

I Am Human Conflict and Adaptation

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In 1949 I left my home in the small village of Eureka, Illinois, to attend North Central College near Chicago, and except for two years on a Navy tanker as a sailor, I've been involved with universities ever since as a student, teacher and explorer of human behavior.

Eureka Is Always Changing

I remember

a season

long past

When

light-hearted

but often confused,

I laughed

most of

the while.

Slowly I came to feel that I'd been trapped in a sheltered valley,
Surrounded by mountains of dogma.

Then came
the chance
to run
Oh, and
a long hard
run that was.
And often
when no one
was looking
I would stop a while to cry,
For no matter where I went, there seemed to be
no more sheltered valleys
And the sun was always
Just up ahead.
That was
very, very
long ago.
When I ran
to find
the light
And learned that
Eureka is
always changing.

Archimedes, upon making an important discovery, shouted "Eureka!" which in Greek means "I have found it." During my years of exploration, I have often felt that I had found it...but the feeling was always short-lived and before long I would once again have to depart on still another quest and learn again that the quest is never over. I should like to emphasize here that my research and exploration have not been confined to the university laboratory and to books, but have taken me many times to many nations and to all but one of

the 50 states...and more important, in all my quests for a better understanding of the extremely elusive nature of our subject, i.e., humankind, I, as a behavioral scientist, have at all times been as much the subject as I was the researcher and experimenter.

Also I feel that it is important to share with you the fact that my travels have not been limited to the physical highways and byways of behavioral interactions, but also include the experiences of expanded consciousness and non-ordinary reality that are produced by ingesting various combinations of natural herbs and chemicals which dramatically alter one's thinking and perception of the universe of which we are all a part.

I said earlier that I had written of my conviction that I did not have answers to the questions which this conference seems to address. Still, you invited me...and I replied that I would be your guest. I will now attempt as honestly as I know how to relate to you my recollections of some of the observations I have made during my exploratory journey on the road of life and some of the questions with which I am still left as pertains to the subject of "Human Conflict and Adaptation in the City."

In the movie *Understanding Aggression*, people saw me as I peered out from the screen and heard me say that "this information on aggression and its causes must reach those people in control, that's every one of us. Every individual has some control over other individuals...but any change has to start at an individual level. We have to start teaching and living nonviolence at all levels." Now I spoke those words as an allegedly knowledgeable behavioral scientist, as a research professor from a large Midwestern university who at various times had received support from research grants from local, state and federal sources, including the National Institute of Mental Health, the National Science Foundation, the office of Naval Research and the Michigan Department of Mental Health, as well as funds from private endowments and foundations. Furthermore, I was a member of the appropriate scientific establishments and frequently jetted around the world to tell people of my findings..."We have to start teaching and living nonviolence," I said. Through the modern technology of the movie screen, I implied that mankind should live nonviolent lives. "Although singular aggressive acts, such as dropping a bomb, are destructive, we must realize that our own daily actions are ultimately doing more damage than any particular bomb ever did." I perhaps could have added "do unto others as you would have them do unto you," or whenever a man strikes you on one cheek, turn to him also the other, or love your enemy as yourself and do good unto them who per-

secute you. I might have said those things...but I didn't. I said, "We have to start living nonviolence at all levels" from a movie screen amidst laboratory equipment, flashing lights and the jargon of modern Western scientific and technological materialism.

My forefathers, as non-resistant Mennonite-Amish Brethren, had dedicated their lives to the principles of nonviolence. That's why they came to America. I, like many the world over who have tasted the delicious fruits of materialistic grandeur and affluence, had forgotten my spiritual roots. The old religious principles were merely superstition, science was now in command, and salvation through its teaching and finding was what I was pushing. What had happened, although I didn't realize it at the time, is that we had simply given up one religion for another. To me, Christianity had become oppressive, and I observed many Christians often living one way and acting another. Indeed, the frequently-evil role of the Christian church in relation to the brutal and callous treatment of the North American Indian and the African Black slaves often made me ashamed of my Christian connections. The Christians were dogmatic: only they had the truth and only their words were right, and if you disagreed with them too vigorously, they might kill you. So I ran to embrace another "ism" only to have drift to my consciousness that it had, in many instances, come to the same position. Radical behaviorism, humanistic psychology and their leading proponents had become as rigidly dogmatic as many of my Mennonite Brethren and as equally adept at saying one thing with their mouths and something just the opposite with their other behavior...and worst of all I was as guilty as any. That's always such an embarrassing discovery. It's frustrating. It makes you angry and aggressive.

And the beat goes on... Dear Dr. Ulrich, would you be so kind as to come to Mexico City and participate in a conference on "Human Conflict and Adaptation in the City"?

Dear Dr. Jose Remus Araico: Sir! I will come to Mexico City and participate in the human conflict of your city and I will adapt there as I do in Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and all points in between, and I will talk of the need to start teaching and living nonviolence in words only slightly altered from those I heard Sunday after Sunday on the prairies of Illinois from my fellow Brethren of the Mennonite Church, who taught me about the need to practice nonviolence.

What has been is what will be
and what has been done is what
will be done. And there is nothing
new under the sun.

—Ecclesiastes 1:9

The Coming Down

I chose to drive to Mexico City for this conference, for it seemed to me to be relatively less violent than traveling by jet. As I indicated earlier, I wrestled for a long time over the decision of whether or not to attend...because I truly feel that it is probably the case that my countrymen and I have nothing to offer you by way of solution to your problems...indeed more often than not we are the problem. We are a nation of addicts. Human beings trapped into the most horrendous form of addiction...that of over-consuming absolutely everything we touch...and we, the rich of every nation, whether they call themselves first, second or third world countries, are teaching our addictions to others. We are pushers of overconsumption and bigness. Furthermore, we as the addicted rich will use any form of violence necessary to get the energy needed to maintain our habits, even if it means further starving the already oppressed, whether they be the poor of Colombia or India or the United States. Wherever the materials and goods can be found which are necessary to maintain our habits, we will go and take them.

I said at the onset that I have no solutions to the problems I perceive to be addressed by this conference...I bring only myself, my experiences as an explorer, some of my friends, and the questions which remain unanswered.

