

April '60

motive



FCE

motive

APRIL 1960

VOLUME XX / 7

CONTENTS:

- 1 EASTER MEDITATION by john g. harrell
- 5 THE HOLY MOUNTAIN AND GREEK EASTER by malcolm boyd
- 9 THE IMPACT OF THE RESURRECTION (print and scripture)
- 10 THE IMPACT OF THE RESURRECTION by frederick w. schroeder
- 13 THE GRAMMAR OF FAITH by elton trueblood
- 16 SEYMOUR LIPTON: SCULPTOR by margaret rigg
- 30 THIS BREAD AND THIS CUP by milos strupl
- 35 CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT TEARS by michael daves
- 38 THE LOWDOWN ON THE UPBEATS by roy larson
- 42 THE CURRENT SCENE by o. b. fanning
- 43 CRUCIFIXION (ink drawing) by jack kellam
- 44 CONTRIBUTORS
- 44 LETTERS . . .
- cover 3 HE IS NOT HERE, HE IS RISEN (drawing) by richard boneno
- cover 4 THE TRUTH? (dialogue) by roger ortmayer

FRONT COVER ART: ROBERT CHARLES BROWN focuses attention on the lone individual searching for identity and wholeness through faith. This is RCB's first cover for *motive* but he is well known to *motive* readers for his many drawings used with articles.

motive: POST OFFICE BOX 871 / NASHVILLE 2, TENNESSEE

editor: JAMESON JONES / managing and art editor: MARGARET RIGG / staff associate: FINLEY EVERSOLE / circulation manager: EDDIE LEE McCALL / secretary: WANDA LENK.

contributing editors: ROGER ORTMAYER, HAROLD EHRENSPERGER, HENRY KOESTLINE. editorial council: JOHN O. GROSS, H. D. BOLLINGER, HARVEY C. BROWN, RICHARD N. BENDER, B. J. STILES, WOODROW A. GEIER, JAMES S. THOMAS, GERALD O. McCULLOH, RALPH W. DECKER.

motive is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, an agency affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation through the United Student Christian Council, published monthly, October through May, by the Division of Educational Institutions of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church; John O. Gross, general secretary. Copyright, 1960, by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

Subscription rates: Single subscription, eight issues, \$2. Group subscriptions of fifteen or more to one address, \$1 each. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50. Single copy, 30 cents.

Address all communications to *motive*, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tennessee. Please accompany articles, stories, poems and art work submitted with return postage.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tennessee, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1102, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Easter Meditation

BY JOHN G. HARRELL

ALMOST too propitiously,
Too appropriately,
Too fortuitously
In a garden,
A vernal garden at that,
With green things pushing up
Out of the solemn brown earth
With their anxious new-green playlike shoots
Of young growth;
Strawberry leaves, crinkle edged,
With purple-black veins, creeping;
Bulbous plants, tuberous plants;
Grasses of all kinds, some with faintly green-white, dustlike
things scattered on soft tendrils
Which the slightest wind makes bend and fold—
In such a place, at such a time,
Almost too expectedly,
Right in the middle of earth's eternal, vernal resurrection,
The Resurrection,
More eternal, really eternal,
Promising eternal eternity.
They came to the garden,
Two or three at a time—
There was something to be feared here alone, surely;
Except one of them came alone,
Having been dealt with roughly,
All her life, by every man.
Softly they came, especially the women,
Tear-eyed, duty-ridden, as women do perform
Their tasks in the birth-death cycle of life.
True, the two men ran, but like schoolboys, lithely,
Almost without sound as their bodies angled and their legs jettisoned
and their feet ricocheted from one bend to the other in
the winding path to the garden.
Never had either man felt so young, so agile, so absolutely purposed
by a singular nothingness in his head but to run and to
get there.

And what did it prove?
It proved nothing, as a scientist demands a proof,
A Q. E. D. The tomb was empty, that was all;
A great vacuous emptiness
Like at the bottom of one's stomach
When something desperate happens;
Like when someone dies in the family.
Except this emptiness, observable
In the hewn rock tomb, real as could be,
Gave promise of eternal life.
And articulate was that promise,
Because it spoke in words inside one's mind:
HE IS RISEN, and all the other words and phrases
That were articulated in those poor people's dumbfounded minds.
All too propitiously, too appropriately.
In a garden, of all places!
God surprised us that time
By doing the expected thing
(As we look back now)
In the expected place
At the expected time.
He really surprised us
That time.
He really did.



HE IS
+ RISEN +
+

I I

In that room, second-storied on the house below
With a family all its own—good friends
They were, having offered their room above
To the Galileans, come to Jerusalem for the Feast,
And suspicious, spied-on men at that,
Not at all welcomed in the Temple by the priests,
If rumor could be trusted. Good friends below
They were, on that Thursday night
Before the Paschal Feast. Good friends below
They were, after that next day,
That Friday, that day of the week we have
Always remembered ever since and have
Honored in a mourner's way.
That Friday morning, when they woke up
In the house below, they heard the news.
(It is always a waking-up out of a sleep;
We never are aware when the greatest things happen to us—
We wake up to them, long after.)
Frightening new, it was. Be cautious!
Careful now! Again a purge,
As purges have always occurred in the
Power-conscious, power-demanding power-struggle
Of the world's power-men over the power-less people.
(All of us poor people must somehow be a power
If the powerful ones must exercise power over us
And make us so fearful,
So really scared-to-death.)



*Below were those good people who dared,
Nonetheless,
And hid those men in the room above,
Nonetheless.
For several days they had hidden there.
And there they were, huddled together,
Frightened and uncertain,
Lost and baffled.
There was the table where the bitter herbs had been,
Where the lamb had been, and where the cup of blessing had been.
That meal had been a blessing to the Lord of creation, surely.
And just as surely it had been a blessing to those who shared it.
BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD, KING OF THE UNIVERSE,
WHO HAST GIVEN US THE FRUIT OF THE VINE.
That cup remained there on the table.
It was empty now. They had all sipped from it,
And when they were done, he said to them—
But only after they had tasted it, each one—
THIS IS MY BLOOD.
Scarlet-fire-red felt their throats at that revelation,
After it was too late. (One could not un-drink it. And how horrendous!)
To drink that blood was counter Law.
To drink his blood who stood there
Violated all that was human.
Only love could overcome it all. Only the incredible
Understanding and intimate sharing of oneself in love
Could overcome such a thing and make it right, somehow,
Make it palatable, not for the one time only,
In the past, but for the times to come,
In the kingdom, here and hereafter,
When he could drink it with them anew each time.*

*So they huddled in that room
And dared to look at one another now and then,
And to glance askance, now and then, at the cup,
Emptied now of the redness of the wine-blood,
That Pentecostal fire-blood-red that would come.
But it would come because he came
Into that upper room
And he joined them there,
And he was with them there,
And they glanced toward that cup
And saw in its emptiness the bond-giving,
Covenant-giving, promise-giving, gospel-giving,
Eternity-giving, red-hope-full-ness-giving
God-life-giving
Life, which is
Eternal life
In the Godhead's
Life, together.*

Azure that blue white-capped sea-blue Sea
 Where their dory danced beneath them
 In contrapuntal rhythm to their dampened temper.
 Their silence was made the more acute
 By the insistent, incessant, ceaseless and
 Nonsensical lappings of the water against the craft.
 "I go a-fishing," Peter had said,
 As buoyant as possible,
 Regaining, ever so little regaining
 His sense of obligation toward them all.
 But those words, with their hollow verve,
 Were like an echo's voice in his ear.
 No longer were they his words nor his voice,
 Those syllabic sounds which his memory
 Caught upon, sounding like the strangeness of familiar voices
 Shouted across the sea. Not his voice.
 Not his words did they seem to him now.
 And so he sat,
 All of them sat,
 In the dory, waiting.
 A fisherman learns to wait.
 It is perhaps harder to learn than anything else.
 Certainly it is harder than the back-wrenching, muscle-soring,
 lung-winding, hand-tiring labor of fishing,
 Especially when it's your job and your livelihood
 And not just a game.
 It is the waiting that is so hard to learn.
 And to bear.
 That awful waiting makes you think of your family.
 It makes you think of your whole village.
 And of your responsibility.
 That is why it is so hard.
 He had said to wait for him in Galilee.
 How kind of him. Because
 He knew what it was to wait
 And it was easier to wait
 Where they had learned to wait.
 Sitting in that dory.
 And he met them there
 In their waiting and in their labor of waiting.
 That is where he met them once again.
 He met them by that sea of hope,
 Which is the lesson waiting teaches.
 FEED MY SHEEP, Jesus said to Peter.
 IF YOU LOVE ME, FEED MY SHEEP.
 And in those words was a confirmation.
 "I go a-fishing," Peter had said,
 Obliquely feeding the desperate-worried needs
 Of those sheep. (He did well.)
 But now, confirmation.
 Now the terrible ordination.
 Now the consecration in power,
 That God awful
 Jesus Christ bearing
 Vocation power:
 FEED MY SHEEP.



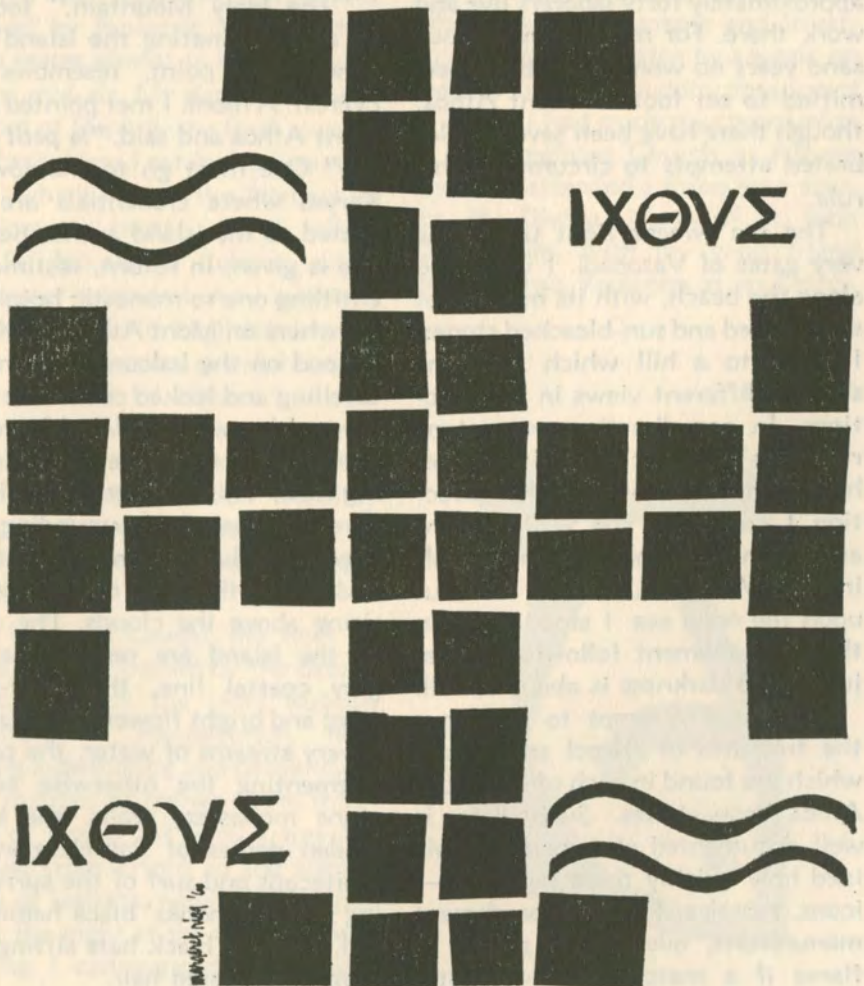
THE HOLY MOUNTAIN AND GREEK EASTER

BY MALCOLM BOYD

IN the cool morning air our open boat sailed out into the bay from the Greek fishing village of Ierissos. It was six o'clock and just barely light. It was the Thursday following Easter and I was on my way to Mont Athos, "the Holy Mountain" of Greece.

At a small food-stand on the beach my fellow passengers, three Mont Athos monks, and I had each had a small glass of ouzo and a double cup of Turkish coffee. Sheep, their feet tied together, were carried aboard the boat and placed in the hold. Then a donkey was forcibly carried aboard. He stood alongside us for the journey, which took considerably longer than planned because the motor died four times in transit. We passengers walked up the thin, shaky wooden "plank"—and the trip was a reality.

I was carrying, along with my knapsack, a quite old issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* which I had discovered at a kiosk in Salonica. The magazine featured various Norman Rockwell cover illustrations



which had previously appeared on the magazine. I loaned the *Post* to two of the monks who thumbed through the Norman Rockwell illustrations, pointing them out and chuckling, as we progressed over the choppy sea. The donkey became interested in the long white beard of one of the monks, who finally had to drive the animal away with a stick.

We put in at Vatopedi, "the aristocrat" of Mont Athos, surely the richest of the twenty monasteries on the island. Vatopedi gives the impression of being a medieval walled town. The ancient stone walls are gaunt and grey. High up, where wooden balconies and window frames have been built, one sees striking bright reds, pinks and blues painted.

Atop the battlements flies a Greek flag. Cobblestones cover the entire ground area of the interior courtyard and also the pathways leading into it. Some forty-five monks now reside at Vatopedi and approximately forty laborers live and work there. For more than a thousand years no woman has been permitted to set foot on Mont Athos, though there have been several celebrated attempts to circumvent this rule.

The sea sweeps right up to the very gates of Vatopedi. I wandered along the beach, with its millions of sea-washed and sun-bleached stones. I came to a hill which gave me sharply different views in all directions. In one direction were stone ruins, in another hills rising ever higher and higher. In another direction I could see the walled monastery where chimes were now pealing out. And, too, I could look out upon the open sea. I stood there in that rare moment following sunset just when darkness is about to fall.

I will not attempt to catalogue the treasures of chapel and library which are found in each of the Mont Athos monasteries. Such data is well documented elsewhere. I realized how quickly these treasures—icons, mosaics, frescoes, parchment manuscripts, oils—could go up in flame if a match were carelessly

struck or a cigarette left burning by a monk or by a visitor. There have been disastrous fires at Mont Athos, and there is no fire department on the wild island to rush to the rescue.

"The Holy Mountain," looming up and dominating the island from almost any point, resembles Mt. Everest. A monk I met pointed up to Mont Athos and said, "*le petit Everest*." One must go to the town of Karyes where credentials are presented to the island authorities and one is given, in return, testimonials entitling one to monastic hospitality anywhere on Mont Athos. At Karyes I stood on the balcony of a monk's dwelling and looked out at the place where I knew "the Holy Mountain" should be. It was enveloped in swirling mist. This mist gradually lifted, revealing first the surrounding hills, then the blue sea in the distance, and finally the peak of Mont Athos rising above the clouds. The colors of the island are remarkable: the grey coastal line, the olive-green trees and bright flowers, the flashing silvery streams of water, the pastels augmenting the otherwise solemn stone monastery walls, the bright golden domes of Panteleimon, the whitecaps and surf of the surrounding sea, the monks' black habits and tall, rounded black hats sitting atop long, unbarbered hair.



I spent a night in Coutloumous, the monastery which is only about a five-minute walk from Karyes. The guest book, signed by all visitors, was next to my bed. I thumbed through it, reading the same clichés, the same monotonous expressions of greeting and appreciation—and adding my own, equally a cliché and monotonous. Then I came across a message written by a Los Angeles physician.

"We are gratified with the gentility and hospitality extended by the monks in this out-of-the-way hostel. Because of the teachings of Koch and Lister which have become an inseparable fundament of our cultured training, we feel we must hastily retreat from this haven of refuge provided by the good fathers. The various bacilli and parasites at whose disposal we have placed ourselves must sadly wait for the next visitors to this little haven out of the way from life's stresses. Adieu, you cockroaches and rodents, products of the kindly hand of God, adieu, you lice and flies, little insects blessed by the saints and Holy Mary. We leave you with the good monks in the decadent faecal-smelling confines of this place of prayer and meditation."

Underneath, a guest from Cincinnati had written: "Why do these

motive

men write of food and beds? Have they not found the art and civilization of Athos awesome?" But this is a dispute which is well-nigh everlasting. And Mont Athos is neither stirred by it nor involved in it. The round of prayer continues, the ebb of life continues, the hospitality continues; and, for all I know, no monk at Coutloumous reads English; so that the irate protest from the direction of Los Angeles may be known only to the cockroaches and rodents, the visitors who read English (and who bother to read old guest books) and to God.

