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motive

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FRONT COVER ART: COVENANT by JANET ADLER. "Then Abram fell on his face; and God said to him, 'Behold, my covenant is with you, and you shall be the father of a multitude of nations.'" Janet Adler is associate editor of the Lutheran youth magazine, MESSENGER, and works in Chicago.

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ELIJAH

BY MAHLON H. SMITH

*It is enough,
Enough to suffocate within
A stinking hollow deep inside this rock,
For I am now no better than
A cur, sent howling from the door
Before the housewife's broom.
And so I cry and bite my tongue
And will not eat the wretched loaf.
I cannot taste the cup,
I will not touch the bread.*

Go forth

*What insane thoughts would drive me back
To gather up the crumbs of Babylon,
To face an anguished mob and cry
Repent? What shall I give
To fill the gnawing emptiness
That hollowed me and tears them still?
Go forth and stand*

*I sit
Within the rock.*

*II
They come.
They come with all the ominous
Impatience of a thousand prophets.
Before our eyes they pass,
Leaving anxious minds enraptured
By their frenzied glory.*

*The seven trumpets blast their eerie tones
Until our skulls send back
An echo of their own, a message shaped
From notes of wind. Our hearts rejoice
And with the thunder on our tongues
We open mouths to prophesy.
But truth is sealed, and no-one comes
To write our babblings.*

*The wilderness inflamed,
A jealous sun pours forth his wrath
And kindles shrubs and bushes at our feet.
I stand within the mountain, burning with
The fire. But oozing dampness kills
The flame that might have found our souls.
I cannot go, I will not stand
Among the ashes of Gomorrah.*

*And at that hour I felt the ground
Beneath me tremble, and the mountain split
In two. I fell
Beneath the weight of emptiness.
The quake had rent my soul and bared
It to my own demanding eyes.
How will I stand what I have seen?
How can I go?*

*III
They're gone.
Furious life was quenched by its own fire.
The song of polished cymbals fades
Within our infant memories;
And all alone I sit, with burned-out hopes
Of seeing past my squalid soul
To find a good excuse for man.
Their faded forms now flicker through
My incoherent mind: an exhaled breath,
A spurting match, an earthly twitch—
Lesser images as dying seconds add
Their weight to history.*

*But still they left their pencil marks
On space and time, scars that can soothe
A palsied mind. And now I sit
And search the tongueless universe
With empty hopes of finding in
It even vaguest whispers of some God.*

*Just speak
And I will come.*



ECONOMICS, AFFLUENCE AND CHRISTIAN STRATEGY

BY MARTIN E. MARTY

THE Christian church in seeking new ways to make its mission meaningful in Western and particularly in American culture is painfully learning the language of economic definition.

The relations of the church to economic patterns change at least as often as the patterns themselves do. We are in a distinctly different situation, for example, from that which prevailed as recently as the nineteen-thirties when traditional Protestant Christian values: thrift, avoidance of waste, hope beyond present economic distress found ready hearing. Today we address ourselves to that age of abundance which makes these traditional suggestions of little effect—they simply are not understood. Nor can we run away from them: today more than ever our culture impinges upon the Christian world and complicates its mission. We cannot yearn for the nineteen-thirties—and who wants to—or for the theocratic Geneva of the Calvinist mythology and the classic Protestant ethic. Such yearning, such engaging in cosmic nostalgia is neither responsible nor productive. When we speak in its terms we may at times speak “the truth” but we will then only be providing answers to questions that are not being asked.

An economy of relative abundance, whether it is naturally or artificially inflated and productive and whether it is temporary or here to stay, has resulted in what might be termed a pan-middle-class culture. Indeed, the hard core of the nonaffluent remain in our midst, but the churches seem carefully insulated against it. Indeed, there are still the very rich; but their values are less distinctive now and, to all intents and purposes, they too are only middle class with the patronizing adjective “upper” attached. By this I mean that most of the qualitative distinctions between rich and non-rich are disappearing; most of the advantages in being really wealthy are gone. Ostentation for its own sake has become self-defeating and the status systems self-disintegrating;

motive

when a Lincoln Continental passes your auto on the expressway it may be the president of a steel company without a chauffeur or it may be a steelworker; the product is available to both and actually owned in many instances by both.

Meanwhile installment purchases and the dangling of a variety of plush products before all eyes in the picture magazines and on television have presented many of the physical and psychic benefits of wealth to that part of the middle class usually termed in condescension "lower." Eric Larrabee has recently chronicled the decisive statistical decrease of pawn shops in major cities; this is possible, I would say, because we

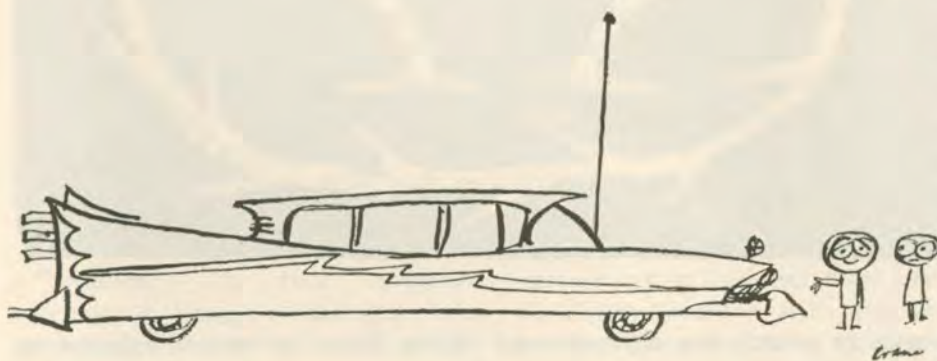
its economic applications) is seen to be irrelevant when it is identified with past attitudes toward resource, creation, production, and consumption.

Inevitably it has meant first of all a shrinking of hopes and expectations from the trans-cosmic dimension that even the most primitive forms of Christian piety once knew. Here it is hard to avoid a summary I never tire of quoting from the pen of Norman Birnbaum, a British agnostic: "The typical American today is a Calvinist who has neither fear of hell nor hope of heaven." Without seeking which aspect of biblical reality to apply to those latter phrases we can agree in his judg-

and Who saves whom from what for what.

A SECOND cluster of complications comes about because the relative inclusiveness of affluent attitudes screens people from awareness of the domestic versions of nonaffluence and from the staggering implications of actual world conditions. When a Presidential candidate in 1960 spoke of 17,000,000 hungry and poor, most Americans guffawed; John S. Knight, the influential owner of a number of newspapers was typical: this, he said could not be true because *he* did not know a single one of the silent millions. True. Most of us do not; we are totally separated personally from slum-dwellers, from the A.D.C. departments, from those forgotten in public institutions. Even more dramatically, we cannot now understand actions of the Congo, Cuba, China, or any other nation that acts erratically partly because different attitudes toward affluence prevail. Why can they not all be respectable and—whatever the political names we bear—Republicans like us? Only by sustained and intensive acts of imagination can we keep before us the infinite qualitative difference between the majority of the world and ourselves in the matter of economic possibilities and attitudes.

A by-product of this complication and perhaps a third new complication is the kind of distance, scorn, or at least failure to empathize or participate with others this breeds in the affluent. The insidious *hubris* of the affluent tends to translate compassion into sentimentality and understandings of failure to judgments concerning the relative worth of humans. Last spring I heard a conservative gubernatorial candidate say that he really believed Americans could, with no kind of governmental help, *all* lift themselves by their bootstraps and all get a college education and all rise in industry and politics. After all, his father had not gone to college! Meanwhile aspects of life when a violent tenor prevailed are screened from us. Mental



IT IS LAST YEAR'S MODEL BUT IT'S PAID FOR.

have a "hock shop" culture in which virtually everybody partakes respectably. Where the goods of abundance and affluent productivity are not actually attainable, they are no longer remote; they are in seductive range because of mass communications and the advertising on which they thrive.

That this economy stands in need of technical economic criticism there is no doubt; my interest here is only to sketch in broadest outlines some of the psychic damage and some of the enlargement of possibilities that it has brought about and something of what this means to the churches whose *whole* gospel (and not merely

ment: our particular portable hells and our insufficiently transparent paradises of prosperity tend to blind us as a nation to transcendent causes and calls; meanwhile we are a nation of Calvinists; that is, "under God" we stolidly march forward either with a sense of providence and purpose or somewhat panicky because we are not quite sure of them at the moment. When hells and heavens are definable wholly in psychological, economic, or vocational terms ("rat race," "neurotic anxiety," "treadmill," "salt mines," "barbecue pit," "martini") it is difficult for the Christian to enter with larger questions such as judgment and mercy

institutions assure us that we shall not have to be patient with the troubled; a welfare state guarantees institutional care of the needy; we see no one be born or die; we see no leprous beggar's hand outstretched and hear no hideous cries. Our age is violent but this is a steely, surgical, antiseptic violence. Have you ever noticed how, five minutes after an automobile accident everything is removed: the dead, the injured, the blood, the mud from the underside of the autos; only a few sparkles of glass capture the sunlight along the curb. This gives us the charter for future irresponsibility: that accident did not hurt us very much at all.

A fourth cluster of complications that affluence and abundance bring with them has to do with the superficiality it breeds: superficiality in entertainment, in emotions, in a confection-culture. Even in the "secular" sense our critical faculties are atrophied: it is necessary to produce too many television dramas, newspaper columns, paintings, emotions, and attitudes for any of them to be good.

These aspects of culture cannot be shut out either from the minds of the missionized or from those who carry the Christian mission. Religion is the soul of culture and culture the form of religion we are reminded and the basic fact of modern life is the inability for us to screen out impulses we do not understand or share: the basic values of a secular civilization will be felt and in part held in all parts of the church, even when seen in the inverse or the concave in the minds and actions of prophets and nonconformists. We seek what in medieval times was called the "freedom of the church"—now not in a legal sense but in the matter of its residence in the mores. The ethos can suffocate and stifle Christian proclamation or it can confuse it. Here is where our prophets are working to reshape a meaningful "message of salvation."

The churches as institutions here find it necessary to listen to certain critics from without and within who point to difficulties they share if the



desire to preach the old-fashioned Protestant ethic motivates them. First, the churches *must* live in a money world with barter and its possibilities and poverty and its possibilities diminished; this subtly reshapes Christian values. Second, they are often haunted by a sense of irrelevance as their welfare causes ("bearing one another's burdens") seem to be taken over one by one by "secular" agencies and the state. Third, they must "pay the bills" and as they raise funds to do it they indulge in competitive forms of commercialization not substantially different from those held by the society they would seek to criticize implicitly and explicitly. Further, the coincidence of religious revival with affluence in the lives of the same people (America is obviously not divided between the Christian people and the affluent society!) tends to

force them to misuse religion to sanction prosperities and calm insecurities. Fifth, the temptation to success, the false idols and bitch-goddesses as they were called before we all became genteel, seduce churches as they build to the glory of architects and building committees and compete in the statistical race euphemistically called "evangelism." Again, it is hard for Christians to apply God's law in judgment when the affluent age's vices are also theirs: "payola," wasteful production, planned obsolescence in church programs and building and locating, manipulation of persons for reasons of evangelism of fundraising, or mere ostentation are among them. Last, it is difficult to find words to go with the redemptive idea: that in Jesus Christ men are to be "saved" from all this affluence. As one of our sick comedians has

motive

pointed out, he has seen no churches or synagogues fail or go out of business because they judged a society but only when they ran away from what it is that Christ calls people to.

THE churches do well to listen to many of these criticisms as a step toward therapy. The positive task of the churches implies that they see in cultural change a fundamental problem but not an ultimate threat; that they recognize possibilities of God's new creation in the midst of a productive world. Mere negation of affluence and a welfare society hardly serves. People are foolish to pray that God will "cause all useful arts and sciences to flourish on the earth" as they do on Sunday and then in his name complain that he answers the prayer on Monday. Their first task is to separate affluence from the attitudes toward it which tend to breed a sense of deity into a productive economic order.

For me the first clue to "redeeming" such a society must always come by connecting that task to which we witness in the Second Article of the Christian creeds to "creation," its first forgotten article. A modern theologian who never tired of reminding Christians that secularity was here to stay and that bridge-building to its proper beachheads was our first task scorned those who thought the Christian faith should have meaning only for intellectual dilettantes, the psychoneurotic, or the poverty-stricken—all those who recognized the place for gods at the borders of life when human resources gave out. He pointed to the biblical witness to God's interest in man's health, his prosperity, his production; to the fact that the long pull of the Old Testament is not negated by the eschatological tug of the New.

As a matter of fact the biblical witness, for all it scorns and scolds riches when it is a barrier to discipleship, is often blissfully unconcerned about them as a religious problem in every other instance and, viewed from the aspect of creation,

sees them as a way for God to unfold his purposes. I would be horrified should anyone see in this counsel a return to the gospel of America's Gilded Age ("God is in league with riches," "prosperity is the fruit of morality," "poverty is the curse of the ungodly"). It merely suggests that the resources of the earth, the abundance of production that can flow from them and the stewardship they imply are all seen in a theological connection.

THIS means many things for Christian strategy. The grand keynote is this: Christians do well to form proper alliances with those aspects of secularity which on different terms do battle against superficiality, *hubris*, dulled imaginations, selfishness.

It means that despite the apparent inclusiveness of prosperity's grasp, the nonaffluent at home and the vast world beyond America's shores become once again the goal of the Christian mission. At the moment church strategy involves maximum convergence on areas of minimum need: witness denominational competition in the suburbs and the vacuum left in the inner cities today. Total identification with affluence prevents churches from coming to the distance they need to judge it.

Third, it involves seeking the aspects of personhood that are needed and often desired in an age which wishes it were not enslaved by its "things" and where the mass-produced "personal touch" and the pervasiveness of curiosity about the personality sciences are impressive facts. In the authentic personhood of Jesus Christ are such resources. This can lead to new understandings of servanthood in Jesus Christ (why is such servanthood usually seen by Christians to imply first of all personal poverty on the part of individuals?) and a desire to utilize some aspects of a culture that can also enlarge the range of human possibilities. Sometimes critical church people sound as if they are against the world of hospitals, antiseptics, air conditioning when they should

oppose only enslavement by the idea that these represent priesthood and salvation.

If all Christian worship is really a **Eucharist**, a grateful acceptance of what God gives in Jesus Christ then this world in which God is active as creator or in incarnation, crucifixion, and resurrection takes on a new task. It calls the Christian to do battle against meaningless production and waste, against superficiality and sentimentality, *and* against merely negative criticism of a new kind of culture merely because it is new. It will war against illusions, against meaningless vocations, against *Werk-krankheit* (the illness that consumes those obsessed with work) and against futile kinds of leisure.

It begins to speak to an abundant age only when it revises its first attitude to creation. We might remember that the Bible speaks of "world" in two senses and in this sense Protestant Christians have to learn with finesse but with vigor to respond when Pierre Teilhard de Chardin dedicates a book "to all who love the world" (that *should* be we!) or to keep the attitude Jesus Christ showed in one account of his dealing with the rich young ruler. The man in the story was not doomed because of his possessions but because his possessions stood between him and discipleship. And, inserts the one account, just before Jesus—for the moment at least—loses him,

"Jesus, looking upon him, loved him."