To clarify this, let me take you back for a while and a ways into my personal history. I told you at the beginning about my father and how he had to leave the farm in the middle 1920s. My mother also grew up on a farm and did the work that living on a farm required...and their fathers and mothers before them, they too were of the soil...of the earth. Hunters, fishers and farmers... Anabaptist emigrants from Europe who fled their homeland in order to be able to live their nonviolent beliefs. Their beginnings as a communal group were in Switzerland in Reformation times. They were called Mennonites after a Dutch priest named Menno Simons, but their founding was actually accomplished by followers of Ulrich Zwingli, and their first name was simply Brethren. The enemies of the Brethren called them Anabaptists because the Brethren refused to accept infant baptism. The ac-

tual birthplace then of the Mennonites or Brethren was the city of Zurich, Switzerland, in the year 1525. The city council of Zurich had decided to suppress the small company of counterrevolutionaries who refused to have their children baptized. *Although the reasons may differ, human conflict and adaptation in the city was a problem then just as it is today in Detroit and Mexico City.*

As is so often the case, suppression didn't totally work, although it severely impaired the movement. Eventually, because of such suppressions, the process which started in the city moved out into the mountains and farmlands, taking hold among the peasants who were already oppressed. Before long, however, the persecution followed the movement whenever it could be found and eventually succeeded in driving the Brethren from one country to another. Under the leadership of Jacob Hutter and others, one branch of the church in Austria in 1528 had adopted Christian communism as a way of life (the Hutterian Brethren) and were able to maintain themselves for a long time in their native land, but they also were finally driven out. By the year 1770, the last remnant of this group had been forced to flee to Russia, from whence they all migrated to South Dakota in the years 1874-1880. Descendents of this group are still living in community settlements known as "Bruderhofs" in South Dakota, U.S.A., and Manitoba and Alberta, Canada.

Given a historical perspective and the freedom given to different forms of worship today, it seems strange that such a severe persecution fell upon the shoulders of these early Anabaptists. Their stand against infant baptism, however, was not their only downfall. The most critical point related to their belief that children of God have to start teaching and living nonviolence at all levels. I said the same thing in 1970 with the help of the modern technology of filmmaking. My Amish-Mennonite Brethren ancestors said it and tried to live it beginning in 1525. They had read the New Testament and gathered that another way of life was necessary, and they began to witness through their lives that they indeed intended to be nonviolent. The essence of this Anabaptist revolution was not to overthrow the existing state, but simply not to conform to the ways of the world. Since the state would not tolerate the desired practices of the Brethren, the Brethren chose what for them seemed the only way out, i.e., a separation from the existing society into their own communities. Furthermore, they believed that the decision to join the fellowship should not be forced at birth via infant baptism, but that a person should voluntarily make this decision. In certain respects this "separating one's self from the existing society" is similar to the communal

movement which has occurred at various times in history and most recently during the late 1960s. I and the people who traveled with me on this journey to Mexico City live on such a commune on the outskirts of Kalamazoo, Michigan. It's called Lake Village and it represents in a very basic way our own personal attempt to answer some of the problems of human conflict seen in city life, which often seems based upon the need to acquire more material wealth as opposed to de-escalating our material needs and practicing a more spiritually-based sharing.

These modern day efforts are indeed reminiscent of another cornerstone of the Anabaptist movement, which was the insistence on the practice of true brotherhood and love among members, which demanded the actual practice of sharing possessions to meet the needs of one another. Still the most important issue remaining as the basic foundation of the Amish-Mennonite Brethren movement was the principle of peace, love and nonresistance as applied to all human relationships. Not only were these people dedicated to a life of nonviolence toward others; they were committed to not resisting violence toward themselves. The Brethren understood this to mean complete abandonment of war, violence and other forms of conflict, particularly the taking of human life or causing human suffering. Here is what some of the early leaders were saying:

Conrad Grebel said in 1524: "True Christians use neither the worldly sword nor engage in war since among them taking human life has ceased entirely."

Pilgrim Marpeck in 1644: "All bodily, worldly carnal, earthly fighting, conflicts and wars are annulled and abolished."

Menno Simons wrote: "The regenerated do not go to war, nor engage in strife. They are the children of peace who have beaten their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and know of no war."

Principles such as these formed the basis of this early movement. It should be emphasized that it was these same principles which the movie, in its modern Western-world way, in a sense rediscovered via the methods of behavioral laboratory science and experimentation. Sincerely, the modern communal movement of which we at the Lake Village commune in Kalamazoo, Michigan, are a part is also characterized by some of the same precepts. My own early forefathers thoroughly believed and resolutely practiced these beliefs. As you may recall, among other things I said I served two years as a sailor on a tanker. I was a member of the United States military establishment and as such trained to do violence unto whoever happened to be the United States' current enemy. During the Second World War, there

were other descendants of these early Mennonite Brethren who also had obviously drifted from the position of alleged nonviolence and nonresistance to one that obviously once again allowed for the taking of another man's life. What is it that makes us change from time to time, from one position to another? Once again, in order to illustrate this transition, allow me to reach back into the data of my own hereditary and environmental evolution.

In many respects, my forefathers could be looked upon as creative leaders far ahead of their times. Certainly they had more credibility than I did when I said, "We must begin to teach and live nonviolence at all levels." They said it with their lives and were often put to death. Yet when I said it in the movie in the early 1970s and before, I was really never persecuted. Only when you begin to really live a belief that conflicts with current popular practice will the persecution come. I was saying it, but in a whisper that posed no threat to the established controlling powers.

My ancestors were saying it and living it (i.e., refusing to participate in wars) in a day when both Catholic and Protestant churches endorsed war as an instrument of political affairs and used it in religious combat. Both the Protestant and the Catholic churches then did not hesitate to kill individual dissenters. Enormous numbers were thus slaughtered, since it was comparatively easy to determine who was an Anabaptist by the simple expedient of asking him point-blank: An Anabaptist disdained to save his life by telling an untruth and concealing his identity. When I finally completed the movie which you saw earlier, it was decided by the Office of Naval Research personnel, and agreed to by me, to not mention in the credits that United States Navy Research funds were used to help finance the film; it was felt that its anti-war stance might cause repercussions in the Navy and the United States Congress. I have noticed on many occasions that the morality of scientists and our alleged commitment to be honest at all costs about the data is a very flexible value.

Many of the early Anabaptists, however, refused to compromise. On Christmas day, 1531, an imperial provost drove 17 men and women into a farmhouse near Aalen in Wurttemberg and burned the building. Three hundred and fifty Brethren were executed in the Palatinate before 1530. At Ensisheim, the "slaughterhouse of Alsace," 600 were killed in a few years. In the small town of Kitzbuhel in the Tyrol, 68 were executed in one year. Two hundred and ten were burned at the stake in the valley of the Inn River in Austria. In Holland, at least 1,500 were executed. The Hutterian Chronicle records the execution of over 2,000. Before long, it became obvious that

survival demanded that the Anabaptists move. A brief account of one of my great-great grandfathers, Christian Reeser, is typical of the exodus. He was born in 1819 in the province Lorraine in a little village called Gavanhusan, three miles from the larger village Sarreguemines, east of the city Metz. His father and grandfather before him were Mennonites who had come to Alsace-Lorraine via the Palatinate from Switzerland. With the coming into power of Napoleon after 1799, conscription became a common practice in most European countries.

