do much; we are capable of making available all our resources in a very practical way so they will serve as a stepping stool for a downtrodden people, through which we may say as an act of faith that I love you in the Christian sense of the word.

## BLACK POWER IN THE WHITE PERSPECTIVE

*By George E. Riddick*

THE JUNE, 1966 Meredith march marshaled the contemporary forces of Black Power in their first visible public demonstration. For the responsible leadership, so designated by the Time-Life Luce syndicate this was a decided embarrassment. Admittedly, the youth in Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) had not chosen an attractive or pleasant image. . . but by the April primary period the Black Power, symbol of the determination to gain black power in the black belts of the south, was already vying for entrance to the Alabama political dialogue. In Lowndes, Wilcox, Bullock, Perry, Dallas and Macon counties audaciously Black Power supporters brushed aside invitations to support coalition candidates of predominantly Negro Democratic loyalist auxiliaries and federated bodies, and asserted that their own candidates would ". . . go it alone" against the tide of white knight George Wallace.

Their campaign is to date somewhat inconclusive. But its crucial importance can be understood against the demographic ecology which shapes the realities and the hard laws of real estate in black belt Alabama. Reports of the United States Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census disclose the following facts relative to the socio-political indices and determinatives there.

There are 49,983 Negro families in the black belt in Alabama. Over 84 percent of these families earn less than \$3,000 per year. Although this encompasses some 263,000 people who make up 26.8 percent of the total population of Alabama, there were only 6,236 registered to vote in the 1964 elections. This means that 5.19 percent of the Negro black belt population was registered to vote at the time of Selma.

A massive voter registration drive upset some of the disparities in registration and also potentially upset the balances of power in black belt Alabama. It now appears that Macon County will have a Negro sheriff, barring, of course, his assassination or forceable removal. But the SNCC kids, who dug much of the ground to cultivate this situation, are not being fooled by appearances. The Wallaces still serve as arbiters of an essentially plantation squirearchy in the thickets

behind the swamp woods. The changes as yet have not been substantive but only partially substitutional as far as black people are concerned. Black people must now be politically and economically enfranchised or they will have become the unwitting players in a tragic circus where their hopes will be shattered on the glass menagerie—called coalition.

The influence of coalition politics upon this massive nonrepresentation and complete disfranchisement of black people in the last primary was to provide in Congressman Elliott a foil for the victory of Mrs. George Wallace—something which caused one wag to speculate that it was a Georgeous victory for the LurLeorge Wallaces.

Black power politics is a repudiation of the traditional alliances forged by Black plenipotentiaries whose power base was never real but always an illusory shadow government.

The Negro power structure has been important not because it had any substantial power but because it represented "a parallel government which filled the vacuum existing between the Negro 'citizen' and the state."

While it has the rough appearance of a parallel power base too, it is hardly appropriate to call the delicate balancing act of black plenipotentiaries the rites of a competing power structure—but certain it is that these rites of passage to the white world were validated by the variegated channels and structures from the white world.

For such confusion in the Negro community, rendered prestige and prominence as synonymous with power. This was not merely a popular error. It was a part of the social arteriosclerosis which kept the Negro community bogged down begging, or competing and vying in public pulpit for largely ceremonial roles; whether as president of local church councils or as alternate delegates to the United Nations, vice-presidents of hundreds of things and, since the reconstruction era, we have had more than our share of roles as—"advisers" to presidents, mayors, governors and business magnates preferably as members of their human relations commissions or committees.

Black Power politics is a channel of communications which urges Negroes, first in the slumber of the black belt south, and then in the Orwellian nightmares of northern ghettos—to leave illusion behind.

The liberal white decentarchy is also culpable on this point. For the cave which black men and women have lived in has been made more decorative and thereby continued to be more deceptively comfortable—as a result of the relationship of liberal whites as a board of directors rather than a bridge of brotherhood to the black community.

When Stokely Carmichael notes that “. . . integration is irrelevant,” he is asserting the basic skepticism of black people over meaningful relationships with anyone who presumes to determine the criteria and the framework within which the integrative process is to take place. And we need to remember that so far it has been the case that Negroes have been expected to initiate the steps toward racial integration which is a somewhat angular assertion of value prerogatives on the part of the white world.

Integration is irrelevant precisely because in integrationist politics Negroes have not been integrated. They have been “swallowed” up in a cellophane cavern. Their prominence may on occasion have been unquestioned but their power was nearly always in short supply and therefore questionable.

One of the most difficult problems and wrenching dilemmas that faced the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in its demands for recognition within the Democratic Party structure stemmed from the fact that while the highest public offices were at stake, and the most wide-reaching public policy was being shaped, there was real question over whether the channels of access at the convention and the constituency of the convention itself did not make it a private club. There was more than a procedural sense in which the convention was staging ground from whence candidates and their mentors and debtors competed for public power on essentially private and exclusivist or elitist springboards and hypotheses. The rather spurious settlement made at Atlantic City corroborated Moses' gravest predictions. Namely, that when Negroes began to talk about the issues that revolved around political power and not merely numerical representation or petty peripheral advisory nonsense—the jig would be up . . . Sassy niggers would then be censured and their organized strength attacked as radical and “leftist.”

There is no doubt in this writer's mind that the power will move northward. What it will find will be a jungle sown in seeds of despair that have reaped granes of wrath. Already policies have been announced which in finality will only ignite the fires that will tragically char the asphalt and aspirations of people of good will in the long hot summer ahead. For there are some realities that cannot be avoided north of the

Mason-Dixon turf.

While median income of Negroes increases from 3-5 percent it is yet little more than \$5,000 in a city where the white median is \$7,250 per year. A Negro youth with four years college and one year of graduate school may expect to earn only \$246,000 in his life time, while a white youth with a high school education will earn \$253,000 during his life. A white youth with four years college will earn \$395,000. With one additional year he may share an income expectancy of \$466,000. A Negro youth with four years of college can expect to earn at most \$185,000, but a white grammar school drop-out after eight years of schooling will earn some \$191,000 in his lifetime.

This is not to say that man is economic or that money is the *sine qua none* of life. It is to assert that Negroes, even in middle class affluence, do not compete with whites. Because they do not, they cannot bargain on an equitable basis with whites short of direct action moves designed to place the total white community into a crisis situation.

### *Black Power and White Power*

The whole confusion over Black Power reveals more about the white world than it does about the advocates of Black Power.

Blackness reminds us—as James Baldwin once suggested—of how undone we are in the focus of a people seeking to recoup the manhood which history has deprived them of through white power.

The advocates of black power undoubtedly wish to relate and reconstruct a mythos for the black community. Such a mythos would relate that community to something larger than the sociological and political shackles which presently bind it to a virtual mortgage on its future.

The question raised by the power party and other advocates of Black Power is, can American politics have any future apart from reconstruction of the socio-political mainstream of the nation? Indeed “What is the mainstream?” The SNCC and CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) factions of the national freedom movement now know that to bargain the white power structure into a crisis is the only way to free it from the myopia that fails to perceive that the choice is to move for social change or to face a conflagration.

Whites are shocked to hear the “moderates” of the older SNCC cry that “Damn it if we cannot sit at the table, we will kick the legs from under it . . .” But this is the truth behind a handwriting that they never bothered to read. It is the handwriting at the core of the “hieroglyphics of destitution” which Jesse Jackson speaks so eloquently about: the four letter words whose foulness is a composite of desperation and blind hopelessness and not of obscenity at all.

This is precisely why the more perceptive and alert



youngsters of Negro youth gangs find Black Power attractive and proudly wear Black Power buttons. These youth should not be confused with the virulent racists in Chicago's inner city white pockets on the southwest and northwest sides of the city who scream for white power and who also bespeak a desperation but one of a totally different nature.

For while youth gangs are concerned over their status, . . . they are more interested in the substance of daily life which they see filched from their parents by politicians, landlords, social workers, insurance salesmen and corner businesses. These youngsters seek to know why their education is filtered down to them in schools whose per capita expenditure for each student hovers around \$365 (\$269 of which goes for instruction as opposed to the city average of \$517, \$344 of which goes for instruction). Intricate formulas stressing some basic—if oblique—"equality" of expenditures that is somehow altered by the absence of experienced teach-

ers in ghetto neighborhoods only corroborate for them the basic indifference which power structures in society have for black youth.

It was one of our more articulate board of education members the other week who asserted about one site selection "What difference does it make what block we take up in Kentwood-Oakland for a school. . . What's all the fuss about the housing?" You can believe that the sector of the Blackstone rangers living in that area heard her with a clarity that was equally as penetrating as that from city hall and the remaining board of education membership. These students know that with their schools 85.6 percent segregated. . . an incredibly high 74.4 percent at high school level—and this increasing geometrically each year—that the board of education is another bureau of racial segregation in the city of Chicago. A new school superintendent is far less impressive than old but continually repeated instances of performance scores for top ranking gradu-

*Marlin Luther King, Jr., declares a "day of penance" after the night's violence which was an attempt to defy police (Albany, Georgia, 1962).*



ates of all Negro ghetto schools placing them as much as two and a half points below the average performance scores of other students attending college or university in the state. One news report cited the fact that Negro students graduating in the upper one-fourth of their class frequently scored 2.75 out of a possible 5 points at the state university.