That is where redemption, too, begins.



W S C F
call
to
prayer



EACH year when the World Student Christian Federation calls Christian students throughout the world to prayer, we reaffirm that it is our duty and privilege to raise our eyes to Jesus Christ, who, as our Savior, intercedes for us all. Here on earth we consider ourselves his witnesses, and believe we are serving him in our student communities, wherever they may be. Jesus Christ, who sits in heaven at the right hand of God, lives as Lord and Savior of all men.

When we look upon Jesus Christ, and gaze into the very heart of the mystery that surrounds us, we reassert our trust in him, and confess anew that he lives and intercedes for us today. In him we see the face of our heavenly Father himself, whose love for us was given its supreme expression on the cross.

Through Jesus Christ we know that God is concerned for each one of us, and wishes us to share with him our needs and our problems, as well as those of others, even though he already knows them. The parable of the importunate friend who knocks at the door during the night shows that God likes to be bothered by the insistence of our requests. This perseverance in prayer, this supplication "without ceasing," is a primary element of our spiritual development.

Thus, we should take seriously the promise of Jesus Christ: "Ask, and it will be given you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you." God answers and is always ready to give the best to his children and to those for whom they pray; for no one knows our poverty, our destitution, our limitations, as he does. Only God can meet our need—but on one condition: that the bread which we ask for ourselves be given first to others; that they be present in our prayers; that our petition become intercession.

On this Universal Day of Prayer, Student Christian Movement members are called upon to pray for students in Africa, Asia, Australasia,

Latin America, Europe, North America; for those who are frail in body; for those whose health has been impaired by sickness and poverty; for those who are confused and face failure; for those who must live away from home and adapt themselves to another way of life; for those who have succumbed to the onslaught of ideologies and have lost their faith; for those whose loyalty to Jesus Christ falters; for those beginning their life at university; for a more steadfast and genuine witness to our faith. Let us pray for professors who bear the difficult task of teaching in a revolutionary age; for research-workers and technicians; for the authorities who are responsible for the sound administration of universities; for the university in its task of preserving, increasing, and communicating knowledge, in its concern to co-operate with society. Let us pray to the Lord for all student movements, both national and international, that they become not instruments of power and domination but means of peace and service. Let us bring before God our concern for the divided student world, remembering especially the Intervarsity Fellowship. May our relationship be inspired by mutual love and co-operation. Let us come before the throne of grace with prayers for the Student Christian Movement in every continent, and for those who have dedicated their lives to student work. Let us also remember our churches, and the preparatory work being done for the regional conferences in the Federation's project, "The Life and Mission of the Church."

On this day let us also remember, as we make our intercessions, that Jesus Christ himself, the great and mighty intercessor, is knocking at God's door. This can only lead us to prayer, which includes thought, speech, and action. Through prayer, we begin to spread a little love within the fellowship of the great student family throughout the whole world.

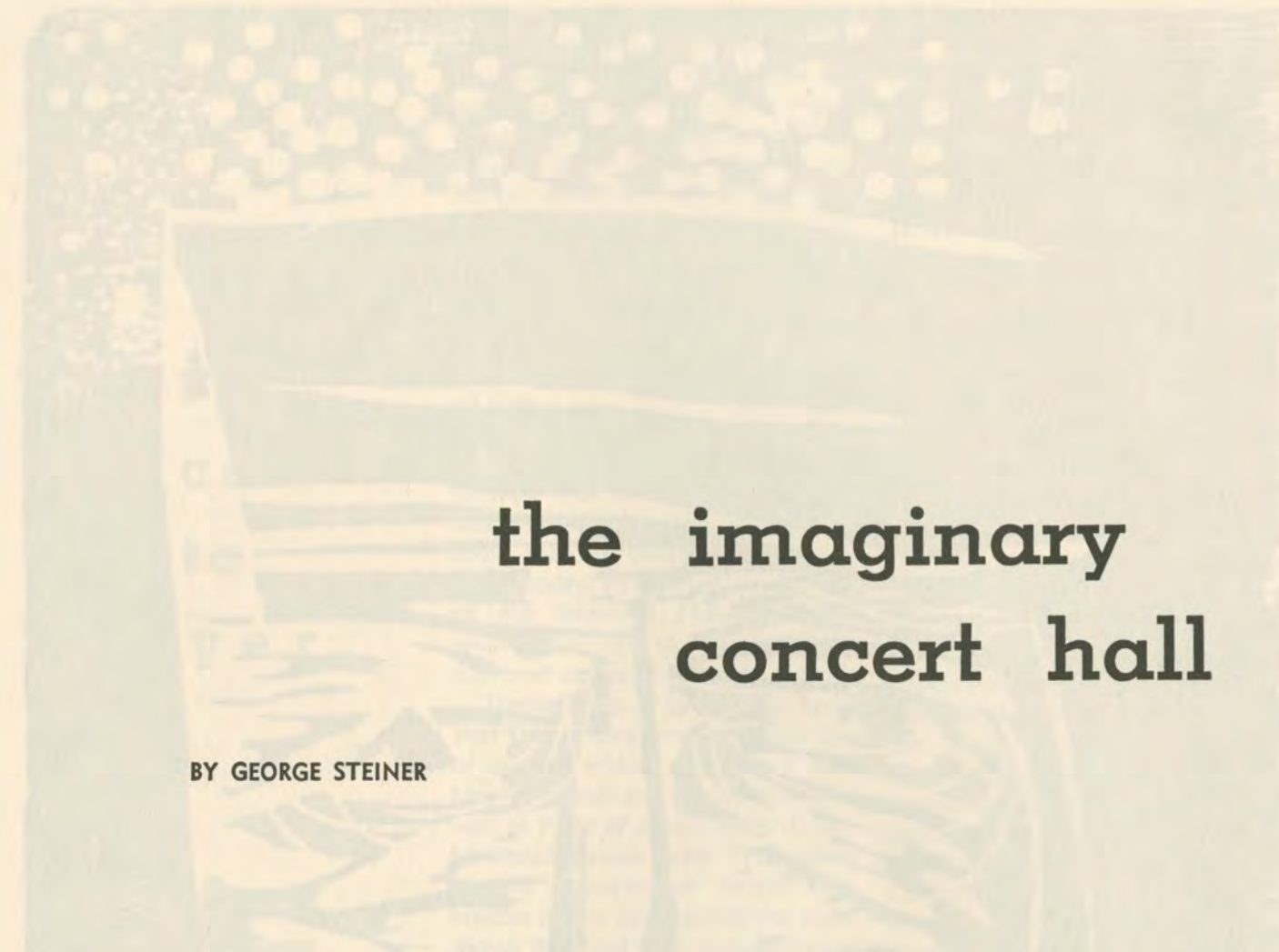
—THE WORLD STUDENT CHRISTIAN
FEDERATION, GENEVA



PROPHET WOODBLOCK PRINT

MARGARET RIGG

February 1961



the imaginary concert hall

BY GEORGE STEINER

IN *The Voices of Silence*, André Malraux put forward an idea that has profoundly influenced contemporary thinking about art. Malraux pointed out that the modern museum places works of art in a relationship to themselves and to each other which did not exist in earlier times and for which they were never intended. The Greek relief which we admire in the museum gallery was conceived as part of a temple. The Gothic statue stood among a host of other figures within the sculptured portal of a cathedral. Neither was ever intended to be shown as a separate piece and, above all, neither was intended to be shown in contrast or juxtaposition with the other. The Fra Angelico Madonna or the Mantegna Christ were conceived as part of an altar or as integral elements in a chapel, directing toward their subjects the imaginings of reverence. The thought

of placing them in museums would have seemed to their creators a blasphemous absurdity. To Bellini, Franz Hals, or Reynolds, a portrait was a portrait *of someone*. Its merit lay in the measure of its resemblance to the sitter and in its capacity to evoke his true character. With Rembrandt and Goya we begin getting the impression that portraits are always, in the final analysis, portraits of the artist rather than of the sitter. But even these great romantics would have been surprised at the idea of a modern museum in which men look at rows of portraits without knowing or caring whom they actually depict. The modern museum has made of the portrait not portrayal but pure art.

Malraux points out that this great revolution in our relation to works of art has good and bad consequences. It wrenches the individual painting, statue, or tapestry out of

its authentic architectural and social setting. It robs many pictures and sculptures of their sacred character and purpose. It makes us forget that a work of art derives much of its meaning and greatness from its relationship to a specific context. But at the same time, the putting next to each other of works of art from all ages and places reveals in them qualities we could not otherwise have seen. By setting a Greek torso next to a Michelangelo drawing, we can show at a glance the immense impact of the rediscovery of the antique on Renaissance art. We observe the elongations in an El Greco becoming the dramatic distortions of Modigliani. The mist-driven light of Turner guides us to the Monet on the next wall. Malraux shows how photography and modern techniques of repro-

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duction have brought all art within range of comparison and confrontation. The camera has created an immense "imaginary museum" in which we can pass instantaneously from the cave drawings of Lascaux to the very similar leap of a bull in a Picasso ceramic.

HAVE the long-playing record and the high-fidelity player not brought on a similar revolution? For the first time in history, the listener has at his reach the music of all ages and modes. He can put on his turntable a Gregorian chant and a piece of *musique concrete*. He can hear, at a moment's notice, operas which are in fact performed only once in a decade, if at all. He can listen as often as he wishes in succession to music whose difficulty of execution makes more than one occasional performance practically impossible (not even a Heifetz can play twice in a

row the sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin of Bach). He can lift the needle from the record or interrupt the tape in order to hear the same passage again or to contrast it immediately with a similar or antithetical piece of music from another context. In his "imaginary concert hall," the record collector can, today, arrange for himself programs such as no impresario could offer and no orchestra could execute. He can follow the stride of a triumphant theme and of its analogues from the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth, through Schubert's C Major to Brahms' First. He is able, in one afternoon, to follow the evolution of the string quartet from Haydn to Bartók.

Like the "imaginary museum," the "imaginary concert hall" in the modern living room makes possible new insights and pleasures. It has brought within range the rich, com-

plex music of the late Middle Ages and the baroque. It keeps alive to the ear ancient, eccentric, or radical music which the music industry cannot afford to present in the real concert hall or opera house. A good record library is a constant instructor in the meaning of musical tradition or rediscovery (why is it, one wonders, that one hears in a Gesualdo madrigal discords one will not hear again until the days of Schonberg?).

ALL THESE are manifest gains. But the pleasures of the imaginary concert are obtained at a price. Consider first the matter of setting. A Bach mass, a Mozart requiem, a Haydn oratorio were never intended for daily or casual listening. A major part of the meaning of such music lies in its propriety to certain rare and specific moments of high and solemn celebration. The Coronation



Mass of Mozart was performed once a year in imperial Austria, in the court chapel. The music drew its marvelous festivity from the long wait that preceded its rare performance. Today, we turn on a Bach Passion at any hour of the day. The phone rings or a caller knocks at the door. We attend to the interruption and then go back to listening. The fact that operas are performed in the evenings and that one gets dressed up to go to them is no trivial accident. The formality of the occasion is directly related to the formality and "unrealness" of the opera as an art form. The farewell of Lohengrin was not meant to be heard at nine in the morning to the clearing up of breakfast dishes. The same failure of appropriateness applies to chamber music. The solo partitas for violin or cello of Bach, *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, the late Beethoven quartets, or the Schubert Quintet in C major are realizations of immense

moment and complexity. Before the modern record and phonograph, the public performance of one of these works was a dramatic and long-maturing event. Today, it results from a mere flick of a button.

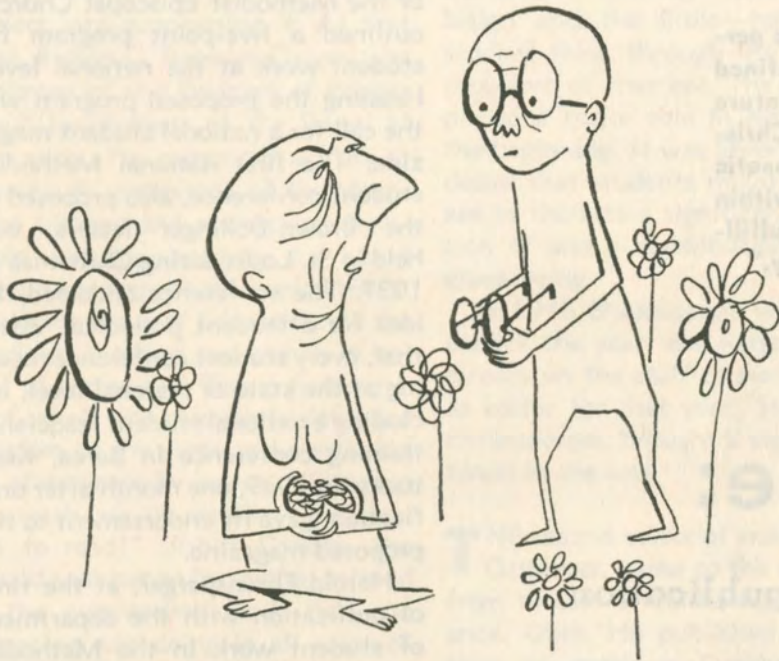
Certain dubious results of this new, infinite availability can already be seen. Increasingly, music is becoming *accompaniment*. It stands no longer in its own special right but as background to other activities (meals, conversation, reading, housework). Even the greatest and most difficult of music is acquiring a "Muzak element." The long-playing record and the FM station pipe it to our ear in a constant, effortless stream. On a recent fairly typical evening, one of the best FM stations in the East broadcast Brahms' Third Symphony, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, and a program of medieval music, all in a row. Naturally, one can get up and turn off the set. But very often one doesn't. As a result,

the different types of music flow into each other and each is subtly distorted.

Moreover, the kinds of music which profit most from such profusion are those which fall most easily into the role of background. This accounts in large measure for the vogue enjoyed at the moment by Scarlatti sonatas, Italian *concerti grossi* of the eighteenth century, and the works of Vivaldi. If one does not bother to look at it closely, this type of music seems to move along with an entrancing but slightly uniform energy. It fills a great deal of auditive space, yet does not compel the attention of the mind. Used in this manner, it becomes a patrician version of the café pianist striking his pleasant chords in the background. Now undoubtedly, certain modes of music (particularly in the baroque and rococo) were meant to be mere accompaniments to the graces of life. But the great majority of classic and romantic and modern music certainly was not.

The "imaginary concert hall" of FM and hi-fi not only depreciates musical coin by providing far too much to the inattentive ear; it makes our entire relationship to music increasingly passive. Not a century ago, a lady or a gentleman was commonly expected to play an instrument or to sing passably. Reading a simple vocal score at sight was deemed no special attainment. Part singing and chamber music were a classic feature of sociability. Today, many of those who would formerly have made music for themselves gather around the stereophonic components and have it made for them. More music is being heard than ever before, but less is being played by the community as a whole. Thus the very dissemination of music is tending to produce a special kind of illiteracy. It is the illiteracy of those who hear music but do not listen to it.