Although religious tolerance had greatly improved compared to that of several generations before, there was no assurance that it would continue. And while they were persuaded among themselves to endure any possible suffering that might come to them, Christian's family also felt there was nothing to prohibit them from leaving for America, where the individual conscience and individual freedom were allegedly respected. The brutal and savage persecution of the American Indian that was taking place at this same time in North America, which in a sense made room for people such as my nonviolent, nonresistant ancestors, was a paradox of which my great-great grandfather, as well as many others, seemed unaware.

Indeed, how my family looked at the Indian and his treatment during those years is for the most part not clear, except that they seemed to be unaware of what was happening. When they came to this country, they were following their religious beliefs, for the most part isolated from the politics of expansionism which produced the Indian wars. Settlement was generally made on lands already stolen from the tribes who were consistently being pushed west. It is the case for many North Americans that the atrocities perpetrated against the Indian were not known and, when they were, it was done in such a way that it made the American Indian always look as if he were the savage rather than the European invaders.

It may very well be that there was no direct violence from the Anabaptist immigrants toward the Indian. But the indirect violent effects upon the Indian nation of the takeover of the whole North American continent shows that violence can be very indirectly manifested. Only recently have books such as *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* and *Custer Died for Your Sins* reached the consciousness of some North Americans. Books such as these detail the atrocities perpetrated by the white community against the generally less aggressive native Indians right up to the present times.

In a story written by a cousin in regard to another great-great grandfather and grandmother, there is mention of an incident concerning an atrocity by U.S. Army Rangers against a peaceful Indian tribe.

The following is a brief account of an event which occurred near my cousin's home in the middle 1800s.

Friends:

To the best of our knowledge and belief Peter Gingerich and Magdalena Nafgeger Gingerich his wife are the first known generation in our family history. They established their home about 5 miles north of Metamora in Metamora Township. The property was originally all on the west side of the road. A search of the records in the Metamora Courthouse confirms the location. A plot showing 200 acres of land in Section 5 with title in the name of P. Gingerich was found.

Chester Schertz, a great grandson of the Gingerichs, lives near the ancestral home and is familiar with the area. He is reasonably certain that they migrated from the Alsace-Lorraine Provinces but he has no proof of it.

When the early settlers came to this area in search of homesites, they sought out farmland where ponds or creeks were located. Wells dug during this period of our history were shallow. All creeks and streams in the area drained into the Mackinaw River. Chester said there was a mill pond on this farm where feed was ground and there was also a log cabin on the back of the property.

He doesn't know who lived there but it is possible that the Gingerichs might have lived there during the earlier years. The Gingerichs lived near the border of Partridge Township. There was an Indian village in this area. The village was located between Partridge and Richland creeks and consisted of 30 to 40 wigwams. It was considered a prosperous village as the wigwams were larger than the average and were substantially built. These were the Potawatomi Indians, a friendly tribe. While their Chief Black Partridge was away from the village on a Mission of mercy and the hunters were also absent, rangers came into the village. They massacred 30 defenseless old Indian men, women and children and completely destroyed their village. A monument has been erected in the Spring Bay area as a Memorial.

The earliest roads in the county were probably marked by dragging a log through the tall prairie grass, as time passed they became

wagon trails and eventually dirt roads. A road was built from Chicago to St. Louis—some changes were made on this road later. There was also a Santa Fe Stage Coach trail built which crossed the north-south road connecting Chicago and the west coast.

Although the account appears generally sympathetic to the Indian plight, no great feelings seem to be expressed one way or the other as the story goes on to tell how the earliest roads got started.

The fact is the North American Indian was as spiritual and in many ways as nonviolent, before the coming of the white man, as were the Anabaptist Brethren represented by my early relatives. Furthermore, the Amish-Mennonite Brethren doctrine of nonconformity to the world with primary allegiance to a higher spiritual power has been fervently adhered to by both the Amish branch of the existing Anabaptist movement and the traditional American Indians.

When the white man invaded our land it was an act of oppression. Now this oppression extends more and more to non-Indians as well, to minority groups, to people in underdeveloped lands, to people of new generations with new ideas, to all the people outside the government establishment.

But we traditional Indians don't participate in that system. We're oppressed by it, but we don't try to be a part of it. You can't go to another people's land and try to kick everyone there off the land when they have nowhere to go, and kill most of them in the process, and then say that the ones who are left are supposed to join your club. That's wrong. We don't like their club and we won't join it. If it were a good club they wouldn't expect us to, and they'd leave our club alone. And they would leave other peoples in other countries alone. Everyone has his own club. If it's a bad club, it's no one else's business. The people will learn in their own way. No good system tries to spread itself. It's good to help people, but it's wrong to spread systems. It's wrong to spread beliefs. It doesn't matter whether it's Christianity or what it is, or whether it's supposed to be the best belief in the world—and there is no such thing—it should be told only to those who ask. It's wrong to spread any ideology by intimidation, and that means Christianity, communism, capitalism, democracy or anything else.¹

1. Doug Boyd, *Rolling Thunder*, New York, 1974, pp. 39-40.

These words of the Cherokee Indian medicine man Rolling Thunder come as close as any to being a theme of conduct in relation to the issues of human conflict which all of us might well consider and perhaps strive to follow. My ancestors found something good and believed in it and were persecuted for it. They then had to flee for their lives to another land, where they found a form of freedom...which unfortunately was built from the spoils of another human loss...and then we tried to make the Indian a Christian!

Think again as to why you invite North Americans to your conferences on Human Conflict and Adaptation in the Cities. What answers are you seeking?

In 1967 I was invited to the capital of Michigan by an assistant to the Governor to give my views on the race riots that had occurred some weeks before. There was concern in the "halls of power" that riots might soon be spreading and they were interested in *how to control them*. Is it the case that there are those who wish to control human conflict in the city? I personally find it impossible to control the conflict I find within myself. Current and ancient history suggests that a similar state of conflict to that of mine exists in all men. Maybe it will become clearer as the conference continues as to what my role was intended to be and what it is we are seeking here together.

From the Farms to "the Cities" the Conflict Remains

And so it was in 1838 or 1839, when Christian Reeser was 19 or 20, that he and his three brothers and their sister set out on foot from southern France for the port of Le Havre, where they boarded a sailboat which was scheduled to land in Canada but because of severe storms drifted as far south as the equator, finally to dock in New Orleans, Louisiana. From there they headed toward Butler County, Ohio, from where another great-great grandfather, Christian Schmidt, who had also come from Alsace-Lorraine, was about to leave for Illinois.

