

There is a new wind blowing across the world and we have called that wind by the name resurgence. And when we say that there is a new wind blowing across the world, we're not saying that we hope that there would be a new wind blowing, but rather we are pointing to something that exists and trying to give it names and point out to others its manifestations. We began, last night, by talking about sociality or that vital quality all of us require to exist. Last night we were talking about it in terms of the universal. Then, this morning we began by talking about the social process and pointing to that part of the social process we identify by the political, or the ordering dynamic. This afternoon we are going to talk a little bit about the economic or the sustaining part of the social process; and this evening we will be looking at the culture. Tomorrow morning we turn again to sociality but look at it more in terms of the local. Before we begin this afternoon I would like to read you something written by an economist. I point that out because it does not seem to me like what I think most economists sound. He is talking in terms of a little drama.

READING:

You and I have come to a time when we can say that to talk about our life is to talk about the economic. You say, last night, that one way to look at the social process was through a set of social process triangles with the economic down here, political here, and the cultural here. We also saw, last night, that this type of screen could be laid over any society, anywhere, at whatever time in history we would find these dynamics going on. We say that the economic is that which is foundational without which you need not talk about the other dynamics of society. We saw the political as the ordering, or that area of society that created some order out of the chaos. Then, we saw the cultural as the meaning giver of society, informing the other poles of society and giving a reason for the economic and the political.

Now I am going to take this economic triangle and pull it out of the big social process triangle. We then have another triangle down here that is the economic alone. When we go down another level we find we have resources and over here production; I hardly need to tell you this, they are such common parts of all our lives. To fill that in is distribution.

We have come to the point in society, in history I should say, that we need only talk about our lives and we are embroiled in the economic. It has been a long journey, but it has been a tremendously successful journey. We look upon our own time and we can see the economic operating in the life of the most primitive people of today. The Aborigines of Australia, who operate as I say in a most primitive way, are none-the-less involved in the economic. We are told that these Aborigine men, who possess unbelievable stamina and strength, spend a great deal of their time searching out water which, of course, is very scarce. We are told that they are men who can sense the location of water or the next rainfall miles away and will run for days, for hours, to be there when that rain falls. And the man who owns the cloth used to collect the rain, is given an extra mouthful of water. So in the most primitive societies we know that the economic is at work.

Then, of course, we know through history that the economic developed down through the Middle Ages--that in the Middle Ages the economy operated in what the historians have called the "cottage economy." The work was done really in the home, was a family project, until that time when a few people were able to produce more than what they needed or that those who depended on them needed. Of course, the great invention of our time was the invention of creation of surplus. Once that had been created birth was given to those people who birthed us and really brought us where we are today, the bourgeoisie, those people who really invented the laws we live by today. Those people for the first time in the history of any common people outside the nobility had to then invent ways to pass that property on, to amass it, to hold it, to transfer it between one another. All of the things you and I today spend our lives doing.

We know that man has been successful in many of his ventures. It was true to say that the sun never set on the British flag. We know that in another time in history those among us who were linked to the church decided to impinge the world and send out men to every corner of the globe, and the great missionary venture was born. What I am saying is that neither of those nor any other endeavor of man has ever been as successful as the endeavor of man in the economic area. Or that anything done in any of those other things is absolutely divorced by what has happened now and what we identify as the technological advances of our age.

You might not find it hard to believe that as a result of this tremendous success we now find ourselves somewhat over-extended in the economic. Take this triangle which, of course, as we put up here, stands in balance yet knowing it is probably never in perfect balance. We saw last night that what has happened here is that the economic has pushed itself off to where it is absolutely or almost entirely collapsed the Cultural process, and it has used and controlled the political process. To draw the present conditions of proper relationships would look something like this. The same thing can be done down another level. It seems pretty clear that, here, the overextension or dominance has been on the side of production, or that production has been the strong pole in the economic function and resources has collapsed. Up until very recently no one worried about running out of resources. It is a very modern idea to worry over how much longer the petroleum resources of the world is going to last. Very modern. The so-called rape of the resources pole is done by production, with the assistance and cooperation of distribution. So here we find ourselves in this situation. We don't need to be told that this has not been without its effect on every part of our lives--this overextension of the economic.