The long-playing record flourishes in the age of the tranquilizer pill. One wonders whether there is an ominous connection.



CAN'T AFFORD TRIVIALITIES.



Crane

After almost eight years of talking and planning, the first issue of *motive* magazine came off the press in February, 1941, just twenty years ago.

In that first issue, Harvey C. Brown, one of the persons instrumental in the birth of the magazine, defined its role to the campus by saying, "*motive*, a new venture in campus journalism, will seek to interpret the Christian faith, with its particular relevance to our chaotic religious climate—to students who are caught within the toils and frustrations, the triumphs and fulfillments of a rapidly changing reality we call society."

m o t i v e :

reflections on twenty years of publication

BY FINLEY EVERSOLE

WHATEVER one's estimates of the theological movements of the early forties and their corresponding cultural developments, it is doubtful that any voice but a liberal one would have spoken to college students. Then campus atheism, anti-institutional and -authoritarian feelings were still being voiced. In any case, *motive* attempted to speak to the college generation by finding expressions of Christian faith in the midst of student doubt and rebellion. (Beginning with the first issue, Robert Hamill wrote for several years a monthly feature called, "The Skeptics' Corner.")

And even though the primary concern of *motive* was not to be a "theological" journal, the first page of the first issue of *motive* contained a typically liberal statement of purpose and editorial policy which reads, in part, as follows: "This magazine is written for you who have faith, and also for you who doubt. If creeds and institutions have clouded rather than clarified your vision, then *motive* still may probe behind the face of things to

seek the broader, deeper meanings that are valuable in life. This magazine seeks truth no matter where the search may lead. It is not afraid of labels and symbols. It believes that in modern society, organization is necessary, but it also believes that directions and goals can be lost sight of in slavish loyalty to organization. It feels that the church as an institution has a chance today that it has never had before, that the success or failure of the church will depend largely on what its members are."

The plans for a Methodist Student Movement magazine, which were to eventuate in the publication of *motive*, were begun prior to Methodist unification in 1939. As a result of student petitioning, plans for a magazine were discussed as early as 1935 at a meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, of college presidents and representatives of the national boards and staffs of the three uniting Methodist churches. In the same year, letters exchanged between Harvey C. Brown, director of student work for the Methodist Episcopal Church,

South, and H. D. Bollinger, director of the department of student work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, outlined a five-point program for student work at the national level. Heading the proposed program was the call for a national student magazine. The first national Methodist student conference, also proposed in the Brown-Bollinger letters, was held in St. Louis during Christmas of 1937. The conference endorsed the idea for a student periodical. After that, every student conference meeting at the state or regional level, including a national student leadership training conference in Berea, Kentucky, in 1939, one month after unification, gave its endorsement to the proposed magazine.

Harold Ehrensperger, at the time of unification with the department of student work in the Methodist Episcopal Church, was given responsibility for drawing up a prospectus for the magazine. Plans for *motive* were begun without assurance of money for its publication. Information concerning the projected magazine was circulated to Methodist student groups across the country, and before the first issue appeared, a circulation of 5,000 copies had already been guaranteed by the students and their directors. The staff of the Division of Educational Institutions of the new Board of Education called for, and the Board approved, a \$4,000 subsidy for the publication of *motive*, and Harold Ehrensperger was elected to the editorship. Ehrensperger came to *motive* after having been on the staff of Northwestern University for seventeen years, having founded the Department of Plays and Pageants in the northern church, and having edited a magazine called *The Christian Student*.

BY the end of its first year, *motive* was facing extreme criticism from some quarters of the church. An article reporting the effects of war upon college dating which appeared in December of 1941, and an article on race relations in February, 1942, to which E. Stanley Jones was a contributor—these articles in par-

tical stirred up the critics. A group of laymen attacked the magazine and attempted to pressure church leaders into suppressing it. At that time, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam was chairman of the Division of Educational Institutions of the Board of Education. He suggested a plan of inquiry. A committee of six Methodist bishops and six college presidents was appointed by the board to hold hearings at the annual meeting of the Board of Education. At the hearings, the first spokesman in behalf of *motive* was Bishop Frances J. McConnell who eloquently defended freedom of the press and concluded his statements by saying, "Freedom of speech has its corollary: freedom not to read!" Bishop Oxnam, the second spokesman for *motive*, pointed to the outstanding work that the magazine was doing in all areas of student concern. Bishop U. V. W. Darlington of Kentucky then rose and called for a vote. There were no other speakers, and of some 140 board members who voted on the committee's report, the ratio was six to one to continue *motive*.

Harold Ehrensperger remained as editor of *motive* for almost ten years, through May of 1950. When he began his editorship, the war in Europe was already two years old. Inevitably, numerous articles dealt with the question of the nature of Democracy, Nazism, Fascism and Communism. Articles by the spokesmen for pacifism frequently appeared, but nonpacifists were also given a hearing. One student wrote, "Fundamentally my position as a pacifist rested upon the desire to maintain my idealism at any cost. . . . I now think that kind of idealism is invalid and unchristian . . . there emerges an either/or decision. If I believe that the democratic way of life is worth preserving and that it is threatened by hostile forces which would wipe it off the globe, I must be willing either to defend that way of life or, by my unwillingness to defend it, surrender my right to share in its benefits. . . ."

Another aspect of the magazine dealt with the liberal-conservative

and the science-religion controversies. Articles—for example, one on the Scopes "Monkey Trials" on evolution and the Bible—helped the student think through the religious problems of that era. The arts also played a major role in *motive* from the beginning. It was Ehrensperger's desire that students might come to see in the arts a significant expression of and a contribution to religious living.

In 1946, Ehrensperger went to India for one year, and Robert Steele, already on the staff of *motive*, acted as editor for that year. Steele, like Ehrensperger, brought a vigorous interest in the arts.

THE second editor of *motive*, Roger Ortmyer, came to the magazine from Mount Union College in Alliance, Ohio. He published his first issue of *motive* in October, 1950. Under his leadership, the magazine pushed out still further into the new frontiers in theology and the arts. Newer theological movements, often superficially labelled "neo-orthodox" and "existentialist," were allowed to speak in the pages of *motive*. Among the writers to be found in *motive* during Ortmyer's years were such men as Reinhold Niebuhr, H. Richard Niebuhr, Emil Brunner, Paul Tillich, Julian Hartt and Albert Outler. With Ortmyer as editor, *motive* dealt, often fearlessly, with the critical social, cultural and theo-

logical issues of the fifties. Looking back over his years as editor, he said, "*motive* has tried to be, in an age of slavish professionalism, an affront to the religious specialists, a joke to the journalists who believe that large circulation is the identification of successful editing and marketing, and a wailing wall to those who think of Christianity somewhat more in terms of Bethel than Madison Avenue."

The tradition set by Ehrensperger of expressing the Christian faith through the media of painting and sculpture, drama and poetry continued under Ortmyer. So powerful an alliance was achieved between these artistic forms and Christian interpretation that *motive* came to be regarded in many quarters as the foremost publication in this field, even surpassing in quality some of the better art journals in the nation. Creative persons in the visual arts and in drama criticism got their start through contributions to the pages of *motive* during their student days.

The charge that *motive* is "arty" has been a frequent one through the years. Never has *motive* been intended as—nor is it—an art magazine. In interpreting what the editors of *motive* have tried to do with the arts, Ortmyer once said, "Considering that the recovery of significant symbols is the great task of contemporary Protestantism it would seem that any publication that takes



religion seriously must listen to the artist. It is a sign of the religious irrelevance of our religion that *motive* is accused of being 'arty' when it asks the contemporary artist to hold conversations with its readers."

Two things may be said for *motive's* use of the arts. First, the most distinctive contribution which *motive* and the Methodist Student Movement have made to the contemporary Christian interpretation of culture is their work with the arts. By way of testimony, Episcopal Chaplain Malcolm Boyd, formerly a Hollywood producer and the first president of the Television Producers Association of Hollywood, says of *motive*, "It proclaims the gospel on the frontier areas of contemporary culture in an intriguing and powerful way, presenting avant-garde creative work which, unfortunately, most other Christian publications still will not touch with a ten-foot pole."

Second, because of its alliance with the arts, *motive* has been able to carry the Christian message not only to many of the most sensitive students of our day, but also to many others in our society who might not have been willing to hear the gospel apart from a serious grappling with the best expressions of contemporary culture. Copies of *motive* may be found in student religious foundations, fraternity and sorority houses on the college campus, but also in art museums, galleries, and wherever artists gather. *motive* art was the occasion for a letter a few months ago from Polly Bergen, and only last year Nelson Rockefeller purchased a painting by Joachim Probst after seeing a reprint of it in *motive*.

Roger Ortmyer remained as editor until the spring of 1958. Jameson Jones, the present editor, put out his first issue in October of that year. Jones began his editorship by outlining a three-point program which he hoped to follow. First, he hoped to maintain the high level and quality of the magazine. Second, he hoped to broaden the content to include a wider range of subject matter and greater variety in points of view.

Third, he would try to appeal to a larger undergraduate student constituency.

It would be difficult, indeed, to assess the total results of twenty years of *motive* publication. In terms of subject matter, the articles which have appeared in the magazine have covered so great a range of subjects as to evoke from some critics the charge that *motive* is a hodgepodge. At a deeper level, this aspect of *motive* must be seen as an attempt to relate the Christian faith to the whole of contemporary culture and to every area of thought and life which may be of concern to students. The most valid criticism here is that *motive* has, of course, failed to attain this objective. There has been far too little, especially in more recent years, by way of socio-political, psychological and technological analysis in relation to Christian responsibility and student concern. As I write this article, I have just heard Dr. James Gustafson of Yale Divinity School praise *motive* as one of the signs of real health in contemporary American Protestantism, but he went on to say that in its excessive emphasis upon an artistic-aesthetic evaluation of the crisis of our culture, *motive* has failed adequately to relate itself and the Christian faith to life's activity.

THROUGH the years, *motive* has succeeded in attracting, because of the freedom which it gives to its writers, many of the best writers, thinkers, artists and students of our time. A random selection of the most eminent men who have contributed to the magazine in its twenty years would include such persons as Brooks Atkinson, Gordon Allport, John C. Bennett, Eric Bentley, Norman Cousins, John Foster Dulles, Albert Einstein, William Faulkner, Aldous Huxley, Archibald MacLeish, Robert A. Millikan, John R. Mott, Reinhold Niebuhr, W. A. Visser 't Hooft, Eleanor Roosevelt, Thornton Wilder, Frank Lloyd Wright and Gordon Bailey Washburn.

Student writing has appeared in *motive* since its beginning, though

the attempt has always been made to select only that writing by students which is in keeping with the nature and quality of the magazine. Among the students who have written for *motive* in their student days and have gone on in recent years to considerable achievement in the church and society are such persons as Franklin Littell, Roger Shinn, Barbara Britton, Warren Steinkraus, Glenn Olds and John Deschner.

Having begun with a circulation of 5,000, *motive* has grown in twenty years to a circulation of 26,000, comparing favorably with other religious periodicals such as *The Christian Century* (which tops the list of serious Christian publications with a circulation of 36,000). *motive* has reached beyond the walls of The Methodist Church; at least one fifth of its circulation today goes to non-Methodists, many of whom are members of other denominations. At various times in the past two decades, other denominational and interdenominational student Christian groups have opened discussions with the hope that *motive* might become, officially, a more-than-Methodist student publication.

No honest evaluation of *motive* could fail to take cognizance of the fact that not every student has responded favorably to *motive*. And many have violently disagreed with its positions, have disliked certain articles or artists, or have charged it with being too intellectual or not being sufficiently scholarly. Whatever the criticisms, there has been a measure of truth in most of them. But in any case, throughout its twenty years, *motive's* main purpose has been to get students to think for themselves, to grapple with a diversity of viewpoints, and to face up to the most significant social and cultural developments of the time. Therefore, *motive* has always concerned itself primarily with ideas, issues, and opinions. This fact, among others, accounts for the degree of success which *motive* has had in challenging students to think through for *themselves* the great issues of our culture and the Christian faith.

MERLIN DAILEY: GRAPHICS

BY MARGARET RIGG

BOOTH a simple directness and a complex lushness are found in Merlin Dailey's graphics. For the trained eye there is immediate admiration for his control and understanding of his medium. Mr. Dailey has a sure hand and a feeling for a tough and resistant medium. He works large quite often on yard-long blocks of wood and big plates of metal. Technically, he knows what he's doing and that is an important prerequisite.

After years of basic learning, an artist begins to be free to break the rules in order to express himself. Mr. Dailey is exploring this freedom. His plates and blocks show both his sureness *and* exuberance. He is able to avoid "making art" and to concentrate on celebration of life. In this respect his work is highly religious.

Nature forms have great significance for him, and when he turns to this subject matter he becomes at once the **celebrant**—a participant deeply involved in living.

In **Rock Images** and **Landscape** (pages 18-19) life is celebrated where it exists, in the tangle and thrusts of the earth (and in **Nocturn**, page 20). But the sense of celebration is best realized in the large **Landscape** (pages 22-23). Here the woodblock is made to sing and burst into life.

For the artist (who has not been weighed down with Puritan dogma) nature is a vigorous symbol to be explored, restated, expressed in all its varieties of appearance, and as that which is *given*, it is to be celebrated.

Even when Mr. Dailey turns to the human form (subject matter we are more used to associating with "religion") he remains powerful and only slightly leans toward storytelling. **The First Two** marvelously merges the two figures with the tree, and lets it go at that. No faces are defined. **Man Alone** is detailed but still holds the sense of mystery. And this is true too of **Dark Angel**, **Bird Searching** and **The Florentine**. The **Expulsion From the Temple** does not make use of mystery in the same sense but catches the movement and urgency of the theme.

Mr. Dailey's energy and personal activity in art are matched by his interest and concern for teaching art in a part of the United States which has been cut off from the centers of art in this country.

Mr. Dailey was born in 1931 in El Dorado, Kansas. After his Navy term he worked as a draftsman and took night classes at the Kansas City Art Institute. In 1958 he graduated with a B.F.A. He went on to get his M.F.A. at the University of Indiana. He has studied graphic arts under Eugene Jemison and Rudy Pozzatti, painting under Leon Golub and James McCarrell, and

photography with Henry Smith. Now he is assistant professor of graphic arts at Memphis State University. Merlin Dailey has quite a bit of praise for the department of art at Memphis State: "Facing up to the fact that art in the South has been virtually nonexistent when compared to what is being done on the East and West coasts and in the Midwest, I feel that now is the time to give it a shot in the arm. Our B.F.A. degree program is two years old and we hope will offer a Master's program in the near future. I am teaching woodcut and lithography, etching, engraving and papercut as well. We have one of the best-equipped graphic studios in the entire South. My new large etching press is equal to anything in the country—so things down South are beginning to move ahead."