The 1830s were a long way from the 1930s, however, and to me these stories of the past were as yet barely audible. They certainly had little direct effect on the life of a small-town lad whose major concern was playing baseball with my friends, some of whom were not Mennonite, and thus the beginning of new and different ways of looking at life. My father had left the farm: I was a TOWN KID!.... And beginning my earliest lessons on human conflict and adaptation in the city.

For some reason or another, my father and some of his brothers fit less comfortably into the traditional Mennonite way of life. I refer to them now as Mennonite because that's what we were called, having somewhere dropped the Amish Brethren and Anabaptist labels. Certainly the Depression had its effect. Mennonite farmers, like farmers who were not Mennonite, were losing all they had of material wealth, yet the abundance of natural resources which the Midwestern United States offered made material wealth "easy come, easy go." My father, who by now was selling and working on tractors and other farm machinery, was not as much influenced by the tight church authority that had earlier come to govern the lives of the sons of the Anabaptist revolutionaries, whom the Protestant Reformation had spawned, martyred, then forced to be roving refugees. There was somewhat more stability now. Although my father had made the move from the farm to the village, it was a small village and he seemed to be able to handle the conflicts. My mother was more shy and still more a part of the conservative Mennonite tradition. She was a pacifist in her verbal behavior, while my father was not. My mother was more inclined to remain aloof from the ways of the world; my father, again the reactionary, was willing to take anything the world had to offer. My father, it seemed, was simply tired of taking the harassment that apparently went along with being a nonresistant pacifist Mennonite in a materialistic world, such as the United States with all its wealth.

Indeed, many of the church members were doing very well and now only talk like their forefathers while behaving like any other money-hungry gringo. My father was extremely verbal and outrageously direct. If he didn't like the sermon at church, he would walk out or lean his head on the pew in front of him and simply go to sleep. He smoked, drank a little and was more than willing to swear when he felt the occasion called for it. Once a fellow church member made a deal to trade cars with my father and then switched some older tires with the better ones that had been on the car at the time of the trade. My father went after him and, in front of a large group, informed him that he was very wrong in his actions. He used forceful words that I'm sure were not what Anabaptists had in mind in the early 1500s as a nonviolent nonresistant stance. I'm sure they also couldn't conceive of tire-switching by one of the Brethren.

Times of course change and the conditions that brought the Mennonites to the United States, first to its farms and then to its cities, were bound to change them—just as conditions had changed people in the past, producing

the need for another reaffirmation, reformation, revolution or whatever you wish to term such social upheavals.

In any event, the conflicts that began to form about me were accelerating. The following is a brief portion of another paper in which I tried to explain my dilemma.

Some Confessions of an Amish Warrior

For as long as I can remember, people have acted in ways which suggested to me that they were afraid of obligations to act against their own "free will." When I was a child, growing up as a Mennonite in Eureka, Illinois, it was the devil that needed to be held in check. That old bastard could trap your "free will" into doing a lot of dumb things.

Now let me tell you quickly about Mennonites. Basically, we were very religious farmers who stuck closely together in semi-communal arrangements centered about the church. Since our founding in 1525, we ran from country to country persecuted for our strong belief that we should not kill our neighbors. We were pacifists who somehow managed to "anger" our European neighbors so dramatically that they systematically set out to kill us. Since 1525, we have argued ourselves into hundreds of splinter groups that include diversities all the way from Shipshawana Amishman to a President Eisenhower Brethren.

As a Mennonite, I found that there was right and there was wrong. We were free, yet controlled. There was pleasure and there was pain. There was reward and there was punishment...sometimes given and sometimes earned. There was guilt...sometimes deserved and sometimes not. There was also a fair amount of confusion, much like there is today. However, I am now a Ph.D. psychologist and supposedly exempt from childish confusion.

In 1941, when I was ten, there were Japs, Nazis and some "misguided" Wops who "all got together" and "determined" that "they" were going to conspire so as to "alter the freedom" of the "good-guy allies." Sometimes, however, given the efficiency of our silver-tongued propaganda machine, kids with names like Stromberger, Webber and Ulrich (the "Nazis"), and kids with names like Micaletti, Gerardi and Pannone (the "dago-wops"), got mixed up as to whether they were the "good guys" or the "bad guys." They subsequently felt some need to design counter-control strategies to facilitate their own defense and survival.

There were numerous “ethnic” family groups whose hearts ached with confusion, due to hereditary and environmental events far beyond their control. The news media delivered daily imports on the events of the war, describing the friends and kin who still lived in what was once their home countries as evil murdering bastards.

In those days, I really didn’t understand one damn thing about the eternal debate over the question of whether we are free or determined. I just went along, like Leonard Cohen’s “Bird on a wire...and his drunken bum in the midnight choir,” trying in my way to be free...and to get others to do what I wanted.

In 1941, I was still uncertain whether or not I had the ability, the responsibility or the freedom to choose right from wrong. But I did have a good, healthy, sick fear that most often I was “fucking up.” (I was not using this term much in 1941. It became more commonplace with me about a decade later when I served in the U.S. Navy. The feeling remains the same, however.)

When you are ten years old and your country is at war with a country whose native tongue is the same one that some of your relatives speak and your name is frequently the same as those of enemy generals...and when you are known to be a member of an “off-beat” religious group who openly refuses to participate in another “war-to-end-all-wars”...and when other kids sometimes call you a yellow-bellied, C. O. Nazi, pacifist, chicken son-of-a-bitch...and when a church you often attend has rocks and yellow paint thrown at it, you might find yourself frequently getting into fights.

Now, allow me to explain how things became even more complicated. I was a Mennonite “warrior,” a member of a minority within a minority. Sunday after Sunday, this minority received intense pacifistic propaganda designed to modify or maintain the behavior of all Mennonites in the anti-military effort. Yet my draft-age friends, some cousins and uncles on my father’s side of the family, refused to follow the Mennonite doctrine of non-resistance and went to fight for freedom.

I stayed home and fought. Furthermore, I did not always wait for opportunities for defensive action. I often acted on the offensive and, whenever possible, kicked the shit out of youthful companions whom I was fairly sure I could whip and who might encourage future defensive actions. In a sense, I became a “Why Wait Pacifist.” I virtually learned to hurt my brother before he could hurt me.

“Avoidance...Murray Sidman...punishment...operant behavior...Skinner.” Without realizing the professional labels, I was locked into a series of escalating aversive encounters which involved some very basic competitive and aggressive human emotions. When I was hurt too badly, I hit!