These students know—or, at least, soon will know that this is a political issue. In fact the very question of color is a political issue in this city. Given these present infacitudes, white power forces seem to assault all bases of reason by asserting that the choice and conflagration are not in fact alternatives . . . that by reason of their own current self interests the choice increasingly becomes a conflagration which is then interpreted as providing the occasion for a show of force. Thus we hear one seriously considered proposal that perhaps national guard units should be parked in the inner city core areas each summer to maintain the peace.

For the last vestiges of escape in the ghetto will have been gobbled up by dissemblers who would compress both its borders and its possibilities—its problems and its prospects in a garrison state.

But let us stop and think. Would this not join the issue at that intersection of frustration and despair that might unleash a last proxism of urgency that in shattering previous integuments would threaten nonetheless the total metropolitan area. Thus all epilogues of the ghetto are now beyond the recitative of petty incidents and must now be considered in terms of the horrendous melodrama which is rehearsed in those ghettos daily. For no one who really lives as opposed to residing) in the ghetto or is a close observer of its unpatterned gasp of survival diurnaly, can seriously entertain anything less than the possibility of a total conflagration. But in the larger community there seems to be little recognition of the basic insult of the ghetto. Thus, the vice-president's very honest assessment that one who lives in ghettos would likely lead revolts, that he would do so himself if compelled to live in them . . . is the subject of villification from alarmists who themselves do not live in ghettos. But let us cite some more figures to put bone and sinew on the invisible skeleton structure that all of us see when we "imagine" the ghetto.

According to studies released by the Department of Commerce, note that: enrollments in high school have averaged over the past six years some 640,000 increase and college enrollment has increased nationally some 270,000 yet, only 29 percent of the nonwhite females and 27.6 percent of the nonwhite males have completed four years of high school or more. But even this low figure represents an increase since the 1950s when it was only 14 percent.

This factor even affected the older aged groups where education levels were somewhat lower. In other

words the median level of education for Negroes above thirty-five was from two to four years lower than it was for whites. But whites even in the 1950s had reached the 40 percentile mark in terms of those who had completed secondary education. Thus Negroes are to this date a full 11 percent below the 1950 rating of whites in education at the secondary level alone.

Wage scales reveal even wider disparity in terms of the Negroes' possibility of becoming competitive. For the 1963-64 report of the Department of Commerce "Americans at Mid Decade" noted that the median income for men was \$6,100; for women \$3,600. But for Negro men it was only \$3,900.

What this discloses is a form of syndomatic poverty that capitalizes upon itself and becomes the guarantor against Negroes ever becoming inheritors—rather they are always inhabitants in their insular ghettos.

What must further be seen by the liberal white dectocracy in America is that talk of avoiding polarizations in the total community is less than worthless unless these disparities and their concomitant inequities can be massively overcome.

### *Youth and the Future*

For the sake of its youth to whom it must bequeath its heritage, the nation must accept less facilely and more with a pronounced sense of uneasiness the misrepresentative character of the varied boards and auxiliaries entrusted with the guardianship of its major community services.

It is not merely that ghetto youth suffer from the social estrangement imposed—almost as a malignancy by these groups . . . but that the functions of these agencies constitute feudal recidivism of a private club; a club in which public policy is tragically a satellite concern essentially tangential to the main business of running the club and perpetuating its hegemony.

Thus when "prurient interest" is attacked by moralistic censors, the youngsters wonder if the corrupt events presided over by the pristine trustees of a major metropolitan service and the inflated profits drawn from speculative real estate deals in areas selected for site location of schools or other municipal facilities—also reflect a "prurient" interest at public expense!

Much like the figures caricatured in Genet's *The Blacks*, the youth gangs are fascinated with the larger society to the point of imitation; and like these figures the mask of imitation is only a shield for incorporating the larger subtleties of "operating" which youth gangs know so well as the *modus vivendi* of society, no matter at what level. It is impossible to speak of cherished institutions to these youth for these youngsters know that those institutions are the coveted superstructure which shapes the price which corruption pays to a certain escheatic order. But who pays a price to justice?

A part of the penetrating attraction of Black Power

is its seeming promise that America's black people can bring down the curtain on the politics of collusion. There need no longer be a brokerage class maneuvering from compromise and defining principle on grounds of a privatistic ethnic which surrenders the issues at the outset.

Because of this, the SNCC-CORE-axis makes common cause with all those whom it has seen as outsiders (including the Black nationalist children and stepchildren of Fadd and Marcus Garvey).

For them there is very little point in arguing right versus left relative to the ideological spectrum. Consensus white politics have been the exclusionist politics of the center which effectively prevented the black man (and for that matter the dispossessed period) from sitting at the right hand of the privileged clique. It is not Stalinoid or Maoist to assert that the experience of SNCC and CORE, and COFO through Freedom Democratic Party in 1964 eclipsed anything that might have been described in a Fitzgerald novel about this nation's political parties. For the experience revealed that a party harboring Dodd, Eastland, Stennis, Ellender, Long, and Russell on the one hand, and Powell, Kennedy, Ruether, Douglas, and Brown on the other was not a "party of the people . . ." nor was it democratic, at all but was in fact a diaphonous ideological contradiction sustained by papier-mache and money.

Insulting and patronizing articles from the Evans-Novak-Roscoe Drummond and Luce oriented press serve only to confirm the militants in the movement in their basic suspicion of the sickness of the larger society.

They know too, that there is an invisible governmental agency called the machine which in effect serves as a holding company with interlocking directorates among the business and labor and mass media enterprises. They know that this holding company is able to frustrate any and nearly all functions of government in the interest of part necessity.

They know also that bi-partisan government in the city is government of at least four parties divided less on ideological grounds than along lines of vested interest relative to the city versus suburb.

Thus the paramount issue against which the integrity of party government must be judged in mid-century is what is a political party and what constitutes responsibility and obligation for such an entity in a democracy.

### *Black Power: A Christian Response*

Perhaps the most urgent task for the church in developing a response to Black Power is to reconceptualize its own mission in the world. It should be clear that the non-missional presumptions of rendering philanthropy as a helping profession are, by now, discredited and without merit in any dialogue of the church's role in the ghetto. On the other hand, we

must state that this is the acceptance of the cross that requires an understanding of the implications and ramifications of identification with the dispossessed that will require much more thinking than has been evident in many Christian communions. Obviously, to entertain the possibilities of doing this outside of an ecumenical and indeed, where possible, an inter-faith context is not to undertake the task at all. Nor need we expect to be welcomed by the advocates of black power. Much if not all of our support will have to be non-directive and channeled largely through the leadership of lay people with whom we maintain a liaison.

It is certain that the church's understanding of what interaction means must shift from the rather traditional concern that adjustment rather than creative conflict become the basis for arriving at solutions to a given crisis. The church must understand that frequently the establishment does nothing apart from the presence of substantial conflict which in effect bargains the community into a crisis.

The church should see the tension created by the political demands of black power movements as the inevitable and valuable by-product of the Negroes' attempt, in the ghetto, to express his manhood by re-entering society as an interest group. But we should also surmise that any re-entry process will be painful and, at times, abrasive in terms of the counterbalancing of claims and interests in the body politic. What should be appreciated in the church's role is not the *Imitatio Christi* . . . but is defined by the image of a servant who seeks dialogue in obedience to his Lord; and who willingly assumes risks of the dialogue.

Severe distrust from the advocates of Black Power may help the church to a more authentic expression of the love ethic which divests itself of the facade of moral superiority and spiritual pride. The church will need to deploy its laity in disciplined, close study moves that sensitize the community at large to the urgency of developing Negro leadership and a group consciousness of self that will provide the *raison d'etre* for the massive racial rehabilitation which Negroes need. By and large Negroes who have worked in integrated settings or who have received the official blessing of the white power structure are going to be useless to the Black power movement; this is tragic. Perhaps the most that can be hoped for is that a few of them will be able to operate as communicative bridges to that movement.

The churches must make a careful and thoroughly appraised assessment that is free to proceed from the context wherein it works and is not enslaved to some doctrinal presuppositions about what an action must be in all places and all times.

The question of endorsement is not only no longer an option of the church, but it essentially begs the issue. The movement is not contingent upon any such beneficence on the part of the church. What the church

should more nearly perceive is its task to be a sharp, if friendly critic of the dogmas which are a part of any revolutionary situation and which invariably arise in the reconstruction of ideology.

These gigantic assertions may be viewed as necessary to the devolution of ghetto mentality since it is most apparent that black leadership will wish to reject out of hand the patronizing description of the Negro community as a sub-culture.

The church should also reject this image as a distortion and in the midst of its critical task should seek to interpret the black man's quest for an alternative in which he may participate as something more than an articulate ward of the larger and more dominant group.

The church needs to tell the larger and more dominant society that at the very least black people will search for this alternative even if it means the creation of paragonmental linkages to the central determinants and sources of decision making. This includes mass media, government, informal decision making apparatus and the asphalt-concrete grass roots movements. Other than this it is only reasonable to surmise that they will move toward the collapse of these surrogate structures as totally incompatible with their drive to manhood and total participation.