When I asked Mr. Dailey about his own work he backed off a bit and seemed uncomfortable with word forms. "You ask for a difficult thing when you inquire about my philosophy of art. If I had one, I would have to define it in terms of emotional climaxes with the images I create. I feel that art and the act of living are inseparable. All apparently diverse things are alike in some ways. It is this affinity of natural things, one for another, that makes living a religious experience for me.

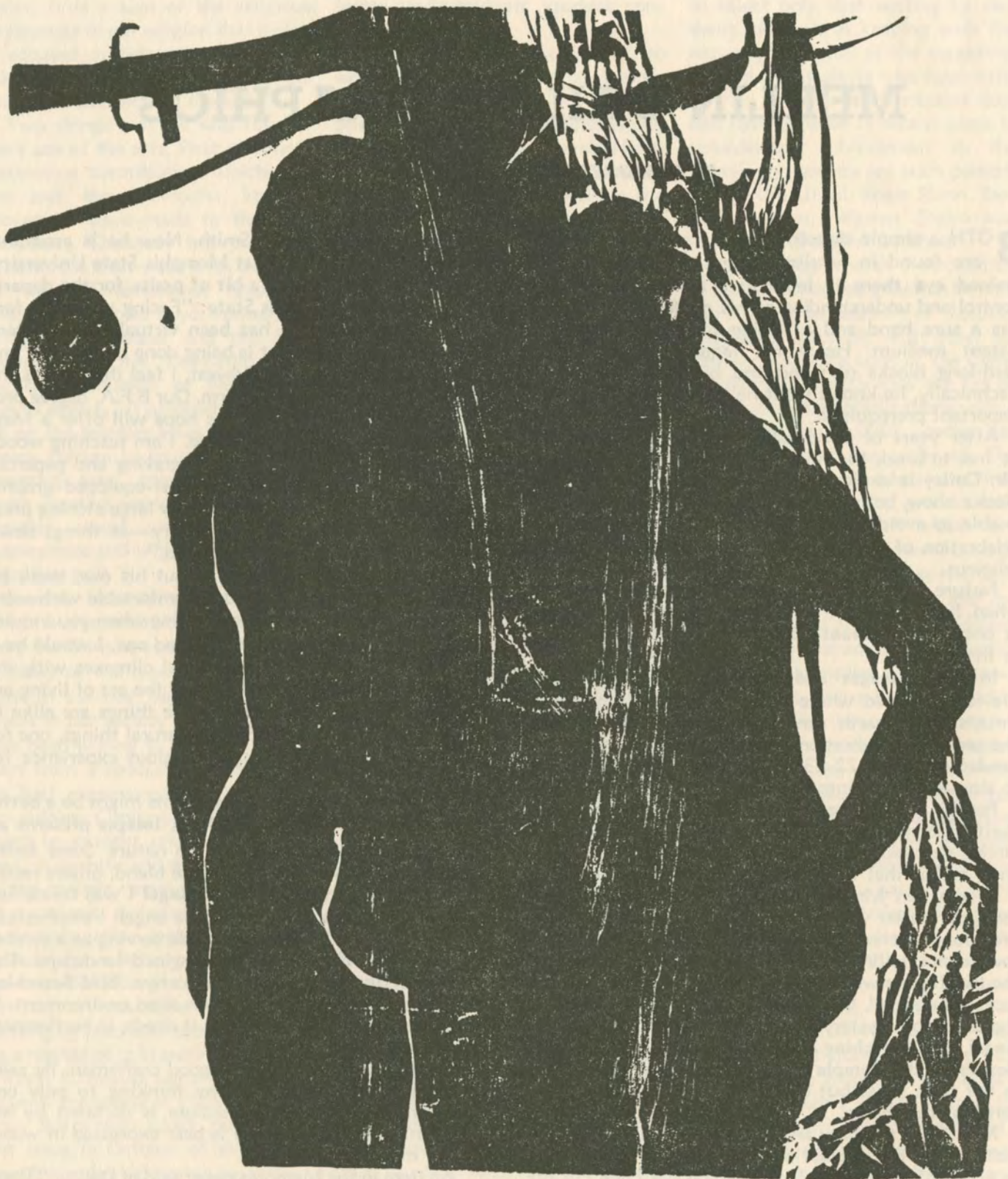
"A brief discussion of a few prints might be a better indication of my intentions. **Rock Images** presents an idea of the struggle of motion in nature. Some forms are isolated, others are free; some blend, others resist.

"In the large woodcut **Dark Angel** I was concerned with the ominous presence of the angel. I emphasized voids of space with the dark circle serving as a symbol of the angel. **Nocturn** is an imagined landscape. The silence of the forms is contemplative. **Bird Searching** is a portrayal of a creature in an alien environment. It gropes, searching for whatever it needs, in restlessness and nervous energy."

And finally, speaking as a good craftsman, he said, "I do not usually confine my thinking to only one medium at a time. The medium is dictated by my 'thought image.' If an idea is best expressed in wood, then I make a woodcut."

An item in the Memphis paper said of Dailey, "There is pathos, and a longing hunger to see man rise from the mire of his mind. . . . Dailey shows the desperate grasping for something beyond the doctrinaire man."

That may be, but for my money, Merlin Dailey shows not only an awareness of the evil life holds, the fragmentation of existence and often its struggle and meaninglessness, but he also boldly and grandly affirms life, praises the meaning found, and celebrates.



THE FIRST TWO (ONE-COLOR WOODBLOCK PRINT)

1960



MERLIN DAILEY INKS A METAL PLATE (LEFT) IN PREPARATION FOR PRINTING (RIGHT) ON THE LARGE HAND-OPERATED PRESS. MR. DAILEY'S STUDENTS LOOK ON.



MAN ALONE (ONE-COLOR ETCHING)

February 1961

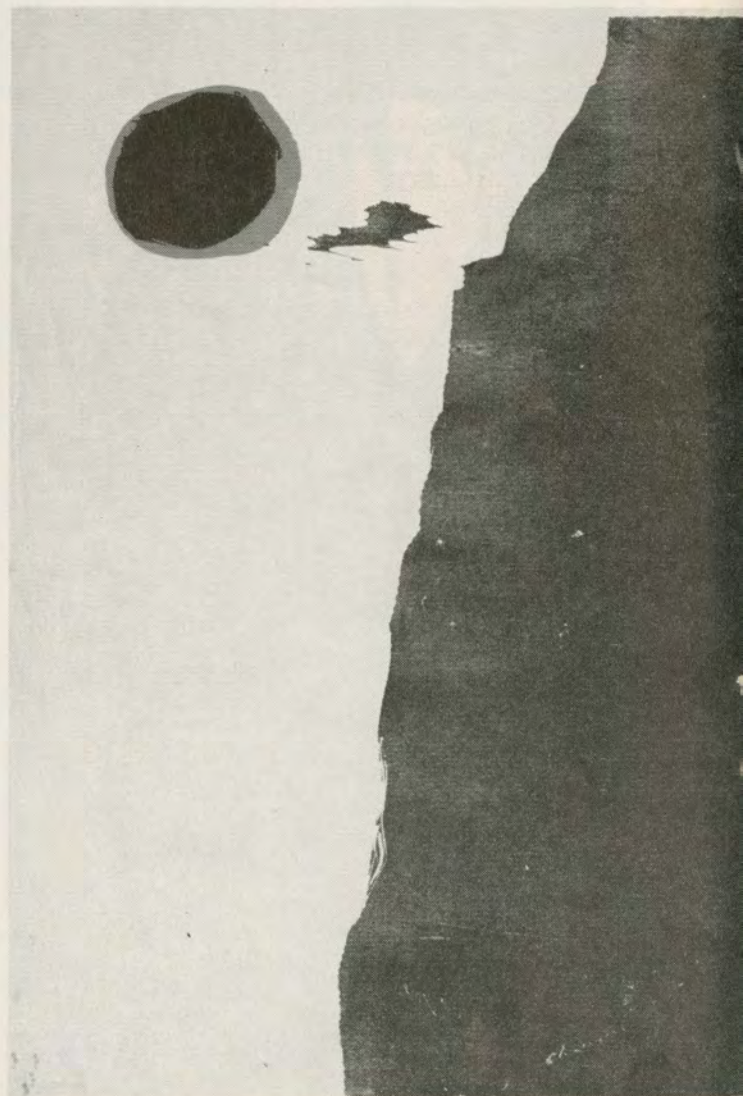
1959

17



ROCK IMAGES (THREE-COLOR WOODBLOCK PRINT)

1960



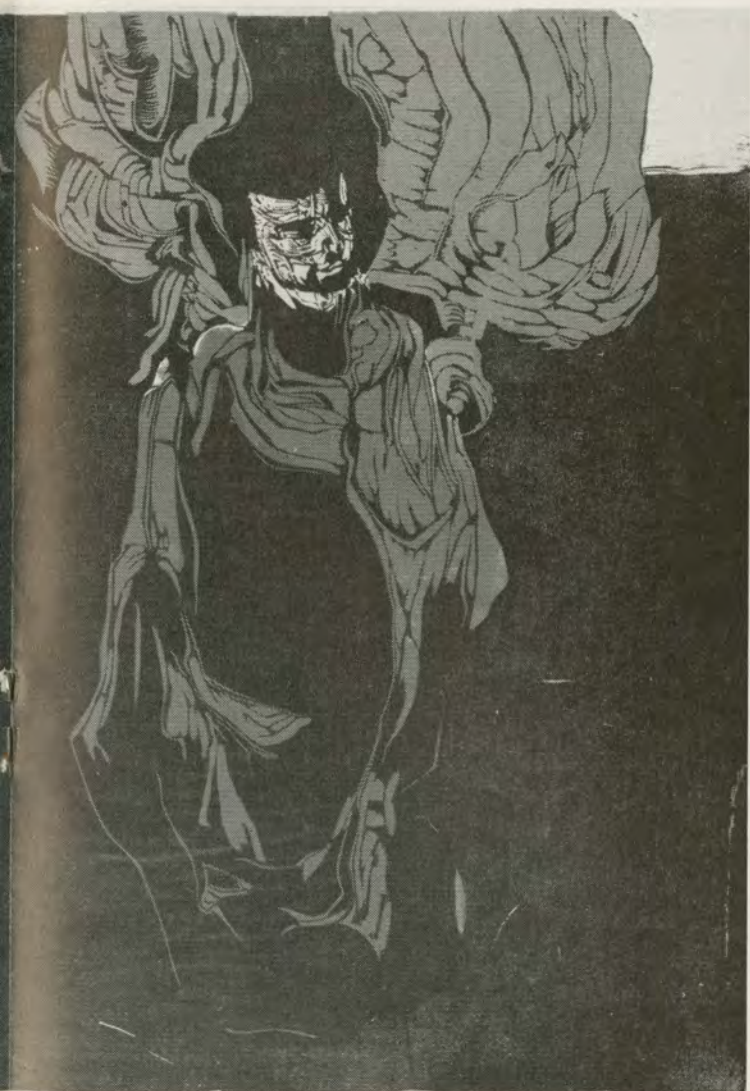
DARK ANGEL (THREE-COLOR WOODBLOCK PRINT)

motive



LANDSCAPE (THREE-COLOR WOODBLOCK PRINT)

1959



1959

February 1961



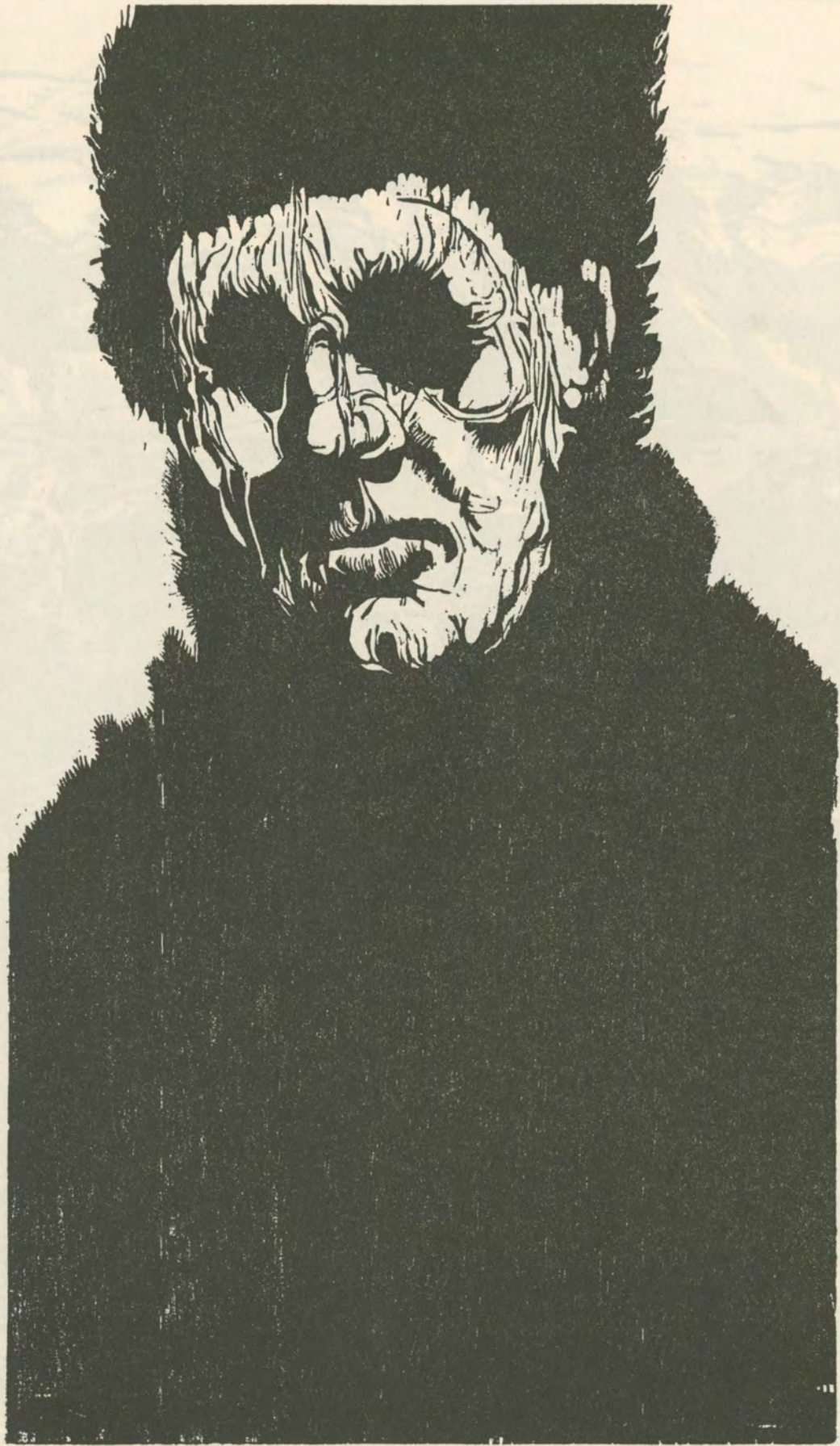
BIRD SEARCHING (TWO-COLOR WOODBLOCK PRINT)

1958

NOCTURN (THREE-COLOR INTAGLIO ETCHING)

1960





THE FLORENTINE (ONE-COLOR WOODBLOCK PRINT)

1959



LANDSCAPE (ONE-COLOR WOODBLOCK PRINT)

1960



MERLIN DAILEY

LET LOVE BE GENUINE

message to the churches for
race relations sunday
february 12, 1961, from the
national council of churches

*Let love be genuine; hate what is evil,
hold fast to what is good; love one
another with brotherly affection; outdo
one another in showing honor.*

Romans 12:9

(Revised Standard Version)

The Apostle said, "Let love be genuine." Indeed so! If love be not genuine, it is nothing. To be genuine is to be pure, true, authentic. Thus Paul is saying, "Let love be itself; let there be in it no pretense . . . nothing alien to what it is; let love be love."

