

Rocky Takes A Trip

THE TRIP IS A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS," Nelson Rockefeller told reporters at Kennedy Airport on returning from the second leg of his presidential fact-finding tour of Latin America. The "success"—which already included anti-American demonstrations at every stop, at least ten deaths, the cancellation of scheduled visits to Venezuela and Peru, and a three-hour visit with the President of Bolivia confined to the Bolivian airport (for "security reasons")—certainly exceeded even President Nixon's own Latin triumph a decade ago, when he was stoned and spat on in the countries which Rockefeller had to pass up this time.

In pulling off his Latin American spectacular, however, Rockefeller had certain built-in advantages over Nixon. In the first place, Rockefeller's trip came eight years after the founding of the Alliance for Progress, the great Kennedy bonanza which was supposed to lift Latin America "democratically" out of her economic and social abyss, but which has merely sunk her deeper into it. (The continent actually has fewer elected regimes than when the Alliance was initiated and has become even poorer relative to the U.S.) In the second place, Rockefeller is one of the principal absentee owners of the Latin American economy, a fact curiously overlooked in U.S. press accounts but not, therefore, lacking in reality.

The immediate background to the Rockefeller trip was the oil crisis in Peru and the general deterioration of U.S.-Latin relations which resulted from that crisis. On October 9 of last year, the new Peruvian military junta seized the International Petroleum Company (IPC), claiming that the company owed Peru more than a billion dollars because it had gained its concessions to Peruvian oil illegally in the past and had sent profits to the U.S. that should have been re-invested in the Peruvian economy. The generals were not socialists but nationalists, indignant at the arm-twisting that first Britain and then the United States had employed to wrench these oil concessions from weak and corrupt Peruvian regimes. With the nationalist coup, U.S.-Peruvian relations plummeted to an all-time low; disputes over fishing vessels were followed by the cutting off of U.S. military aid and the refusal to receive special representative Rockefeller on his tour.

If Peru is the powder keg of the Latin American crisis, the powder inside it is in large part a Rockefeller product. The International Petroleum Company in question is a subsidiary of the Rockefellers' Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). Not unmindful of this fact, the Peruvian junta in its more militant moments has also threatened the Rockefeller-connected Cerro Corporation, which has vast mining interests in Peru. The junta has also ordered the Chase Manhattan Bank (president: David Rockefeller) to divest itself of control of the Banco

Continental of Peru, the country's fourth largest commercial bank. There are, in addition, five other Rockefeller-dominated oil companies in Peru: the Compañía de Petróleo Chevron S.A., the Refinería Concham-Chevron S.A. (both subsidiaries of Standard Oil of California) and three wholly owned subsidiaries of Mobil (the Standard Oil Company of New York). Finally, the International Basic Economy Corporation, which Nelson himself began 22 years ago, runs a sugar mill, a chain of American-style supermarkets, a major poultry-breeding operation and an insurance brokerage business.

PERU OF COURSE IS NOT UNIQUE: Latin America functions generally as a source of fabulous wealth for giant U.S. corporate interests, and for the Rockefellers in particular. In Venezuela, for example, oil is the key to a lopsided economy which generates tremendous profits for a few and appalling poverty for the many. Venezuela is the world's largest exporter and third largest producer of oil (behind the U.S. and the USSR); oil accounts for 93 per cent of Venezuela's export earnings and 63 per cent of government revenue.

Who owns Venezuela's oil? Not the Venezuelans. By far the biggest company in Venezuela, as in Peru, is a Standard Oil (NJ) subsidiary—this time the Creole Petroleum Company, where Nelson Rockefeller had his first real job as a corporate director. Creole alone accounts for more than 35 per cent of Venezuela's oil. In addition to Creole, Jersey Standard is represented in Venezuela by IPC, the Peruvian *casus belli*, which has a 25 per cent share of the Mene Grande Oil Company, a Gulf (Mellon family) subsidiary. Then there is the Rockefellers' Mobil, which accounts for four per cent of the Venezuelan oil product, an amount which may seem trifling, but is still *four times* what the government-controlled Corporación Venezolana de Petróleo produces.

In view of the Rockefellers' personal (one might almost say parental) concern for Peru, Venezuela, and Latin America generally, it was no doubt a thoughtful gesture on the part of President Nixon not only to select Nelson for the fact-finding trip, but also to appoint as special ambassador to deal with the Peruvian crisis someone "in the family," so to speak. John Irwin II, the new presidential ambassador, is in real life legal counsel for the Rockefeller Foundation, board chairman of the Rockefeller-endowed Union Theological Seminary, and trustee of the U.S. Trust Company, a giant New York bank controlled by several Standard Oil families, including the Rockefellers. Mr. Irwin is also the brother-in-law of Arthur K. Watson, board chairman of IBM, which has considerable investments in Peru and other Latin American countries.

by David Horowitz

Watson himself was one of the Latin "specialists" chosen by Governor Rockefeller to accompany him on his trip. Another specialist in the entourage was George D. Woods, former World Bank head, former trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, a director of the Chase and board chairman of the First Boston Corporation, a Rockefeller-Mellon creation and one of the two most important investment banks in the world.