In order to escape pain and to experience pleasure, I had to conquer my surroundings...which included other human beings. I was learning how (or so I thought then) to control the actions of other men in ways that would make me happy. I assumed that I was, of course, free to do that. The seeds of my interest and eventual entrance into the ranks of the behavior shapers, the human behavior modifiers, the behavior engineers or whatever synonym for “Boss” you wish to use, were being fertilized in the farmlands of the Midwest with powerful consequences. Through seemingly successful personal action, I gained more and more “control” over my life. The consequences of further positive reinforcement for those actions seemed to allow me to determine the course of my existence. According to some humanists, I suppose I was becoming self-actualized.

Success, however, can also facilitate failure. In this case, the early failure was a lack of astuteness in perceiving the core of the control vs. freedom myth. I, *who didn't even know who or what I was, was being sucked into the trap of actually believing that I was a prime mover, as opposed to simply being part of the show which could absolutely not be considered without reference to other events. Such events, when considered as a whole, would become the prime mover.*

In 1949, prior to the Korean War, I finished high school. In college, my primary interests were sports and winning at whatever I attempted. Eventually, like some of my uncles and cousins, I went into the service and became another Ulrich turncoat to the sacred cause of Anabaptist pacifism. For approximately two years, I toured the world as a deck-ape on the USS PAWCATUCK.

Big Is Not Necessarily Beautiful

The Navy, of course, allowed me or forced me to become even more worldly in Mennonite terms. I had already finished college and knew the ways of the city and world travel. I was an athlete and a vigorous competitor. I was certainly not nonresistant. Being small seemed to attract attempts on the part of others to test their manliness, and so long as I can remember I had people pounding on me. More often than not I found that people would keep it up until you hurt them or at least made them think you would. I had often been

knocked unconscious in struggles of one sort or another and had adapted to many forms of conflict that for many would have been more painful than it necessarily was for me. Furthermore, I was a member of a culture that constantly taught us that we could do more, get more, go further and faster and higher! To get high you used morphine, or cocaine, or speed, or quaaludes plus fast cars, fast women, fast horses, fast planes, T.V. and flashy suits of clothes. If you're Black, a hippie or some other kind of *poor* nonconformist, they call you a junkie. If you are rich and can afford the same indulgence, they call you Mr. and maybe make you a Hollywood star or perhaps even a research professor.

What is the point! I came from a family not all that much unlike the poor peasants from third world countries that stream into urban areas like Bogota or Mexico City to escape the poverty inflicted by rural rape. Let me give an example of what might be considered "rural rape."

Throughout the hemisphere, food production has fallen increasingly into the hands of modern "agribusinesses," the soya producers of southern Brazil, the wheat producers of northwest Mexico, that use the best machinery and techniques and as little manual labor as possible. In many cases, the huge United States farming companies have sold their properties, preferring to buy the primary products from nationals and take their profits in processing and marketing. With high birth rates and little job creation in the countryside, the rural populations have been spilling over into Latin America's cities. Between 1960 and 1975, the rural population of Latin America grew from 101 million to only 115.5 million, while the urban population grew from 98.7 million to 186.9 million. Stated differently, the rural share of the total population of the region fell from 50.6 percent to 38 percent in 15 years.

In a sense, the tender loving care that a human close to the land extends to it has decreased by the same 38 percent. Huge farming companies have not shown the willingness to put back into the land what they have taken from it. They don't love the land as much as they do the short-term profits they extract from it. That is to me "rural rape" and very much akin to what happens to the poor prostitute who is forced to submit in order to live. When an imbalance of energy occurs over too long a period of time, the conflict it produces no longer remains hidden. That is what you may be experiencing in Mexico City today.

Rape anything too often and it will die, but it will strike back in anger before it finally succumbs.

What is happening here is not unlike what happened to the Black who came from the farms of Mississippi or Alabama to Detroit and Chicago, or the Italian farmer from south Italy who went to Milan to make cars or to the United States to build tires. From all of these groups, there may eventually be a few sons and daughters who finish at the university and who will perhaps someday end up talking somewhere about "Human Conflict and Adaptation in the City." But their credibility, like mine, will never equal that of the person who right now exists at the poverty level, exemplified by the angry peasants in northwest Mexico who for six decades since they "won" the 1910 revolution are still without land, or the southern Black still living in big city "slavery" a hundred years after the Civil War.

Things, of course, never happen all at once. It seems one never learns something new right away. Even when you get killed. I imagine it takes a little while to get used to it. At least that's what happened to me. In 1971, not long after the film you saw was completed, there was a group of us who moved onto a farm called "Lake Village," much like the ones inhabited by my early kin. As I already mentioned, we were a part of the great commune movement of the middle and late 1960s. We were beginning to comprehend and appreciate the damage that technologically-addicted mankind was fostering on Spaceship Earth. We read, among other things, *The Greening of America* by Charles Reich, *Limits to Growth* by Meadows, Meadows, Randers and Behrens, *The Closing Circle* by Barry Commoner, and Paul Ehrlich's *Population Bomb*. We were no longer as sure as we once were that we could change North American culture via established political routes and thus began to seek alternatives through intentional communities. It was not totally unlike the Anabaptist movement that I have spent so much time telling you about, although the points of difference with the ruling power structure were not the same and the consequences not as severe. No hippies that I know of were burned at the stake, although the consequences for some were as severe as any issued for other so-called crimes against society. There were those who did get shot or beat up by authorities protecting the North American way of life, and many landed in jail.

I was then into drugs for about five years. The drugs were mostly hallucinogenic in nature, although I was beginning to experiment more often with cocaine as well as a variety of other chemical compounds. Of course, like many other people, I was a heavy marijuana user.

I had been involved in a variety of ways with the civil rights movement and anti-Vietnam War movement. In brief I, like others, was being “current,” doing what for North American counterculture was popular, things that were “in” and needed to be done. Life for us was free, energy was abundant, sex was all around and the trip was “pure far out” in spite of its oftentimes negative aspects. Then it happened, and the Lord of the universe took and showed me still another reality...death!

To make a story that took an eternity brief is very difficult, but allow me to try. One late afternoon before the Christmas of 1971, after mainlining three good-sized injections of excellent cocaine and swallowing some very good LSD, I was taken for the trip of my life through all of evolutionary history right to the brink of Hell, where I discovered that it is indeed true... there is one and I was about to enter it forever, which I did until finally I died. About 2½ hours later by the earth clock (absolutely an eternity by the one I was tuned to during the trip), I began to come back to life. As I implied above, nothing is learned all at once, and I am to this day and will be of course forever affected by that event. All in all, it was just another side trip in the eternal voyage... Another exploration which led to still another and then another. I do, however, feel that that event was a very, very important experience in my life. It broke my faith in worldly materialism. Although many other events contributed, I finally came to see that the answers to our social problems were not going to be forthcoming via our scientifically-based behavioral engineering technology. The scientists and technologists such as myself had too many of the problems that we were trying to solve in others dying as cancerous residual within ourselves. We were our own greatest problem... Slowly the emphasis of my research and personal efforts of problem solving began to focus in on myself...and time and time again I was unable to manage my own problem behaviors let alone those of all Mexico City.