But how can we tell whether our love is genuine? From the several tests of love's authenticity let us select two.

Christian love is tested first by its approach to three kinds of people: the loveless, the lovelorn, and the unlovable. Most of our loving flows toward another kind of people: those who love us, those who are idolized by the world, and those who through ties of kinship and kind draw us to them. When our love is no more than this, it never knows whether it is true love or not. "If you love those who love you," said the Master, "what reward have you?" If you love those to whom the whole world flocks in adulation, what do you more than others? If you love only those in whose lives you live, do you not love them for the sake of yourself?

The love of God was demonstrated by Jesus. He loved the loveless—the

callous soldiers who put him to death, the Samaritans who rejected him, the disciple who betrayed him, the men who coldly plotted his death. Such love is authentic. This is required of us. He loved the lovelorn—the tax collector, the woman taken in adultery, "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," the stranger and the alien. In loving the social outcasts he revealed that he loved all people. This must be true of us. He loved the unlovable—those whose repulsive filth and disease, dementia and wickedness offended every aesthetic taste. This proved the genuineness of his love. This must be true of us. Christian love stands or falls by its response to the loveless, the lovelorn, and the unlovable.

Second, the genuineness of Christian love is tested by its response to three elemental human needs which are not diminished by race or culture; age or sex; intelligence or wealth; they are invariable. How does love respond to these primary yearnings of all human life?

The Bantu, the Chinese, and the Cuban speak for all men when they cry, "Give me the opportunity to have!" Millions of people hunger for a fuller share of the good things of life. Every man has the right to have what is his as a man: food, shelter, clothing, work, health, play, beauty, knowledge. God has given him the right to these things and true love takes the form of justice as it confronts every man's plea for what is

his as a man. This is a test of love: does it respond in justice to the need and the right of all men to have what is theirs as men?

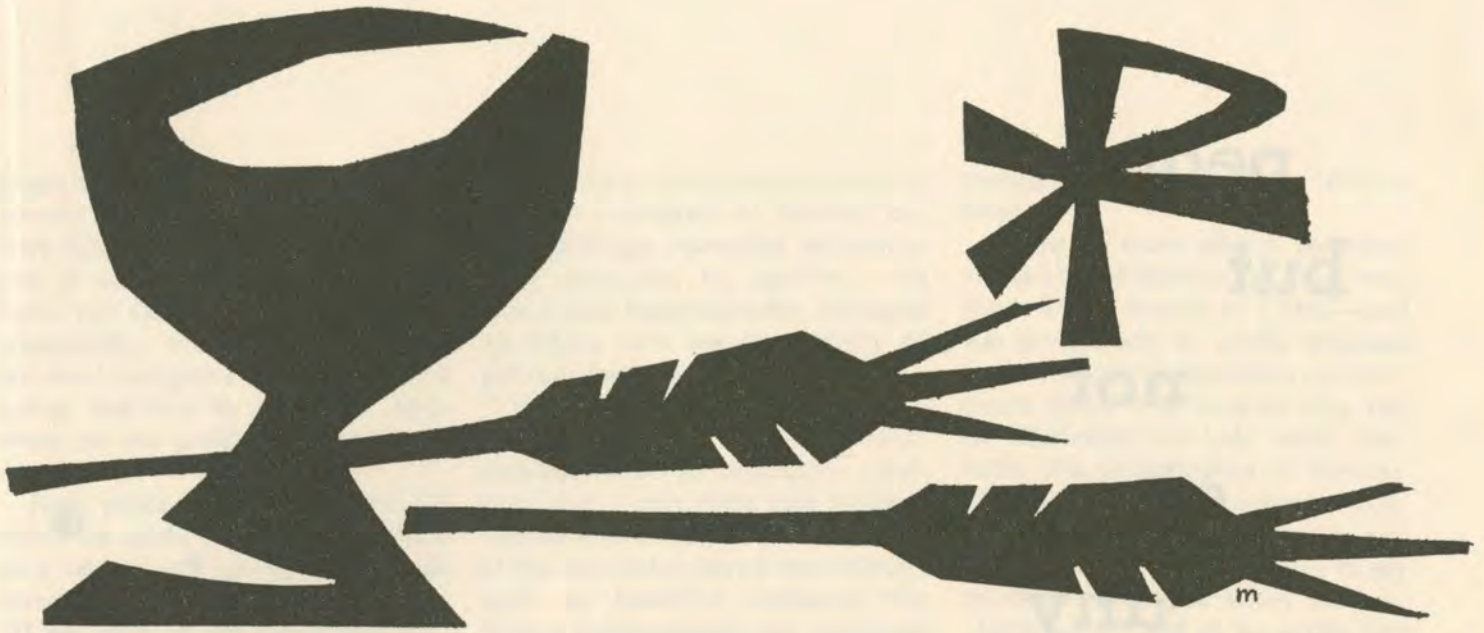
The untouchables of India, refugees in many parts of the world, the migrants of America wandering from farm to farm, represent all men when they say, "I want in!" True love wills to grant every man his place in man's estate; it honors his part in all realms of commonwealth and church. Every man struggles for dignity—for status and recognition, for a fuller meaning for both life and work. But in doing so love does not leave him alone. Love is communion; it is one soul penetrating and identifying itself with another soul. It says in justice, "I am my brother's neighbor"; but this is not enough. It says in kinship, "I am my brother's brother"; but this is not the end. It must say in the communion of God's love, "My brother and I are one." This is a test of love: does it respond in communion with men who need to belong?

People in every walk of life—the business executive, persons who labor in office, factory or field, as well as those of every race or color—speak for man in their expressed or muted yearning, "Let me be myself!" Every man, with God's promise in the pocket of his heart, has the right to be what he is as God's man and to fulfill what God expects of him. Genuine love sees this man. It breaks down the middle wall of partition and looks upon every man as infinitely sacred. What he is and what he can be no man must desecrate. This is a test of love: does it respond in reverence to every man's right to be?

"Let love be genuine!" Indeed so! Let our society, our institutions as well as persons be tested by the genuineness of love. This is the basis of justice in human relationships. When love is genuine, race or cultural background, age or sex, intelligence or wealth will not be a basis for separation. So let YOUR love be genuine!

—KYLE HASELDEN

motive



prince of peace

BY ROBERT E. GOLDBURG

HE was a meek man; there was no arrogance in him and he disliked calling attention to himself. When he spoke, he spoke softly—and he believed with a sure conviction that he spoke the will of his Father in heaven. He really only had one theme—but people misunderstood him. For in a violent age the theme of peace if repeated enough makes a man suspect. Peace is fine in its place—but it's not much compared with patriotism and loyalty to the State. A man who says things like "turn the other cheek" and does so himself disturbs his fellow man. A man who believes we should love our enemies is asking too much of any generation. Such a man is dangerous. The State can tolerate people of this kind—only when it feels secure—but the State must look to its security and a man like this must be made a lesson—lest others learn his ways. Not only this—he gathered together like-minded people. He never asked who they were—what they believed—where they came from. He just said to them: "Come—and let us talk peace." And from time to time they retreated from the city and met together.

And it came to pass that all these things were brought to the ear of the

State and the great authorities—and they commanded the teacher of peace to come before them. Then they questioned him but finding no malice in the man and no basis to judge him guilty of any crime, nor harboring any evil intent, they bethought themselves. Yet this man was a danger and an example must be made. So they devised a way to entrap him. They said to the teacher—give us the names of your disciples—of those who come to hear you speak and those who talk peace with you. We have reason to believe that they are guilty of treason and are a danger to our State's majesty. But the gentle teacher said: "This I cannot do—for how can I turn over to you the names of those who came to me in trust and confidence—knowing that they would be brought before you and harassed and made afraid?" Then they tried to persuade him—and offered him reward if he would say "Yea" and threatened him with punishment if he should say "Nay." But he said: "My conscience which is from God prevents me from doing such a thing as this"—and although the punishment frightened him—for he was a meek man—he said: "I believe with a perfect faith that as God is my witness—you

are committing an injustice—but I ask his forgiveness upon you."

There were a few who lifted up their voices—and some went quietly to the place where he was sentenced. They stood on the outside in silent prayer. Then the deed was done—sentence was pronounced—all in accordance with the law and all its formalities—and they led the teacher away.

All these things that I have related happened not in Judea of long ago—but on Monday, December 14th, 1959, in the State of New Hampshire in the United States of America since the Christian era.

The teacher, Dr. Willard Uphaus, was taken to the common jail for a year of his life. He is seventy years old. For the crime of not turning over the names of the guests of the World Peace Fellowship in Conway, New Hampshire—the State exacted the penalty. All those who sentenced him did, within a few days, attend their churches and celebrate with proper pomp and ceremony, the birthday of their Savior—whom they call Jesus Christ—the Prince of Peace. At least he is beyond their reach. He is dead and threatens them not. They can sing hymns in his name, but woe to those in any generation that walk in his paths.

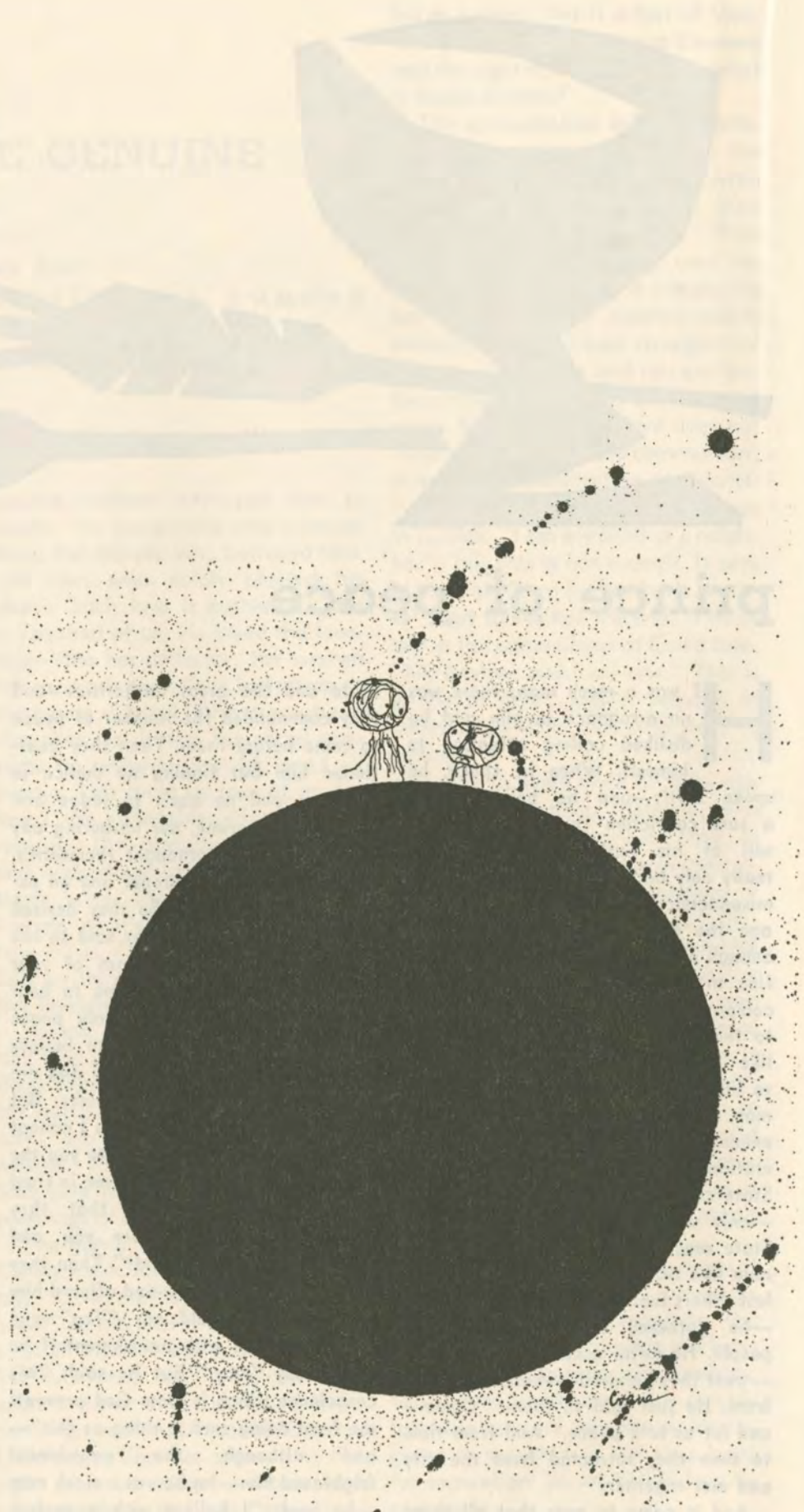
peace
but
not
at
any
price

BY WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER

EVERYONE concedes the truth of this statement, "Wars will cease when men refuse to fight," but for centuries they have added: "But our enemies must be the first to lay down their arms." In fact, nations have even *built up* their armed forces in the hope of intimidating their enemies and getting them to back down. When two nations face each other, each clinging to such a hope, we get an arms race that finally leads to war. This has happened so many times in history that some people become pessimistic about the prospects for peace. This rivalry, they say, is inevitable; there always have been wars and there always will be wars.

If this conclusion is true, there is no hope: the nuclear arms race must end in a nuclear war.

But there are alternatives. We must break out of the cycle of arms race and war. It is always easiest to blame the other fellow for what is wrong, whether or not he deserves the blame. This attitude is what



YOU HAD AS BIG A STAKE IN TESTING AS I DID.

keeps a quarrel going and pushes it toward a fight. There is no denying that Russia is to blame for a great deal of our present-day world problems. But we have our share of responsibility, too. Most important, we must recognize that we are in a better position to solve our own share of the problem than anyone else's share.