If Rockefeller's abortive embassy (whose conflict of interest overlaps make Abe Fortas look like a Merit Scout) is regarded only as a muckraker's special, however, its true significance will have been utterly overlooked. Far from representing an inappropriate or injudicious presidential appointment, Rockefeller is, by common consent of responsible establishment opinion, "unquestionably the ideal choice for good-will ambassador to Latin America by background, personality, knowledge of Spanish [Berlitz], business and official experience, and sympathy with the problems and aspirations of Latin America." Indeed, no one comes to mind as a more knowledgeable and experienced *political* figure in Latin American affairs than Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller.

ROCKEFELLER'S FIRST PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENT came 30 years ago when FDR made the fledgling Republican Coordinator for Inter-American Affairs. (He was only 32 years old at the time and already a director of Creole Petroleum and president of Rockefeller Center Inc.) Four years later, at the age of 36, he became America's first Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs. It was not because Rockefeller's conflict of interest was overlooked that he was selected (then as now) to represent the United States and shape its Latin policy; rather it was this very interest (the domination of the Latin American economy) which was the reason for his selection. The proposition that "What's good for Standard Oil (and U.S. overseas business) is good for the United States" has been an axiom of U.S. foreign policy makers since the turn of the century. And given the supremacy of U.S. international corporations in the domestic and international economy, what other arrangement would be feasible? For what power could these overweening interests invoke to protect their overseas investments and markets against nationalist expropriation or competitive intervention by other imperial minded states, except the power of the U.S. government and its military forces?

"I can say, not merely in courtesy—but as a fact," Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of State told a gathering of top businessmen, "my Department is your department; the ambassadors, the ministers, and the consuls are all yours. It is their business to look after your interests and to guard your rights." U.S. statesmen nowadays would not be so impolitic as to come right out with these sentiments, but no one who has carefully studied their specific actions and programs can doubt that their operative principles are in accord with them. Indeed, the responsibilities of running a global empire in the postwar world have become so great that, rather than delegate the operation to trusted emissaries, businessmen themselves have flocked to the seats of government in unprecedented numbers.

In the midst of this rush the top American foreign policy post has, in the last 20 years, become a virtual preserve of the Chase-Rockefeller-Standard Oil complex, the dominant influence in America's economic empire abroad. Dean Acheson, Truman's Secretary of State from 1948-52, was a corporate

attorney for a firm serving such major clients in the complex as the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the Schroeder Trust. In 1952, the position was given to John Foster Dulles, formerly board chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation and a Senior Partner in Sullivan & Cromwell, attorneys for Standard Oil (NJ). When Dulles died in 1959, Christian Herter (who had married into one of the original Standard Oil families*) was appointed his interim successor, and Kennedy preserved the lineage with Dulles' protégé, Dean Rusk, then president of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Even Richard Nixon, Nelson Rockefeller's arch opponent within the Republican Party and the candidate of Chicago-California-Texas financial interests, was forced to pay obeisance to the divine right which is vested in "the lower end of Manhattan island," as Arthur Schlesinger likes to call Wall Street. Thus Nixon attempted to appoint George Harrar, the incumbent president of the Rockefeller Foundation, as his Secretary of State. Harrar declined, and Nixon chose a crony with no experience in foreign affairs. To keep tabs on him, Nixon named Henry A. Kissinger (Nelson Rockefeller's personal foreign policy advisor) as his special assistant operating at the center of all foreign policy planning committees up to and including cabinet level.

THE CONTROL OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY by the financial-oil aristocracy (euphemistically referred to, in the liberal vernacular, as the "Eastern Establishment") has been obvious since the days of old J. P. Morgan; it just hasn't been talked about in respectable middle-class circles since the advent of the Cold War. Now, however, when the global military-economic empire put together by these stewards of policy and wealth is shaking about their ears, the inevitable questions can no longer be deferred. The tremendous energies of outward expansion which took the form of overseas economic investment (an unprecedented eight-fold increase since 1945), cultural imperialism, and galloping militarism spreading more than 3000 bases around the globe, have produced only a blighted and unstable prosperity at home, and more than four million corpses (mostly yellow and brown, mostly peasant) abroad.

In purely economic terms, the poor countries have become relatively poorer vis-a-vis the U.S. as a direct result of this expansion and its consequences, which include billions in repatriated profits escaping into U.S. coffers. This state of affairs will continue to worsen as long as the policy of the most powerful nations is dictated by the policies of business: to him who hath it shall be given, and to him who hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away. The solution cannot be by way of Alliance for Progress type reform programs under the aegis of the same financiers and imperialists who are responsible for the system and receive its maximum benefits. As Eldridge Cleaver once pointed out, "What we need is not a war on poverty, but a war on the rich."