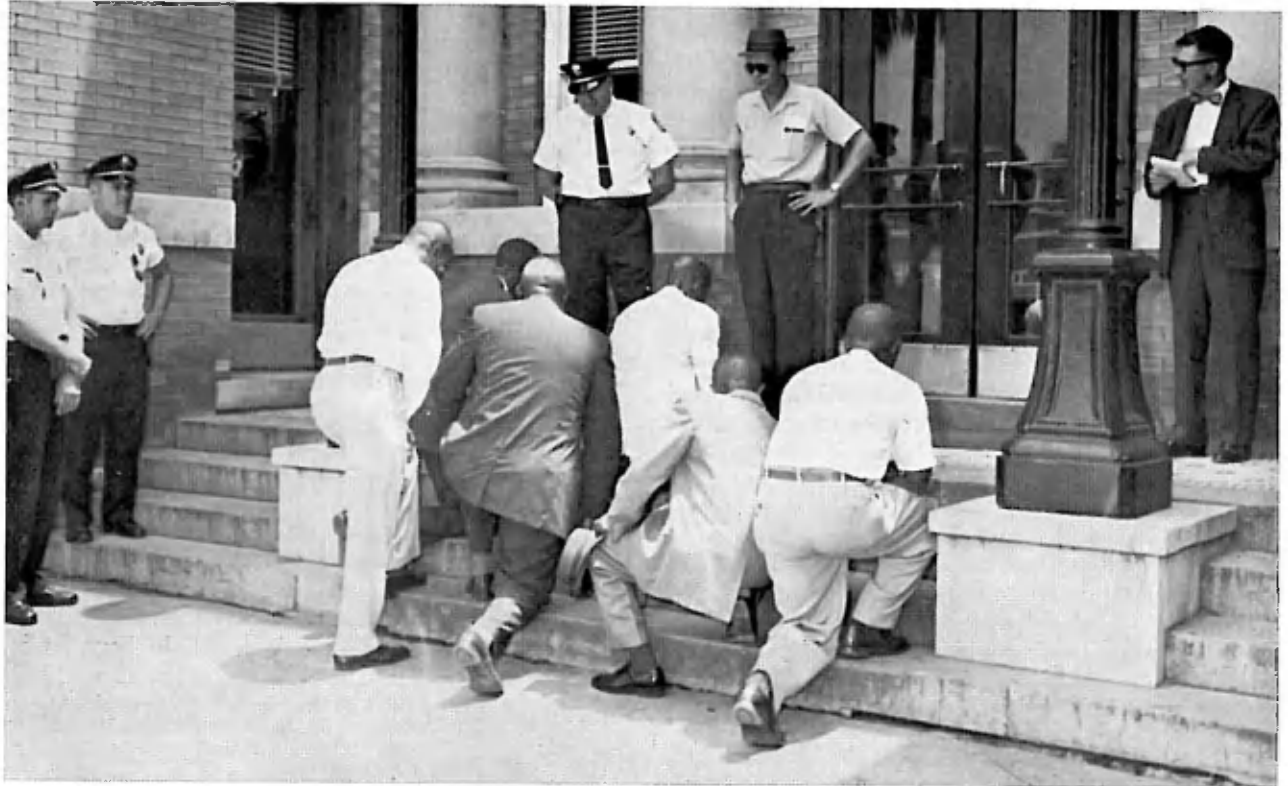
Finally, the church must be prepared to allay the fears of the white community against an authentic (as opposed to opportunistic) black power movement. The church should help the white community confront

the unpleasant realities that have necessitated the formation of black power movements in the north and the south.

Again, the church is not under obligation to support every segment of the black power movement. It is under judgment to come to terms with black power, particularly as it impinges upon the nondirection of the American cities. Certainly it must repudiate violent and opportunistic forces who mask behind Black Power as a cry for black people's liberty. American cities must undertake overall city planning with comprehensive scope and develop complementary institutions whose accountability and response to all elements within a city does not evince in spastic nonsense about ". . . This city will never select a member of the board of such and such on the basis of color. . . ." The mayors who say this are always careful to assure representation to the noisy and politically sensitive ethnic elements of the white community. It is the task of the church to point this up and shout aloud the mendacity and hypocrisy it betrays, and the convulsive desperation it generates in the Negro ghetto.

It is no longer a question of whether or not the black community will organize. It is whether the church has the intestinal fortitude and the integrity to ally, where possible, with this organization in breaking the strange hold of the corporate structure rather than engaging in the futile and self defeating attempt of opting to revert into that corporate structure and thereby perpetuate for masses the mess we are already in.

*These six elderly Albany Negroes kneel in prayer on steps of city hall after 161 Negroes had been arrested because they had "paraded without a permit."*



### III. Ventures Toward a Solution

## A MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION

*By Orlando A. Waltner*

THAT WORDS LIKE segregation and *apartheid* should describe the social and cultural pattern of any people or nation is cause for embarrassment, apprehension, and repentance. On the American scene where segregation of non-white has been planned and promoted, sometimes with the help of political agencies and funds, the wrong of earlier slavery and present-day segregation becomes starkly brutal and repulsive. Where segregation with all its attending evils has been supported by churches and institutions and Christians as individual leaders in communities, the cognizance of this system of alienation as sin is yet to break more deeply upon this nation.

The present institution of segregation is engrained deeply into white, American culture. It could be no

other since the Negro from the colonial day was made a part of the U.S. scene because of the economic gain he meant to white society. Oscar Handlin writes of the young American nation pioneering in freedom, but enslaving the Africans who, transported to the western hemisphere, were by law reduced to the status of property: "The evolving economic system depended upon the Negro and required his total subjugation. The masses of black men had to be totally disciplined. Forbidden to hold weapons, to signal one another, to assemble in groups, or to strike a white man, they were kept in incommunicado. The law defined them as chattels, held them incapable of giving evidence, punished them savagely for misdemeanors, and deprived them of their humanity. The completion of the slave

*Typical house occupied by Negroes in rural Mississippi.*



code fixed the character of a plantation." Indeed, the United States' history has its embarrassing aspects of exploitation and subjection of the Negro race.

### *The Delta Ministry*

Efforts to correct the system of exploitation and subjection have encountered strong resistance. Only a firm and determined position of the Federal Government has been able to create some situations in which the Negro can more fully exercise the rights that are his as a person. Repeatedly it has been said that the church has been tardy in protesting against the evils of segregation. Courageous Christians and congregations did raise their voices in behalf of the Negro, but the church as an institution was indifferent, complacent, or openly supported segregation. More recently, hosts of church people determined to help the Negro find release from his underprivileged status and station have turned to the Delta Ministry in Mississippi, a program of the National Council of Churches. In this program, begun in 1964, churches of five continents are working positively to help the most sorely depressed and needy Negroes living in the flat, crescent-shaped area of north-west Mississippi. Large plantations reap rich rewards from the thirty-foot deep top soil of the Delta. Some of this soil is the richest in the world. More than 2 million bales of cotton, worth more than a quarter billion dollars, are shipped every year from the Delta. But the Negroes who hoe and pick the cotton earn an average of \$486 per family per year.

The Delta Ministry moved to help the poor, illiterate, helpless, and exploited Negro. In the two years of its program, the Delta Ministry has achieved some significant results. In the area of relief, local people in several counties were organized to bring protest in Washington on the discrimination in distributing welfare funds and commodities. In those counties without programs to distribute federal surplus commodities, the Delta Ministry offered to administer these federal programs. As a result, the state expanded its program to bring additional relief to people in all of the 82 counties of Mississippi.

Through the assistance of Delta Ministry, a non-profit corporation was organized which can now apply for federal grants and loans for low-cost housing and small business opportunities. Economic rehabilitation is also promoted in the launching of numerous Headstart programs (a preschool program for deprived youngsters). As a result, 1.3 million dollars and 1,300 jobs were made available to the state through federal funds. To counter ill health the Delta Ministry engaged a doctor and four nurses who organized county health departments conducting demonstration clinics for deprived Negroes. Counties and state health programs are encouraged to expand and to provide nondiscriminating service.

In the absence of leadership roles and opportunities to express community responsibility, citizenship has had

little meaning for the Negro. The Delta Ministry's program encourages the Negro to study his own problems and to initiate programs to resolve these problems. Assistance and counsel are given to the Negroes to register as a necessary step to qualify for citizenship responsibilities in the local communities. Programs are flexible. People's needs are a determining factor of ministry. The elderly who are denied legitimate welfare grants or social security benefits find in the Delta Ministry an organization which comes to their help and encouragement.

### *Barriers of Hostility*

The Delta Ministry staff is identified very closely with the Negro in his struggles to attain a more dignified and meaningful life in as short a time as possible. As a result the Delta Ministry is a part of those forces which create tension between white and Negroes. The hesitant and cautious manner in which "moderate whites" have supported the Negro in his claim to full citizenship has convinced the administration of the Delta Ministry of the necessity to call upon Federal Government to exert pressure in gaining for the Negro the rights that are his. As the Negro has been gaining ground in winning his rights, the gulf between the segregationists, the moderate whites, and the Negro has been deepening. New and subtle ways of discrimination and rejection of the Negro are being used by whites.