Real peace begins at home. It won't be given to us by diplomats as a reward for having the biggest arsenal of missiles or for spending 10 per cent of our Gross National Product on armaments while hundreds of millions throughout the world are starving. We need to mobilize our resources actively to *make* peace.

peace—but not at “any price”

Military men have long insisted that we must make sacrifices in order to have peace. The result is high taxes, security restrictions, the growth of military influences in many areas of life—such as peacetime conscription, compulsory ROTC and the dependence of many industries on highly profitable defense contracts. Is that price worth paying when it buys increasing tension, conformity and no real hope of peace?

The same military men also insist that one price we must *not* pay for peace is “letting our guard down.” Our big arms stockpile is supposed to defend us against attack or deter the enemy from attacking. But everyone knows that there is no effective defense against nuclear missiles, only the possibility of retaliation after the damage has already been done. And in spite of the policy of “deterrence and military defense.” But it would not mean surrender; it would not mean “appeasement.” While actively working to undercut international conflict by relieving the poverty and fear that it thrives on, a policy of

peacemaking would map out and implement a program of national defense through *nonviolent* resistance. Long advocated by pacifists, this idea is now being seriously discussed by others who see the futility of military methods.

It has often been argued that a policy of national defense by nonviolence would be impossibly idealistic, that it asks more than ordinary human nature is capable of. Instances of the successful use of nonviolence, such as Gandhi's campaign for India's independence, are explained as resulting from special circumstances—the Hindu inclination to meekness, combined with the British tradition of civilized fair play. But the fact is that the Indians and the British are generally no better and no worse than other people. In earlier times, both showed their capacity for brutality, as in the Sepoy Mutiny or in the Amritsar Massacre. If Gandhi had led a new mutiny, it is very likely that the British would have stopped at nothing to crush it.

What Gandhi did was to take a leaf from the New Testament—that volume of “impossible ideals”—and put into practice the faith in God as love that the life and teachings of Jesus revealed. Few Westerners apparently are aware that the New Testament was among the handful of books Gandhi kept in his ashram, and that the only picture on his wall was a picture of Jesus of Nazareth.

Gandhi never joined the church. He was never a Christian in the accepted sense of the word. Yet many of us would agree that Gandhi acted more like a Christian than many of us who are baptized and who go to church regularly. What is God's purpose in setting before us such a man? Perhaps Gandhi's life and work reveal their meaning in this question for us: Here was a man who did not profess faith in Jesus Christ, but in whom Jesus Christ must have acted—will he not do at least as much

through those who profess faith in him?

There are many church members in the United States—far more than there are in Russia or China—and our government is kindly disposed to religion, while communist governments make it as hard as they can for Christians to hold onto their faith. The perseverance of Russian, Chinese and other Christians in communist countries is a glorious and inspiring story. What have we to say to those Christians when we say, “Lord, Lord,” and go on acting like crass materialists, putting our real faith in armaments?

resolutions and commitment

Christian faith—and nonviolence likewise—begins with two persons: you and God. In this faith, “belief” does not stop with an opinion about life; it involves a commitment to live in a certain way. The Christian church is the corporate body of such believers. It can issue top-level resolutions, but they are only paper pronouncements unless individual Christians at all levels are moved to act according to such resolutions. Yet unanimity of practice is not required before there can be leadership. Who would argue that every last member of a church must give up drinking before the church as a body was entitled to go on record against drinking? So too with peace and nonviolence. In the years between the two world wars, a number of national church bodies passed resolutions that were called “pacifist,” but the believers themselves did little if anything to **implement** such resolutions. They were mere paper pronouncements. Today the stakes are even higher, far too high for such antics. We need resolutions that will put the churches clearly on record for peace and nonviolence, and we need committed leadership to make such a policy normative for the church. Some of us, recalling the

peace resolutions of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties with chagrin, wince at the thought of repeating the same blunder.

But the mistake was not in passing the resolutions; it was in failing to implement them. The same kind of criticism could be made of church resolutions on race relations, and it deserves the same kind of answer: keep the aim clear and constantly press on to its full attainment! If the pace of attainment is slow, that is no reason to abandon the goal, but to get up a full head of steam.

And that is what, as Christians, we can do in relation to peace: set our standards as high as the gospel, proclaim them as loudly as the gospel, and bend every effort to be true to them in our personal life and in our social and political action.

As servants of Christ's kingdom, so as citizens of the United States: we owe our first allegiance always to God, and this must inevitably condition our other loyalties. As citizens, we may and should seek a

policy of peacemaking and nonviolent defense—but these, unlike policies of conventional diplomacy and military defense, cannot exist on a basis of mere approval by the citizen. It is possible to vote for guns and then forget about national defense until it is time to vote again, unless we are of draft age. But a national policy of peacemaking would ask something of every one of us, since in the event of an enemy attack we would all be called upon to resist by nonviolent means.

democracy and nonviolence

Throughout history, militarism has meant that a certain group within society has had a virtual monopoly of weapons. Armies have always tended to be identified with an elite group which held political power. Under despotism, the army was the despot's own property; under democracy it is at the disposal of the elected representatives of the people—not at the disposal of the people themselves. The democratic ideal of the "citizen army,"

with every citizen equally armed and equipped, has been sidetracked by the onward march of military technology.

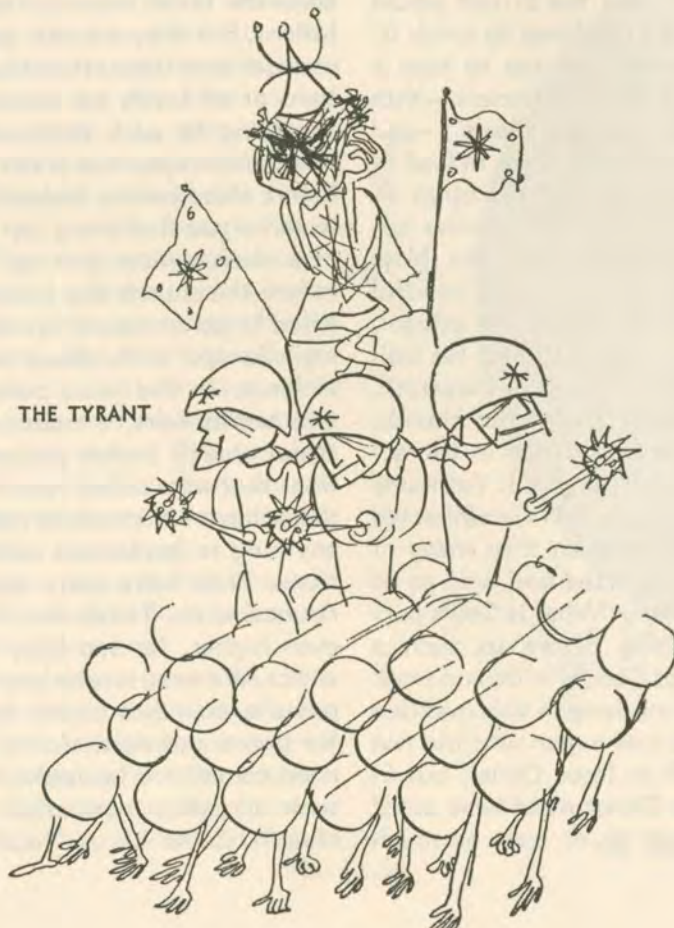
The idea of nonviolent defense represents a breakthrough for democracy in this respect, with every citizen equally disarmed and no elite group wielding arms in his behalf, but each person, to the level of his abilities, shouldering an equal part of the defense of his country.

Admittedly, there is a utopian note here that may raise the skeptic's eyebrow. But it was on just such a basis that the schoolteachers and clergymen of Norway conducted nonviolent resistance against the Nazis during World War II. And despite the privations they endured, many were later to testify to the "fruits of the spirit" that abounded when they stood together in this way. How many Christians felt their faith more real and vital in that time!

Of course, invasion is by no means an inevitable consequence of disarmament. It is only an eventuality that must be considered, and steps taken to prepare for it. Much more real is the poverty and squalor that breed war. We are a wealthy country. Could we continue to hoard our wealth, safe from the envious eyes of the world's poor, if we disarmed?

Compared with other nations, we have been generous in our aid to the world's needy. But compared with what we could do if we tried, we have been stingy; our aid to the world is not the aid of a more fortunate brother to a less fortunate brother. It is not a brotherly aid at all, but like the dime a rich man gives to a homeless beggar as he lights up a 50 cent cigar. It is "charity" in the debased sense of the word, not in its original Christian connotation of "caring."

"Charity" derives from the Latin word *caritas*. In the Latin version of the New Testament, *caritas* was used where the Greek original said *agape*, which means love in its highest sense—the sacrificial, redemptive love that is of the very essence of God. We are a long way from the



love by which Jesus conquered sin and death when we content ourselves with mere handouts. Even if the average American—not to mention the well-to-do—were to sacrifice half of his income and give it to the world's needs, the remainder would be much more than the average income of people in countries like India, Algeria or even Brazil. One half of the taxes that Americans pay or the amounts Americans spend on candy, cigarettes and liquor—any of these sums alone would tip the scales from acute hunger to moderate comfort for millions in the underdeveloped countries of the world. It is not a question of our choosing between our normal abundance and monastic asceticism. Even without "going the second mile"—if we only took a few steps out of our way—we could solve the most acute of the world's economic problems.

As Christians we are called to do much more than that, but we do not even do as much as we can afford to do as Americans. How many Christian businessmen have expressed their thankfulness for their freedom to possess wealth by exercising a genuine stewardship of their bounty, giving **as much as they can**, rather than whatever amount is tax-deductible, to works of Christian love in the world? "Feed my sheep," Jesus said. Surely he was not thinking of occasional crumbs or the leftovers from the rich man's banquet. This point is aimed particularly at those who, on "Christian" grounds, scream painfully whenever the federal government spends a pittance toward doing what the rich have left undone. In proportion to their means, they bear a heavy share of responsibility for the debasement of charity from its original divine connotation. But the responsibility rests upon all of us.

some tangible suggestions

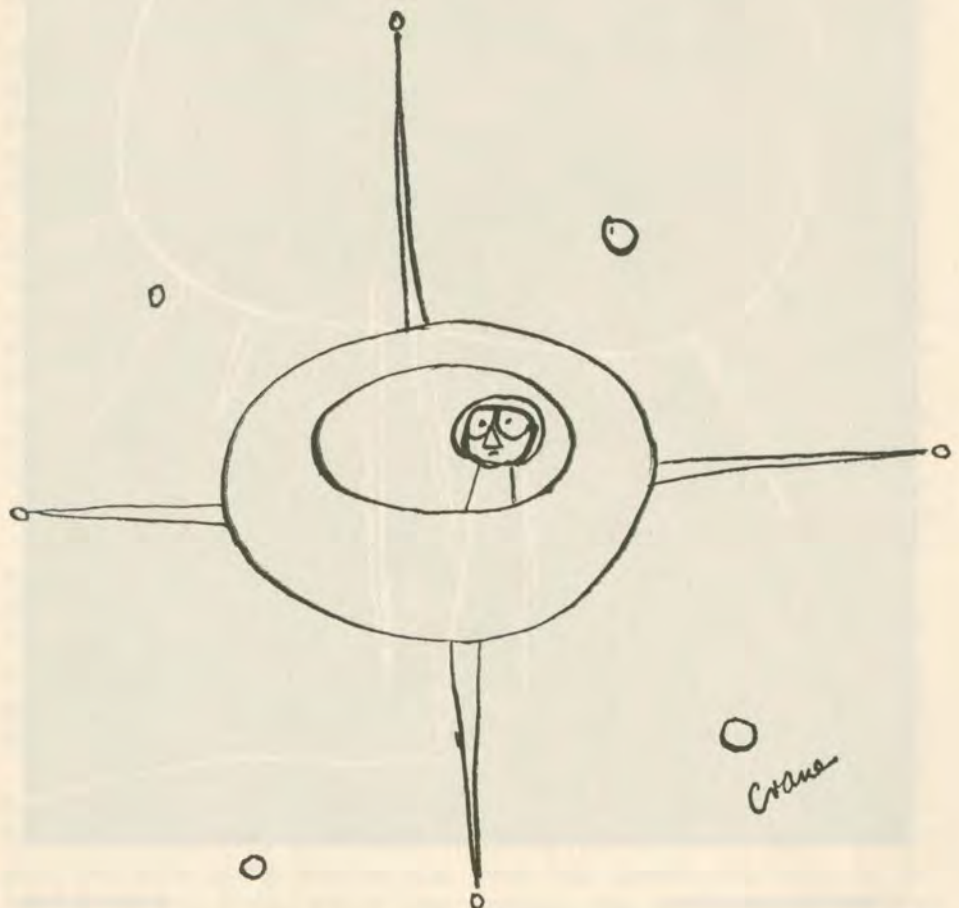
Some of the lines of action that are open can at least be sketched. You may want to get in touch with such organizations as the Committee for World Development and

World Disarmament or the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Such groups as Church World Service are doing their best, with woefully inadequate resources, to ease the plight of refugees. Ecumenical Voluntary Service, as well as various denominational counterparts, operate work camps in which young Christians can get their concerns out of the abstract and into real sweat-producing peacemaking, and two other such work camp movements also deserve mention: Eirene and the International Voluntary Service. Closely related to these are such "retreat and renewal" centers as Kirkridge and Pendle Hill. Christians should abandon the notion that peacemaking is a special function of Quakers, Mennonites or Brethren; it is a task for every Christian. The so-called "peace churches" should not be thought of as a refuge for those who want to be pacifists, but rather as a challenge to the other denominations and a portent of what the latter might become, each in its own style.

Finally, those who want to study

nonviolence might begin with these three books: *Stride Toward Freedom* by Martin Luther King; *Defense in the Nuclear Age* by Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall; and *The Power of Nonviolence* by Richard B. Gregg. A list of five hundred books of related interest is obtainable for 25 cents from the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, N. Y.

In summary, let us face the fact that neither individually nor corporatively are we either "good Christians" or "good Americans." We are unprofitable servants of our Lord who go through the motions of worship as we go through the motions of citizenship and consider starving people throughout the world as something to attend to in our spare time or with our spare change. We have got to face our Savior and our brother with humility and repentance, and roll up our sleeves and go to work—not to fatten our store of worldly goods but to dispense them to a world in need, without wasting another cent on weapons.