I traveled by mule from Karyes to the monastery of Iviron and caught the tiny open boat for the monastery of Great Lavra. The oldest and grandest of the monasteries of Mont Athos, Lavra sits high upon a hill overlooking the sea. One has to walk some twenty minutes after disembarking to reach it. I was alone as I made my way from monastery to monastery. At Lavra in the refectory are frescoes of the saints. Here in a chapel I saw an ancient picture of St. Stephen and one of the monks with me pointed to the picture, then to my clerical collar, and said: "Deacon. Like you."

Fr. Diomedes has been a monk at Lavra for fifty years. His card bears his name in Greek. Then, in the left-hand corner, are these words: "Speaking little English. Holy Mountain, Greece."

Fr. Diomedes served me a cordial he had made himself from grapes he had grown. He presented me with a letter opener and I gave him my English-Greek dictionary. Nifon, a hermit, was visiting Lavra. We went for a walk together up in the hills behind the monastery to an ancient chapel. On the way we met a teenage Greek lad who produced a child's pistol marvelously bearing the name "Roy Rogers." Another monk appeared who handed me a package of Lucky Strike cigarettes (very stale, and opened in my honor) and asked me to explain the meaning of LS/MFT.

Up by the ancient chapel, built
April 1960

by monks centuries ago, we looked out upon the hills, the gardens and the trees, and down to the blue sea. Nifon then said to me: "Here is very true peace . . . and free . . . understand?"

In the open boat I traveled from Lavra around the island past the monasteries of St. Paul and Dionysiou to the monastery of Gregoriou. Gregoriou stands high above the rocks at the very edge of the sea. At night I stood on one of the wooden, seemingly precarious balconies, looking straight down hundreds of feet at the angry waves hurling themselves in intense and unabated fury against the rocks and stone base of the monastery. I was awakened at 5 a.m. by a young deacon who stood at the foot of my bed shouting: "Deacon! To church!" He gestured that I was to follow him. I stumbled out of my warm bed and into my clothes and we joined the others in the chapel for worship.

In the open boat and pouring rain I passed by fantastic Simonopetra, which seems almost to be suspended high in mid-air. My destination was the port of Daphni, my final stop on the island. Here I sat in the "country store" which has all the intrigue of a diplomatic center, and I talked with Fr. Nikone, a Russian priest and former aristocrat, now a hermit at Mont Athos. His English is impeccable, his charm very grand, his education polished. Fr. Nikone has seen much tragedy within the span of his life; and now he too wonders what lies ahead for the island of "the Holy Mountain," which has faced so many crises in its hundreds of years of civilization.

At 1 p.m. I caught the boat to Tripiti, and we passed by the decaying splendor of the Holy Russian monastery of Panteleimon, now housing a dwindling and pathetically small number of monks in its thousands of rooms. At 5:30 I traveled by mule from Tripiti to the fishing village of Ierissos, where I again put up for the night at the inn. The next morning I commenced the all-day

bus trip back to Salonica. And my visit to "the Holy Mountain" had ended.

The technological wonder of the day following my return to Salonica is indicative of our age. I boarded a morning plane for Athens where I changed planes and, within one hour, was on my way to London. We flew over the Acropolis, over Naples, Rome, Paris and past the Matterhorn and then the white cliffs of Dover—to London airport. Then, a train ride took me to Oxford, where I was to continue my work as a student.

HOLY Week and Easter (according to the Western calendar) I had spent in Athens, where I was a guest at Apostoliki Diakonia, the Greek Orthodox evangelism center and student hostel. I was privileged to share the life of the two hundred theological students living there who attend classes at the nearby University of Athens. My best friends were Cypriots, Cretans and Ethiopians. The Eastern and Western calendars differing by a week, on the day of the Western observance of Easter I had made my communion at the Anglican Church in Athens and then attended a three-hour service, the Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, with my good friend Fr. Jonannus Ramphos at an Ortho-



Holy Holy Holy
 is the Lord + of
 + Hosts +
 the whole earth
 + is full of +
 HIS + GLORY +
 m

dox church on the occasion of the Eastern observance of Palm Sunday.

While in Athens I had private conversations with several leaders of the famed Zoe Movement. Zoe is a monastic community of some one hundred priests and laymen, the latter being mostly theologians. From this central movement have stemmed numerous loosely affiliated groups, including one for nurses, one for doctors, one for university students, one for working men, one for intellectuals, one for parents, to cite a few. Zoe stresses the Christian life in terms of church renewal more than it makes use of evangelistic "techniques," although it has publications and sponsors well-attended meetings. The core of its effort always is confrontation and study of the sacramental life. The often-used recreational devices for drawing crowds are spurned. In this ferment within the Church more lay activity is sought.

Flying to Istanbul (Constantinople) after the Western observance of Easter, I was entering immediately into the Eastern Holy Week. Bishop James of Philadelphia, a member of the Holy Synod of Constantinople, had asked me to be the guest of the Orthodox Church at Halki, one and a half hours by boat from the city. His Holiness, the Patriarch of Constantinople, received

me for a private conversation and then invited me to join his table for lunch at the Patriarchate. Following this, I traveled to Halki where I would remain for the whole of Eastern Holy Week.

Halki, the Church's most important theological training school, looks down upon the village of Heybeliada. Much of the island is uninhabited and covered by trees and wild growth. There were one hundred and one students at Halki. Life was rigorous, the discipline extreme. Halki's chapel is small and very beautiful. The iconostasis, Bishop's throne and pulpit all convey the effect of rich gold, especially when the chapel is lighted with many candles. There are twenty-five small icons along the top of the iconostasis, representing the Church's twelve major feasts and other feast days. The two icons directly to the right and left of the holy door (depicting, as always in Orthodox churches, Our Lord and the Virgin Mary, respectively) are collectors' items dating from the sixteenth century. Another large icon depicts the Holy Trinity by showing the visit of the three Angels to Abraham. A lectern stands on both left and right for the cantors in the antiphonal singing.

From Monday on there was a full schedule of daily chapel services. On Great Holy Friday evening there occurred the Burial Service. An icon of the entombed Christ was sprinkled with rose petals, and revered and placed within a "tomb" of fresh flowers. I was quite impressed by this expression, even at the heart of

the Passion, of the always recurring Orthodox emphasis upon the joy of the Resurrection. Then we processed, chanting, around the seminary grounds, bearing the icon and the empty cross. The flickering lights of our candles and the sparkling lights from surrounding islands shone out in the darkness of the hilltop.

On Saturday night villagers of the island crowded into the chapel (lighted by many candles) for the Easter Service. When the service ended at 3:30 a.m., we went into the dining room to break our long, hard fast with the Paschal Feast.

Easter Day dawned splendidly. A sudden storm had hit the small island during a Saturday service, shattering glass window panes and whistling like the furies themselves. But now it was warm, as we commenced the Easter Vespers (also known as the Second Resurrection, Service of Love, or Service of the Multi-Lingual Gospels) by marching in a Litany procession around the seminary. I was dressed in the vestments of an Orthodox deacon, and was asked to read the Gospel according to St. John 20:19-25 in English, while other deacons and priests preceded or followed me by reading it in eight other languages (including the Ethiopian liturgical language of Geez).

Afterward, walking in the grounds of the seminary of Halki, I could see across the clear blue sea to the towering minarets of Istanbul on the distant horizon.

Many currents of contemporary ecumenical Christian life are felt at Halki: I was accepted as a brother in Christ and was absorbed into the community and the flow of its life. Recalling my trip, I feel at Easter each year a close kinship with the Orthodox Christians. I recall (and commend to you) the prayer from the Orthodox Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom: "Let us who have entreated for the unity of the Faith and for the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, commend ourselves and one another and our whole life to Christ our God."



Courtesy TODAY Magazine

the impact of the resurrection

And they went out and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them; and they said nothing to any one, for they were afraid.

Mark 16:8

But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord your labor is not in vain.

1 Corinthians 15:57, 58





the impact of the RESURRECTION

BY FREDERICK W. SCHROEDER

THE Easter event is beyond doubt at one and the same time the most baffling and the most dynamic event of all time. It is the most baffling because it is without precedent or parallel in human experience. Medical science has performed many miracles of prolonging life, but it has never restored a deceased person to life. People, seemingly dead, are known to have been resuscitated, but Jesus' triumph over death is a resurrection, not a resuscitation. As such it stands in a class all by itself, impervious to rational analysis or explanation.

Scientific investigation of the event is as impossible as it would be unproductive; neither is it likely that archeological discoveries will ever shed light on its historicity. Devout believers—not all, to be sure—as well as confirmed skeptics have intellectual difficulties with the resurrection. Many look for the kind of evidence that Thomas wanted when he said, "Unless I can put my fingers in the nailprints in his hand and my hand in the wound in his

side, I will not believe." And not being able to come up with that kind of evidence they find the resurrection to be a stumbling block to faith.

But strangely enough this stumbling block to faith, if such it should be, is the very cornerstone of the Christian faith. Except for the resurrection the Christian movement would never have been born. Though the word of the cross is commonly regarded to be the central theme of the gospel, there simply would be no gospel if the cross had been the last word.

But the cross was not the last word. Easter followed Good Friday. And Easter, mystifying as it may be, turned defeat into victory. Its dynamic effect overshadows its baffling aspect. No other event has had such a powerful impact upon the course of human events as the resurrection. And while the impact of Easter may not resolve the mystery and miracle of the empty tomb, it confronts us with such an array of effects that the mystery ceases to be troublesome.

The passages of Scripture quoted above are only two of many that speak of the impact of the resurrection. Its immediate effect was, as Mark's account clearly indicates, fear and astonishment. Its long-range and more permanent effect was faith and steadfastness wherever the resurrection became a fully apprehended reality.

Beyond this the New Testament bears witness to the impact of the resurrection in a variety of ways. In one of his letters Paul speaks of knowing Christ "and the power of

his resurrection"; in another he testifies that "as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might walk in newness of life." And when Peter declares that "the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner" he obviously had the resurrection in mind. But why multiply words when the facts of history speak far more convincingly?

Some of these facts are so well known that one need do no more than make them a part of the record. Consider, for instance, what Easter did for and to the disciples. Good Friday had left them a dejected, defeated company. Though Jesus had previously told them of his impending death and resurrection, they admitted later that "they understood none of these things." Little wonder, then, that they were about to return to their former occupations. Then came their encounter with the risen Lord. Almost overnight these dull-minded, disillusioned, disheartened disciples became confident, courageous, persuasive apostles of the faith. Did this change come about by a gradual process of study and growth? Hardly! Only the impact of the resurrection accounts for a change so swift, so complete, and so dramatic.

FAR more impressive is the beginning and the growth of that movement that we call the church. Except for the resurrection there would be no church. The church might well be called a monument of the resurrection; not a monument carved out of stone or wood

or cast in bronze, but a monument throbbing with life wherever two or more gather in his name. Unheralded and unexpectedly, without the fanfare of publicity and promotion, this movement of the spirit came into being when the apostles proclaimed to an assembled multitude the mighty deeds of God in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The resurrection was and still remains the foundation of the church. Under the impact of this event the church has withstood persecution from without and corruption from within, and has marched across the centuries with its continuity unbroken, its vision undimmed, its zeal undiminished, and its faith unshaken. Without a living Lord such a record is inconceivable. A martyred and dead prophet, however heroic his life and noble his teaching, would not today inspire and hold the loyalty of more than seven hundred million people in east and west, north and south. When one has intellectual difficulties with the resurrection—and some of us do now and then—it is good to think of the church. Its history, its motivation, its mission is a far more convincing witness of the resurrection than any argument of philosophy or any formula of science.

And the impact of the resurrection does not end with the life and work of the church. Consciously and otherwise the whole world has come to reckon with the importance of this event. Because of it Christ has become the midpoint of time. Strange, is it not, that one who lived in an obscure country of the Orient, who died the death of a criminal on a despised cross should now be the one from whose birth all time is reckoned. Was this decided by some Gallup Poll of public opinion or by some majority vote of a world-wide ballot? No; this division of history into B.C. and A.D. must be regarded as the unpremeditated, unplanned impact of the resurrection, which introduced something so revolutionary and dynamic into history that human life and effort acquired a

new direction and dimension. All this is written in letters so large that every one may read as he runs.

The resurrection invests life with worth and gives meaning to all human effort and activity. In the pre-resurrection era a wise man was moved to say: "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity. What does man gain by all the toil at which he toils under the sun?" Twentieth-century agnostics who deny the resurrection and materialists who in their pursuit of things ignore it, have a similar view of life. Whereas the agnostic builds his life on a philosophy of unyielding despair and may speak of man as "fear in a handful of dust" or as "a sick fly taking a dizzy ride on a gigantic flywheel" soon to be cast into the oblivion of nothingness, the materialist simply declares: "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may die."

BUT when you look at life and man's activity from the perspective of the resurrection you get an entirely different slant. Then you are moved to say what Paul said at the conclusion of his ode on the resurrection: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord your labor is not in vain." Somehow the resurrection gives worth and meaning to all honest, upright toil. It affirms that whatever of truth, of beauty and of goodness is put into life and work will abide.

But perhaps we are not so much concerned about what happens to our toil and labor as we are about what happens to us personally. Is it merely self-love, or perhaps even egotism, that makes the thought of annihilation so abhorrent? I think not. Since time immemorial man has asked the question: "If a man dies, shall he live again?" He has turned to science for an answer, and has received nothing more than a forbidding silence by way of reply. He has turned to philosophy, and philosophy has said that there are potentialities in man so great that it seems irrational that man should be

annihilated at the point of death. But beyond recognizing man's desire and capacity to be immortal philosophy has no answer. The only sure answer to man's age-old question comes from the empty tomb. The risen Lord gives us the assurance: "Because I live ye too shall live."

Perhaps it is this assurance, growing out of and supported by the resurrection, that accounts for the strange phenomenon of churches filled to overflowing on Easter Sunday. Why it is that people, including many who seldom rise above the biological level of existence, or who regard everything even faintly miraculous with incredulity, nevertheless go to church on this particular day? Is the Easter church attendance nothing more than a pious custom or a sanctified fashion parade?

Sometimes one is tempted to draw this conclusion, but perhaps there is more here than meets the eye. People do not need to go to church to show off their spring finery. Could it be that this phenomenon gives voice to a kind of inchoate awareness of what the resurrection means in terms of life's purpose and man's destiny? No one may presume to speak with finality on that score, but it is possible that the impact of the resurrection has penetrated deeper into man's consciousness than his ordinary way of life suggests. Obviously this is not true in



every instance, but Easter does point up the fact that a divine purpose runs through all life and history, and that ultimately this purpose leads to fulfillment.

In so doing it answers another question that keeps bobbing up from time to time. It is the question: What is the ultimate outcome of the historical process? What we want to know is whether history is simply the meaningless rise and fall of civilizations, whether mankind is caught in the web of some cyclical movement of birth and death that is without rhyme or reason, or whether the course of history does move toward some far-off divine event that will give meaning to all the sufferings and frustrations of this vale of tears. Not so many years ago when the course of history seemed to be moving forward and upward by a kind of inherent necessity such questions received but scant atten-

tion. But the notion that mankind finds itself on a heaven-bound escalator has been found to be illusory.