### *A Ministry of Reconciliation*

Consistent and serious programs of reconciliation are rare. The ministry of reconciliation is without question the most difficult task facing the nation in its racial crisis. And who but the church should take the lead here? In spite of the rebuffs, the harsh and difficult experiences that have come to members of the Delta Ministry staff, there remain the challenge and the need to add to the Delta Ministry program the concern of reconciliation. Both the Negro and the white need to overcome attitudes of bitterness, mistrust, and fear. And the whites need to experience a cleansing from guilt of years of wrong deeds.

The ministry of reconciliation is a mission of peace to people who are at war within and among themselves. This difficult mission requires personnel of sensitivity, courage, and patience. It demands persons of faith, hope, and love. This is a mission calling for the corporate witness of the churches. The peace section of the Mennonite Central Committee could be the logical agency to designate personnel, which within the framework of the program of the Delta Ministry, could engage responsible businessmen, professional personnel, and ministers in discussion and formulation of programs of reconciliation. The Delta Ministry would most likely stand ready to add this peace mission or ministry of reconciliation to its list of activities in behalf of the Negro and the white people of the South.

## TEACHING IN A SEGREGATED SCHOOL

By Patricia Martin

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I received an assignment to teach in a school located in a city slum. I was neither warned that the school would be over ninety percent Negro, nor consulted if, as a Caucasian, I would object to such an assignment. The personnel director was providing this city with integrated faculties by merely assigning teachers without regard to race. The situation was without tension, when compared to the racial problems confronting most big city schools. The board of education had shown its concern for the total community. The school tax dollars were equally distributed. This was evident as I went from an upper middle class neighborhood school to my new assignment within the same system. Both schools had good audio-visual equipment, playground toys, an auditorium, provided field trips, and the same amount of money per pupil was given to the teacher to order supplies. Why, then, do civil rights leaders say that segregated schools are not equal? I learned the answers first hand.

Schools in poverty areas lack leadership in their Parent-Teacher's Association or similar organizations. These organizations are left struggling much as the church congregation remaining in the inner city. In a more affluent neighborhood, a Parent-Teacher's Association group provides a school with such needs as inter-com systems, mimeograph machines, tape recorders, television, extra library books or kitchen equipment. This is not true in the slum school. Our P.T.A. was only able to raise three hundred dollars the entire year; whereas a P.T.A. in a school in a "good neighborhood" with experienced leadership, fewer working mothers, and more money in the family budget to spend on tickets for school programs, carnivals, or spaghetti suppers, was having problems deciding how to spend the one thousand extra dollars in their treasury.

Another inequality is due to a large teacher turnover. A teacher does not stay long enough to build up the teaching aids. As a teacher orders the yearly supplies for her room, she thinks of both immediate and future needs. When the buying plan is interrupted every few years, the room never gets well equipped, or it's a "hodge podge." Teachers may even need more supplies than the average school because there will be more failures, and the children will need more practice.

The most important inequality is in placing the same number of children per teacher, usually around thirty-

five in city systems, without regard to the special needs of the disadvantaged child. I am a kindergarten teacher. Let us look at what happens in kindergartens segregated by *de facto* segregation into a room of mostly disadvantaged Negro children in one school and a room of mainly middle class white children in another school.

The middle class children are directed to cut-color-paste, which the majority have done many times at home. There is instant success. Many can even print their names on the back of the paper. They can sit and wait quietly for the next activity. They know how to care for and look at books. They have had many educational toys and trips. Blocks are used to build farms, cities, and bridges from the first free play session. They bring extra equipment from home for the special art projects. Their behavior reflects the security of their home life. These children and their teacher go through the year with relative ease in a good psychological climate.

The majority of the thirty-five disadvantaged children have never been stimulated by educational toys, trips, or even stories. Each child needs the teacher "at the same time" to encourage him in his first attempt to cut-color-paste. Most have never seen their name in print. Blocks are lined up in a long row or made into tall towers. Books are "read" upside-down and backward. The noise in the playhouse reflects the disorganization of their home life. Starting where these children are in their development, the teacher may show them their face in a mirror, which most have not seen before except as a blurred reflection in a store window. Lack of language development is a major problem. They cannot talk about what they have not experienced. The teacher through drama and visual aids acquaints the children with a larger world. This is complicated by the fact that most teaching aids are geared to the experiences found in middle class family life and because of the lack of pictures depicting the Negro. Often to motivate a child to talk, a teacher's most valuable aid is an understanding of the sub-culture of poverty. She may be able to get him to talk in two or three sentences about guns, rats, television, police, church, fires, money, or bugs. Often the potential dropout is experiencing his first failure even in kindergarten because the teacher cannot get around

to encourage the entire class. These children need many successes. The needs of the parents have been so great that the needs of the children could not be met at home. Their excessive demands for attention and other problems in a personality development cause a cloudy psychological atmosphere of failure for these children and their teacher. The authoritarian type "hit and holler" discipline used at home results in a multitude of discipline problems at school. One of the hardest jobs is to communicate to the parents that a whipping given by the teacher will not help the child learn his lesson or "act right."

Schools are not providing equal education opportunities for the disadvantaged Negro child when teacher-pupil ratios and teaching procedures are not adjusted to correct and to prevent these special difficulties. The middle class child does not receive an adequate education in his sheltered classroom isolated from the reality of the differences to be found in the world. The problems of educating the disadvantaged Negro child are great enough, as I learned from this teaching assignment, when there is a progressive board of education committed to human relations. I was soon to learn that such a school board is indeed a rare gem. There is a more typical way of administering ghetto schools. This way is the cause of much of the fear, hostility, and distrust found between whites and Negroes in many school systems today. Robert Kendall in his book *"White Teacher in a Black School"* does a good job of describing the frustrations of working under a rigid board of education.

When we moved to another city in Kansas, I applied for a job in a school system which happened to be

mostly segregated. There was resistance to faculty integration. Unless teachers volunteer, the segregated faculties will continue, except for teachers new to the system, because teachers with tenure cannot be re-assigned to correct racial imbalance. The board was not interested in the attempts of the Human Relations Commission and other groups working on the problems of *de facto* segregation. Along with my teaching application, I sent a letter requesting an assignment to a Negro school. During my interview, I again raised the question of such an assignment. I certainly was not encouraged by the words of the personnel director, "We believe children are children. We want what is best for the child. We do not want anybody out there with an axe to grind." The normal procedure deviated. I was sent to the school to "look it over" and to be interviewed by the Negro principal. I suppose the bare playground, broken sidewalk, old ill-kept building and lack of teaching equipment was expected to deter me. Later in the day, I was called on the phone by the secretary of the personnel director to see "How I liked it out there." By mutual agreement of the principal and myself, I have now been there three years.

Discouragements come not only from the administration but from fellow white teachers as well. Last summer at an institute for the desegregation of schools, many teachers expressed feelings of prejudice. Working each day and seeing the results of segregation, I cannot help but be committed to the civil rights movement. There are rebuffs from some white friends, family and Christians who find the commitment hard to understand and accept. To assure freedom from segregated patterns of the past, Caucasians and Negroes need a

*Picketing at Board of Education building in a metropolitan city.*





chance to get acquainted on the job and in the leisure time of their daily lives. This means a conscious effort from the white person to remove the racial barriers erected long ago and fermented by unquestioning generations. My opportunities have made me aware of and sensitive to the deprivation of human dignity and the inequalities caused to the Negro American because of white supremacy in our country.

The problems of the Negro children in my room who come from low rent public housing and high rent dilapidated housing around the school are as described earlier. They are further complicated by past isolation from whites in the larger community. One day as I was walking in the neighborhood, one of the girls in my room came skipping down the street. When she saw me, she stopped dead and shouted, "Ooops, I must have come too far!" This was her reaction to seeing a white person in her block.

Our school has been neglected as have other Negro schools in the system. This is sometimes partly the fault of the "Uncle Tom" type Negro principal who wishes to cause as little trouble and expense as possible and keeps the budget requests low and conceals the needs of the pupils. Our particular school has no duplicating machine. Seatwork is put on the board morning and noon by teachers who are already giving up thirty minutes of their lunch hour to supervise the children who have brought sack lunches. There is no hot lunch program for the elementary schools. Because of the interest of a small group of middle class mothers, our schools now have a milk program. These mothers were concerned that the school system was not participating in this federally funded program and approached the board of education as a pressure group. We need more such help in the form of pressure from citizens. This is the first year we have had a speech therapist (only three hours per week) and a counsellor (one day a week) in our school. We are so overcrowded that these services are located in a main hallway or in a corner of the library. The librarian comes once a week. The library is a gloomy room located next to the boiler room in the basement which means it is not quiet. One day I was using the library to show a film and the nurse (half day a week) and the counsellor arrived, and another teacher wanted to use this only available space to practice gym. There is no auditorium for school programs or meetings. We shove back desks and use a classroom. We lack teaching equipment. I am fortunate that I can supplement supplies with my own children's educational toys. My expenses for such items as pens, tape, straws, parties, records, stapler, paper punch, which should be provided by the school, comes to nearly one hundred dollars a year. Federal funding of a teachers aide program gave each teacher the help of mothers in the community part time each week. It made a remarkable difference in the performance of the children and the efficiency of the teacher. It is

doubtful if such funds will continue, and without such help I am not certain I can continue! This would be a real opportunity for volunteer service as is happening in some places.