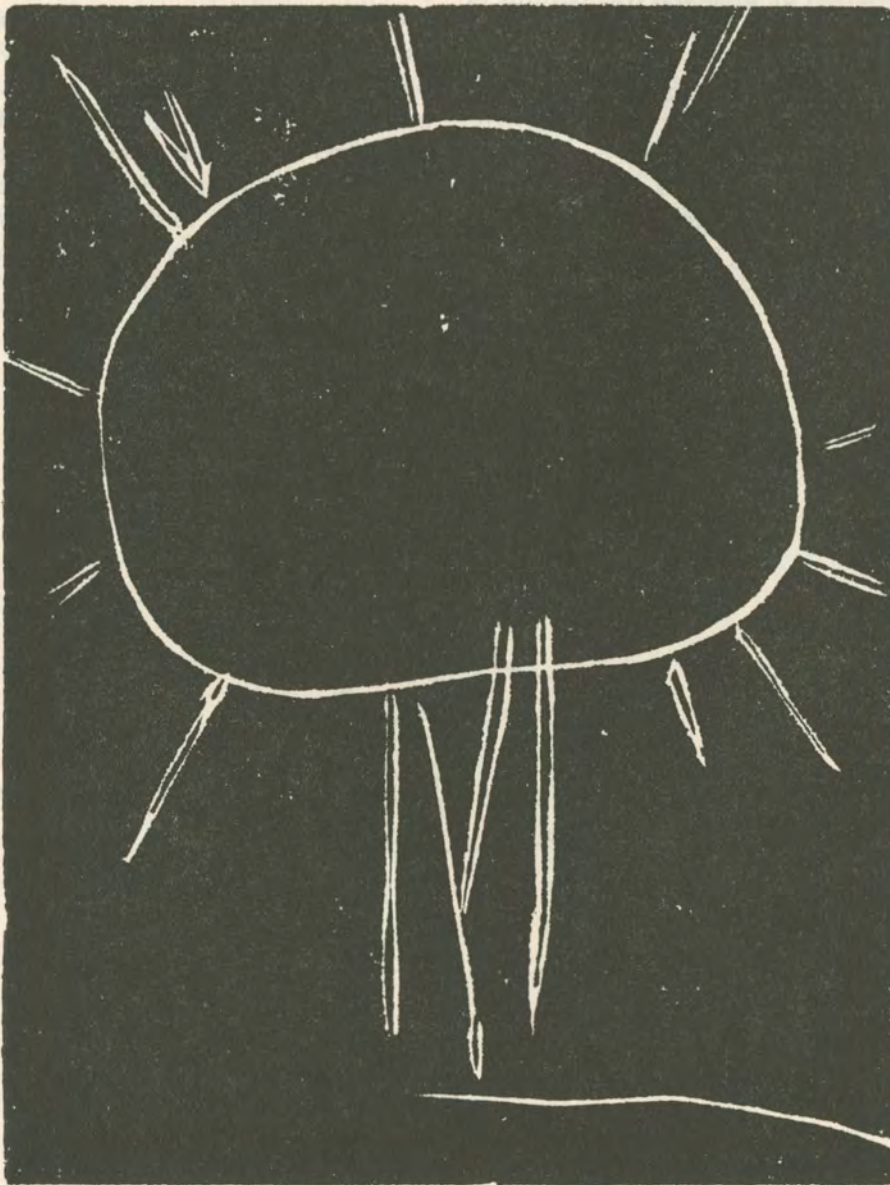


the one whose home is in the sun

BY FRANK JOHNSON

ONCE upon any time there lived a people who wore blindfolds. They had two perfectly good eyes; but, of course, they did not know it. As far as they could remember, they had always worn blindfolds. There were some ancient legends that suggested that once they had been without them, but that was before they moved inside in order to protect their rights. Now, it was agreed by all that blindfolds were a part of human nature. To carry on the tradition, as soon as a baby was born, the parents slapped a blindfold on him. These people were known (because of the ancient legends) as Sunworshippers.

They lived in a big barn known as the House of Aloneness. It was this barn into which they had moved on that historic day when they had stood up for their rights. Some tried to walk back outside, but, with their blindfolds on, it was very hard to find the door; and, naturally, if they did manage to get outside, and back again, they could only report that they had seen nothing. They did feel a certain warmth on their faces which reminded them of fire, so they were afraid. It was safer to stay inside the barn than to go into the burning outside. Occasionally, one bumped into things. Sometimes they would bump into each other and an argument would develop. Often wars would result from little incidents like this.



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MARGARET RIGG

under their blindfolds, but the light hurt their eyes so they hurriedly readjusted the coverings. Experiences like this convinced everyone that the young man was a lunatic. Gradually the Sunworshippers began to hate this pest. One day they banded together and killed him.

This is something of a surprise when one thinks about it. If the young man had really been serious about the light, why did he not reach up and untie a few of the blindfolds. But there is a limit to that sort of thing. He could untie blindfolds, but he could not force a person to open his eyes. If he did that, it would probably permanently damage the retina, for eyes which have never been exposed to light must be adjusted.

Another surprise is how the Sunworshippers ever got their hands on the young man at all—even with all their scientific gadgets. It would have been easy with the advantage of sight to slip around the outstretched and groping arms. Instead, the young man stepped right into them.

Anyway, the Sunworshippers got their hands on the stranger and killed him. Making sure that their blindfolds were on tight, they carried him by the arms and legs to the barn door and threw him out.

A strange thing happened a few days later. Strange noises occurred: the shattering of glass, the rending of wood, the wrenching of nails. Also, a few people thought that they heard the young man's voice again, telling them to take off their blindfolds. Everybody seemed to feel that the House of Aloneness was warmer than it had been.

A small number of people were convinced. In spite of the horrors of the deed, they reached up and untied their blindfolds. A couple quickly put them back on, but the others had courage to open their eyes.

The glory of it! At first the light hurt their eyes dreadfully. They blinked rapidly through tears of pain. But some of the weeping was for joy. As they looked about, they

could see the source of light. The windows and doors of the House of Aloneness had been smashed inward. Someone had knocked gaping holes in the roof and walls. Through all these openings light streamed.

At first those who had removed their blindfolds could see nothing but the light; then, as their eyes became accustomed, they began to make out strange figures clustered all around them. Good Heavens! They were looking at one another. There was much laughter and joking as they gazed at each other. Then (wonder of wonders) they noticed the hand that was clapping the other on the back. It was their own hand! With astonishment, each man and woman looked at himself or herself for the first time. There was silence at that moment—a warm, happy, shared silence. Then, once more, the laughter and the singing and the dancing.

SUDDENLY they stopped. A figure was walking across the open ground out in the sun. He was coming in the door (or leaping across the sill of a window). At first everyone drew back in fear, and a great deal of shame, for they knew who He was, but now they were seeing Him for the first time. As good scientists and as sane, practical people they knew that this was He whom they had killed; but they were sure that He was much more alive than they. They noticed that His eyes (much more used to seeing than theirs) could see much farther and had greater powers of observation. He did not seem to wear clothes. (No one really noticed whether He wore any or not. It was just that He did not need them to create individuality.) As soon as they saw Him, they wanted to know Him.

When they began to feel at ease with their new friend, the laughter and the shouting erupted again; and no voice was louder than His. When things had quieted down a bit, they asked Him questions about what it was like outside the barn. As He talked, their excitement grew, and

You are asking how they could find each other to kill? They were, after all, humans like you and me, and quite clever. They had developed other senses to a high degree so that they could aim a gun at sounds. Also they had science—a kind of sightless science—and they had evolved methods for blowing up huge areas in which people might happen to be standing. So you see, the Sunworshippers were able to become very successful (by our standards) in destroying.

One day a newcomer entered the barn. He was exactly like the people in the House of Aloneness, except for one thing—he wore no blindfold. Of course, if the people who called themselves Sunworshippers could have really seen this man, they would have noticed many differences: he had a good tan, he could actually look at the person to whom he was talking, he did not bump into people nor stumble over obstacles.

At first everyone liked this stranger; but as he stayed his welcome began to wear thin. He kept talking to everybody about their blindfolds. He kept telling them that they did not need their blindfolds. In fact (to make a long story short), he insisted that they could see. Of course it was a fine ideal, but one had to be realistic about such matters. Secretly (so their friends would not laugh) some peeped out from

they began to make plans to venture out into the full sunlight.

The face of Him who lived outside grew sad as they talked. Without saying a word, He pointed. When the people turned to look, they saw what they had for a little time forgotten—that back away from the doors and windows were the multitudes of men and women who still wore their blindfolds. With a little sigh, the companions of the Young Man walked back into the darkness. Joy is irrespressible, though; as they walked they began to hum.

Everywhere they went they would urge those whom they met to remove their blindfolds.

Every once in a while they would meet someone who had taken off his blindfold, and they would stop to chat. Quite often they would come in their journeys to a window or door or ragged hole. Here they would stand in a beam of light and look outside for a few minutes before traveling on. Sometimes, they would find themselves in shadows so deep that they could no longer see. Then they would cry aloud, and the One Whose Home Is In The Sunlight would walk along beside them until they could see their way again.

A TRAGIC thing sometimes happened. Some people who had

removed their blindfolds decided that the use of eyes was something which denied their own rights. I cannot tell you what the reasoning was behind such a decision, but I know it happened. These decisions were always made at times when one was in the dark. Once the decision was reached, the blindfolds went back on and now even the ears were stopped with cotton plugs so that the voice of Him Who Walked Beside could be shut out too. These people were very often the most bitter enemies of those who did not wear blindfolds.

There were varying reactions to the companions of Him Who Walked Both Outside And Inside. Some called them mad. Some laughed at them. Some got angry. Some (those who lifted their blindfolds for a quick look and found it painful) were very vicious, and would kill all the companions that they could. The companions did not care, though, for that meant that they would be thrown outside the barn, and that was where they wanted to be. Eventually, after many years of wandering through the dark talking about the light, the One Who Guided would tap them on the shoulder and ask them to join Him in the sunlight.

The mission was not a total loss. Many people, upon hearing the

strange message, took off their blindfolds.

This arrangement went on for years. One day, however, the One Whose Home Is In The Sunlight lifted the roof off of the House of Aloneness. Then He flattened all the walls. The House of Aloneness was gone forever. Everybody was outside in direct sunlight.

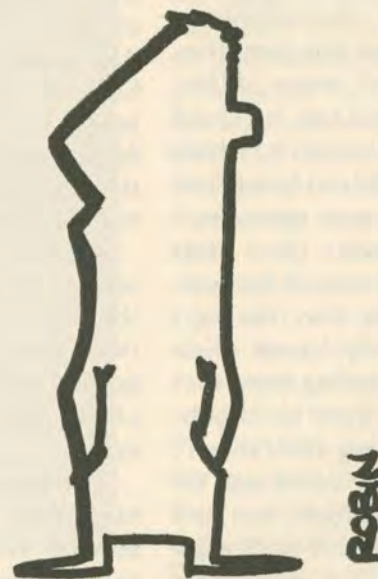
Those who already had taken off their blindfolds were ecstatic. They spent all day singing and dancing and laughing and feasting. And they continued to talk to those uncomprehending sillies who still wore their blindfolds. Many of these people were finally convinced (when they discovered that light did not burn in the same way as fire—no one was consumed), and they took off their blindfolds to join the party.

There were those who never did remove their blindfolds. To escape the heat of the sunbeams, they wrapped themselves in more and more clothing. As everyone knows, this only made them hotter than ever. They could not take the blindfolds off until they were completely sure of their own rights, and they were never completely sure.

They were not forgotten. At mealtimes, someone always left the dancing long enough to bring over a plate of food.



WHO'S A SINNER?



I JUST CAN'T FACE LIFE

BOOKS

FAITH AND LEARNING, by Alexander Miller. New York, Association Press, 1960. 215 pp. \$3.50; paperback, \$2.95.

Both the Community of Faith and the Community of Learning suffered a tremendous loss in the untimely death of Dr. Alexander Miller last May. In him the crisis of the university and the mission of the church had become a living reality. It is fortunate for us that he was able to finish this book, for it represents the peak of his literary career. It is destined to hold its own with the works of Moberly, Nash, and Coleman as one of the more significant publications in the field of religion and higher education.

Much of the material in this book is not new and Dr. Miller is the first to admit it. Yet he pours the old wine into new wine-skins in an original and laudable way. He follows Herberg in his analysis of American religious life, Moberly in the various stages of the university's evolution, H. Richard Niebuhr in the relation of Christ and culture, and almost everybody who is anybody in pointing out the problems of the university.

There is, he declares, a renewed interest in religion, partly because it is being recognized that "the shapeless life is no more worth living than the unexamined one" (19); partly because:

The situation is now that the university confronts a church which is confident, relatively unified, chastened by its own cultural failures, and consequently far less strident in its reaction to intellectual inquiry—obviously capable of articulating out of a venerable heritage, a relevant contemporary word; (28) and partly because the university is floundering with no principle of order.

How best, then, can the church, the "New Community born of the divine charity," serve the university? Miller's answer is akin to H. Richard Niebuhr's *Christ and Culture in Paradox*:

It would affirm the high dignity of the life of the mind; that in terms of man's created nature intellectual activity is the proper work of man, never to be inhibited and to be kept free of every kind of slovenliness. Yet it would insist also that in this area as in others the powers of man work havoc if they are not directed to their proper end which is the glory of God, and if they are not redeemed from being instruments of man's self-glorification to being set to the service of God. (65)

Miller is dead set against the college being put under theological governance again; that would be bad both for freedom and for the maturity of the church. What we should

have is an "integral university" which encourages healthy dialogue:

The true health of the Community of Faith and of the Community of Learning . . . requires that they be free of each other in terms of power, but closely conjoined with each other in terms of mutual influence and interpenetration; in order that the church may be refreshed by new knowledge and in order that the work of learning may be "steadied" . . . and preserved from imbalance, from claiming more than learning can accomplish, and from the aridity which can be arrested only in the presence of mystery and by the disciplines of humility. (77-78)

The crucial issue of faith and learning, says Dr. Miller, must be worked out primarily in the curriculum, since this is where the chief business of the university gets done. How can the Christian faith best be taught? Not in a Department of Religion, he says, for this tends to compartmentalize religion and, what is even worse, it tends to treat Christianity as one religion among many—as chiefly a cultural phenomenon.

As an illustration—but not a norm—of how the Christian faith might be taught, he points to his own Stanford University where a Curriculum in Religious Studies is housed in an administrative unit called special programs in humanities. In this set-up, specific courses in religion are offered by trained theologians in addition to some courses taught in other departments—e.g., Christian Political Thought in the Political Science Department. Theology, says Dr. Miller, should be taught by "believing" men, making allowance for the tripartite—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—nature of our religious community. As to which Protestant theology, he replies that it is not making the best use of the student's time to offer all shades of contemporary Protestantism; we try to

communicate the classical heritage of belief . . . and if we are asked who decides what is "classical," we can only reply with all proper diffidence that we do. (139)

Concluding chapters discuss the role of the religious groups having no official relation to the university, the mission of the Christian college, and the responsibility of the teacher and student in the dual enterprise of faith and learning.

To be sure, there are points at which one could take issue with Dr. Miller's thesis. His theology is Neo-Reformation. He divorces Christianity from other religions and claims that Christianity must be taught and communicated in its own special way. One won-

ders if this can be done in our pluralistic religious culture. Moreover, one cannot help but question why a Department of Religion which has breadth cannot offer a curriculum similar to the one he inaugurated at Stanford.

The purpose of the book is not to force a unity of belief but to "raise significant questions" which "should prove helpful to student groups, faculty, and administrators in clarifying their own views." (ix) On this score Dr. Miller has done a superb piece of work. His style is exciting, his intellectual thrusts are penetrating, and his underlying commitment to his task is contagious. We are in great debt to him.