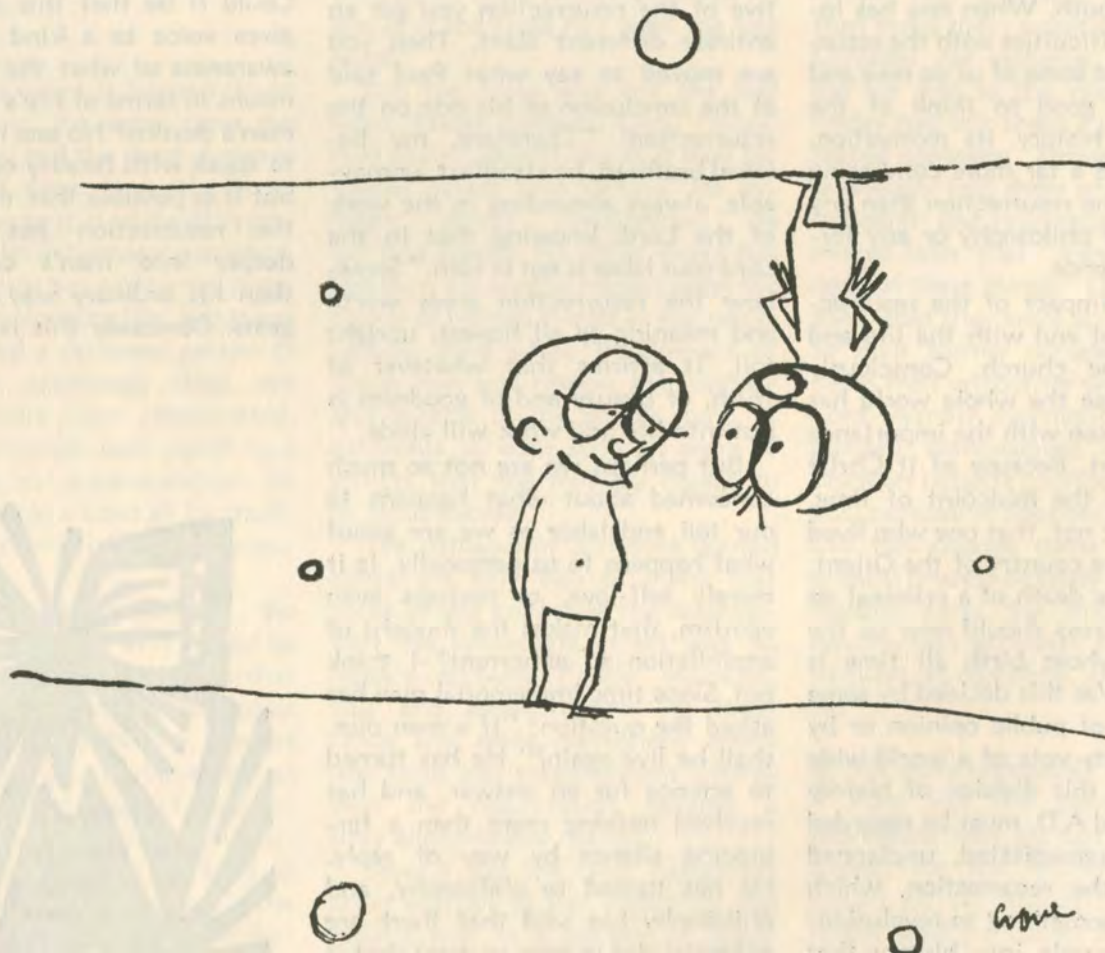
Today the whole process appears to be in reverse. The tragic character of our era has become apparent to all but the most obtuse. All creation appears to be "groaning and travailing in pain," to use Paul's descriptive phrase. Is all this anguish and agony to be for nought?

AGAIN we must say, the only reassuring answer comes from the empty tomb. The Lord who triumphed over death and the grave in Joseph's garden is also the Lord of history. His arm has not been shortened. His kingdom is a coming kingdom and an everlasting kingdom. This affirmation still leaves some questions unanswered as to how and when, but the ultimate outcome is assured. Because of his confidence in the ultimate victory of life over

death, of righteousness over iniquity, of truth over falsehood, Paul was able to admonish the Corinthian Christians to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

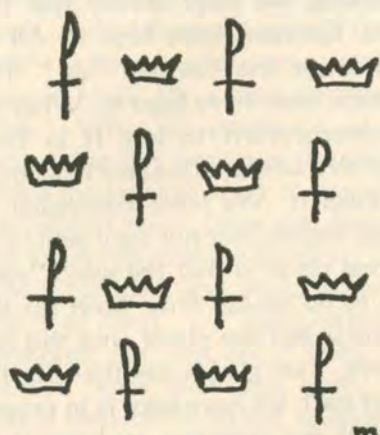
What was true then is true today. The impact of the resurrection is by no means confined to Jerusalem and Judea of the first century; it has extended across the centuries and it is felt to this very day, even when it is not formally acknowledged nor fully understood. The victory we celebrate on Easter Sunday gives meaning and purpose to all of life and to every human effort and enterprise. Well may we sound the trumpets and lift our voices in the swelling chorus: "The Lord is risen, the Lord is risen indeed."

This sermon comes from one of the better collections of Easter material, *Preaching the Resurrection*, sermons of twenty-two Americans edited by Alton M. Motter and published by Muhlenberg Press (\$2.25).



IF EVERYTHING IS RELATIVE WHY CAN'T IT BE RELATIVE TO ME FOR A CHANGE?

Faith can really be represented, as it grows in maturity, by three remarkable changes in grammar. The first change is one of person.



the grammar of faith

BY ELTON TRUEBLOOD

WE all know that there are three persons. The first person is the person speaking; the second person is the person spoken to; and the third person is the person spoken about. The first person is "I," "me," "mine." The second person is "thou," "thy," "you," "your." The third person is "he," "his," "her," "hers," "they," "theirs."

All of us know this to start with, but have you ever noticed in one of the really basic statements of faith in all the world, one that belongs to Jews and to Christians alike, namely, the 23rd Psalm, a very remarkable change in person from the third to the second? "The Lord is my shepherd. . . . He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." This is the third person. "He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." All these phrases are couched in the third person. As the Psalm becomes more intense, as it deepens, there is this sudden change of gears: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of 'the shadow of death,' I will fear no evil; for *thou* art with me; *thy* rod and *thy* staff they comfort me. *Thou* preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." This is a

change so great that there is no way in the world to exaggerate it.

It is better to say "he" than to say "it." It is a gain to move from the impersonal to the personal. We all know that it is a very poor kind of religion which speaks of some impersonal force in the universe. You cannot pray to an impersonal force. You are moving tremendously when you begin to say "He."

When you say "He," you do not mean that you are limiting God to a human form. You are saying that you have reason to believe that at the heart of the world there is something far more personal than a natural law, or force, or power. There is a loving One—a mind, a heart, a spirit; One who knows us so that every one of us is in his eyes, individual. Each one counts. A great impersonal force could not make a response. You could speak of it; you could even know it. You can know buildings and stone columns. You can admire them. But they do not know you; there is no response at all, for they are impersonal. Whenever you say "He," you are stating your conviction that, at the heart of the world, there is the reality that is at least as personal as you are—maybe far more so. If that much is

not true, then our faith is practically nothing at all.

So to move from the impersonal to the personal is a great step, but, as we have just seen in our analysis of this Psalm, this is not the ultimate step. The ultimate step within the concept of the person is to move from "he" and "him" to "thou" and "thine."

What do you mean by God? I will tell you what I mean. I will tell you what I think the Christian faith means. We mean One to whom the word "thou" can be honorably, accurately, intelligently, and reasonably applied, so that everyone can say, in the heart of his religious experience, not merely I know him, as someone remote, but "O Thou, who lovest me." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of 'the shadow of death' I will fear no evil: for *thou* art with me."

THE "I-thou" relationship is the closest relationship in all the world. There is nothing like it. You can have it with another person. It may be the person to whom you are related—your wife, your husband, your child, your parent, your teacher, your student. It may be somebody to whom you write a letter. Al-



STEPHEN, FULL OF FAITH AND POWER, ACTS 6:8
WOODBLOCK PRINT, 11½"x22½"

GENEVIEVE SMITH

ways this is *thou, thou, thou.*

It is too bad that, in the English language, we have almost lost the *thou*. Germans have kept it. All of you know the German "*du*." The French, also, have kept it. What an impoverishment to lose it in English! We who are Quakers have tried to keep it. We have succeeded to some degree, but not very well. The dismal result is that the word "*you*" has to do double duty, both for the singular and the plural, and this is a shame. I am glad to say that, for the most part, we have kept it in prayer. I hope we continue to keep it in prayer.

Have you noticed Christ's prayer that comes in the eleventh chapter of Matthew? In a sense, this prayer gives an entire theology. Jesus prayed: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent. . . ." Christ could say to the heavenly Father "*thou*." His heavenly Father was not remote. He was One to whom he could speak, and with whom he could speak.

This is the reason why prayer is at the heart of our religion. The heart of our religion is not a discussion about God, in an argument as to whether God is. The heart of our religion is confrontation with God. This is why the "*thou*" is necessary. "I thank thee, O Father. . . ." This is the accusative, you see. "O Father" is as close and tender as could be. "Lord of Heaven and earth"—the One who made the stars, and all the space which we so freely enter, and all the laws and all the creatures. Christ combines these two things in one context, as intimate as can be and as grand as can be, and he says these two are one. They are brought together in the glorious prayer. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth. . . ." Here is the first big step in the grammar of faith as we

This article was a 1959 vesper sermon at Peabody College, published by arrangement with the *Peabody Reflector*.

advance: To move from the third person to the second.

ANOTHER great change is a change in tense. I studied last summer the whole of the Gospel of Mark, and with one of my old Greek teachers have made a new translation of Mark for a new devotional book.* What so struck us as we were doing this work was the way in which the tense of Mark is almost all the present tense. Jesus was coming, and as he was coming he said: "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand. . . ." Jesus *comes* to Nazareth. On and on it goes, the present tense over and over. We have a temptation in our religion to use other tenses. Sometimes our temptation is to use only the past. We sing,

I think when I hear that sweet story of old,
How Jesus was here among men;
How he brought little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

We tend to have a nostalgia for those great days of more than nineteen hundred years ago, as though that were the great time. Sometimes we look into the future only. This is a bad day now, but the good time is coming in the sweet bye-and-bye.

There is some merit in talking about the past. There has been a great past. There is some merit in talking about the future. There may be more glorious things in the future than any of us can imagine. But this much is sure: The past is irretrievably gone. You cannot recover it. The future may never be. It is always possible that this is the last day of the world for any one of us. Every time I tell my loved ones good-bye I am very well aware that it may be the last time. We do not know about the future, but this moment *is*.

The glorious mood of the gospel as Jesus gives it is this: It *is* here! The time *is* fulfilled! The Lord was

my shepherd. . . . Is that it? The Lord will be my shepherd . . . ? No. The Lord *is* my shepherd. . . . *Now* is the day of salvation. *This* is the day that the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it! Christ is come to teach and speak to his people *now*. You can be as close to him here and now as were Peter and James and Andrew and John. If you believe in the living Christ, then you understand that the most glorious of all tenses is the continuing, living present. Do you believe in the real present? If you do, then you begin to understand the power of what might be called "religion in the present tense."

Here, then, are two enormous changes: The change in person from the third to the second, and the change in tense from emphasis on either the past or the future to an emphasis upon the present.



THE third great change is a change in number. In the beginning of our religious life we tend to be self-centered. One of the disgraces of a good deal of our religion in the recent past has been that too often we have talked about what our religion can do for us individually. Now my religion may give me something individually. It may give me power. I hope it does. But if this is my main emphasis, then my religion is essentially a device. It is essentially instrumental; it is a tool for my own self-advancement—and this is to prostitute religion. It certainly has very little to do with the faith of Jesus Christ. Christ taught us to move over from the saying merely of "I" and "my" to saying "we" and "us" and "our."

Do you see how the Lord's Prayer—this marvelous, model prayer, which is, as it were, to the New Testament what the 23rd Psalm is

to the Old Testament—really sums up in itself all these changes of grammar? How does it begin? My Father, who is in heaven . . . ? No. It is *our* Father. . . . Give *me* this day, *my* daily bread . . . ? No. Give *us* this day. . . . Forgive *me* my sins? No. Forgive *us* *our* sins as we forgive those who sin against us. What a tremendous thing this is! At the very heart of our faith is the notion that we cannot be satisfied just with our own poor little puny lives. Insofar as a man is in Christ, he is also involved in the lives of others.

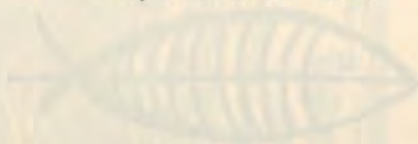
I am sure that many times you have heard an excerpt from what is perhaps the most famous sermon in the English language: the sermon of the great John Donne, the metaphysical poet who was also the dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London early in the seventeenth century. But let me remind you of how he begins. He says to the congregation: No man is an island, entire and separate by himself. Each man is a part of the continent, each is a part of the main, so that if a child is hurt it hurts me. If another man dies, to some extent I die. John Donne says our lives are all intermingled and intertwined. We are members one of another. Therefore, he says, send not to ask for whom the bell tolls. "It tolls for *thee*." Every man's death diminisheth thee, for we are all God's children and the objects of his infinite care. No Christian can have a self-centered, self-satisfied religion, ever. If you have anything worth while in your own life, you must share it. If you do not try to share it, this shows that it is not genuine.

This brings me to the end of what I have to say. There may be other changes in grammar besides these. You can think of them for yourselves, but these three are embedded in the whole development of the Bible, and they can be verified in your own experience. See if you can hold on to them. *Try to move from the third person to the second. Try to move from the past, or the future, to the present. Try to move from the singular to the plural.*

* *Confronting Christ: Thoughts for Meditation from the Gospel of Mark.* Published by Harper & Brothers, \$3.

Seymour Lipton:

By MARGARET RIGG



FOR the last decade Seymour Lipton has been known as a leading and important American sculptor. His works are found in private collections and public museums, and he is famous. Critics have written hundreds of words about his special technique and his amazing sculpture; it is hard to add much to what has already been said of his work. A listing here of the prizes he has won and of his one-man shows in New York and in Europe would be tiresome and of little advantage in revealing his constructions.

But, reading through the many articles and critical reviews of Mr. Lipton's work, I have missed in them an awareness of a *sense of the sacred* in his sculptures. Yet this was the thing I felt when I first saw his work on exhibition in a New York gallery several years ago. The more I saw of Lipton's work the more this religious significance seemed really there and not just in my imagination. Certain thematic structures, again and again repeated in endless variation, seemed to be always new expressions of the dimension of the holy.

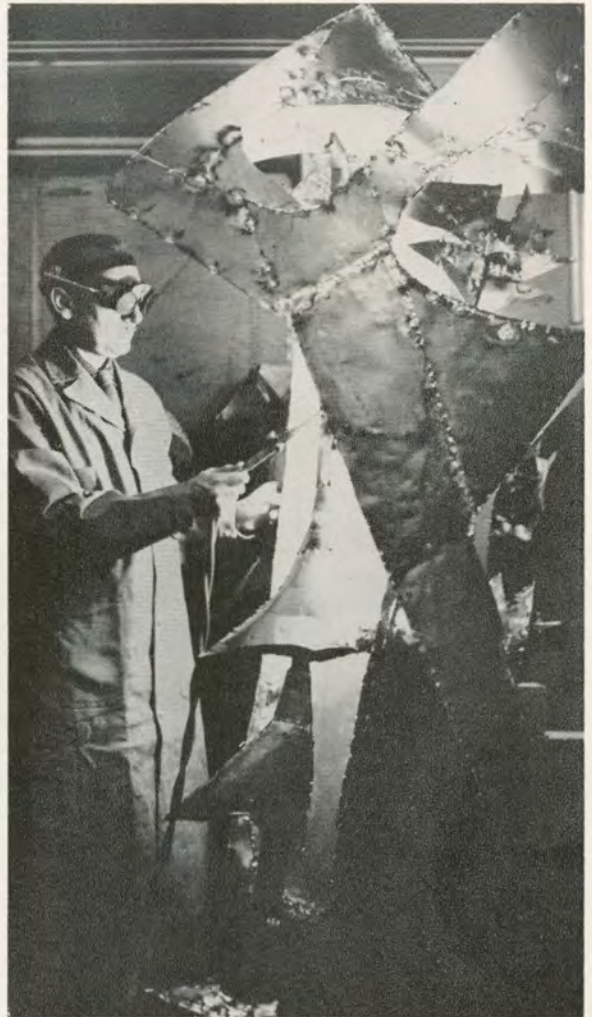
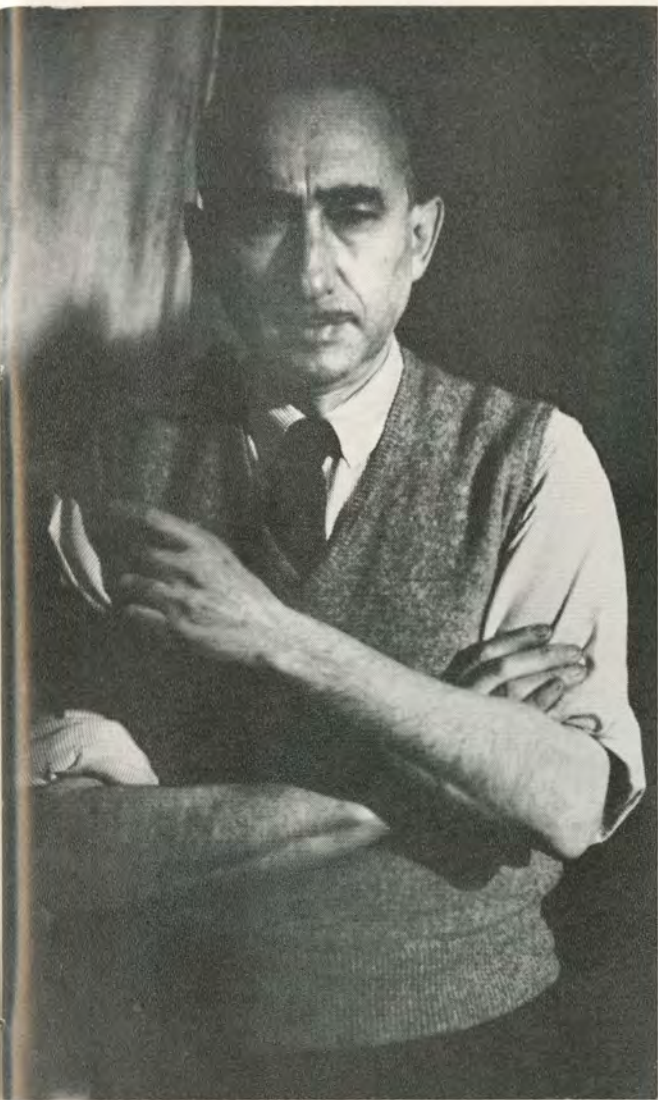
Now it is quite evident from a study of Lipton's work that he is preoccupied with a variety of nature forms, but as Andrew Carnduff Ritchie points out, "... it is clear that Lipton's recent sculpture is not a simple translation in metal of struggle and growth in

the biological world. If it were it would soon cease to surprise us. . . . And while plant forms are a dominant motif in this sculpture, Lipton's fusion with it of animal and mechanical suggestions is what gives so much of his work its unique and compelling power." But I think the uniqueness is deeper still.