As the first and only white teacher in the history of the school, the parents at first thought I might be mean to their children. They expected me to keep my distance. My philosophy of ghetto school teaching is to be involved in the neighborhood. By this I mean using recreation facilities (if there are any), eating out, shopping, using public transportation from time to time, home visitation, visiting churches, and socializing with Negro friends in the area. Our children attended a nursery school in the ghetto; this was a breakthrough in my communication with parents. They saw this as a sign of mutual trust as we allowed our children to rub elbows. The discussion of race is becoming less taboo. The local poverty program has begun to draw out the feelings of parents as they plan for their children's future.

The children and I work for open human relationships needed for this new generation of five-year-old Negro Americans. The following are some typical comments I recorded in my classroom: "My teacher is white." "My brother calls you Whitey." "I like your hair." "Are your kids white too?" "A rat bit me, but mama said not to tell you." "You live in the white man's world don't you." "I don't have a daddy." "She's talking about my mama. You don't talk about nobody's mama." "My mama is getting married." "He spit on me."

"Niggers is a bad word."

"Why did you call him a nigger?"

Shrug.

"Do you know anyone who likes to be called a nigger?"

"No Ma'am."

"What is he?"

"Colored."

"He's a Negro."

Smile. "That's right."

Boards of education are mostly one color, white. They are either committed or not committed to civil rights. The non-committed are in abundance. *De facto* segregation in our nation's schools has been passed off as a housing problem. The fact is there are several creative solutions to *de facto* segregation known to administrators. They are not implemented because those in the educational power structure do not wish to disrupt the status quo. Without federal aid and the civil rights movement schools would be moving more slowly in eliminating inadequate education of Negro Americans. School administrations will be most influenced to change by pressure from parents, black and white together, who desire their children be trained to live in an integrated, democratic society.

## THE BEAT OF TODAY'S WORLD IN WORSHIP

*By Thomas F. Moffett*

WHITE-GLOVED LADIES acting as ushers, the congregation marching forward to place their offerings on the communion table while singing the Negro gospel song "Lead Me, Guide Me," a prelude and perhaps an invitational hymn with the pronounced beat of the Negro gospel music—these are features of the Sunday morning worship at the First (United) Presbyterian Church of Kansas City, Missouri, which the average Protestant visitor finds new and strange. Since the congregation and staff are interracial, some of them also have had some adjusting to do. However, this adjustment can hardly be considered more radical and difficult than the upheavals in established liturgical practices which great numbers of Roman Catholic congregations are now experiencing.

When a white church seeks to be an agent of reconciliation and mission in a Negro neighborhood what effect does this have on its form and style of worship? It is often said that most of our "standard brand" white Protestant churches are not really capable of effective ministry in city neighborhoods of low economic or educational level or of Negro concentration. "Those people just are not attracted by our style of worship and activities," is the reason often given.

This widely accepted attitude is being challenged by a small but increasing number of effective inner city churches both Protestant and Roman Catholic. However, I believe all of these have made their primary appeal not on the basis of the form or style of worship but by the evidences of genuine acceptance, concern and effective action to meet the urgent needs of the people by both individual social welfare and more long-range social and political action approaches.

This concern for people, however, makes many such churches receptive to liturgical change since the mission of the church is conceived as taking Christ to the people in a way they can understand rather than bringing people to a Christ who is expressed in a fixed form and tradition to which they must adjust.

First (United) Presbyterian Church in Kansas City, Missouri, has tried to be responsive in this way without in any sense breaking contact with its historic tradition in worship.

The church is in the heart of the city's worst poverty area. The parish is a free-way-ringed "island" about

eight blocks square and has for years been half white and half Negro. Eight years ago the 25 active white members undertook a new and intensified ministry to the entire neighborhood with substantial denominational support. At that time the "island's" population was at least ten thousand but it was already turning from residential to commercial and has now dropped to below six thousand.

In spite of this decline the church has not only become the most active force in neighborhood social welfare and action but has grown to over one hundred members with a program involving at least five hundred people on a regular basis and touching five thousand a year in some way. The church is interracial, but about two years ago the growing number of Negro members finally resulted in a shift in the ruling body (the Session). Leadership moved from elderly whites to young Negroes. It was from this new leadership that the suggestions came for the most noticeable variations from usual Presbyterian worship practices.

From the beginning of the church's new ministry the pastor, Kenneth S. Waterman, had a deep appreciation for the value of the liturgy and an openness to all the historic liturgical traditions and newer experiments. There had been little prior exposure to the worship of Negro churches, however.

The basic structure of the worship was established right at the beginning of the new ministry and has actually remained unchanged. It is deeply rooted in the relatively formal liturgical traditions rather than in the so-called "free" forms. In fact the comment of the local neighborhood visitor of Baptist, Methodist, or Pentecostal background is often, "This must be some kind of Catholic church."

Sections of the service are entitled. "Praise to the Almighty God," "Confession to Our Forgiving Father," "Instruction and Inspiration," "Our Response to God's Love," and "The Fellowship of Christ's Church." Congregational participation is structured in the familiar forms of a responsive "Greeting" or "Call to Worship," unison "Apostles' Creed" and prayer of confession. Participation is increased beyond the Presbyterian norm through the saying of the Twenty-Third Psalm in unison as an "Assurance of Pardon" and by singing "The Lord's Prayer" as part of the dedication



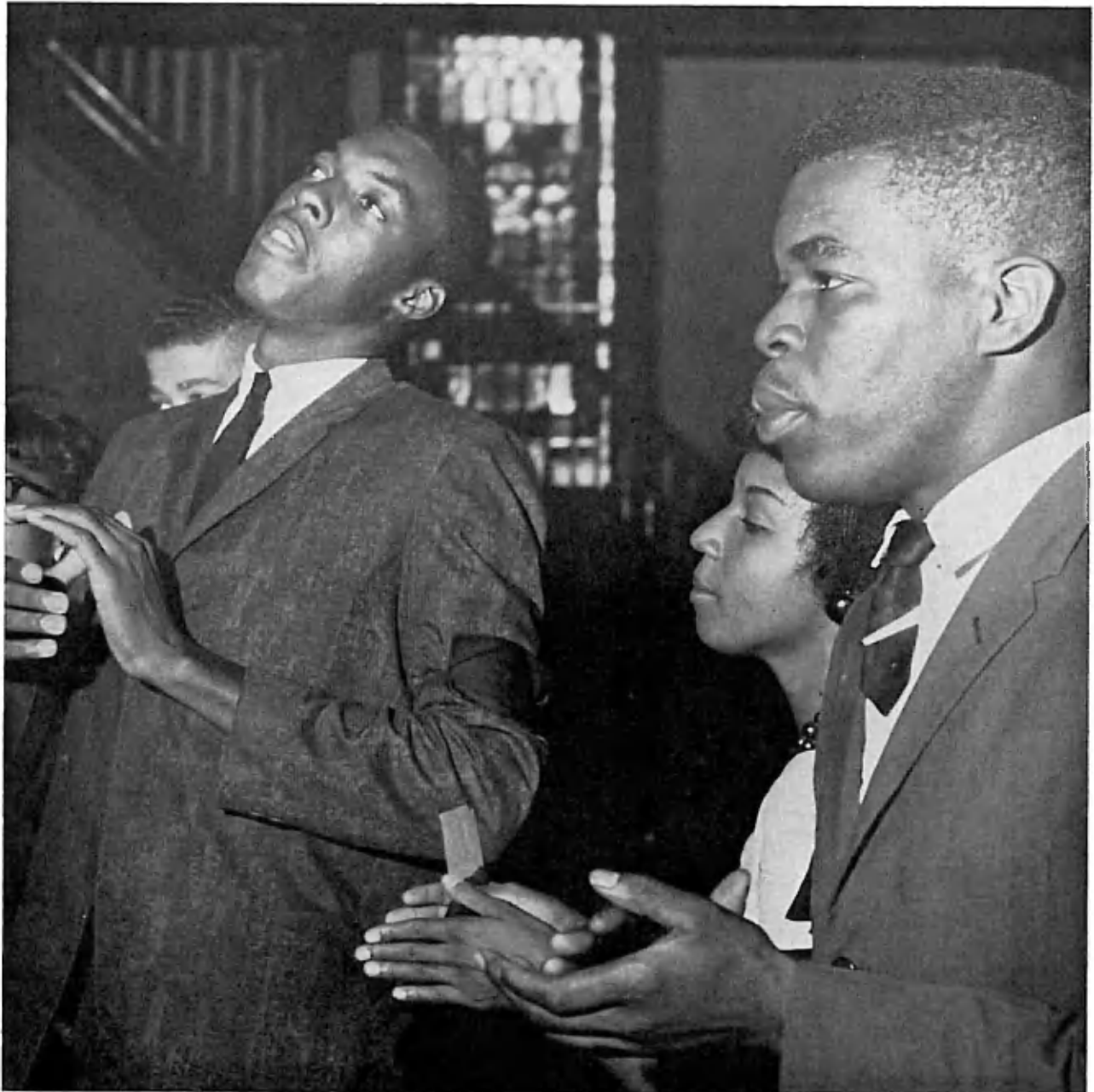
*Vacant store serves as church in Harlem, New York, opened by four Protestant denominations in cooperation with New York City Mission Society and Union Theological Seminary.*

of the offering. Throughout the service the congregation adds the "Amen" to prayers and sometimes in other places such as after the choir anthem.