Some one said last night that nations are judged by their gross national product--what they can produce. The giant strides China has made was to compare China's production over the last 20 years, compare it to other nations. Of course, to us oriented the way we are, this was a very understandable and clear way to indicate progress in that area. And I think even in our culture this is readily seen. Sometimes I must over our heroes, how we really rejected heroes of the past. Then I ask myself, "Who is the modern hero?" and I think of the President of our country several decades ago, Jack Kennedy, who had a lot of the attributes of the hero. Yet, on reflection it seems to me he was still a hero impinged with economic. Or, you would ask yourself, would Jack Kennedy have been the hero he

was had he not descended, no matter how recently, from wealth we all admire. Could he have been the hero growing up in the old style that heroes used to grow up in?

I do not know, but it seems to me that everywhere in the world it is clear man operates with the job as his master. I know for me there is no question. My family adjusts itself, is willing to adjust its life around the very thing most important to all--the job. There is no dinner so important it cannot be delayed or cancelled because of the demands of the economic on the life of the family, which is to say on my life. There is no reason, there is no kind of meeting of men held which is so important that it would impinge in this area. Almost without thinking, if Jim introduces a friend of his to me, I say to Jim after that friend leaves, "What does he do?" Jim does not hesitate; he does not say to me, "Well, he beats his wife," or "He plays the piano beautifully." He comes right back, without hesitation, and gives me the economic role of that man. We all do that without even thinking. What kind of a "goon" would give you any other answer than the economic role.

Well, somewhere in the midst of this almost stifling control all about us by the economic there has emerged a sort of creeping doubt, or there has come from all sides matters that are given in the name of "crisis." Trained as I am, a crisis in life must immediately refer to the economic; so the best place to look, then, is down in that shop or office or wherever that man engages in the most important part of his life. Somehow that crisis comes out of a new lucidity of all about us. People have begun to raise questions. They have begun to notice things people did not notice.

In the office where I work several people had moved to new quarters that are a little more elaborate than in the past. One of the additions was by each door by each of the attorneys door was a name plate with his name on it. That seemed fine. But one day I noticed as I walked by and reached out to touch it, that it had been designed so the part that bore the name of the attorney could be slid out and another one slid in. It gave me a little pause; and I thought it only practical that somewhere in the distant future when I would no longer be here, it might even be practical to use the office I had occupied for someone else. Another thing that happened is that one of my partners died and the protocol that went through there was a little alarming. There was a relatively short period when nothing was done. But that did not last long, and the first thing that was done was to get a list together of the people he saw and the people who were his clients and to make sure those people were parcelled out to other lawyers with the hope that they could be retained by the firm. After a little while, his office was vacant for two weeks. Then, after a little while that office was turned over to another man, a new name plate was put in there, and within a very short time some of us had to think hard just who it was that used to be in that office. That, again, made one wonder.

I remember what it was like for my grandfather who was a company man. His name was Emerson Newton Wood. He was with International Harvester until the day he died, even though, most of the time I remember him, he was retired. He was retired just about as long as he worked. It seemed that way to me. But that did not spoil it. That did not change him from being an International Harvester man. He and some other International Harvester people bought a sizeable lake up in Lake Michigan and built cottages and had expensive summers there. My grandfather and I went there in the spring and summer months and there he lived with his fellows from the International Harvester Company. In the summer he went south, and there again he met with those people. I do not know whether I should have worked for International Harvester Company or not, but I know that I do not have that same thing he had. And I suspect that no matter where I worked it would be the same.