The fascination of Lipton's sculptural formulations is only partly due to ingenious, concise, even eloquent use of animal-mechanical-nature forms. Something more happens even at the formal level in his sculpture. Through it the affirmation of the holy breaks. This happens over and over again in work after work. It is more than just the buoyant optimism of a naturalist who wants to teach a little lesson of hope.

It is significant that this dimension of the holy is rarely if ever noticed by critics or the public. It seems that what Denis de Rougemont wrote is true: "... this society has lost the sense of the sacred. Many civilizations have existed, and perhaps will exist, for which a stone or a piece of wood, sculptured or painted in a certain manner, has been infinitely more 'useful' than an electric razor is for us. These objects have been regarded as eminently useful, because they contained a

(Continued on page 28)

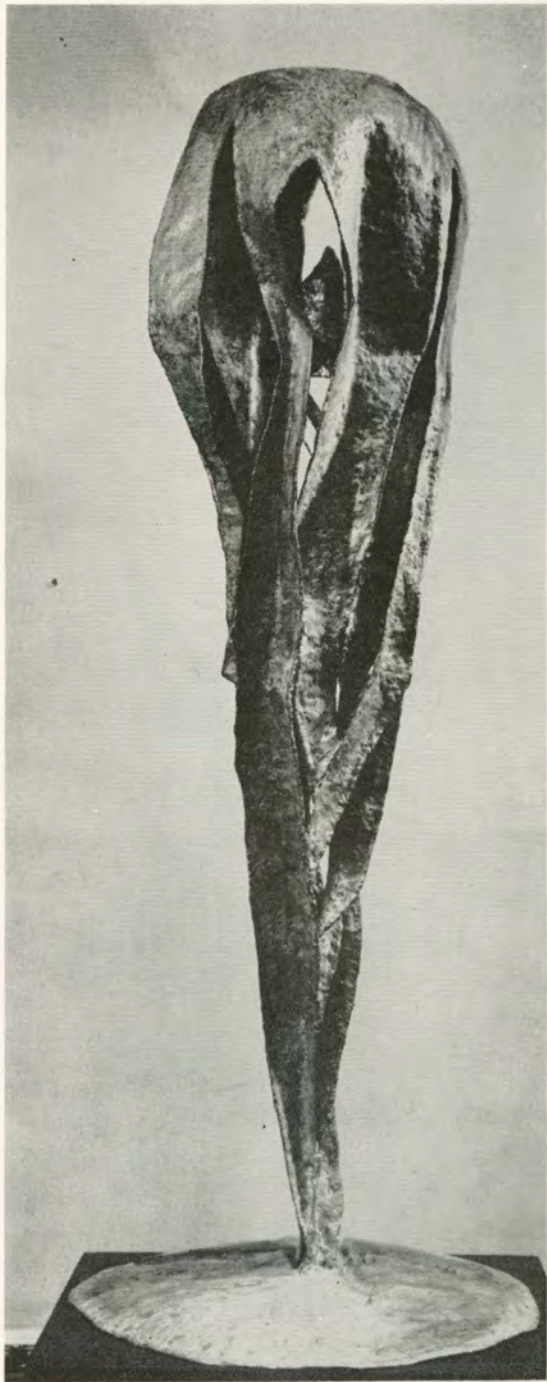


First Lipton puts his idea down on paper. He may make as many as one hundred sketches for a piece. Then he builds a model of it. This is done by cutting small pieces from sheets of monel metal and joining them at the seams by spot welding. Finally the entire outside surface is covered with melted nickel-silver using an oxyacetylene torch. Many of the original relationships have been rearranged or drastically changed in the formation of the model. Then the full-scale sculpture is begun; first the clipping of the pieces, bending them, welding and covering each surface with nickel-silver. But now the inside is constructed as well, in the same manner and welded to the outside edges. Under the tremendous heat of the oxyacetylene torch the piece becomes warped and disfigured. The pieces must then be hammered back into the proper shape. It is a tedious, slow-moving labor, both physical and mental, to bring the idea to actuality.

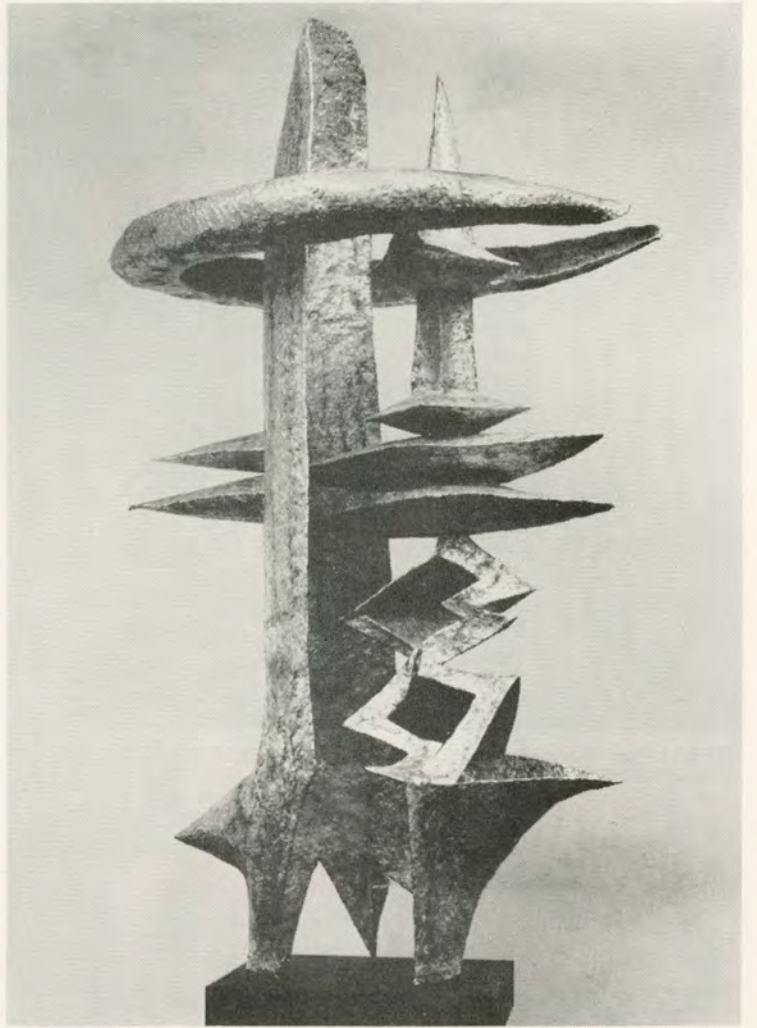




PROPHET, 1957, 7½'
HIGH, NICKEL-SILVER ON
MONEL

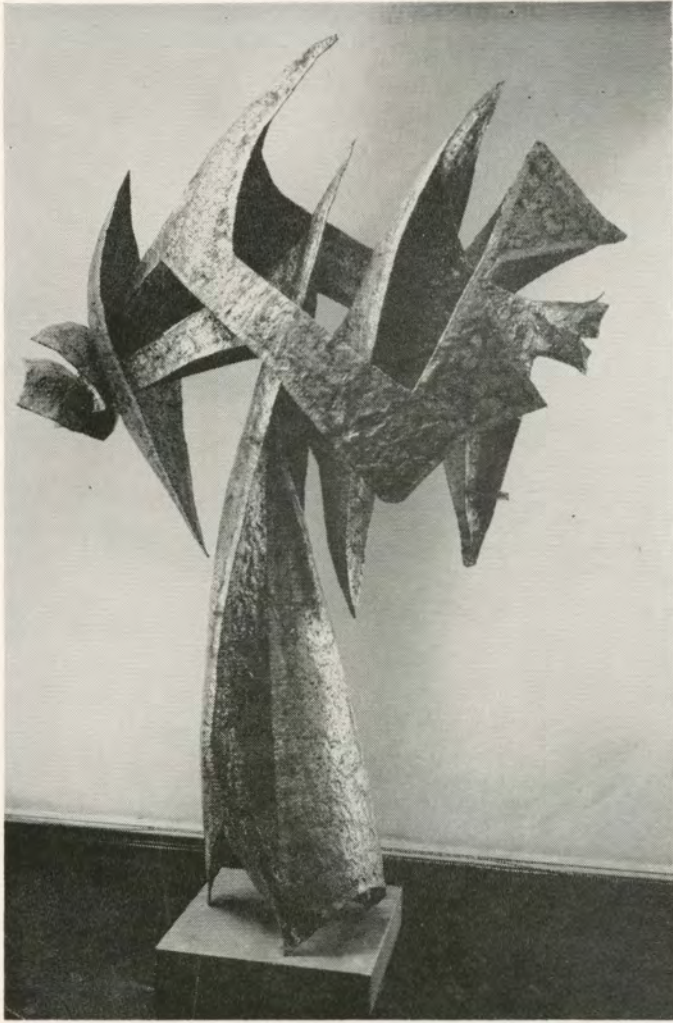


April 1960



SORCERER, 1957, 5' HIGH, NICKEL-SILVER ON MONEL. PERMANENT COLLECTION, WHITNEY MUSEUM.

LEFT: **PHOENIX**, 1953, 60" HIGH, BRONZE. COLLECTION, MR. & MRS. A. LIST.



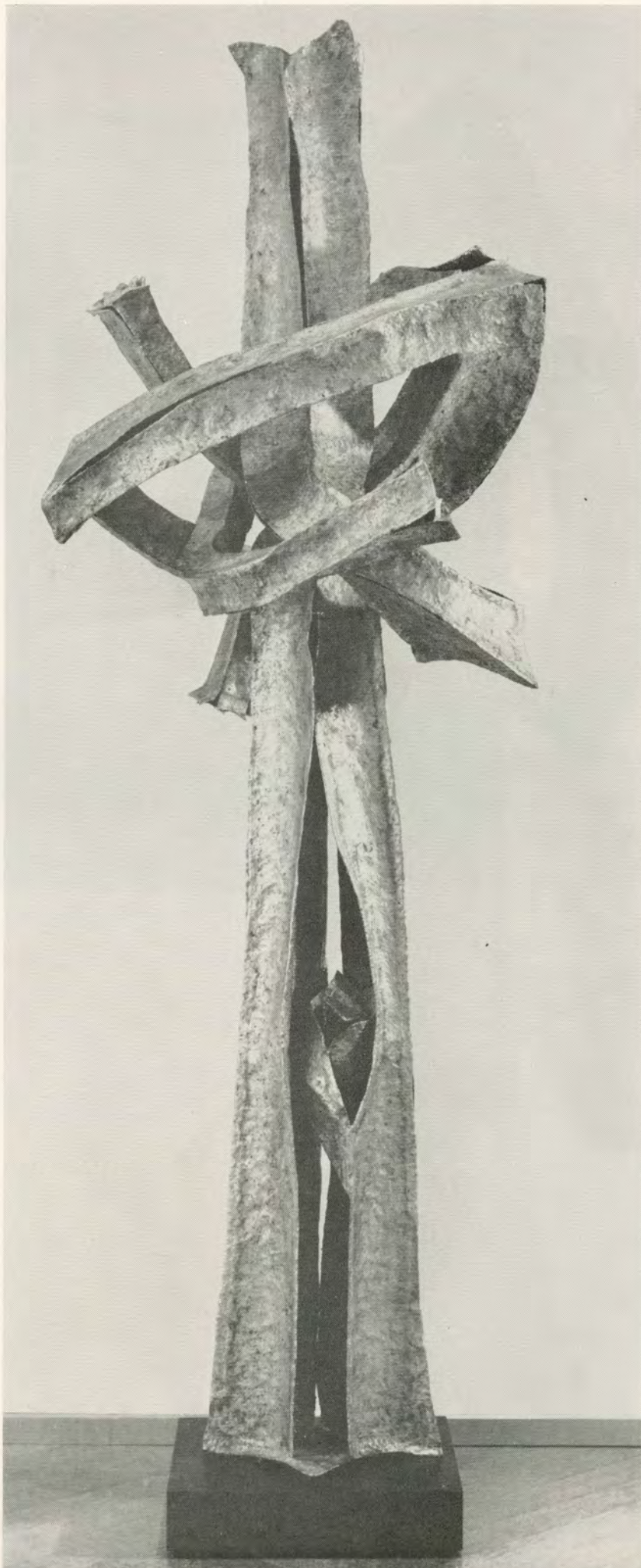
HERO, 1958, 7' HIGH, NICKEL-SILVER ON STEEL. COLLECTION, INLAND STEEL CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



KNIGHT, 1958, 40" HIGH, NICKEL-SILVER ON MONEL, COLLECTION, MR. & MRS. HOWARD LITMAN.



SENTINEL. 1959, 7½' HIGH, NICKEL-SILVER ON MONEL, COLLECTION OF YALE ART GALLERY.



"For centuries we in the English world have had the habit of thinking that sculpture was a continuation of our dreary monuments, relics of the innocence of our folk art, not to be compared with statuary, which is quite different."

"But we can take great pride in the new sculpture they are producing, whether they are creating new forms or convert into estimable jewelry. More and more of us are learning to appreciate it. It has taken us a very long time. Our debt to them is marvelous."

CRUCIBLE, 1951
50" WIDE, NICKEL-SILVER
ON MONEL

COLLECTION: MR. & MRS. GREENGLASS

PIONEER, 1951
8' HIGH, NICKEL-SILVER
ON MONEL. COLLECTION: METRO-
POLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

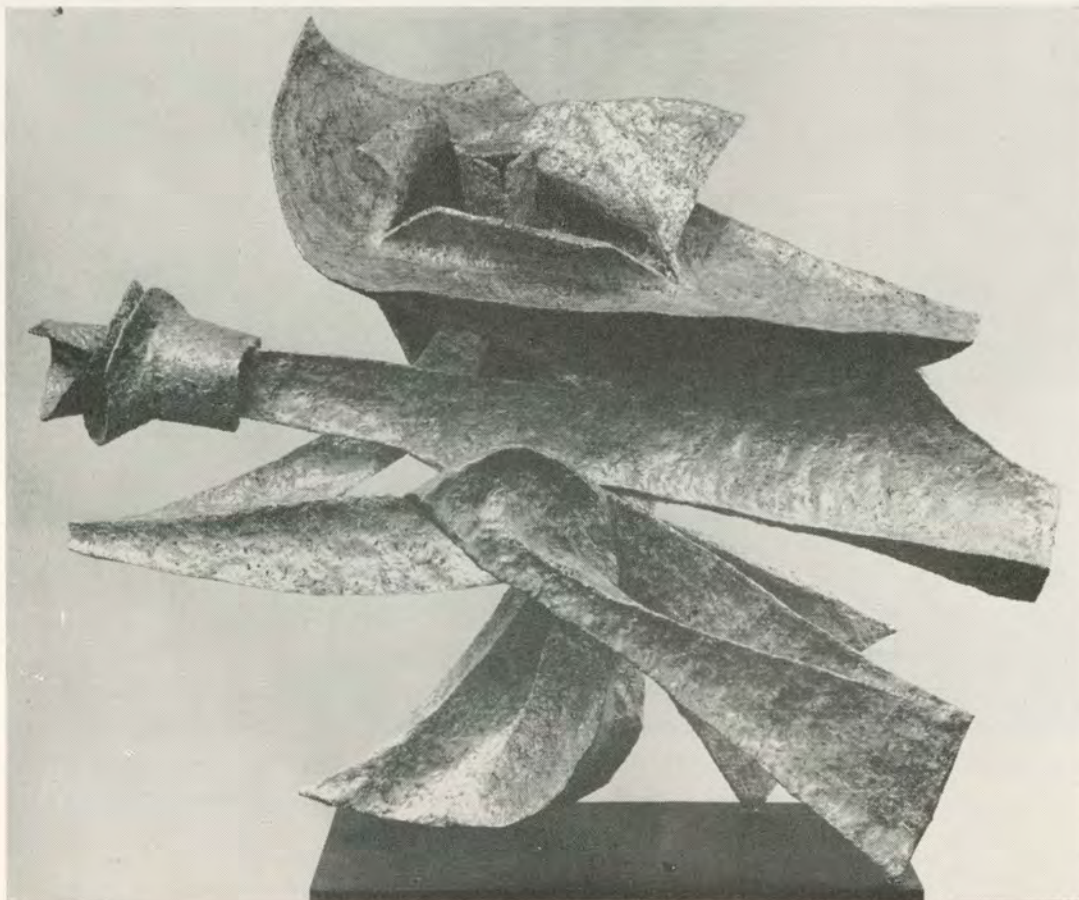
motive

English-speaking countries have thought
mental or Oriental achievement, and
perceived mostly by the fine, defiant
have led us often to confuse sculpture
is a different matter.