They Would Not Conform to the World!

Very few of my kin and my sect (except for the Amish members of the Anabaptist tribe) today remain on the farms. They live in cities and villages, drive big cars, wear the finest clothes, inhabit fine homes trimmed in the latest style and have two or three television sets that bring the world into their front rooms, where the real violence of the Vietnam War or the Chicago,

Watts and Detroit riots mixes imperceptibly with the violent entertainment of the current season and old Ronald Reagan reruns. When I was little, I was seldom allowed to see a movie. When I was 45, some of my family wanted Ronald Reagan, the former movie star, for president. When I was little, I was admonished by the Mennonite elders to be a pacifist. When I grew older, I watched the elders of the Mennonite Church condemn the young with their Christ-like beards as they marched in protest against the war and emigrated to Canada rather than fight. Some people shoot up heroin; others shoot up the evening news. "Temperance in all things," said my Sunday school teacher as she pushed her religious addiction, which had long since lost much of its early meaning (1525 circa Friesland; Holland; Zurich, Switzerland, Menno Simons, Conrad Grebel).

Human conflict and violence throughout the United States is as North American as home-baked apple pie. We are addicted to the sugar in both. It's part of our diet. We don't even notice it. Overweight Mennonites, like other North Americans, continue to wail against the evils of the world, with its subversive elements, Communists, SLA, pot or whatever...while all around us the trees are coming down and cement is being poured over another hundred thousand acres of once rolling prairie for still another six-lane highway, parking lot, jet port or drug factory.

You invite this North American son of the Anabaptist revolution to Mexico City...was there a reason? As you may know, I come from a land which carries roughly 5.6 percent of the world's population. We require, it has been estimated, 40 percent of the world's primary resources to keep us going. Do you like to look at junkies?

We are, however, beginning to worry about the future and how we will be able to continue supporting our habits. There are those who study raising better homegrown pot so the Colombians, Jamaicans, Mexicans and other suppliers will no longer hold us in their grips. And there are those who are studying ways in which nuclear energy will make us free of the swarthy Arab—in spite of the fact that large-scale nuclear fission is undoubtedly a profoundly dangerous change in the nature of our environment. The burden of proof is placed on those of us who take an "ecological viewpoint" as opposed to the ones who suggest that peaceful nuclear energy will not cause problems. Certainly the dangers of the atomic bombs have been made clear. However, its peaceful use (which may in the long run be even more dangerous than the bombs) is advertised via TV and every other media to the children in nonviolent, nonresistant Mennonite homes, as well as others,

as being almost if not more desirable than Miss America! What is not said, however, is that once having created radioactive elements, there is nothing that can be done to reduce their radioactivity. We don't picture on our TV atomic energy-type radiation particles ripping like bullets into the bodies of old ladies, small babies and puppies. Yet there is no known place on Earth that can be shown to be safe for storing radioactive waste products created by nuclear reaction.

Wise men once thought that such waste would be safe in the deepest point of the ocean. However, Russian deep-sea exploration showed that plankton, algae and many sea animals absorb these substances and, as one animal feeds upon another, the radioactive materials climb the ladder (up or down, whichever way you want to look at it) and return to man. They are talking about storing radioactive waste in abandoned salt mines in Alpena, Michigan. Governor Miliken is listening to the experts who think it will probably be okay. Our local newspaper feels we shouldn't do it unless we get paid a lot of money. Well, that's how it goes...anything for a Yankee dollar. Junkies will steal and rob to support their habits...sometimes even kill... future generations.

Did you invite me to this conference to see a murderer? A member of the big U.S. tribe? Sometimes as I live amidst human conflict I think for a while that I almost understand it...but before long that feeling passes and I'm confused again. Maybe then you invited me here to help me! You know confused junkies don't like being junkies, except when they're high, and that doesn't last forever. You must always drop as low as your high was high... and breaking habits is terribly hard. Understand that I'm not talking down to anyone. I know that junkies don't live just in the U.S. of A. Everyone in this group is an over-consuming materialist relative to someone else.

Many of you I am sure are aware of the Gringo who lies within us all.

Los Gringos Dialogue

Gringo American—

I am the Gringo

Who walks within you.

I who force you

to speak my language.

I who insist that you dance

to my national anthem.

I am the Gringo
Who left his native land.
I who was afraid
to kill my neighbor.
I who was afraid
to die myself
I am the Gringo
Who walks within you.

Gringo Latino—

I am the Gringo
Who walks within you.
I who hate you
With my father's riches.
I who ring the bell
to summon the maid.

I am the Gringo
Who pities the peasant.
I who left his native land
to kill my neighbor
I who wanted the
Andes Gold for myself.

I am the Gringo
Who walks within you.

Gringo Americano—

You are the Gringo
Who claims I murdered Allende
You who drive your Land Rovers
With Dr. Che on the bumper
You who talk revolution at the University Nacional
Before leaving for vacation in Europe.

You are the Gringo
Who despises the tourist and speaks against the building of
New Hiltons

You deplore the theft of Indian treasures
 With Indian jewels round your wrist and neck.
You who teach Barrio Children to fight Yankee oppression
 While applying to graduate schools in California and New York.

You are the Gringo
 Who walks within me.

Gringo Latino—

You are the Gringo
 Who speaks at my country's conferences.
You who are the sacred cows of Imperialistic Academia
 With power in your hands to take more than you give.
You who suck the resources from our third world
 And sell the waste back for profit.

You are the Gringo
 Whose cast off T.V. teaches us your values.
You who claim our political allegiance with dollars
 Backed by gold stolen from my country
You whose language I learn
 So that my children may get rich.

You are the Gringo
 Who walks within me.

CHORUS

Gringo Latino

and

Gringo Americano—

We are the Gringos
 Who walk together
We are the they
 Who forget "we"
Are..."us"!

I've talked with you now for several hours. There are still many observations that I would like to share and questions of course still to be answered, but the time is growing short. For me, Mexico and the rest of Latin America means many things. It is the home of Don Juan, the Yaqui Indian who taught me through Carlos Castañeda more about non-ordinary reality. I have been helped in your countries by the people and the sacred mushroom to know myself more as a child of nature and not as an outside force destined to dominate and conquer it. I cannot battle nature without battling myself. It appears that the natural capital of the world may be running out. We have known that it could happen sooner or later, but like most things we assume it will not be us who feels the big sting! Lincoln Barnett in his book on Dr. Einstein and "his universe" explains the possible end and possible re-beginning in this way.