The final part of the service, called "The Fellowship of Christ's Church" follows the first "Benediction" and three-fold-amen sung by the congregation. During the hymn the pastor has left the chancel, removed his robe and leads the fellowship period from the floor of the nave. Here the participation of the congregation is still structured but in a free and informal mood which is in marked contrast to the dignity and form

which preceded. Visitors are asked to stand and introduce themselves and announcements are made, often at some length. There is a time for questions and discussion about the sermon and service. The period for sharing personal and community joys and needs brings even more regular and wide participation and is followed by prayers for help and healing frequently led by one of the elders. Sometimes there is a time of preparation for worship the next Sunday. Until very recently the final moment was reserved for a very brief invitation to anyone who wished to express

*Protest meeting in church at Durham, North Carolina.*



loyalty to Christ by becoming an active member of this part of his church. Now we have placed this during the hymn following the sermon.

This worship service follows a form reasonably familiar to all but the freest of Protestant churches but bringing into this form elements of participation, freedom, and informality which have helped to make strangers quickly feel at home.

Our form of worship has not been the attraction which has brought visitors. Various forms of service and action programs showing a church alive to the needs of the community have been the initial attraction. But the worship service has expressed enough vitality and warmth to encourage the visitor to return and enter more fully into the life of this community of Christians.

The recent changes in our worship are more obvious responses to the normal worship patterns in independent Negro churches. One of the most noticeable is the offering procedure with the congregation coming forward. This may seem strange to almost all white Protestants, but its symbolic significance is related to that of the normal Methodist or Episcopal communion in which the worshiper expresses his response of obedience and self-dedication by going forward rather than staying passively in his seat as most Presbyterians do. The logistic problems of getting everybody up front and back to their seats often cause some dismay to a person accustomed to Presbyterian concern for dignity and order, but joy and freedom in giving have too long been getting nothing but lip service.

The really sticky question that recent changes in our worship has brought out into the open is that of music. The introduction of Negro gospel music in both special choir numbers and some congregational singing was suggested by the new members of session and has brought a marked response from the congregation. "This is our kind of music—soul music."

It should be noted that for several years we had been singing a Negro spiritual almost every Sunday. These were perhaps helpful as an evidence of some effort toward adjustment by the white members and pastors, but they obviously were not the form in which our Negro people were accustomed to expressing their praise and prayer to God. For a penetrating analysis of the relation of the spirituals to the Christian faith, I would recommend pp. 206-220 of Joseph R. Washington, Jr.'s, *Black Religion*. Washington dismisses Negro gospel music with scorn as "the creation of a disengaged people" which has become the property of commercial opportunists (p. 51). But the fact remains that most of our congregation recognize it as their own. And if there is any part of the service that should belong to the people, it is the music. The music is meant to be the people's expression of heart-felt praise and thanksgiving to God. If it is a cold and foreign form through which they are unable to pour out their heart and

soul, it is a meaningless exercise in good taste or lifeless theology. We have been guilty of this too long.

One serious problem remains which calls for much more attention than anyone has yet given it so far as I know. Negro gospel music has developed without benefit of full ecumenical theological understandings of the Christian faith. It primarily expresses the Negro longing for freedom and equality in words and mood shaped by the white evangelists' conscious or unconscious evasion of the real human issues. It also served their desire to turn the Negro's attention to an escapist preoccupation with salvation in the hereafter. Thus when we use music that our people feel is their own it tends to take them back into an opiating-fundamentalist understanding of the Christian faith which we have been trying to overcome. It might seem to imply that we are unwilling to truly disassociate the church of today from its sins of the past when it actively aided in turning the Negro from involvement in the struggle for genuine freedom and provided instead a cheap emotional release in the hope of a home in glory. A serious effort to fit new words into the gospel music might help to bring us out of this dilemma. I believe it needs to be tried. There remains a question in my mind, however, that the music itself is so heavily loaded with the emotion of an otherworldly escapism that for the current generation it can never really express anything else.

One great difficulty in dealing with this dilemma is the fact that even where Negroes and whites are worshipping and working together in anything approaching genuine freedom and equality there is still such a backlog of misunderstanding, guilt, and mistrust that we avoid honest discussion for fear of hurting each other or being accused of prejudice.

To keep the significance of race in proper perspective I would like to include my observation from the years of prior ministry in lower and middle class white congregations that their dilemma in church music is very similar. We seem to have no adequate alternative in Protestant hymnology to music that leaves the average congregation essentially unmoved in heart and spirit or music whose words and emotional overtones are basically tied to a denial of the concern of God for this world which is the meaning of the Incarnation.

The average pastor is ill-equipped to combat this problem. We need a serious effort by musicians, theologians, and writers to build upon the few hymns we now have which relate faith to modern life and to set these words to music which carries the beat of today's world and can be the authentic expression of contemporary faith. Perhaps such a hymn-writing workshop should involve at its heart a group of people from the streets of Watts or Harlem like the group which produced the prose and poetry presented by NBC Television on its recent "The Angry Voices of Watts."

## THE CHURCH IN A RACIALLY CHANGING COMMUNITY

*Editor's Note: This article is a firsthand report of a Mennonite congregation's attempt to accept a neighborhood and a church that was no longer white. The heart searching questions he asks of himself are asked of us all.*

*By David Ewert*

FEAR HAD ERODED the conscience and morale of our church years before the neighborhood itself changed. Some members, who lived east of the church, had already faced the problems of integration in their communities and with few exceptions concluded that integration either was undesirable or unworkable. "They picked on our kids. They smashed bottles in our alleys. They ruined our school. They spoiled our sleep with drunken brawling and loud music fit only for savages." These were the myths and half-truths passed on as final and adequate explanations why it was impossible to live next door to one of them.

It was hardly surprising, then, that these feelings should have influenced church policy. Over four years ago, when our present pastor was being considered for a call, part of the unwritten agreement was that he would not invite Negroes to our church. After all, the church had an obligation to maintain stability and good relations in the community. Inviting Negroes might lead to racial incidents; members might be ostracized by their neighbors; the church might even be bombed. Despite attempts by the pastor to get the congregation to face realistically its only live options—extinction or integration—no change in policy was effected during the first two years of his pastorate.

Then the exodus began. From the summer of 1964 until the summer of 1966 about 75 percent of the residents in the area around our church moved away and were replaced by Negroes. As they moved into the community, the issue before the church became more urgent. What if Negroes just happened to visit? Would they be welcome? Most agreed that they would. A person could hardly be excluded from a "Christian" church on the basis of skin color.

The test case finally came in October, 1964. A person who had recently moved into the neighborhood and become active in the church invited a Negro mother whom she had met at the local grade school to visit our church. After thinking about it for several weeks the Negro lady decided to come. That Sunday

morning in October, 1964, marked a new era in the life of our church. Initial reactions were varied. Some people became terribly alarmed and viewed her presence as a deliberate, planned attempt to flout the understood policy of the church. Many adopted a "wait and see" attitude. And then there were those who were actually relieved that the break had finally been made. To the credit of the pastor and the maturity of the congregation, most of those who had reacted the strongest continued to attend, although several families since then have gradually moved away from active involvement in the life of the church, and some will no doubt eventually cut their ties completely.

However, the "break in the dike" did not result in any flood of newcomers. For six months, only this one Negro lady and a few children attended our services with any regularity. Because it was quite obvious that passive acceptance of Negro visitors was not enough to build a congregation, several couples began a canvass of the community in the spring of 1965, which was expanded, organized, and completed by a summer assistant from Mennonite Biblical Seminary. As a result of this visitation program and other contacts, during the past year our Sunday school enrollment has increased to over 60, and as many as 10 Negro adults have been in attendance at our worship service. Seven adults are presently involved in instruction classes, at the close of which they will decide whether they wish to unite with our congregation.

So now we have an integrated church. What does that prove? Well, nothing really. In the first place, our church cannot seriously be considered integrated unless most of our Caucasian members continue to be actively involved in the life of the church. We hope and pray that they will, but realistically speaking, it is not too likely. According to studies made of other changing neighborhoods, churches in Negro communities are integrated only temporarily. Gradually the Caucasian members drift away and the church becomes all Negro. What this pattern illustrates is that until

the church becomes integrated in dispersal as well as in assembly, it will remain a segregated church. And behind this sociological fact lies a more serious spiritual problem. Until the church is the church in dispersal as well as in assembly, its witness will be largely irrelevant. That is to say, unless we as individual members recognize Jesus Christ as the one Lord in our neighborhood involvement and relationships, one Lord for *all* men, we will be crying on deaf ears when we proclaim our one Lord from the pulpit on Sunday morning. If we cannot live next door to a Negro during the week and call him "brother" over a shared barbecue, what right have we to intone piously that all men are brothers when we sit in the church pew?