...in what the best of our sculptors
...by carve or cast their works, weld them,
...jewels the wry tiaras of the junkyard.
...learning to see in the round, and it has
...The artists have taught us, and
...ous and deep, as it has been always."

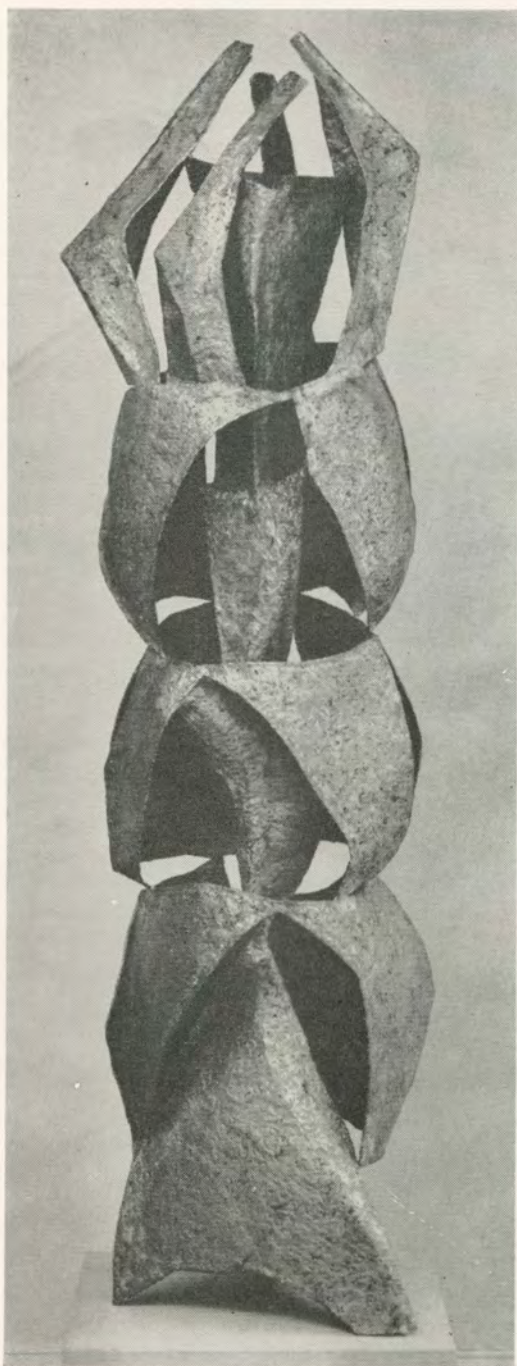
—JAMES THRALL SOBY
from **Recent Sculpture U.S.A.**
Museum of Modern Art publication
1959

GAUNTLET, 1959, 3' WIDE,
NICKEL-SILVER ON MONEL.



1958
LVER
ONEL
FIELD

April 1960



GERMINAL NO. 2, 1957
5' HIGH



JUNGLE BLOOM, 1952, BRONZE ON STEEL
COLLECTION: YALE ART GALLERY.



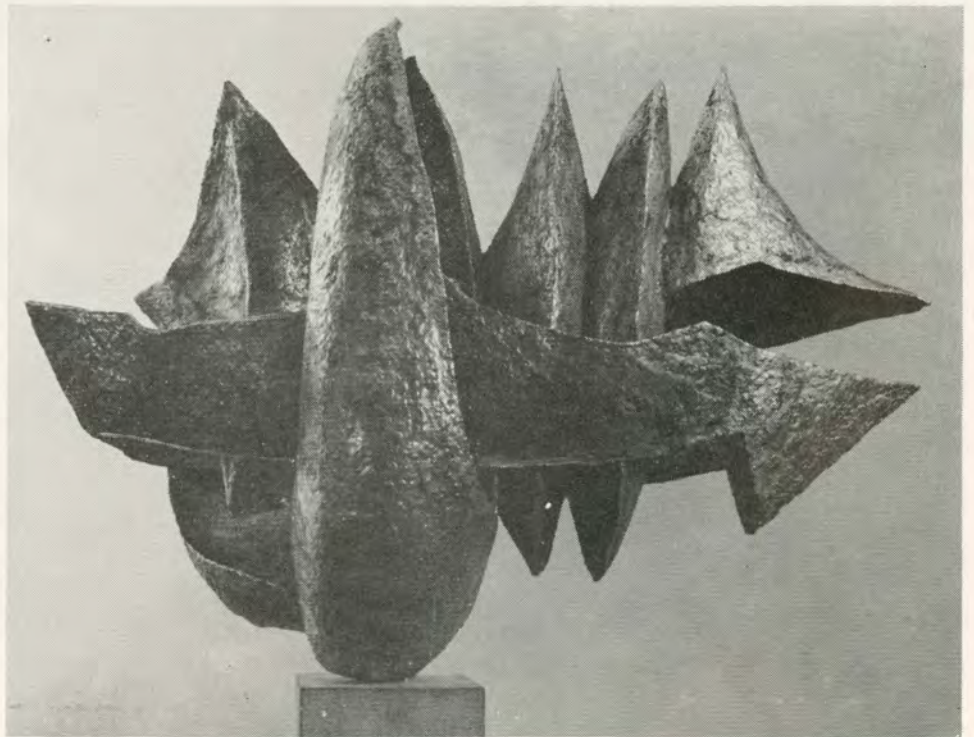
EARTH-LOOM, 1959, 38" WIDE, BRONZE ON MONEL, COLLECTION, DETROIT INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS.



SUN-DIAL, 1953, 20" HIGH, WELDED.
COLLECTION: MR. & MRS. HILLES.



DIADEM, 1957, 43" HIGH, BRONZE ON MONEL
COLLECTION: BALTIMORE MUSEUM, MD.



SEA-KING, 1955, 42" WIDE, NICKEL-SILVER ON MONEL.
COLLECTION: ALBRIGHT GALLERY, BUFFALO, N. Y.



MENORAH, 1953, 4½' HIGH, NICKEL-SILVER ON STEEL. TEMPLE ISRAEL, TULSA, OKLA.



ETERNAL LIGHT, 1953, 3' WIDE, NICKEL-SILVER ON STEEL, TEMPLE ISRAEL, TULSA, OKLA.

power, an exalting or terrifying quality, a meaning. They were taken seriously by the peoples who believed that the meaning of life, the fear of death, the sense of dread before the sacred power, are serious things."

LIPTON not only manages to deal with religious questions seriously, but he has devised an especially beautiful way of doing it. The techniques and skill he employs in making one of these sculptures are fascinating. Lipton is in full control of his forms, somewhat like an architect who designs not only the house but the approach to it so that at each turn one is surprised

with a new disclosure, another view, a further unfolding of the theme. A sense of mystery is found in all Lipton's work. Almost hidden depths slowly reveal the climax of each piece. A series of movements and turns and rhythms leads the eye little by little into the heart of the work. There is a mysterious inside world where the secret is hidden, where something marvelous is *happening*.

LIPTON'S sculptures have as much to them "inside" as "outside." There is a kind of internal anatomy—a total sculptural quality to be explored and experi-

enced. Not only the surface but the depth is vital and expressive. A glance in passing tells only part of the story. There is a whole functioning sculptural interior to his works; one must come close and look into this crevice behind that edge, around a curve and into the sheltered center to get a full realization of the meaning of the art form. Then the onlooker begins to become a participant, he begins to almost become a part of the work itself, for awhile. It is a kind of total experiencing of the construction. These sculptures are statements of experienced reality, and they do actually have an architectural immediacy, which is emotional rather than intellectual.

All this, however, is done very simply, by using a kind of universal symbolism. Good and evil struggle, strength and fragility are posed one against the other. Nature themes lend themselves to this: the cycle of the budding spring plant, as revealed in the struggle within the drying pod and the later growth toward fullness, is actively in tension with the destructive forces at work. Yet the cycle never becomes a treadmill. It is a miracle, with the emphasis on the fresh new shoots bursting into new life, in spite of evil forces that threaten.

Although the sculptures have a relationship to nature, they are not merely abstractions from nature or imitations of nature. They participate in the same process that goes on in nature, share the same reality of growth and renewal, of unfolding and dying. Lipton shows us how this feels. The process itself is *happening*. This sculpture is not about new life, it is the expression of new life breaking through, it is rebirth in the midst of the old dry shell, it is the persistence of life in the midst of death and the presence of goodness in the face of evil. It is the universal myth of man in the nature-cosmos—it is incarnation and resurrection. The opposing forces can be understood at two levels: the natural and the spiritual. This thread of continuity: the breaking through of hope and love and the positive life forces is the suggestion of the eternal.

Mr. Lipton goes once a week, as he has for years, to the Bronx Museum of Natural History and looks at

plants of the tropics, at plants of the desert, at sea forms, animal forms and flowers of all kinds. As he looks and sketches, there is a conscious effort to understand what has been felt in life and experience. Later on what he has seen begins to take shape and what has gone on within his imagination and creative perception finds its proper sculpture forms of expression. How this actually works out can be seen in the individual pieces of sculpture.

The Prophet, Sorcerer, Hero, Knight, Sentinel and Pioneer all deal with the image of man. The titles give the first suggestion of the aspect of man's nature that is being dealt with in a particular work. Man's folly, his hero complex, his feeling of self-importance and mystery are explored in some works. In others man's courage, loneliness, ruggedness and nobility are explored. In still others like *Gauntlet* man's inhumanity and evil are revealed. In both *Gauntlet* and *Crucible*, man's suffering is seen.

In works where nature forms predominate, such as *Jungle Bloom, Earth Loom, Sea King, Sun Dial, Diadem*, a reconciliation between man and nature or man and machine and nature seems to be happening. Through these works we can experience whole new worlds and learn to see the world around us in a new way, with new sensitivity.

In specifically religious works, however, we can find a point of reference for viewing the religious dimensions in Lipton's other sculptures. *Menorah* and *Eternal Light* were commissioned by Temple Israel in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The freshness and splendor of these two works reveal the depth of Lipton's ability to deal with essentially religious concepts. This sense of the sacred shows in all Lipton's work, but in these two commissions is made central. Even though they are essentially liturgical works, they have significance for the larger community. This quality in Lipton's sculpture transforms the nature forms much as the psalmist transformed poetry into hymns of praise and glory to God. These sculptures are works of praise and celebration.



this bread and this cup

BY MILOS STRUPL

EVEN a casual reader of the New Testament is led to the conclusion that the early Christians attached a great importance to the celebration of a special sacramental meal to which they referred as "the breaking of bread" (Acts 2:42-46; 20:7) or "the Lord's Supper" (1 Cor. 11:20).

It was the main item on their worship agenda. They gave a visible expression to their fellowship with one another (1 Cor. 10:17) and with their Lord, Jesus Christ. They knew well that the observance of this rite had been instituted by him the night before his crucifixion. During the course of this meal he took the bread, blessed it, broke it in the plain sight of his faithful, and distributed it among them with the words: "Take, eat; this is my body which is broken for you." Then he also took the cup, and when he had blessed it, he passed it around, saying: "This cup is the new covenant in my blood which is shed for you."

As they observed this solemn religious service—originally part of an actual common meal in the primitive church—the Christians reflected on the past, Christ's death on Calvary, with the conviction that the Supper was to them a sacramental means of sharing in his death (1 Cor. 10:16 f.). Not only that: they were convinced that the risen Lord himself was present at the Supper and they looked forward to the time when he would come in glory (1 Cor. 11:26; 16:22). The meal was nothing less than *he eucharistia*, an expression of thanks, a thanksgiving, the Eucharist.

The last expression, the Eucharist, does not appear as a technical term anywhere in the New Testament.

motive

However it was so used early in the second century, and in the oldest days of the church the Christians gratefully offered their thanks and praise to God for his "unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. 9:15; Heb. 13:15).

More than any other rite of the church the Eucharist underscored the fellowship and the visible unity of believers. Yet, by a curious twist of irony, more than any other act of worship, it has been the cause of discord, controversy, and serious dissention. It has been the subject of conflicting types of interpretation, which have set up insurmountable barriers, separating Christians one from another.

The conflicting points of view with regard to the Eucharist are the result of a long and rather complicated historical development during which there was an interplay of popular as well as highly technical and not infrequently strange ideas. Individual comprehension of the biblical passages which pertain to the topic of the Lord's Supper, personal longing for a tangible union with the Saviour, and materialistic strands of common piety all converged on the understanding of this sacrament, to shape it into what it actually came to mean in the various branches of Christendom.

The early church produced no doctrine of the Eucharist. The New Testament record does not suggest any mechanical or magical ideas in connection with the elements of the sacrament or with the rite as a whole. Such ideas, however, appeared as early as the beginning of the second century in the letters of Ignatius who referred to the Eucharist as "the flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ" and "the medicine of immortality, the antidote against death." Many staunch defenders of pure doctrine found themselves in agreement with this type of interpretation, generally described as the "realistic" approach.

On the other hand, there were about as many prominent theologians among the Fathers of the Church who inclined to adopt the "symbolic" or "spiritualistic" view



morse

of the Lord's Supper. By and large a wide range of eucharistological concepts existed in the early church, concepts which combined to a greater or lesser degree the purely materialistic or mechanistic idea of the sacrament with that of a purely symbolic.

Augustine adopted on the whole a spiritual view of the presence of Christ in the Eucharist. The bread and wine, he taught, are not physically Christ's body and blood, they only symbolize them. Only the powerful influence which this, the greatest church teacher of the West, exercised on the subsequent generations, retarded the popular trend for several centuries. However the eventual outcome of this trend was only a matter of time. The piety of the common man was quite ready to accept the miraculous which stressed the actual alteration of the elements into the body and blood of Christ.

Yet, it is one thing to assert the actual presence of Christ's body and blood in the Eucharist and another to advance from this assertion to the precise formulation of a theory by which this presence is effected. East-

ern Christianity which by nature was more inclined to theological speculation and, furthermore, did not feel itself bound by the authority of Augustine, was prepared to take the necessary step.

A detailed presentation of the eucharistic doctrine was offered by the foremost systematic thinker of the East, John of Damascus (lived during the first half of the eighth century). According to him the bread and wine of the Eucharist are supernaturally changed into the body and blood of Christ. The elements are, therefore, not just figuratively but in reality the deified body and blood of the Lord. The transmutation of the elements follows upon the invocation of the Holy Spirit (*epiklesis*). The change, according to John of Damascus, is complete; consequently there are in the Eucharist body and blood alone, not in addition to bread and wine.

THE present-day teaching of the Eastern Orthodoxy concerning the Eucharist is largely built on the presentation of John of Damascus. The Eucharist is the most noble of the seven sacraments (or "mysteries," as they are called by the Orthodox) which the Church recognizes. Like the other six sacraments, the Eucharist is the visible instrument of the incarnate Christ who is always present. In it a union between heaven and earth takes place. The partaking believer receives in it a guarantee and an earnest of sinlessness, immortality, holiness, and deification. However, not only do the participants share in Christ's divine nature: communing with one another they constitute the mystical Body of Christ. Both bread and wine are served to all believers, also to the children and sometimes even to the infants.

The Eastern Orthodox Church does not have a commonly accepted dogma which would explain the transmutation of the elements. Some of the Orthodox theologians have subscribed to the western doctrine of transubstantiation, whereas others have rejected it as idle curios-

ity and inquisitive rationalism. They emphasize the mystical certainty of the real presence rather than the mode in which this presence is brought about.

In the West, during the early medieval period, the eucharistic thinking moved slowly but steadily toward the definitive formulation of the realistic view. The Eucharist is, it was held, a means of grace which provides spiritual nourishment for those partaking of it. Not only that: it is a sacrifice for sin which can be offered for the benefit of those present as well as those who are absent, living or dead. As time went on, more and more emphasis was laid on the sacrificial aspect of the sacrament.