The universe is thus progressing toward an ultimate "heat-death," or as it is technically defined, a condition of "maximum entropy." When the universe reaches this state some billions of years from now all the processes of nature will cease. All space will be at the same temperature. No energy can be used because all of it will be uniformly distributed through the cosmos. There will be no light, no life, no warmth—nothing but perpetual and irrevocable stagnation. Time itself will come to an end. For entropy points the direction of time. Entropy is the measure of randomness. When all system and order in the universe have vanished, when randomness is at its maximum, and entropy cannot be increased, when there no longer is any sequence of cause and there will be no direction to time—there will be no time. And there is no way of avoiding this destiny. For the fateful principle known as the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which stands today as the principal pillar of classical physics left intact by the march of science, proclaims that the fundamental processes of nature are irreversible. Nature moves just one way.

There are a few contemporary theorists, however, who propose that somehow, somewhere beyond man's meager ken the universe may be rebuilding itself. In the light of Einstein's principle of the equivalence of mass and energy, it is possible to imagine the diffused radiation in space congealing once more into particles of matter—protons, neutrons, and electrons—which may then combine to form larger units, which in turn may be collected by their own gravitational influence into diffuse nebulae, stars, and, ultimately, galactic systems.

And thus the life cycle of the universe may be repeated for all eternity. Laboratory experiments have indeed demonstrated that photons of high-energy radiation, such as gamma rays, can, under certain conditions, interact with matter to produce pairs of electrons and positrons. Astronomers have also determined recently that atoms of the lighter elements, drifting in space—hydrogen, helium, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon—may slowly coalesce into molecules and microscopic particles of dust and gas. And still more recently Dr. Fred L. Whipple of Harvard has described in his “Dust Cloud Hypothesis,” published in 1948, how the rarefied cosmic dust that floats in interstellar space in quantities equal in mass to all the visible matter in the universe could in the course of a billion years condense and coagulate into stars. According to Whipple, these tiny dust particles, barely one fifty-thousandths of an inch in diameter, are blown together by the delicate pressure of starlight, just as the fine-spun tail of a comet is deflected away from the sun by the impact of solar photons. As the particles cohere, an aggregate is formed, then a cloudlet, and then a cloud. When the cloud attains gigantic proportions (i.e., when its diameter exceeds six trillion miles), its mass and density will be sufficient to set a new sequence of physical processes into operation. Gravity will cause the cloud to contract, and its contraction will cause its internal pressure and temperature to rise. Eventually, in the last white-hot stages of its collapse, it will begin to radiate as a star. Theory shows that our solar system might have evolved, in special circumstances, from such a process—our sun being the star in question and the various planets small cold by-products condensed from subsidiary cloudlets spiraling within the main cloud.

Presupposing the possibility of such events as these, one might arrive ultimately at the concept of a self-perpetuating pulsating universe, renewing its cycles of formation and dissolution, light and darkness, order and disorder, heat and cold, expansion and contraction, through never-ending eons of time.

At least this theorizing suggests to me that there is still much to be learned about all of nature, which again includes we humans as a part.

I came from a place, however, where it often seems that those in power feel as if man is the center of the universe and its prime mover, led by the high priests of science, medicine and law.

And often it is as if we are saying to our students and to the community at large...we know...we have the answers. It's almost as if some of the social scientists with whom I have been closely associated are saying that we do understand the laws of behavior sufficiently well so that wars and civil disturbances can never happen, human conflict can be solved. A recent advertisement for Dr. B. F. Skinner's book *Walden Two Reissued* had the following quotes:

"Skinner points the way to a world free of the problems of pollution, over-population, resource shortages, nuclear war, economic distress. (He) suggests that human behavior management is a realistic and perhaps necessary solution to the problems threatening the world today."

Professor Skinner is a behavioral scientist whom I have admired for years. He has visited Lake Village commune, which in a sense received the impetus for its founding from his book *Walden Two*. Together we recently traveled to Twin Oaks, which declares itself as a bonafide Walden Two commune and is in my estimation one of the more innovative social experiments presently in progress in North America. Skinner's book *Walden Two* is credited with beginning Twin Oaks. Twin Oaks is not, however, a society in which human problems are solved by a scientific technology of human behavior management and in which many contemporary values are absolute, as the ad for Skinner's book *Walden Two* claims is pictured in the novel. Indeed in many ways the data of the Twin Oaks Walden Two experiment show that the materialistic values of scientific behaviorism, no matter how fervently held by either Skinner or the founders of Walden Two, have in no way overcome nor superseded the mystical bounds of spiritual brotherhood, which remain impervious to modern efforts to either measure or discount them.

Skinner and his disciples have not pointed the way to a world free of the problems of pollution, overpopulation, resource shortage, nuclear war and economic distress, as the advertisement by the Macmillan Publishing Company for Skinner's books suggests. As behaviorists whose beginnings stressed paying attention to observable phenomena, it should be obvious with even the most crude measuring devices that the excess in claims made by the Macmillan Company for the *Walden Two Reissued* book is at best a joke and at worst dishonest. Human behavior management has not proven itself to be realistic nor is it, as the ad proclaims further, a necessary solution to

the problems threatening the world today. None of us in North America, including Professor Skinner, myself and all of our behaviorist colleagues, regardless of how firmly they remain in the radical behaviorism faith in scientific solutions, have pointed the way to a world free of problems. Just stop for a moment and look at us...look at our lives! Indeed, as I implied before, we are often obviously more a part of the problem than the solution. We at Lake Village have not solved our own small day-to-day conflicts within ourselves, let alone arrived at the point where we can, based upon some behavioral management data, solve yours. We forgot for a while that we were not gods, and although we claimed to be a part of a natural universe, we found ourselves more often communing with the supernatural world of television, big 747 planes, computers and the ways of the city...all the while losing more and more touch with the gentle Mother Earth which indeed supports us all. We support and are supported by publishing companies that are willing to promise too much more or less than the truth via advertising hypes. The advertisement by the Macmillan Company is designed to sell an old classic by Skinner as something new because a few additional pages have been added at the front of the original book. We are our own problem.

The power behind most human behavior management is still determined by the degree to which any one person is still hungry for the dollar, still addicted to the habits which years of conditioning put in us. Look at what we do, not what we say. There are many who believe that the best way to show one's sincerity about living in an America made up of small communities where people live productive and creative lives free of the pressures and violence of the big cities is to move out...not just talk about it on the TV circuit...but remember that won't be easy to do, and some of the world's most renowned behavioral engineers have not been able to do themselves as they would have others do. And I drove all the way here to come to one hell of a big city with one hell of a bunch of problems. Are my words consistent with my actions?...and are yours?