Granted, all this is very idealistic, and many practical problems militate against ever realizing completely the church in which the one Lord is both preached and obeyed in this matter of race relations. Granted also that we must live and work with people where they are, with all their prejudices. It is for this reason we hope and pray for the continued involvement of our Caucasian brothers who have moved out of the community, acknowledging that there are areas in our lives too that have not been brought under the Lordship of Jesus Christ. Therefore, although our church may end up as a Negro congregation with a few Caucasians, we do not think the effort will have been in vain if we will have exemplified, however imperfectly and temporarily, a deeper meaning of the words "one Lord."

But there is yet another dimension to our situation that needs to be considered. We can justify our existence as a Mennonite church in a Negro community even though we do not achieve genuine integration by asserting that the community needs a witness to the Mennonite distinctives—a covenanted brotherhood and an active witness for peace. The difficulty is that in the past our church's witness at these two points

has been minimal. How then can we ask of our Negro inquirers what we have never expected of our Caucasian members? We have often evidenced only nominal commitment to Jesus Christ and the brotherhood. We have seldom engaged in active outreach or become deeply concerned about the spiritual, psychological, or physical welfare of all our fellow members. Only a small minority have any clear conviction on what is involved in being a "peacemaker"—refusal to bear arms, etc. How then can we now insist on such convictions as prerequisites for church membership?

On the other hand, if we do not stress at all the unique aspects of our view of the church and discipleship, can we justify our existence as a Mennonite church? Furthermore, it can be argued that it is precisely because we are in a transitional stage that we now have an opportunity to aim a little higher in our standards for congregational life. If we do not raise our sights now, it will be nearly impossible to do so later, after a pattern of minimal commitment has been set. The prospect of going through the agony of racial change only to end up with another obsolete social institution irrelevant to all of the major issues of life is not particularly heartening. However, if we do insist on a high level of commitment, we may have hardly any adult congregation in the coming years. That is not a particularly heartening prospect either.

Not that there are not many creative ways of being the church without worrying about the size of the congregation. There are, but they require a degree of imagination, courage, and dedication that a more conventional pattern of church life might not demand. God grant us the insight to be creative and the courage to live without the security of tradition, as we seek to follow our Lord, here, at what seems to us to be one of the exciting frontiers of the church.

#### FOOTNOTES FROM PAGE 13

1. Martin Luther King, Jr., *Stride Toward Freedom*. New York: Ballantine Books, 1958, p. 51.
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 177-178.

3. *Commentary*, February, 1965, p. 26.
4. *Christianity and Crisis*, October 4, 1965, p. 201.
5. W. H. Ferry. "Toward a Moral Economy." Unpublished mimeographed copy of a speech delivered in Atlanta, Georgia, Dec. 11, 1965.

## BOOKS IN REVIEW

*Black Religion: The Negro & Christianity in the United States*, by Joseph R. Washington, Boston: Beacon Press, 1964. 297 pp. \$5.00

This informative and stimulating book offers much needed

insight into the historical background and conditions out of which the Negro church developed. It is through an honest exposure to the terribly un-Christian mission to the Negro people, carried out in early American history by Christian

missionaries, that we as white Christians can begin to appreciate the present plight of the so-called Negro church and the inadequacy of much of what passes for Christianity.

The author, Joseph Washington, holds the Ph.D. degree from Boston University School of Theology, from which Martin L. King also received his degree. Washington presents a critique of King's non-violent protest movement from a theological perspective. In some respects the author is overly critical in minimizing the Christian character of the freedom movement, but he provides for the reader, nevertheless, very penetrating considerations. He sees the protest movement as a technique which in the final analysis can stand on its feet independent of Christian love. At the same time Washington does not question the moral integrity of the movement.

It soon becomes evident, however, that while Washington is free to offer a critique of the protest movement as a movement not grounded in Christian theological principles *per se*, we as white Christians can find no comfort in his criticisms of the movement. For having made his critique, Washington proceeds to document historically how dreadful the sin of white Christians has been and still is, with respect to our "application" of Christianity to the Negro people. By forcing segregated church life upon the Negro, white Christians have also forced the Negro into a position of working out his faith on a far from adequate theological base. Early mission and Christian education efforts carried out by white clergy and teachers in the south, consciously and systematically gave the Negro people only "half a loaf." Certain passages of scripture were always avoided by the white teachers and preachers who wished to keep the slaves ignorant of the ethical teachings of Christianity which might betray their own unethical manner of dealing with the slaves. The focus of the Christian education was one of teaching a morality shorn of ethics. The corrupted interpretation of Christianity which the white church passed off on Negro slaves, coupled with severe restrictions in educational opportunity has resulted in a kind of hodgepodge understanding of Christianity within the Negro church.

"Slaves laboring in the field were not instructed in the fundamentals of Christianity, for the farmer-preachers understood and embedded in the field hands the ideal of religion as frenzy. The religious experience of these Negroes was marked by the absence of instruction."

The main purpose of the missionaries was to extol the virtues of the next world.

"The missionaries were convinced that Christianity is a religion of compensations in the life to come, and they knew what they were about in withholding from the slaves the great demands of the Christian faith . . . this comedy of errors was so repetitive and impressive that it led Negroes to the false conclusion that the religion of feeling and compensations is the Christian faith. The revivalist seized upon the defenseless Negro in his impressionable state of ignorance, permanently damaging the opportunities of the slaves and their offspring to participate in either the fruits of the Christian religion or the Christian faith."

Catechism materials were written especially for use with slaves, emphasizing humility and obedience to masters. Marriage vows were altered to suit the self-interest of the slave holders. The bride solemnly promised to cleave to her husband "so long as God in his providence and the slave traders allowed them to live together!"

These cruel facts from the history of the white man's

calculated nurture of the Negro in early America should give the white church pause and turn it to repentance. Instead, we have often found the Negro church and religious life something to ridicule and laugh at.

The state of the Negro ministry in America today is one of being seriously inadequate. The percentage of Negro young men entering the ministry is considerably less than among whites in proportion to their numbers. This is an indictment, not of the Negro people, but of the "white" Christian church. For we have sown the seeds of a pseudo-Christianity, and our Negro brothers have suffered the bitter fruits.

Washington's book should be read by every Christian who is willing to examine the motives of white Christianity's missionary interests. It will reveal to the reader the tremendous burden of responsibility now laid at the doorstep of America's white churches. Ours is the task of integrating the Negro people into a Christian church in which Christian nurture and growth can be honestly entered into as a mutual experience based upon a mutual need.

CHICAGO

Delton Franz

### *A Trilogy of Books for Our Time*

*The Light of the Nations* by J. Edwin Orr, Grand Rapids; Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 302 pp., \$5.00.

The first and the nineteenth centuries have been referred to as experiencing the great advances in Christianity. *The Light of the Nations*, one book in the "Advance of Christianity Through the Centuries" series, gives the story of the amazing renewal which took place in the churches in the nineteenth century and the outstanding developments in the spread of the gospel to islands and nations and the social reform movements of this period.

Kenneth Scott Latourette has stated of this period: "This Protestantism was characterized by an abounding vitality and a daring unequalled in Christian history . . ." (p. 46). The thirty chapters of this book give a chronicle of how this took place. This is why it is important to all those who are concerned about church renewal, evangelistic outreach and social reform.

The mid-third of the nineteenth century generally was a time of low ebb in the life of the church. It was a period when social issues were burning. Prisons were in a deplorable condition. Little children worked in the mines. Some were permanently crippled and many died. People worked in factories for sixteen hours a day.

While periods cannot be absolutely separated, outstanding at the turn of the century (1800) was a burst of concern about those in the islands of the sea and countries like India, China and African nations where the gospel had scarcely penetrated. Missionary societies were formulated. Individuals offered themselves. The story of two missionaries is told briefly: "entered the island of Sumatra but were killed and eaten by the Bataks" (p. 50).

Slowly the revival fires began to burn. Thousands were converted. Prayer meetings were held as early as six a.m. with thousands attending. In Europe and America, the effects were being felt. What did this have to do with social reform? It gave social reform an inner dynamic and a



power. It ushered in one of the grandest periods of social reform in the history of mankind. Of course, the immediate effect was the change in life of the converted people. In some areas there was an immediate difference in the business of taverns and jails.

But individuals took the torch to concerted action. Wesley had said "Christianity is essentially a social religion; to turn it into a solitary religion is indeed to destroy it" (p. 81). Thus people like John Howard tackled the incredible prison conditions—and stuck with it in the power of the Holy Spirit. He died in his work. William Wilberforce and Lord Shaftesbury got to work. They, and others, applied the gospel to the question of slavery, mines, factories, etc. Thus, "The Ten Hours' Act" was passed. Laws were passed forbidding children to be used in mines and exploited in other ways. "The Lunacy Acts" were passed, which transformed the lot of the mentally ill from that of abused prisoners to protected patients. The "Chimney Sweep Acts" were passed. Not only did Lord Shaftesbury accomplish the work of ten men in social reform, but he also kept busy in evangelistic ministry, being president of the Ragged School Union, the World Y.M.C.A., the British and Foreign Bible Society, etc. Very many of those engaged in social and industrial reform were products of this type of evangelism. Prime Minister David Lloyd George paid an unusual tribute to evangelical influence.

Will history repeat itself? There are those who feel the resurgent concern about the plight of millions in depressed areas of the world—spiritual and material—will be used of the Holy Spirit to bring revival once more to the church. If this comes we shall again enter an indescribable period of social reform and justice. We will not only have the concern, but the motivation which is willing to pay the price and the power to achieve.