Paschasius Radbertus, a Benedictine monk who lived in the ninth century, was the first one to present a systematic treatment of the eucharistic problem which summarized the western point of view. The bread and wine are really *changed* into the body and blood of Christ, Radbertus claimed, the body being the one which Christ had on earth and which suffered on the cross. Although he nowhere used the term, Radbertus proposed what came to be known as the doctrine of transubstantiation.

About the twelfth century transubstantiation became the technical

term for the change of the eucharistic elements into the actual body and blood of Christ. In the background of this type of thinking was the Aristotelian philosophy as taught by the scholastics, according to which a physical object consists of "accidents," the properties perceptible to senses, and the "substance" which underlies the accidents.

Accidents do not have an independent existence, while substance exists in itself and gives to the object its essential nature. The doctrine of transubstantiation asserts that when the words of institution ("This is my body" and "This is the cup of my blood") are repeated by the priest, the substance of the elements of bread and wine is changed into the substance of Christ's body and blood, whereas the accidents of the bread and wine remain unchanged. In other words, there is nothing left of the bread and wine except the outward appearance.

THE doctrine of transubstantiation was officially formulated in 1215 by the Fourth Lateran Council and was restated by the Council of Trent (1545-63). Yet transubstantiation is merely one of the component parts which cluster around the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist. The Eucharist, both as a sacrament and a sacrifice, is the heart of Catholic piety.

As an objective rite of the Church it is a testimony to Christ's life on earth. He, the crucified Son of man, his sacrifice, gives meaning to the whole eucharistic liturgy, the mass. The crucified Christ himself, who is corporeally present in the Eucharist, provides a mysterious nourishment for hungry souls and enters with them into a mystical union. As a sacrament the Eucharist functions independently of the Word of God. It contains the sanctifying grace and offers it to all who do not resist it. The Eucharist, like the other six sacraments, is officious *ex opere operato*, through the act performed. Its validity is not made ineffective

by the moral qualifications of the administering priest or the lack of faith on the part of the recipient.

ONLY the priest receives *both* elements of the Eucharist; the laity is limited to the reception of the bread, the host. This practice came about as a result of the so-called doctrine of concomitance which was officially adopted by the Council of Constance in 1415. The doctrine states that "the whole body of Christ and the blood are truly contained under the species of bread as well as under the species of wine."¹ The practice of withholding the cup from the laity was attacked by various radical groups, but without much success. The administration of the Lord's Supper "in both kinds" (i.e., both the bread and wine) to the laity was reintroduced in 1414 by Jacobellus of Stribro, a ranking theologian of the Hussite movement in Bohemia. The practice was considered of such an importance that the cup, the chalice, became the symbol of the Hussite revolution.

ALL the great Reformers of the sixteenth century unhesitatingly took over the custom of serving the Communion in *both* kinds. At the same time they all rejected the sacrificial theory of the Eucharist as well as the doctrine of transubstantiation. The Reformers likewise rejected the notion that the sacraments (of which they recognized only two, namely, baptism and the Lord's Supper) are separate instruments of the sanctifying grace. They are the visible Word, the Reformers asserted; they confirm what has been proclaimed in God's Word: the forgiveness of sins because of Christ's sacrifice, our reconciliation to God, and the divine call whereby we are summoned to an active service of love and truth in the world.

Martin Luther (1483-1546) was very much interested in stressing that the objective importance of

¹ Denzinger, *The Sources of Catholic Dogma*, Engl. transl. by Roy J. Deferrari (St. Louis and London: Herder, 1957), p. 211.



salvation through Christ be assured in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He insisted that not only are the effects of Christ's salvation present, but that Christ himself is present in a personal fellowship with his own. Accordingly Luther embraced the doctrine of the real presence while teaching that the words of the institution must be taken quite literally. As he himself expressed it in his

Larger Catechism (1529): "The very body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ are, by the word of Christ, instituted and given to us Christians to be eaten and drunk in and under bread and wine." Luther's view is known as the doctrine of consubstantiation: the substance of Christ's glorified body exists, after consecration, side by side with the substance of bread and wine, but the sacra-

mental elements are *not* changed *into* the Lord's body and blood.

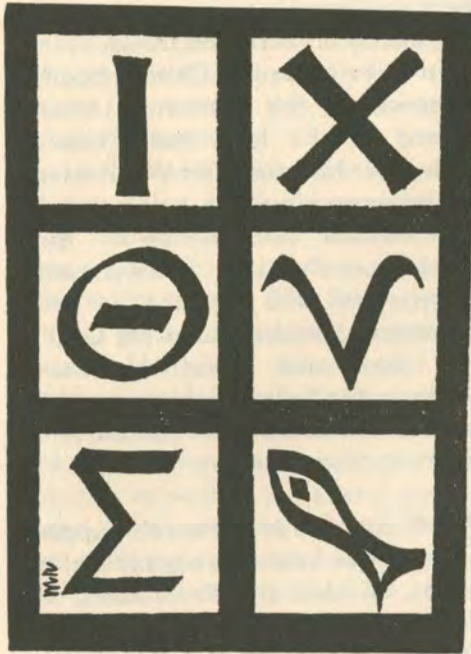
In order to explain Christ's bodily presence in the elements Luther turned to the idea that Christ's body after his ascension into heaven has become ubiquitous, omnipresent. The natural consequence of this teaching is that both believers and unbelievers who partake of the sacrament partake also of the Lord's real body and blood. However, whereas the believers do so to their benefit, the unbelievers partake only to their condemnation.

THE doctrine of the Lord's Supper, it may be said with a great deal of truth, divided the Protestants. A memorable event took place in 1529, the so-called Marburg Colloquy. There Martin Luther, the great Saxon Reformer, met with Ulrich Zwingli (1484-1531), the Reformer of Zurich. The differences between the two men became most obvious when they came to the discussion of the Lord's Supper.

Zwingli held that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is primarily an act of commemoration to be celebrated in remembrance of the Lord's death. He denied the idea of Christ's bodily presence in the sacrament and asserted that the bread and wine are mere symbols. The words of the institution, Zwingli claimed, are to be taken figuratively, and the word "is" (in "This is my body") means simply "signifies." Christ's glorified body, following his ascension, is in heaven, and the finite (bread) is not capable of receiving the infinite (body). Zwingli also stressed faith as the special constituent factor of the Supper. Christ in his humanity is present "not in essence and reality," but merely "by the contemplation of faith." The Eucharist, according to the Zurich Reformer, is an act of profession which unites the congregation of believers in a common attestation of loyalty to their Lord.

Zwingli's eucharistic views did not receive a wide popular acclaim during the Reformation period. However, because of their rational-





istic appeal, they have been enthusiastically endorsed by the majority of present-day Protestants (including the Methodists).

John Calvin (1509-1564), the Reformer of Geneva and founder of the Reformed tradition, called Zwingli's theory of the Lord's Supper "profane." In many respects Calvin, in his understanding of the Eucharist stood close to Luther, but

he steered clear of Luther's doctrine of 'consubstantiation.

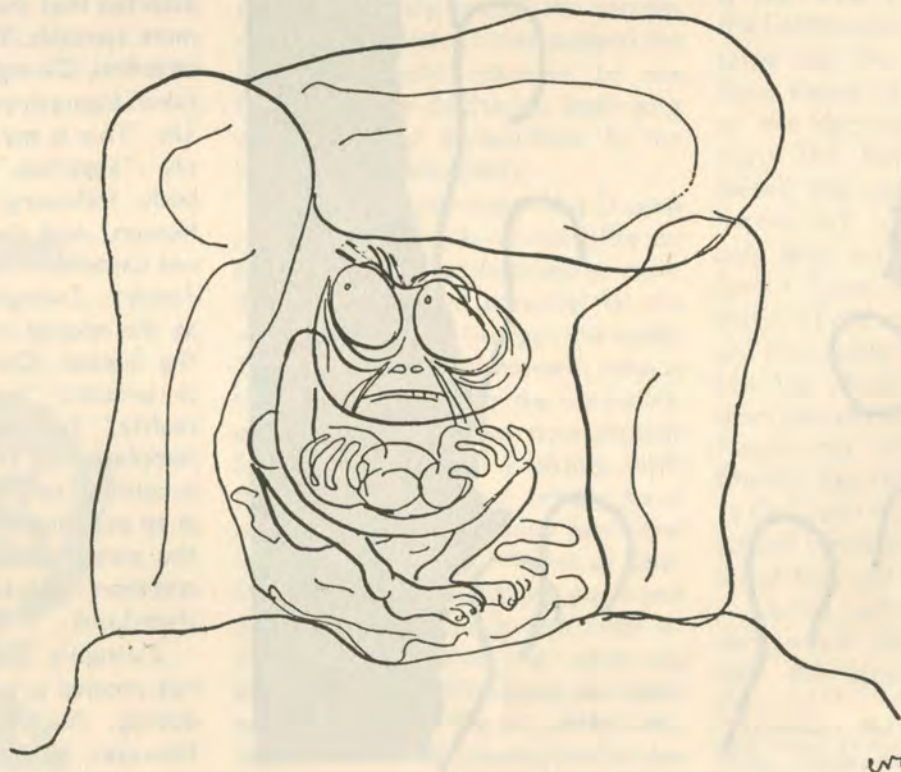
Calvin was well aware of the difficulties presented in a precise formulation of the eucharistological problem and did not seek to produce a compromise between Luther's position and that of Zwingli. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Calvin taught, is not a mere sign. Zwingli had made a mistake by making it dependent on the faith of the participant. Calvin knew the weakness, uncertainty and imperfection of our faith. Perfect is only the Word of God and the sacrament which accompanies it; certain is only the activity of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit conveys to the participants the saving benefits of Christ. Hence the Lord's Supper effects a union of the believer with Christ. Those who partake of the sacrament partake of Christ.

ALTHOUGH Calvin denied the bodily and local presence of the Lord in the Supper, he nevertheless maintained his real presence. Bread and wine are tokens and pledges to seal and confirm Christ's promises that his "flesh is meat indeed, and [his] blood is drink indeed" (John 6:55). The eucharistic elements not

only represent the spiritual reality but actually offer it to the participants. The elements are the means whereby the Lord gives us his body and blood. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a gracious gift: through the symbol of bread and wine Christ is actually offered to believers. Since the Holy Spirit works only in the believers, it follows that unworthy participants do not receive Christ's body.

A word ought to be said about two other streams of the Reformation. The Anabaptist point of view followed what may be described as the Zwinglian line of thought. There is no presence of Christ in the elements. The Lord's Supper is an act of the redeemed and sanctified community, a visible expression of its fellowship. The Anglican Church in its *Thirty-nine Articles* embraced what is essentially the Calvinistic position.

The doctrine of the Lord's Supper, as discussed here in historical perspective, may raise many questions for churchmen today. A thoughtful study of the doctrine is essential, that we may achieve a deeper understanding of the significance of the sacrament for us all.



I DESERVE WHAT I'VE ACQUIRED.

WT



christianity without tears

BY MICHAEL DAVES

ALDOUS Huxley once wrote a Utopian novel entitled *Brave New World*. He described a Fordian society based on the utilitarian principle that the best society offers the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Into this strange society where babies were produced in test tubes, came one called the "Savage," who actually had a "mother," and had lived in an isolated part of the world. In the closing chapters of the book, Mustapha Mond, the Controller, spoke to the Savage. Among other things, he told of *soma* . . . "And if ever, by some unlucky chance, anything unpleasant should happen, why there's always *soma* to give you a holiday from the facts. . . . Now, you swallow two or three half-gramme tablets, and there you are. Anybody can be virtuous now. You can carry at least half your morality around in a bottle. Chris-

tianity without tears—that's what *soma* is."

Soma was one of Huxley's substitutes for Christianity. We have our substitutes, too. We have not bottled our Christianity—yet. But some have created an emasculated gospel, which enables its devotees to take "a holiday from the facts." "The Cult of Reassurance," as it has been appropriately called, has taken a part of the gospel, overemphasized it, and created a "Christianity without tears," that is really not Christianity at all, but only a poor twentieth-century substitute. What are the characteristics of this brave new religion?

It is the religion of a happy God. He is a hail fellow well met, who smiles at sin and winks at wickedness. The judgment of God, regarded as too somber for such a happy deity, has been replaced by a more jovial

attitude of "live and let live." He now resembles a doting grandfather in heaven more than Jesus' description of a Father in heaven.

The juke box at the corner drug or bar has aided the cult in getting the good old God over to the public through the platter piety of jazzed up spirituals and sentimentalized, saccharine, semisacred songs. God is "The Man Upstairs," and "What He's Done for Others, He'll Do for You" if you will only "Believe." Why worry? Everyone can have peace of mind and at the same time be relieved of the responsibility to act, for "He's Got the Whole Wide World in His Hands." Because "Somebody Up There Likes Me," assurance is available that everyone is "Gonna Have a Good Time Up There," and down here, too, for that matter. Wherever there is a juke box, we can rest assured that it will

produce the dime doxologies to the God whom Jane Russell called "a livin' Doll," that delightful deity who gives us everything and withholds nothing, assuming, of course, that we have "faith."

Like any good servant, the happy God is always at our side, ready to help us with our going out and our coming in. When we ring the bell of prayer, God appears and asks our bidding. Man has created a God in his own image, a projection of what he desperately wants God to be—easy, cooperative and manageable. Man could not reach God's level, so he dragged God down to his level. Martin E. Marty penetratingly observed, "God is hard to define, not because he is so remote, but because he is so near." Ignoring the transcendent nature of God, the cult has chosen to see only his immanence. These positive thinking pantheists imagine that he is a dues-paying member of the club. He goes to the golf links, he is at the office, and he is at home. God is identified with national interests, and it is blasphemy (or treason) to suggest that he does not always support American policy. Although his nationality has never been defined, it goes without saying that he is 100 per cent American.

IT is the religion of happy folk.

Logically, a happy God wants his people to be peaceful, successful and masters of the art of "confident living." The aim of the Christian life becomes to possess these qualities. The primary motivation of the cult is to relieve the anxiety and tension of life (the existence of which they have exaggerated), and to substitute a drugged peace of mind, resulting in the effervescent feeling of happiness. The priest of the cult becomes little more than a peddler of peace prescriptions, who soothes his congregation's worries, assures them that progress is inevitable as long as they think positively and, like Ted Lewis, ask, "Is everybody happy?"

Of course, the cult makes no demands upon the happy folk, lest such disturb their happiness. Not

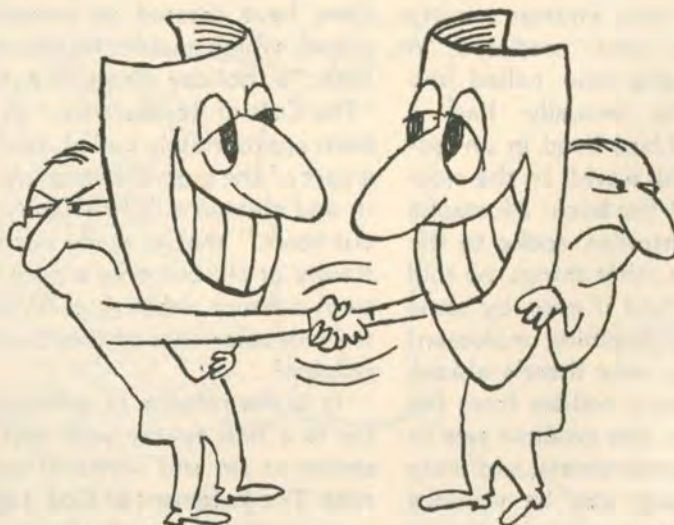
only are the pews cushioned, but also the sermons. Prophetic preaching, always needed in any generation, and especially in ours, is lamentably absent from their pulpits, being replaced by the Pollyanna concept that all is sweetness and light if only we will think it so.

Serious objections to the cult can be raised. For one thing, the brave new religion makes Christianity a means to an end, a method of self-satisfaction. The happy God makes no demands upon his people, but they make demands upon him. Prayer is a quick, easy method to get something without sacrificing anything. Scripture verses degenerate into daily incantations designed to exorcize magically the devils of self-doubt. Church becomes a place to get ideas, and, as Charles H. Clark in *Brainstorming* suggests, we should take pencil and paper to church in order to capture those elusive flashes of inspiration. The value of Christianity, according to the new religion, is determined by how much we can get out of it. Perhaps the ultimate in self-help religion was reached some years ago by the Rev. C. W. Sheed, a Houston Presbyterian minister, when he wrote a book entitled *Pray Your Weight Away*.