There are people waking up sort of with a sense of panic, and with seeing what has happened, "I thought it was going to be different than this. This is not what I planned on;" realizing that maybe it is too late to change, and having realized that, looking about for something to do; knowing that there was something that went back to the very very beginning of consciousness for them, but that life was going to be different for them than something to be worked out at a desk or at a bench or with a machine; and finally at a given point, being layed off somewhere to be warmed occasionally and fed. Something seems to be there the poet talked about when he said, "Hunger not of the belly, The kind (of hunger is) not vanished by beans." It is something like that yearning to be satisfied. You take yourself a wife and are satisfied. You have yourself a child, and maybe another child, and maybe throw in an automobile and maybe another child, and then a club. It can go on and on like that, but it dies not finally get this thing. It does not finally get this thing that was supposed to come, that was supposed to be ours. Or, it seems to me, that all the time we were going after it, we were supposed to get something equal over here. It seemed that way. It just seemed that way. And there we are. We are left there, and it is too late. For some of us it is too late to change. We cannot go back. It is like having been sold out. You got promised something. Here you went around and you did your part, but finally you figured that there was not going to be a pay-off. And you look around and there does not seem to be anything to do. Just every once in a while you hear about things. You know, you say, "Well, maybe this was it!"

Remember when they used to ask us, as children, and they still do, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" and the answer, you understood, would be see-able. And still is, is it not? You don't say a doctor and a lawyer and a merchant. No, that is not what the kids should say. You must make up your mind. What are you going to be? Then, old Sam Stevens, a man I knew was recalled to my mind. He told me a story about how he was born in Baltimore, in a house of a Methodist minister. And he happened to be picked to be the boy in the house offered up to God. And Sam told me that he became a Methodist minister; I don't know why he changed, but then, he decided to go into education. Sam must have had ability, because he ended up, first of all, as Dean of literature, science and the arts at the university. Then there was a little squabble about who would be president, and Sam was president for ten years. When I met Sam, he had left there and

was back in Chicago as the head of an organization called "Samuel Stevens Associates." He was an industrial psychologist. He did all that and died at 65. Think of that. That suggests that maybe we struck the wrong bargain in the beginning.

But in the midst of this groping around for sort of just something to hold in common with all of men we come upon just the fact of our very being. Or, faced up with the idea of being "sold out," one starts without trying, to think about those things that are basic.

It seems pretty clear that there was a time when the doctor in this age walked out and said to a man, "It's a boy," or "It's a girl," and that did something then that was forever. That just stamped doom. Just decided the whole thing. I suppose that has been going on in life in one form or another for a long time. A fat old lady may have gone in and told a man that, and maybe before that it was just mother herself that just looked over at him and said "It's a boy," or "It's a girl." That has been going on ever since the beginning. And it has always enchanted people. All of civilization has always been taken up with this whole thing. This question of sexuality. That very basic of all things. The Greeks, they had gods. They called one "Eros," and that God was both male and female, except when that god appeared in human form. (You know, the Greek gods moved back and forth.) The Hindus had something they called, in translation, "All Father." He involved both the male and the female principle in the same way. I suppose you could even draw some kind of an analogy to the Judeo-Christian story of the beginning of earth through Adam and Eve.

But somehow when one starts exploring this, there is a possibility of stopping at the biological, which everyone know about. But to go beyond that, it seems to me, is to present fascinating possibilities of what it means to be a man other than in the sense of a male or female. The Chinese dealt with the human being as two principles. They called it "Yin Yang." The Yin was dark, and the female, the more mysterious. The Yang was the male. And each of the principles represented became part of the other principle. And the Yang appeared in the Yin and the Yin in the Yang. That seems to me what holds that part of, or that level of, the examination of sexuality that holds the ontological or the depth understanding of what that is. This is important, because as we know, to turn up one or the other immediately presupposes that which you did not turn up. Or to put it another way, to be a male would have no meaning save there was a female, and *visa versa*. So the male-female principle operates throughout all of life and has been recognized throughout all civilization as having operated. Those opposites are held in tension in some way.

It possibly points to that which is here referred to as "the crisis." Or to say that the female principle is that which makes visible the new; at the same time, the male principle operating discovers the new; or that the female principle is forming or shaping the situation while the male principle is always breaking out of the situation. Or, as some people have said, the characteristics of the female principle is that of the conserver, while that of the male principle is the adventurer.

What we are talking about in terms of history --the male principle is envisioned by Beowulf standing up at the bow of the boat with his helmet with the horns. Or young Hamm as he is going to become king, and he looks over and sees the old timers and they know that it is all over. He has gone into something new. At the same time that male principle is all of mankind. When Madame Curie spent intermedable time searching out the atom there was the male principle operating.