*The Pratts. Herter's son is now a vice president of Mobil.

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Ephemera

THEATER

“Living”

THE LIVING THEATER, which came in like a lion after a five-year foreign exile during which its legend grew as big as Frankenstein's, has now gone out like a lamb, leaving tracks all over the slick press (nude theater was a cover story in *Life* and *Esquire* a few months ago), but unnoticed by all the advanced heads who buzzed about its arrival for months beforehand. Around New York it is rumored that the trip was unsuccessful. There is a simple lesson here about the danger of becoming a legend, but the story of what the Living Theater thought it had to teach us in the first place is a significant bit of cultural history.

The Living Theater was the original radical theater, challenging the assumptions of the system while the rest of the avant-garde was worried about metaphysics or McCarthyism. It was in exile for five years, a wandering religious community: 35 people, at least two of them geniuses, living in an atmosphere, the legend said, of the most fervent intensity, suffering, tripping, creating as one. But the wisdom it brought back, snatched from the jaws of hell, turned out to be—turn on, tune in, drop out.

This message has seldom been delivered so seriously. Julian Beck and Judith Malina say they have been anarchists since the late 1940's, and they spent a long apprenticeship in the theater of despair pondering the evils for which they now believe they have found the answer. Their ecstatic vision does not look like self-indulgence; it looks like a very hard-won, slender hope. “Paradise Now” was preceded by years of hell: “The Connection,” “The Brig,” “Antigone,” “Frankenstein.” The company is still better at images of pain than ones of joy. Images are what they are celebrated for, and those who saw the first act of “Frankenstein” (where people performing machine-like motions in the interstices of a many-storied scaffolding

compose a picture of compartmentalized industrial society, and where the actors build the monster, as high as the scaffolding, with their own bodies and make it move) had their expectations gratified. The religion expressed in “Paradise Now” must be in large part a product of the company's experience in working on those earlier productions.

The Living Theater, the Polish Laboratory Theatre of Jerzy Grotowski, and the Open Theatre, separately and together, developed the methods of intense concentration, physicalization and subverbal communication that are the bases for what has recently grown wheels and become a bandwagon, called New Theater, on which the Yale School of Drama (over the nearly dead body of its dean, Robert Brustein), Richard Schechner, the Village Voice and, lamely, Broadway, have jumped. If the press had not named it already, we would call it “ecstatic theater”: it seeks by the intensity of the actors' emotions and the physical suggestiveness of their actions to bring the audience to an exalted state where they are purged of hang-ups.

The techniques—extreme physical discipline (which enables a Living Theater actor, for example, to lie rigid with his head and hands held two inches off the ground for eight or ten minutes); hypnotic rhythm exercises; give-and-take exercises (in the Machine, for instance, participants repeat movements, responding to each others', until all are moving harmoniously enough to compose a living machine)—predate this employment of them. They were originally used, in productions like “The Brig,” to make the audience experience suffering (Grotowski still uses them that way); but the techniques, above all the contact they create in the ensemble, are a profound turn-on, and profoundly turned-on people turn into evangelists. “Paradise Now” is the Living Theater's attempt to share the way of living they have learned, to turn the world on.

THE PLAY BEGINS in the hell of frustration imposed by the system. With the house lights still on and

no announcement, agonized people who turn out to be the actors start wandering through the audience, complaining angrily over and over, “I cannot travel without a passport,” “I cannot live without money,” “I am not allowed to smoke marijuana,” “I do not know how to end the fucking wars,” “I am NOT ALLOWED to take my clothes off.” Then they strip to G-strings. There follows a series of exercise-rituals lasting four hours. The stage is the altar and center of action; the congregation is encouraged to crowd around. There is no set, only light-changes. According to the program, which shows a ladder each rung of which is a revolution—“the revolution of cultures,” “the revolution of revelation,” etc.—the rites are a series of steps to paradise (the Revolution). They proceed (a partial list) from “The Vision of the Life and Death of the American Indian” (a wah-wah-wah-wah dance that ends with all falling down), and “New York City: Eight Million People Living in a State of Emergency” (the bodies form skyscrapers and at sounds of violence all fall down again); through “The Rite of Universal Intercourse” (actors touch actors, actors touch audience, audience touches audience), and “The Vision of the Magic Love Zap” (an actress is lovingly caressed, kneaded, shaken, lifted, tossed until transfigured); to “The Vision of the Landing on Mars.” (On this “rung,” actors jump from the balcony and are caught by others. This is a curious reversal of the first scene of “Frankenstein,” an attempted levitation: from a plain impossibility to a falsified possibility. In a successful performance people in the audience jump too and their faith is justified by their brothers below.)

Next is “The Vision of the Undoing of the Myth of Eden” (we don't remember this one and neither does anyone we asked); and finally, “The Street,” where, if political conditions permit and the state of the audience encourages, Paradise spills out of the theater (it was at this point that the company was arrested for nudity in New Haven); otherwise everybody just goes home. The last step on