The cult has also changed the beatitude from "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," to "Blessed are the success-

ful, for they have already inherited the earth." Departing radically from traditional Christianity, theirs is not a gospel for failures, but a gospel for successes. Difficulties arise in deciding exactly what the cult means by "success," since it is never adequately defined. However, the tendency is to define success in terms of material possessions and social prestige. Norman Vincent Peale, often called the "businessman's preacher," constantly uses Horatio Alger stories, and labels the metamorphosis from poverty to plenty "success." The International New Thought Alliance, meeting in Washington, D. C., in July, 1957, continued to identify success with things material. They went so far as to distribute a pamphlet appallingly entitled, "Money Is God in Action." This materialistic definition of success seems to be nothing more than the pressure of secular influence exerting itself on religion.

BIBLICAL theology is absent from the brave new religion. Although there is much talk of the Bible, the primary concern is with isolated texts which are described as helps to gaining peace of mind. There is no real definition of the nature and purpose of the Bible. Concerns such as the Incarnation, Atonement, sacrifice, Sacrament, judgment and covenant are apparently regarded as subjects which are



MADCOCK

either irrelevant to Christianity, or as topics which would make too many demands upon the cult's devotees.

The brave new religion is not only a religion of falsely directed over-emphasis, but also one of oversimplification, which results in a corruption of both religion and psychology. The cult has taken the findings of modern psychology, added the respectability of religious jargon, and wrapped the two in a neat package. The peace peddlers offer easy solutions to questions which demand complex answers, or which have no direct answers. In syndicated newspaper columns, the cult's high priests play God as they indulge in the highly questionable practice of answering questions without knowing the complete case histories. The purveyors believe that anyone can be a "success" or be "healed" if he only tries, and if he fails, then he did not try hard enough. Such thinking is sloppy, for it fails to take into account individual differences and, above all, the will of God.

In reality, the brave new religion is nothing more than a variation on an old theme played many years ago by Pelagius, and which cropped up in the Coué craze of the twenties. Pelagius believed that man was not dependent upon God's grace, but only upon himself for his salvation, and that man, not God, was the initiator of this salvation. His teaching was declared heresy by the Council of Ephesus (A.D. 431). Today, corresponding with man's increased faith in man, the "Cult of Reassurance" promises him that the "sky's the limit," and that he can lift himself by his own satellites. God has been added as a pious afterthought.

HAPPINESS, the goal of the brave new religion, is attractive. But the bitter irony is that happiness can never be achieved as an end; it comes only through a life of dedication. The peace peddlers tell us to follow Jesus' saying that "whosoever loses his life shall save it, but who-



+ now
shines
+ The +
CROSS'S



+ MYSTERY + Life
DID DEATH ENDURE
AND YET BY DEATH +



+ DID
Life
PRO-
CURE



soever saves his life shall lose it." However, there the cultists have corrupted its meaning by suggesting that we *should seek* to lose our lives in order to find our lives, which is an ulterior motive and the exact opposite of what Jesus had in mind. When we truly give ourselves to God's causes, then we do his will, not *because* doing so brings us happiness (for it may not), but simply because he is God. A categorical imperative is involved. "We *must* obey God, rather than man." The Christian wants, more than happiness, that God's will be done in his life and in his world.

In a world of poverty, sickness, crime and war, the person who is completely happy is either a sadist or a psychotic. A "divine discontent" with the *status quo*, for the Christian, is a tension between what is and what should be. Significantly, Jesus, the perfect man, was not a completely happy man. He knew suffering, pain and heartbreak more poignantly than anyone. And he ended battered and broken on a cross. He taught us that self-sacri-

fice for the Good, not self-gratification, results in fulfillment.

Happiness is an unworthy goal, and the brave new religion will fail because it rests on little else. As Roy Eckardt said, "The primary trouble with happiness seems to be, unhappily, that it does not make us happy. It is a will-o'-the-wisp. It hovers over the edge of self-despair." Life cannot be lived on one level, and even if it could, if we were happy all the time, we would soon tire of it and long for unhappiness.

"Christianity without tears" is not Christianity. It is self-gratification. Life without tears is not life. It is an animal existence. Huxley's Savage indicted the new religion when he said to Mustapha Mond, "What you need is something *with* tears for a change. Nothing costs enough here." As long as there are those who possess the vision of God, they will "claim the right to be unhappy," and will cry out with the Savage, "But I don't want comfort. I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness. I want sin."

the lowdown on the upbeats

BY ROY LARSON

ONE of Chicago's most celebrated "bright young men" these days is breezy, 30-year-old Hugh Hefner, editor and publisher of *Playboy* Magazine.

A sort of Horatio Alger with a buttoned-down collar, Hefner was a \$60-a-week member of the circulation staff at *Esquire* Magazine just eight years ago. When the publishers of *Esquire* moved their offices from Chicago to New York, they offered him a salary of \$80 a week if he would join the exodus, but he turned them down. Remaining in Chicago, he spent two years at routine-type, run-of-the-mill jobs, but he was never satisfied. He wanted to be successful—quickly successful—and on his own terms.

Driven by this vocational itch, Hefner mortgaged his furniture, scraped together all the odd bits of cash he could find, and, with the help of generous creditors, put out the first issue of *Playboy*. It was successful almost from the outset. Newsstand dealers quickly discovered that there was a ready market waiting for a magazine which featured *Playboy's* combination of sex, style, and sophistication. Today, just a little more than five years old, *Playboy* sells close to a million copies a month, outstripping all other 50 or 60 cent magazines, including *Esquire*, in total circulation. Its amazing growth and popularity constitute one of the most spectacular success stories in recent publishing history. Because of its popularity and its subtle influence over a siz-



able segment of our population, it deserves to be examined seriously from a Christian perspective.

Who reads Playboy? In their first anniversary issue, the editors described the men they're trying to reach.

"*Playboy*," they said, "is an entertainment magazine for the indoor man—a pleasure primer for the sophisticated city-bred man. (It is) designed for the select-group of urban fellows who are less concerned with hunting, fishing, and climbing mountains than with good food, drink, proper dress, and the pleasures of female company."

A recent survey conducted by the "Starch Consumer Magazine Report" sizes up the *Playboy* reader pretty well. According to this study:

1. Seventy per cent of *Playboy's* readers are concentrated in the 18-to-34 age group.

2. The median income of *Playboy's* household is \$7,200 a year—pretty far above the national average.

3. Seventeen per cent of *Playboy's* readers are college students.

Roughly, then, the *Playboy* reader is a young, college-trained, professional-type urban man.

In an attempt to attract advertisers, *Playboy* recently devoted its back covers to ads which purport to show the kind of man who reads *Playboy*. Examining these ads, one finds the playboy drinking in a cocktail lounge, buying theater tickets, examining a foreign sports car, browsing through a book store, stepping off an airplane, selecting a bottle of liquor, swimming at the beach, participating in a mahogany-desk-type business meeting, and being outfitted for a new suit.

Why do these men read Playboy? What is the basis for its broad appeal? (No pun intended.)

My own personal explanation for its popularity goes like this: *Playboy* has a strong, almost irresistible appeal for the self-conscious young man who is struggling to establish his own identity, to define his own personality, to work out his style of life. Caught up in a reaction against

"blah," he does not want to be just another person, but wants to show, by his manners, his personal taste in music, food, drink and apparel, that he is someone who is distinctive.

But, he is unsure of himself. He doesn't know his "way around." He is deathly afraid of being ludicrous. He doesn't want to goof. He doesn't want to do anything which would indicate that he's a hick, a square, or a clod. And so he needs impersonal guidance and direction and help.

Where does he get it? From *Playboy*, of course. Significantly, the editors of *Playboy* once described the magazine as "a handbook for the young-man-about-town." Just as a tourist going to Europe buys himself a traveler's guide which will help him get around in the strange countries, so the young sophisticate buys *Playboy* which shows him how to get around in the still strange sophisticated world of the city.

It does this in a variety of interesting ways.

First, with articles on men's fashions. In an article called "The Marks of the Well-Dressed Man," the playboy is sternly advised to choose his clothes with care lest he be branded a clod. "The duds he wears," the article warns, "do much to conceal or reveal the kind of a gink he is." "Black ties, for instance," the author goes on, "are all right provided you want to look like you live in Old Cliche and make rare trips to the city." One must at all costs, you see, avoid the appearance of having just arrived in town.

In another piece, *Playboy's* apparel editor uses a comment by Patrice Munsel to serve as a text for his monthly sermon: "Eight out of ten men," he quotes Miss Munsel as saying, "eight out of ten men are boring to look at." "You," he says, "must not be among the eight; you must be among the two who are not boring to look at. You must be as tastefully attired as the fellow who sells Schweppes."

Secondly, the editors of *Playboy*

guide their readers' taste in *food and liquor*.

"How Good a Mixer Are You?" was the title of a cocktail quiz a couple of years ago designed to help the apprentice, do-it-yourself bartender gauge his level of sophistication. Another helpful article offered guidance to the young man who was stocking a wine cellar for the first time. It gave him specific advice on those liquors he must have—the bare minimum—and those which he could postpone purchasing until he got his next promotion.

Playboy's readers moreover need never make the mistake of serving YMCA-type foods either, for the magazine has a food editor whose knowledge of foods is matched only by his knowledge of the psychology of the young urban male. My favorite food article appeared in one of the early issues under the title "The Sophisticated Cheese." After extolling the virtues of what he called "certain urbane bacteria," the author went on to suggest that one can measure the degree of one's maturity by one's choice in cheese.

MORE specifically, he said: "The best kinds of cheese are never eaten by youngsters. A growing boy will gobble down a Swiss cheese on rye at the corner drugstore, but he will consistently drown all the cheese flavor with a double-rich malted milk. After his graduation from college he'll learn to appreciate a Welsh Rabbit, but he'll not be able to tell the difference between French and Canadian Trappist until he reaches his late 30's." Implicit in this statement, however, is the suggestion that perhaps there are a few precocious playboys who may acquire this kind of discernment a wee bit earlier in life. And who knows, maybe it'll be you, and then won't your friends be impressed?

Similarly, *Playboy* tells its readers what entertainers they will like if they are really "with it."

Each year the magazine sponsors a jazz poll which selects the outstanding jazz musicians of the year. In this rather subtle way, the play-

boy is informed what records he should buy and what records he will not buy unless, of course, he's the kind of jerk who doesn't mind telling everybody that he comes from Lower Slobbovia and is still proud of it.

Comedians are graded in much the same way. Mort Sahl, for example, is a young comedian who has been given the "Playboy Seal of Approval." In a biographical sketch of Sahl which appeared some time ago, the playboy's reactions to Sahl are compared with the reactions of a hayseed who's just in the city for a day or two: "The typical nite-club conventioneer will sit through (Sahl's act) with a blank or bewildered expression," the article says, "but the more aware in the audience will break into pieces on the spot."

Essentially, it seems to me, these are the types of things which account mainly for the phenomenal success and popularity of this magazine. Publisher Hefner said as much one time when he observed:

"I don't think our success so far has been based on sex—there are a lot of sexier magazines. I don't think it has been based on literature—there are a lot of more literary ones. I think we've been able to do what we set out to do. We've reached the young city man in a way that makes him feel a real identification with the magazine."

In other words, as a young man reads *Playboy*, he says to himself: "That is the kind of person I want to be. This is the way of life that I want for myself."

In a sense, then, *Playboy* is more than just a handbook for the young-man-about-town: it's a sort of Bible which defines his values, shapes his personality, sets his goals, dictates his choices, and governs his decisions. The *Playboy* philosophy becomes, at least for a time in his life, a sort of substitute religion.

Let me try to show you what I mean:

IT'S a religion with a gospel to preach. If we understand the word gospel to refer to the proclama-

tion of good news, *Playboy* has a gospel: it's the good news that "Brother, you don't have to be square; you, too, can have savoir-faire."

Starting with this basic assumption, it then proceeds to spell out the rules of the religious life in its own version of the Ten Commandments which go, roughly, like this:

Thou shalt not wear double-breasted suits.

Thou shalt not swing and sway with Sammy Kaye.

Thou shalt not drive a Dodge.

Thou shalt not serve a breakfast coffee after dinner.

Thou shalt not attend the P.T.A.

Thou shalt not eat Velveeta Cheese.

Thou shalt not be crude or cavemanish in love-making, and above all, thou shalt not be guilty of chastity.

Thou shalt not travel by bus.

Thou shalt not be stuffy and intellectual.

Thou shalt not read the "Reader's Digest."

In summary, thou shalt not be a clod, a square, a fanatic, a boor, a Puritan, a Socialist, a do-gooder, or a teetotaler.

More positively, the nature of the religious life is described in the Beatitudes of the playboy Bible which say:

Blessed are those who have finesse, for they do not embarrass you with their awkwardness.

Blessed are the broad-minded, for they do not disturb you with their Victorian scruples.

Blessed are the mild-mannered, for they shall climb faster and higher on the organizational ladder than the frantic pushers.

Blessed are the gourmets who hunger and thirst after interesting foods for they shall never bore you with balanced diets.

Blessed are the impure in heart, for they make such enjoyable companions.

Let the playboy forget that he has been set apart for a special kind of life, his Bible reminds him: "You

are the salt of the earth. But beware! If the salt loses its good taste, it no longer is good for anything except to be thrown out of the more select circles and trodden under foot by men."

Now, as you might expect, this new religion also has its special prayer which, in its revised standard version, goes like this:

Our Fathers, who art in Madison Avenue and Ohio Street, hallowed be thy names. May Thy work and influence flourish, and may Thy will be done, in Peoria as well as Manhattan.

Give us this day our daily Martini—dry and smooth—and forgive us our goofs, even as we try to overlook the goofs of others.

And, for heaven's sake, our Lords, lead us into temptation, and deliver us from the Puritans,

For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory—if not forever—at least until someone sharper than you comes along. Amen and Amen.



QUITE a comprehensive religion, isn't it? And it's making new converts every day. (I hope I haven't made it seem too appealing.) *What can we say about it from a Christian perspective?*

Well, even though I've been spoofing *Playboy*, I hope I haven't left you with the impression that it's altogether bad. It's not. Not by a long shot.

First of all, I'm sympathetic, very sympathetic, with *Playboy's* concern for style. As a Christian, I've always been upset by those people in the church who seem to assume that "blah" is more Christian than "style," that averageness is more Christlike than distinctiveness. Certainly—God knows—there's nothing in the mainstream of the Christian tradition which justifies this canonization of mediocrity. If I may paraphrase the Book of Ephesians at this point: "Among Christians there is neither highbrow, nor lowbrow, nor middlebrow, for we are all one in Christ Jesus." Lowbrows as well as highbrows are being non-Christian in their judgments when they elevate class and culture distinctions into the category of the "ultimate."

Secondly, speaking from what I genuinely feel is a Christian perspective, I sympathize with *Playboy's* revolt against narrow, prudish Puritanism, even though I would disagree with the way this revolt is expressed. If we believe that God created the world, loves the world, and is at work redeeming the world, certainly we must agree that there is a basis in our faith for a certain critical Christian worldliness, which expresses itself in an appreciation of and an openness to the noblest aspects of the created order. With Amos Wilder, I would affirm that there needs to be room in our religious life for what someone has called the "yea-saying impulse of biblical faith," the impulse which prompts us to enjoy the "riot and the fecundity of life." Sometime, I hope the church will be purged of that life-hating, earth-despising impulse which makes Christians

feel that tiddly-winks is more Christian than the more sophisticated forms of amusements. *Playboy* is not wrong when it champions the joy of life; it is wrong only when it equates joy with pleasure, and when it assumes that the only alternative to Puritanism is self-seeking hedonism.

As a Christian, then, I can see positive values in *Playboy*, but this doesn't blind me to its weaknesses.

I would like to suggest some of these weaknesses by pointing out the contrasts between the playboy and the Christian.

The playboy says: "There are two kinds of men—the clods and the sharpies" but the Christian says: "All men are sinners and have fallen short of the glory of God."

The playboy says: "I am free to do as I please"; but the Christian

says: "Make me a captive, Lord, and then I shall be free."

The playboy says: "My body is mine, to use in any way I see fit"; but the Christian says: "My body is the Temple of the Holy Spirit. Therefore, I shall glorify God in my body."

The playboy says: "What I do is my own business"; but the Christian says: "Take care lest this liberty of yours somehow become a stumbling block to the weak. I am my brother's keeper."

The playboy says: "I am a mirror, reflecting what other people desire of men"; but the Christian says: "Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind."

So here we have two kinds of men, two ways of life. Ultimately, we must choose between them. The choice is now before you.



ROBIN

I CAN'T FACE LIFE—

THE CURRENT SCENE BY O. B. FANNING

The Methodist Church has been advised by a special fact-finding committee to make "no basic changes" in its regional and racial jurisdictional structure.