An example of the female principle at work might be someone like Rosa Parks, the black woman, who, for some reason, by not moving burst forth a new revolution, changed the face of history forever by not moving. Or Steven Douglas, in the very state where he lived, who played the role of the loyal opposition and again changed history.

How one of the problems is that there is a confusion of these images, of these roles. And that confusion appears from time to time in the male as that of fearing that part in him that is male. Remember that old comic strip character Casper Milquetoast, who sat around with his hat down, like this. Cartoonists always had him saying, "Yes, my dear." But on the other hand, in the male where the feminine principle is feared is the bully who is out to destroy anything that is feminine, or that gets in his way.

The same distortion or confusion happens in the female. Where the male is feared you have the clinging vine--or what I often think of is the suburbs when you get off the train. That particular distortion exists when I see a car sitting with one seat occupied and it is the righthand seat. "I cannot drive when you are around." Or something like that. And on the other hand, where the female principle is feared, the result is the bitch, subtle or not so subtle, or when it is necessary--brutal, slash, slash.

The only possibility is to identify these things. We talk about the female revolution and maybe that is what it is. I wonder if it is the female revolution. I wonder if it is not something like this. (I am not claiming that Gloria Steinam or Stella Upgrade would do this.) She says as long as you go on breaking through searching out the new for me I'll stay here, but once that stops do not count on me. I wouldn't be here when you get back. Its something like that. Was it something that said, Listen, I know intuitively that this is the way the world goes. This is what keeps the world going, and I am going to take whatever steps are necessary to see that tension is maintained. If so, who started the revolution, and who will continue it?

Well, somehow in this search to satisfy this yearning that seems never to go is touch the question. What does it mean to be a man of integrity? It used to be, and really before my time, if you can imagine, it used to be to simply to sell the truth. That is, you couldn't say, "You can count on me, I'll tell the truth. Then you could say that I am a man of integrity. It got a little more complicated and seemed for a while as if there was a pretty good solution worked out that went something like this: You can count on me in any given situation to act as a man of integrity. I will move from situation to situation and I will in those situations be found to be a man of integrity. You can count on it and I can count on it. And we will both feel pretty good. But that did not, as comfortable as it



was, seem to do anything to that yearning. There was this concern about integrity which was directed over here to the situation.

Then, somehow, that situation changed. It just happened somehow. Somehow of tremendous weight fell on us the can only be described as nothing less than the world. But the situation became the world. You know it is pretty hard to walk through from one world to another. And suddenly it seemed like that which had been longed for had been realized but that you wanted to call it all off. Or it seems to me that the reaction to this was something that can only be described by nausea, and I mean real nausea. The kind that really doubles one over. It is almost like you are standing up just screaming "No!" That is not what was intended or wanted at all!" When it looks like there was a chance to lead a decent life suddenly it is all gone. Because to be finally in this situation is to fall under this load is that cleanliness and decency are gone. If you are operating from some kind of a world situation, every act or non-act kills. There is no peace. There are two reactions, two possibilities. The one that seems to beckon and call us to just turn away, to move into what someone has called the land of the zombies. But that move is no less painful than to take an instrument and delicately run it up through the eye lids and perform a lobotomy in some part of the brain. No less painful.

The other alternative is to somehow give up intentionally give up. Or it is like a pack. You know when you finally decide to go on that hike with that pack on your back, that kind of makes it ride up there a little better. You set off knowing that that is going to go on. Forever. But you realize that as you do that somehow that yearning that has been eating at you is not there anymore. I don't know. You are kind of like McMurphy. do you remember McMurphy in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. He turns around and goes after that nurse. He knows what he is doing. I mean McMurphy knew that until the end. I say when we have come to this into this new integrity we are going to see that it is the male-female role anew. See it anew. And those old paralyzing fears of meaningless vocation (which, I guess, is really a fear of death.) will go too. Or to pick up the burden to look death in the face, to reach out, and embrace it, and move on to care for the world.

--David Wood