As we truly come to understand ourselves as children of nature, simply a natural part of the natural universe and not its maker, it is hard to imagine then that we stand ever near the brink of understanding nature, let alone its problems. Certainly we are not the saviors. Again hear the American Indian Rolling Thunder speak and listen to the implications of his words for our problem of human conflict.

“...This idea I’ve found in some modern people that there’s no good or bad, that it’s all the same, is pure nonsense. I know what they’re trying to say but they don’t understand it. Where we’re at here is this life, with all our problems, there’s good and there’s bad, and they’d better know it.

“As long as so many people accept this modern-day competition, willing to profit at the cost of others and believing it’s a good thing; as long as we continue this habit of exploitation, using other people and other life, using nature in selfish, unnatural ways; as long as we have hunters in these hills drinking whiskey and killing other life for entertainment, spiritual techniques and powers are potentially dangerous. The medicine men and traditional Indians who know many things know also that many things are not to be revealed at this time.

“The establishment people think they have a pretty advanced civilization here. Well, technically maybe they’ve done a lot, although we know of civilizations that have gone much further in the same direction. In most respects this is a pretty backward civilization. The establishment people seem completely incapable of learning some of the basic truths.

“The most basic principle of all is that of not harming others, and that includes all people and all life and all things. It means not controlling or manipulating others, not trying to manage their affairs. It means not going off to some other land and killing people over there—not for religion or politics or military exercises or any other excuse. No being has the right to harm or control any other being. No individual or government has the right to force others to join or participate in any group or system or to force others to go to school, to church or to war. Every being has the right to live his own life in his own way.

“Every being has an identity and a purpose. To live up to his purpose, every being has the power of self-control, and that’s where spiritual power begins. When some of these fundamental things are learned, the time will be right for more to be revealed and spiritual power will come again to this land.”

To some of my scientist colleagues I know I have ceased being a scientist and instead became a mystic, yet in my defense I reply that in fact I continue to report the data as I see it.

Einstein, whose philosophy of science has sometimes been criticized as materialistic, once said:

“The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the power of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling is at the center of true religiousness.”

I told you earlier about a time when one of my odysseys took me to Hell and showed me death. There have been other excursions, however, which allowed what may be called a chemical glimpse of paradise. Neither trip let me return, however, with the answer. More exactly, I was simply allowed to return. I have often thought of myself as both subject and experimenter. Were I a thespian rather than a scientist, I might see myself more as both spectator and actor on the stage of existence, or as an athlete both player and fan. No matter how I name it, I remain my own greatest mystery. I do not understand the universe in which I have been cast, for I do not understand myself. In spite of many years at the universities as a student of behavior, I still comprehend almost nothing of my most complex organic processes and perhaps even less of my capacity to perceive, of my capacity to reason and my capacity to dream. Like the physicist Heisenberg, my inescapable impasse is that I, as part of the world I seek to explore—my brain, my thoughts, my body—am a collage of the same elemental particles that make up those same drifting clouds of interstellar space that have been theorized as the essence of a self-perpetuating universe.

I came to Mexico City as a child of immigrants from another land, as are no doubt most of you. I have no answers to the question of human conflict and adaptation... I *am* “human conflict and adaptation.” I once thought as a behaviorist that I and others like me could program the world so that humankind’s social problems would diminish...then I discovered that such programming had to begin with the self. When we see problems around us, more than likely they are also within ourselves. If I have a destructive thought or wish it, it will have its effects on someone, if not on another then it will work back on me. Cities all over the world are in trouble and the

world itself, like any other living organism that has been abused, can get sick. People have forgotten the laws of nature and the need for balance. All over the world the countrysides are being raped, and the energy of both the land and the people of the land are being exploited, often to the supposed benefit of those living in our modern cities. Governments which reside in the city (while relying on the countrysides for their true source of life) have developed into grotesque and overbearing powers which are causing disharmony and destruction all over the planet. Allegedly wise leaders continually fail to see the causal relationship between mental illness, crime and other social problems with air and water pollution, and the destruction of trees. We continue to rape the world's natural resources, including many of its people, so that more goods are available to buy and sell. When we lived close to the land and had an intimate relationship with the environment, we learned about the natural world. We were one with nature and one with ourselves. There are American Indians who tell us that we can learn about air pollution, the human condition, levels of anxiety and hostility, and about the conditions of the earth or the coming of earthquakes and floods, if one knows what to look for in birds and their habits as well as with related natural phenomena. As I have moved back to the living laboratory on the land at Lake Village from my laboratory in the city, I have come to realize that it is not the religion and spiritual belief of the Indian or the Amish Brethren which is supernatural.

They and others of the land and forest and the water are the ones who are natural. The supernatural beliefs are most often found among the Western materialistic power establishment and their pseudo-natural science with its mutant technology. The skills of many people of the land who are truly behaviorists, familiar with nature and its most basic lawfulness, are to me more firmly based in the truly scientific method. These are the ones, as they interpret their complete and more accurate observations of life as it is in nonsupernatural settings, who will inherit what is ever left of this Earth. As I have returned to a closer relationship with the land and its animals and the water and the trees, I have often felt the oneness of the world which is so common when one is experiencing the non-ordinary reality which results when ingesting the sacred mushroom. We live in a universe that cannot be contained by boundaries conjured up by man; the earth, the cities, the country, different nations, water, air and people are intertwined...and at the moment, as this conference suggests, there seems to be an illness in the organism, this Earth, this struggling living being.

Let me close with a bit of Hopi Indian prophecy which pertains to an approaching change that is called by some "the day of purification." This prophecy correlates with that of ecologists who believe that the imbalance in nature has passed the point of no return. Yet the traditional Indian does not await some ecological doomsday but instead anticipates the moment of climax as a sort of time of healing. The conflict of the city is a symptom of the larger illness.

When you have pollution in one place it spreads all over. The Earth is sick now; it's been mistreated and the cities are the sores spots. The natural disasters which are now occurring and will continue to occur are the natural readjustments that have to take place to throw off the sickness.

Rolling Thunder says that we and the Earth together are a living organism. Together we form the body of a higher being who, in consort with us, has a will and wants to be well and who at times, also like us, is less healthy and more healthy both physically and mentally. As I said in the movie and have tried to say throughout this visit, the first step to any solution lies within ourselves. We must treat our own bodies with respect, and the same is true of the Earth, with all its varied nature. When we harm it, we harm ourselves. Let us, therefore, join together in a silent resolve to care for the spirit and the body of the cities and lands in which we reside as we would have our own spirits and bodies cared for in return.