The committee report will be a major item of debate at the quadrennial General Conference of The Methodist Church, meeting April 27-May 11 in Denver, Colorado. General Conference is Methodism's top legislative and policy-making body.

The fact-finding body is actually "The Commission to Study and Recommend Action Concerning the Jurisdictional System." It was created by the 1956 General Conference in response to memorials, resolutions, recommendations and deep concern about the church's jurisdictional system, particularly its racial implications. The commission was composed of seventy Methodists representing a cross section of the church and including many outstanding clergy and lay leaders.

The commission had been instructed to make a thorough study of racial segregation in The Methodist Church, and of the jurisdictional system . . . "with special reference to its philosophy, its effectiveness, its weaknesses, and its relationship to the future of the church."

The Methodist Church membership in the United States is nearly ten million, including some 365,000 Negroes. The church is divided into six jurisdictions—five geographic and one all-Negro, called the Central Jurisdiction. Each jurisdiction elects its own bishops and members of general boards and agencies.

Opponents of the jurisdictional structure claim it encourages sectionalism and racial segregation.

Supporters insist that the system is needed to prevent a top-heavy central organization. The basic motivations and goals of the geographic jurisdictions have nothing to do with race, they say, pointing out that separate Negro conferences existed before the 1939 reunion.

In recommending that the jurisdictional structure be maintained, the study commission said that "unfortunately and erroneously, the jurisdictional system as a whole, mainly because of the Central Jurisdiction, has become for some a symbol of segregation.

"Actually, the Central Jurisdiction assures racial integration in the highest echelons of our church—in the Council of Bishops, the Judicial Council and in all boards, commissions and committees. There is no other denomination in America where this degree of racial integration in the governing bodies of the church has been achieved.

"To legislate the immediate elimination of the Central Jurisdiction would be harmful to the church, and especially disastrous to Negro Methodists. Many life-long members would be without full fellowship in local churches or annual conference.

"If Negro churches are accepted in white conferences and Negro members are admitted into white churches, the Central Jurisdiction will disappear in those sections where this is accomplished. However, in large sections of our church, Negro Methodists would be left without opportunity to be included in interracial churches and interracial conferences.

"We are agreed in this report that the church cannot now abolish the racial jurisdiction. Drastic legislation will not accomplish the fully inclusive church we all desire. We must give ourselves to education and experimentation in the creating of a climate—spiritual and psychological—in which an inclusive Methodist Church will be a reality."

Instead of abolishing the Central Jurisdiction, the commission suggested that the 1960 General Conference seek to implement Amendment 9 of the church constitution which provides legal steps for the transfer of local congregations from one jurisdiction to another.

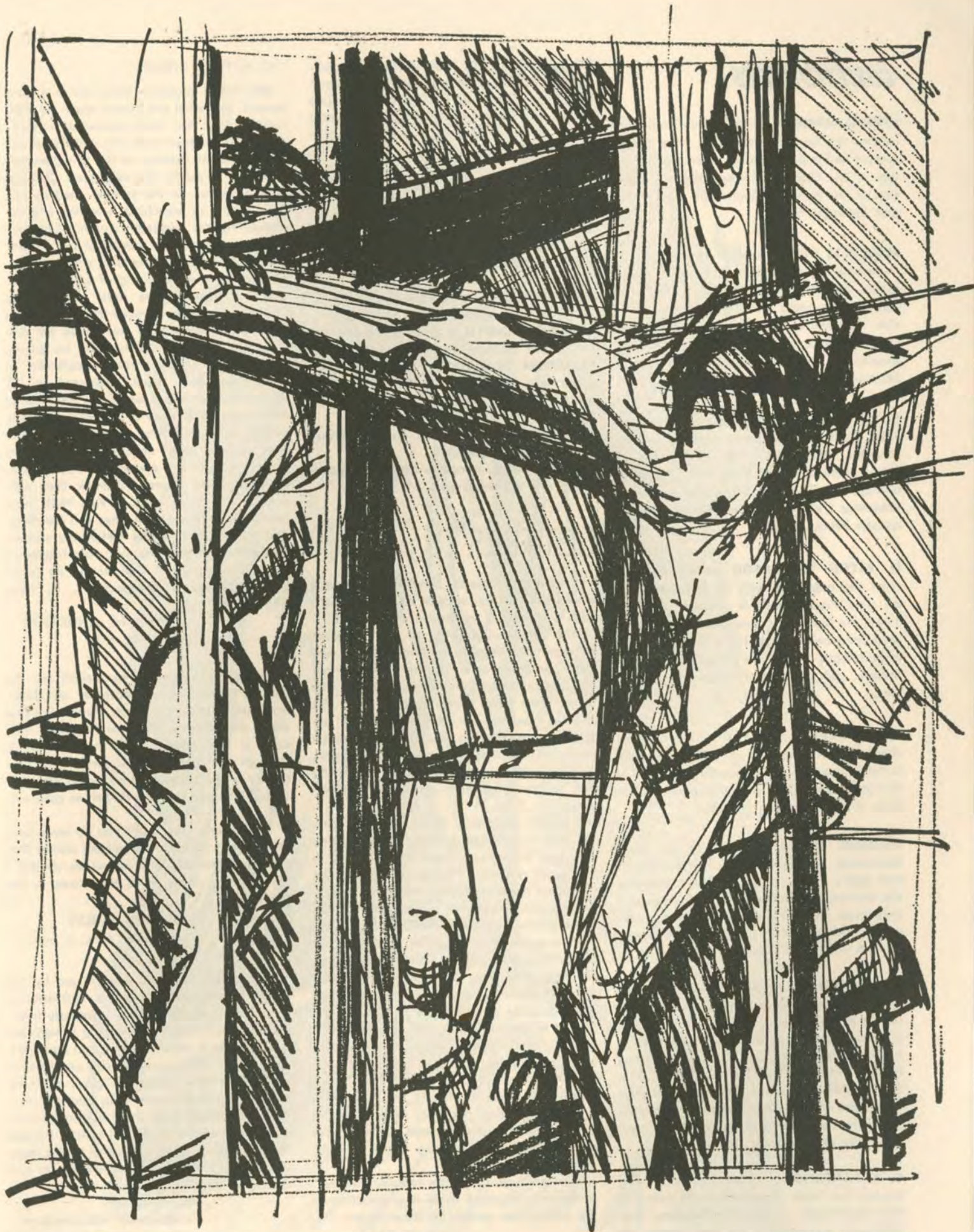
The commission noted, however, that only six Negro congregations have transferred to white jurisdictions since the amendment was ratified three years ago, and 36 other local churches are involved in various stages of transfer. All are outside the South.

The commission said that in addition to numerically and financially weakening the Central Jurisdiction, "one of the most significant deterrents to transfer is that Negro ministers become the victims of a restricted itineracy. Until there is more freedom of appointments for Negro ministers, until all churches are willing to accept a minister because he is a Methodist preacher and merits the appointment, there will be this hesitancy to transfer."

To help achieve a "fully inclusive Methodist Church," the report recommends the development of interracial ministerial associations at the community level to plan the Methodist program, frequent pulpit exchanges, and the organization of committees on interracial brotherhood in each of the church's one hundred subregional annual conferences.

Also, that the church's general Board of Social and Economic Relations be delegated specific responsibilities to study and recommend courses of action "to bring about within a reasonable time the abolition of the Central Jurisdiction's racial character."

The report rides heavy on the April agenda.



CRUCIFIXION (ink on paper)
April 1960

JACK KELLAM

contributors

JOHN G. HARRELL wrote and directed educational motion pictures for five years before coming to his present post, executive secretary of the Division of Audio-Visual Education of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

MALCOLM BOYD's newest book is *Focus*—Rethinking the Meaning of Our Evangelism (Morehouse-Barlow Co., \$1.80). His two previous books are *Crisis in Communication* (Doubleday, 1957) and *Christ and Celebrity Gods* (Seabury, 1958). He is now chaplain at the Episcopal center at Colorado State University, Fort Collins.

F. W. SCHROEDER has been president of Eden Theological Seminary, Webster Groves, Missouri, since 1941. He was pastor of Tabor Evangelical and Reformed Church in Chicago for 22 years. He is the author of *Preaching the Word with Authority* (Westminster Press, 1954).

D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD gained national fame and popularity with the publication of his *The Predicament of Modern Man* in 1944. He has written continuously and well since long before that. He is now professor of philosophy at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, and president of Yokefellow Associates.

MILOS STRUPL is a native of Czechoslovakia, and now lives in Nashville, while completing a Ph.D. at Vanderbilt. His field is church history. His pastoral experience has been in Presbyterian churches.

MICHAEL DAVES here makes his third fascinating and provocative contribution to this year's *motive* volume. Before entering the ministry, he worked as a radio-television announcer, and still writes actively for several publications. Primarily now he is pastor of First Methodist Church, Addison, Texas.

ROY LARSON has served pastorates in small town, rural area, inner city of Chicago, and now is in the suburbs. He is pastor of newly organized Good Shepherd Methodist Church in Park Ridge. He has a B.A. from Augustana College in Rock Island, Ill., and a B.D. from Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. We discovered this article in *Behold*, a volunteer publication of a fellowship of ministers serving in the Chicago area.

O. B. FANNING is a journalist, who for a decade has been an associate secretary of the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information. He now heads the Washington office.

ROGER ORTMAYER from 1950-58 was editor of this magazine, and now is professor of Christianity and the Arts at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University. With real joy, we welcome him to our back cover again.

ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE: NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST

ROBERT CHARLES BROWN, a college student from Uncasville, Conn.

JACK MORSE, an art teacher in Seneca Falls, N. Y.

JEAN PENLAND, a professional artist in Nashville, Tennessee.

GENEVIEVE SMITH, a senior in commercial art, Moore Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALCOLM HANCOCK, cartoonist from Great Falls, Montana.

JACK KELLAM, professor of art, Centre College, Danville, Ky.

RICHARD BONENO, artist from Garyville, La. (see opposite page).

ROBIN JENSEN, a cartoonist from Dayton, Ohio, and a Presbyterian.

LETTERS . . .

I shall undoubtedly be corrected, but I would like to raise a point of disagreement with a statement in the December issue.

The article, "Motives for the Christian Mission" by Gerald H. Anderson, in the third paragraph says: "Luther believed that the biblical injunction 'Go ye into all the world' had been binding only upon the original Apostles and that it had been fulfilled by them. His doctrine of election paralyzed the mission-nerve of the church, and his eschatology (the end of the world was to come in 1588) reduced its importance. . . ." (p. 8)

I do not pretend to be an authority upon the beliefs of Martin Luther. However, I do feel that this is not quite doing justice to this great reformer. Perhaps my translation of Luther reads differently from Mr. Anderson's for, in at least one place, I find a statement which directly contradicts Mr. Anderson's interpretation of Luther. In his sermon on the fourth chapter of the Gospel of John, Martin Luther says: "In our time we have no other command than: 'Go, therefore, and make disciples of all nations' (Matt. 28:19). This is in force until the end of time and is bound to neither person nor place." (*Luther's Works*, Vol. 22, "Sermons on the Gospel of St. John, Chapters 1-4." Saint Louis; Concordia Publishing House, 1957, p. 512.) He then continues with a sermon which sounds to me, at least, to contradict the paragraph quoted above written by Mr. Anderson.

I cannot argue with the remainder of Mr. Anderson's article, I think it is excellent as the articles that *motive* publishes always are.

—EUGENE TATE
hopkins, minnesota

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

Mr. Tate's quotation from Luther is quite correct. But what did Luther mean by this? Judging from the total context of Luther's thought—and even from this sermon—it can be said that his concept of the Christian mission was to purify the paganized Christian church. Luther, in the sermon cited by Mr. Tate, refers to preaching, teaching and administering the sacraments *within Christendom*, and asserts the validity of his ministry independent of papal sanction and authority. Therefore, when speaking of Luther's concept of missions, one must redefine the Christian mission in terms of this more narrow Reformation concept of the sphere for missionary activity. This is true also for Calvin. His support of the Brazil experiment of 1555 (see Milos Strupl, "Letters," p. 39, March *motive*) was based upon his view of the ecclesiastical duty of the civil authority which sponsored the experiment, rather than upon a sense of Christian missionary obligation. The vast majority of missiologists beginning with Gustav Warneck (but with notable exceptions such as Karl Holl) have felt, in the words of Johannes van den Berg, that "the works of the Reformers contain no doctrine of missions, not even fragments of such a doctrine." (*Constrained By Jesus' Love*; Kampen, Netherlands: J. H. Kok, 1956, p. 6.)

—GERALD H. ANDERSON
providence, r. i.

In looking over your magazines for the months of November, December and January, I am not so very much moved. For one thing, this modern art is for the birds. One page is bad enough, but you put it all through the magazine. I don't think the quality of the stories and articles is good, although I know I couldn't do half as good myself.

Suggestions: why don't you do away with this modern art bit. Also publish stories that are more real life and appeal to youth? I am throwing these three magazines in the trash.

—C. BURR SMILEY
university park, n. mex.

I have been extremely impressed by the quality of your magazine, and, furthermore, as president of the Tulane University Inter-Faith Council, I find that reading it helps me substantially in understanding and appreciating some of the viewpoints and problems of the non-Catholic student religious organizations with which I deal. Thus although as a Catholic I find myself in disagreement with many basic elements of your beliefs, I would like to add my congratulations to the many you undoubtedly receive constantly on producing an excellent magazine.

—TOM WEBB
educational vice-president
tulane newman club
new orleans, la.



HE IS NOT HERE, HE IS RISEN

RICHARD BONENO

the truth?

MR. SMOOTH-MAN: I tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

PROFESSOR: I've heard it said that only children and drunken folk speak the truth, and you seem to be neither.

S.-MAN: I have too much sense to get drunk; I am grown up.

PROF: You tell nothing but the truth?

S.-MAN: So far as in me is possible.

PROF: Quite different from your original claim.

S.-MAN: I'm not God, so I have to make some modification.

PROF: Quite right. I agree.

S.-MAN: According to my light, I speak the truth.

PROF: Honest Injun?

S.-MAN: It's God's truth.

PROF: You just said it isn't God's; it is your own.

S.-MAN: Speaking in metaphors.

PROF: God's truth a metaphor?

S.-MAN: As my virtuous wife, Lady Feigning's daughter says, "Tell the truth and shame the devil."

PROF: So now we have the devil mixed into this discussion of truth. Do you think the devil is shamed by the truth that loves to walk about only when the sun shines, or which travels in a shiny new Jaguar?

S.-MAN: It is nicer if the truth is respectable, isn't it?

PROF: Nicer?

S.-MAN: Why should the truth be disreputable? Why sit in a joint of some kind or other if it can live on the boulevard?

PROF: The point is not where the truth resides, but is it the truth?

S.-MAN: I find it profitable, and harmless, to search out the truth in lovely circumstances. In fact, I find truth in rags somewhat disgusting.

PROF: So must the devil. He always seems to ride along with the truth when it is pleasant sailing. So how can you shame the devil by not sticking to truth in rags also?

S.-MAN: Only a metaphor.

PROF: I see. Even at my most charitable interpretation of your notion of truth, it is something to come to, but not to live as.

S.-MAN: I don't get what you mean.

PROF: It seems to me that you look upon truth as a pleasant kind of company, like a cheerful teaching.

S.-MAN: Well, isn't the truth like a teaching? Don't we point ourselves to it as a goal, whether or not agreeable? Although, as I said, I prefer to stick to the more comfortable brands of truth.

PROF: Now we're getting to the point of this discussion. Truth, you say, is a teaching. As a teaching, or knowledge in any realm, truth could come in many styles; so you are at least consistent in commenting on some brand of truth as distinguished from another brand.

S.-MAN: Surely.

PROF: But I would say that truth is not a teaching. It isn't even knowledge. It just is.

S.-MAN: Of course it is, it is a teaching.

PROF: No, it is not. It is a life, a certain life. Did you ever hear it said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life"?

S.-MAN: The Bible, isn't it? But come now, no intelligent person takes stock in biblical myths any longer, do they?

PROF: You may question my intelligence, but I do.

S.-MAN: Well, well . . . O.K. You accept the teachings of Jesus as truth, I . . .

PROF: You don't understand. Yes, I accept the teachings of Jesus, but not as truth. I accept Jesus as truth.

S.-MAN: How can a man be true? Only knowledge, or teachings, or experiments are true.

PROF: Quite the contrary. The teachings of Jesus are only true because he is the truth. But for him, what he taught would be only notions, and they would have to take their chances with all contrary opinions in the market place. He is truth. His teachings only point to truth.

S.-MAN: You're quibbling.

PROF: No, no. To quibble is to evade the truth. I say confront it. You confront the truth in a person, not a teaching.

S.-MAN: Not to equivocate, I . . .

PROF: That's it. Not to equivocate!

—Roger Ortmyer