NEWTON, KANSAS

*Andrew R. Shelly*

*What Manner of Man*. A Biography of Martin Luther King, Jr., Leonie Bennett, Jr., Pocket Books, Inc., New York, 1965. pp. 156

"Only an exceptional mind, a rare spirit, and an abiding faith could have enabled Dr. King to be absolutely fearless and absolutely nonviolent, in jail and out, when stabbed and threatened, with his home and family constantly harassed and at one time in danger of being destroyed by bombs" (p. 10). So writes Benjamin E. Mays, president of Morehouse College, Atlanta, Georgia.

One time a bomb was thrown in the King home. Both his wife and baby were uninjured. He was notified in another part of the city. Returning he saw police, firemen, the mayor and many others were there. Negroes were gathering by the hundreds. Bennett writes: "It was clear to almost everyone that Montgomery was on the verge of a blood bath. . ." King raised his arms. "Do not get panicky. Do not do anything panicky at all. Do not get your weapons. He who lives by the sword will perish by the sword. I want you to love your enemies. Be good to them."

Why would a man who could be earning \$75,000 a year on a lecture platform be engaged in activity which takes him away from home two thirds of the time, with daily threats to his own life and constant possibilities of harm to his family whom he loves so dearly?

Martin Luther King, Jr. believes the hour of history has struck. He feels the only questions remaining to be answered are the how and when. He sees great danger in violent action. He does not believe Negroes will continue to be "half free and half slave." In resigning from the pastorate of Dexter Avenue Baptist Church King said: "I can not stop now. History has thrust something upon me which I can not turn away."

King is mindful of the criticism which has been directed toward him. Probably the 9,000 word letter he wrote from the Birmingham jail will go down in history as one of the great pieces of literature. In it he outlines his purpose. He answers critics who urge waiting. In referring to the philosophy of "what," King wrote: "It has been a tranquilizing thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration."

The author of the book, an old friend of King, writes sympathetically and tries to take the reader behind the King of the headlines. Regardless what one may think of some of the activities of Martin Luther King, Jr., the reading of this book will be a thrilling adventure. Are we willing to demonstrate our dedication to the cause of righteousness in directions of personal sacrifice?

NEWTON, KANSAS

*Andrew R. Shelly*

*Shall We Overcome*. Howard O. Jones, Westwood, N. J., Fleming H. Revell Co., pp 146. \$3.50.

"In addition to the current civil-rights movement, we need an invasion by the Spirit of God, a moral and spiritual catharsis and renewal, beginning in the church and extending throughout the length and breadth of the race. In this crisis hour, the Negro people require spiritual help and direction. A spiritual vacuum exists that only Christ and the church can fill . . . Admittedly the white churches also need revival" (pp. 8-9).

Howard O. Jones is a Negro evangelist and is a member of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. The writer observes the great contributions the Negro has made in American society. He quotes *Ebony* magazine: "It is often said that the American Negro has come further, faster than any other racial group. It might also be added that he has had more obstacles to overcome."

In rapid fashion Jones reviews great achievements of Negroes in astronomy, botany, chemistry, medicine, etc. He refers to great men as Frederick Douglas, Booker T. Washington, George Washington Carver, Martin Luther King, Jr., Ralph Bunche, Thurgood Marshall, etc. The clarion call of Jones is that the Negro must be challenged: "Negro Americans today stand at the crossroads of decision and destiny" (p. 24).

The book devotes attention to the Negro church. "In this crisis hour, God is calling the church to repentance and revival." Many more Negro ministers are needed. Only two hundred are in seminaries. Jones refers to the task of the Negro church, which he regards precisely the same as the task of the white church. He insists that God does not base call "on color." He states: "'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature' (Mark 16:15) were his parting instructions. When the church has obeyed these instructions, it has prospered. When it has forsaken them, dark ages have settled on it like a shroud" (p. 78).

While there may be some differences in approach between Martin Luther King, Jr. and Howard O. Jones, they believe equally in the seriousness of racism. Listen to Jones: "The mirror of modern race relations reflects the Christian church in America as ashamed and guilty before God and society. Weighed in the balances of divine justice it is found wanting. Such a picture of the church is pathetic but realistic" (p. 119).

Referring to his relationship with the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, Jones asserts that love and friendship have prevailed from the beginning. He points out that before the modern race movements began Graham was preaching to integrated audiences by policy.

Jones answers those who think the Bible teaches Negro servitude (Genesis 9).

What is the solution? Jones feels "we must insist on the establishment of better laws." But, we must go further "by getting at the hearts of both Negro and whites, and only Jesus Christ can do that. Christ is the final answer" (p. 139).

The call of the book is to all—Negro, white, etc.—to accept Christ. Then, the challenge is to all people: "We must quit evading the issue and making excuses. We must stop being overcome with race prejudice and bitterness. As Negro and white Christians let us allow Christ to settle the problem once and for all. Let us not be satisfied until we have overcome" (p. 144).

NEWTON, KANSAS

Andrew R. Shelly

*The Black Anglo-Saxons* by Nathan Hare. New York: Marzani & Munsell, Inc. 124 pp.

*The Torture of Mothers* by Truman Nelson. Newburyport, Mass: Garrison Press, 121 pp.

These two books have one thing in common—both are about Negroes in America. There the similarity ends. On the other hand, as contrasts they also go together, for the first is about life in the Harlem ghetto, and the second is about life outside the ghetto. If freedom can be seen in terms of degrees, one can ask the question about the two groups: which one has more freedom?

*The Torture of Mothers* is a very descriptive title for the book. For that is precisely what the author is concerned about, the agony of mothers who see their sons searching for identity in the oppressive atmosphere of Harlem. But it is not about the torture of any and all mothers. It is about the torture of three mothers, whose sons became involved in the early skirmishes in the summer of 1964, leading to the Harlem riots of that same year.

The victims are three boys, manhandled by the police and accused of a murder they did not commit (according to the author's conviction, and the mothers'). The heroines are the mothers, almost overwhelmed by the grinding wheels of justice. The villain is the white power structure, manifested by the police, the courts and *The New York Times*.

The author, Truman Nelson, is a free lance writer, proud of the fact that he stands in the abolitionist tradition. (He is a native of New England, and has written a novel about John Brown, *The Surveyor*.) His technique here is that of the recorded interview, in which he permits the sons and the mothers to tell their own story. This is tied together by his own careful documentation and comment. Photographs of the mothers add to the impact of the book. In this way their sincerity and agony come through loud and clear. He

writes with righteous indignation, and the reader cannot help but share that feeling.

And what of the boys? As of the autumn of 1964 (when the book was written), they were still "entombed" in Brooklyn. "Their mothers see them in the jail, talking back at them from a cage. . . . They tell their mothers that it is a common practice for the guards to stop the elevators between floors of the prison and then give them a working over with billy clubs and gun butts" (p. 69). A footnote on page 66 informs us that they were tried and found guilty of murder in July, 1965.

*The Black Anglo-Saxons* is an expose of a different kind—"a double exposure if you will—of Black Anglo-Saxons on one hand and, on the other, the white norms they so blindly and eagerly ape." This term, Black Anglo-Saxon, is used to describe those Negroes who seek to accommodate themselves to the white American way of life, and at the same time feel superior to the mass of Negro society. The author spends well over a hundred pages, describing the various types within this group. At times the documenting of examples of over-conformity becomes repetitious and wearisome.

The author, however, has some basic assumptions which we need to examine—and as the critical introduction by Oliver Cox suggests, these assumptions are not accepted by everyone. Hare is indebted to the Negro sociologist, E. Franklin Frazier, who feels that the Negro middle class has no meaningful identity. They "suffer from nothingness" because they have rejected their peasant tradition and sought to identify with white America, which refuses to accept them. In other words, integration for the Black Anglo-Saxon means becoming like the white man.

We should not blame the Black Anglo-Saxon for being an imitator, as Hare seems to say. For everyone is an imitator, more or less! And whom else can the Negro imitate? As a number of people have observed, the Negro is the first real American (with the possible exception of the American Indian). Whereas other migrating groups brought with them their old traditions, the Negro did not. He was uprooted from the old, and brought as a slave to the New World without that continuity. The culture that emerged from that vacuum was "truly American"!

As an aside, I would say that the revival of interest in African culture and the slogan, "Black Power" can be seen as alternatives to the Black Anglo-Saxon. As a friend has suggested, Black Power is an attempt to realize freedom. And freedom means the possibility to choose other patterns of life than those now present in the "American way."

The real difficulty, then, with the Black Anglo-Saxon that Hare describes is not that he is an assimilationist, but that he is an accommodationist. That is to say, he is trying to accept himself—and be accepted—as an individual, without admitting that he is a Negro. In his search for self-understanding, he is attempting to negate part of that self.

To return to the question posed at the beginning: who is really free? The Negro mother living in the Harlem ghetto, or the Black Anglo-Saxon living in the White Man's ghetto? The Harlem mother has an inner freedom, for she is not running away from herself. This is her precious gift, and this is her hope. The Black Anglo-Saxon has a semblance of outer freedom, but that is all. Which freedom do you prefer?

NEWTON, KANSAS

Darrell Fast

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