—DEANE W. FERM

The crises of international politics and the relevance of Christian ethics to them form the subject of Kenneth W. Thompson's *CHRISTIAN ETHICS AND THE DILEMMAS OF FOREIGN POLICY* (Duke University Press, 1959, \$3.50, 148 pages). Mr. Thompson is a student of the *Realpolitik* school, having learned well the teachings of such men as Winston Churchill, Reinhold Niebuhr and George F. Kennan. Typically, Mr. Thompson says, "The function of the state is rather to protect man from himself—his greed, lust, and brutality. This is a worthy function, but one required less for Christian purposes than because men are less than Christian in conduct" (p. 109). Again, he approvingly quotes Lord Acton as saying, "An absolute principle is as absurd as absolute power."

Mr. Thompson gives a perceptive analysis of the problems posed for Christian ethics by political and national self-interest, the balance of power, colonialism, international diplomacy and the armaments race. He criticizes the political optimism of liberal-democratic nations (above all, the U. S.) who, for example, naively disarmed the enemy nations following World War II, thus creating a power vacuum into which the communists could move with comparative ease. Personal diplomacy by the heads of state comes in for its share of criticism.

Mr. Thompson, in typical Niebuhrian fashion, presupposes that the norms of Christian ethics which apply to personal life and relations are largely irrelevant for the relations of national states. In the epilogue, Christian moralists (both "hard" and "soft") are brought under criticism. Yet, for Mr. Thompson, the Christian ethic does prove relevant to the dilemmas of foreign policy. An awareness of divine judgment upon the affairs of state must lead to the conclusion that "holy wars" are impossible and that "there is no absolutely best state for all peoples" (p. 106).

The Christian sense of the solidarity of mankind finds its parallel in the sense of mutual indebtedness among nations. Finally, moral judgments are unavoidable, even in the realm of international politics.

Everything stated thus far is quite acceptable to this reviewer. However, as Mr. Thompson is aware, the struggles and balance of power are not the final authority in the political arena. Every conflict of power presupposes a division between "we" and "they," between those on either side of the conflict. Always, in making decisions as to who "we" are and who "they" are, we make judgments involving elements both intellectual and moral. As this reviewer sees it, it is at this juncture that the Christian ethic is most relevant. The Christian faith—though not in its individualistic and moralistic forms—could add greatly to the understanding of who "we" are, who "they" are, and how "we" are to look at and act toward "them." One only wonders that Mr. Thompson did not make more of this approach!

—FINLEY EVERSOLE

THE NATION ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, by James Saxon Childers. David McKay Company, Inc., New York, \$4.50.

This is an important new book, written by the former editor of *The Atlanta Journal*. Mr. Childers was asked by the State Department to represent it in Korea, the Philippines, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Lebanon, and Israel during a nine-month tour which carried him around the world.

Before he was editor of the *Journal*, Mr. Childers was professor of English at Birmingham-Southern College for seventeen years. He spoke before student and faculty groups in many of these countries. He also visited with business and professional groups, civic clubs, government officials, and taxicab drivers.

Mr. Childers' report is, to say the least, disturbing. He is saying, as a journalist, what many of our missionaries have been saying over the past few years: The foreign policy of the United States is stupid and is losing friends for us around the world. We have grown fat, prosperous, and self-centered as a nation and the rest of the world is laughing at us as we stumble down the alley of international relations.

Russia is winning the cold war and we are losing. Red China is winning Asia and will eventually have Korea and Japan in her orbit, not to mention the Philippines, and our mistakes are losing for us.

Mr. Childers pleads for a frank and blunt admission of our peril from the highest officials in our government. Then he writes,

"After they have talked, they then can tell us what is their plan, through forthrightness abroad and honesty untainted by politics at home, for saving this nation.

"Once we know the truth of our position, and the facts of our dangers, if we American people then sit still as a nation, and con-

tinue self-centered as individuals, if we then do nothing to give the government the guidance that most governments require and the courage that they avoid, then the downfall of this nation is on our individual heads."

Mr. Childers says the road ahead will not be easy. "We must understand that we can be overcome, either by the slow process that is going on now, or suddenly by military destruction. . . ."

Racial discrimination in our country is one of the most difficult things to defend abroad. The man in India cannot understand why a nation proud of its democracy can deny a citizen the right to vote, equal opportunity for work, education, and the pursuit of happiness. You try to explain it to the man in India.

My only disappointment in the book was the total ignoring of the Christian missionary effort. Wendell Willkie in his *One World*, a report of his trip around the globe, mentioned the missionaries as the chief builders of good will for the U. S. Have the blunders of our foreign policy completely negated the effects of more than 100 years of missionary effort by more than 15,000 emissaries of the church? Maybe so. Or maybe Mr. Childers just didn't have the opportunity to observe them or evaluate their influence. I can't help remembering how E. Stanley Jones, our best-known missionary to India, championed the cause of freedom for that country until the British refused to let him return after a furlough to the U. S.

But Mr. Childers does not ignore religion. He points out the religious strife between Hindu and Moslem in the East and the Jew and Arab in Palestine. Then, in his summary, he declares, "Somewhere along the way we became so pleased with the way we live and the things we have for ourselves, that we began to think that these things are the chief interest of other men." (Imagine the incredible mistake someone made in showing Mr. and Mrs. K. the Can-Can movie in Hollywood as typical of U. S. movie making.)

Mr. Childers continues, "Somewhere we began to forget that Buddha had nothing material to offer mankind. And that Jesus had nothing to offer but the ideals of this world and the hope of another."

The brand new University of South Florida at Tampa is trying a wonderful experiment just now: each month a book is chosen by a representative committee on campus and then this book is required reading of every student in the university. Every one else on the faculty, staff, and the janitors, too, are strongly urged to read this book. The idea is that this book will become a conversation piece for everyone on campus at the same time.

I just hope this committee will select *The Nation on the Flying Trapeze* as one of their books this year. And that it will become more than a conversation piece.

—HENRY KOESTLINE

An unassuming little book in appearance is turning out to be a real gem. **THE STU-**

DENT AT PRAYER is a compilation by H. D. Bollinger, director of the Department of College and University Religious Life of the Methodist Division of Higher Education.

The book is a collection of prayers, written by students, directors of student work, faculty, administrators, and leaders in the student Christian movement of the world. Prayers are grouped in 14 sections: Called to be a student, The student, Education, Thinking, The college and university, The search for truth, Our age, The social order, Individual worth, Personal religion, Jesus Christ, The Church, The student Christian movement, and Spiritual life.

Dr. Bollinger has written an eight-page introduction on prayer, simple, clear, concise and most useful. It is written out of the depths of personal experience.

The tone and spirit of the prayers vary with the individual writers, each person having done one prayer. Since there is adequate identification of the writer, there can be, as for this reader, a stimulating experience in sharing ideas and concerns with persons known personally or imaginatively.

The Student at Prayer is 6¼ by 4¾ inches in size. It has hard binding in dark blue, imprinted in silver, 96 pages. Price is 75 cents per single copy, \$7.50 per dozen copies. For 50 cents extra per book, a person's name will be stamped in silver on the cover. Orders should be directed to the publisher, The Upper Room, 1908 Grand Avenue, Nashville 5, Tennessee.

Two other gems for personal devotions, or for worship resources, are highly recommended. One is familiar, almost to the point of being a devotional classic. **THE CHOICE IS ALWAYS OURS**, edited by Dorothy Berkley Phillips, Elizabeth Boyden Howes, and Lucille M. Nixon (Harper & Brothers, \$5.95). The first edition of this book was in 1948, and it was widely acclaimed as a mature, theologically aware, and spiritually sensitive anthology. Then in 1960's closing months came a revised edition, enlarged by one fifth with new material, including such authors as Tillich, Fromm, Eliot, Jung, and many others.

The Choice is a unique combination of religious and psychological probing. The editors say its central theme is a "Way" which all men seek, few find, few enter, and still fewer progressively follow. This collection aims to be a help toward progression in that "Way." It is highly valuable, and we are grateful for the revision and enlargement.

A new anthology is **LEAVES FROM A SPIRITUAL NOTEBOOK**, compiled by the well-known Oberlin professor Thomas S. Kepler (Abingdon Press, \$5.50). Kepler's chosen material is shorter, more readable, more in the line of stories and illustrations than the material in *The Choice*. The first section is human interest material about the great and famous. The second section is prayers, ranging from the classics of the saints to a broad selection of prayers of contemporary Chris-

tian leaders. Section three includes devotional writings "which speak to our daily needs."

Leaves has the classics and contemporary blended as Kepler has done for years. It is more useful for quoting in public speeches or for leading freshman worship time. It has excellent material collected from unusual places. *The Choice* is more a book for one's own study, with solid and tightly packed material that one must confront and grow through. Both are useful anthologies.

From personal reading for pleasure come the names of two unusual books. One is a must for all those suffering philatelists in America. That is, for stamp collectors. However, in addition to the collectors themselves there are hordes of people who wonder what makes a philatelist tick, why stamps are anybody's hobby, and how people can make a living out of it.

Well, for the collector—a must. For those who live with, observe, or otherwise are curious about collectors—highly desirable reading: *NASSAU STREET*, by Herman Herst, Jr. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$5).

Actually, Pat Herst has written a kind of autobiography that in itself is interesting. But more, he has written from the insides of the stamp world about the deals, the men, the system and the thrills that make collecting what it is. Stories and anecdotes are numerous enough to interest the non-collector, but, as we said before, a collector can't resist the book. It is interesting, informative reading that will delight any stamp collector. For gift occasions, you noncollectors can pass this book along, with the highest recommendation of a collector of 19 years' experience who thoroughly enjoyed the reading of it.

A book of a different sort is still on my reading table: *IS THERE AN AMERICAN IN THE HOUSE?* by David Cort (Macmillan, \$3.95). This is a collection of essays by a rare person who writes on nearly everything that makes up the American way of life. What's wonderful about it, the book is highly opinionated, sharp, critical—a mixture of humor, indignation, satire, and blockbuster attacks. It is a continuation of the lonely crowd, organization man, white collar ex-urbanite analysis of America and Americans—but this time within a different framework: humor, individual reaction, personal opinion. Automobiles, television, slaughter on Madison Avenue and all the rest are bothered here.

Cort has written the kind of book that one dips into, enjoys, wants to cry over, and then puts aside for another night. You won't react mildly, but you will come back for more.

Cort himself is a writer and editor, whose career has included *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, *Time*, *Life*, and the *United Nations World*. Some of the pieces have been printed before in various slick and small magazines in the country.

—Jameson Jones

Next month, the New Testament portion of **THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE** will be published jointly by Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press. It is a completely new translation from Hebrew and Greek. It is not a revision.

This new translation into current English was undertaken by the major Protestant churches of the British Isles and is the work of a group of distinguished scholars appointed by those churches.

Translators have made use of recent manuscript discoveries, the modern advances in knowledge of the Bible and the biblical era, and the findings of severest textual criticism. The publishers' advance claims, the new translation "employs contemporary English that is clear and natural, but not self-consciously modernistic."

Although a new translation or revision of the Bible had been discussed in England before World War II, nothing specific had been planned when the war postponed any work until 1946. In that year the Church of Scotland suggested to other church bodies that the time had come to undertake the preparation of a completely new version, in contemporary English. In July, 1947, accredited representatives of all the church bodies concerned formed themselves into a joint committee to take the responsibility for the direction of the new translation. In October of that same year the committee arrived at an agreement with the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge whereby the latter would bear the entire cost of translation and publication and in return would be the joint publishers of the Bible.

The joint committee met twice a year, usually in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. They organized the work by appointing three panels of translators, one for the Old Testament, one for the New Testament, and one for the Apocrypha. They also appointed a panel of literary advisors to scrutinize the drafts of the translation and to make suggestions and criticisms on matters of literary style. As each book was translated by one of the panels it was submitted to the joint committee.

When the New Testament was complete, the joint committee appointed a revising committee of three to go through the whole work. The translation of the New Testament was formally approved on March 23, 1960, thirteen years after work began. Work continues on the Old Testament and the Apocrypha, which will be published several years from now.

Scholars of several denominations and from a number of British universities took part in the work of translating the New Testament. No part of it can be properly attributed to any one scholar. It was a cooperative effort to which all contributed, pooling their knowledge and reaching agreement at a series of meetings. In the course of the 13 years of work, the translators held 57 meetings, the average length of each meeting being three days. Professor C. H.

Dodd, one of the most eminent living New Testament scholars, was chairman of the New Testament translation panel. He is also director of "The New English Bible" undertaking as a whole. The chairman of the joint committee of the churches is the Bishop of Winchester, the Right Reverend Dr. Alwyn Williams.

As to the need for a new translation, a memorandum circulated when the project was first being planned noted:

"In the urgent task of evangelism, one main difficulty of the Church is the difference between the language customarily used by the Church, and English as currently spoken. . . . There is a danger that archaic language may give the impression that the message itself is out of date and irrelevant. This is especially deplorable since the New Testament was written in the 'common' language of the time."

The New English Bible is planned and directed by representatives of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, The Methodist Church, the Congregational Union, the Baptist Union, the Presbyterian Church of England, the Churches in Wales, the Churches in Ireland, and the Society of Friends. Representatives of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the National Bible Society of Scotland also sit on the joint committee.

In the United States, the Cambridge and Oxford publishing houses will issue a cloth-bound, 460-page edition at \$4.95. It is expected that by the March 14 publication date nearly one million copies of *The New English Bible: New Testament* will be in print in the English-speaking world.



contributors

MAHLON H. SMITH is presently a senior and a Henry Rutgers Scholar at Rutgers University. He is preparing his honors thesis on T. S. Eliot, exploring the influence of his thought on the development of his style. He is also president of the Rutgers Wesley Foundation and of the New Jersey Methodist Student Movement.

MARTIN E. MARTY, associate editor of *The Christian Century*, is author of *The New Shape of American Religion*, *A Short History of Christianity*, and a number of other books.

GEORGE STEINER is a free-lance writer who has taught at Princeton and next year will teach at Cambridge University. His book *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* was published last month in a Vintage paperback, and his new book, *The Death of Tragedy*, will be published by Knopf in April.

FINLEY EVERSOLE and **MARGARET RIGG** are staff members of this magazine who, by this time surely, need no introduction to our readers.

KYLE HASELDEN wrote the message in this issue for the Department of Racial and Cultural Relations of the National Council of Churches. He was born and raised in South Carolina, and was pastor of the Baptist Temple in Charleston, West Virginia, before moving to Chicago to become managing editor of *The Christian Century* and editor of *The Pulpit*.

RABBI ROBERT E. GOLDBURG is spiritual leader of the Congregation Mishkan Israel in Hamden, Connecticut, where he first spoke the words we print. His congregation was established in New Haven in 1840 and is the oldest Jewish Synagogue in the state. He is a member of the Commission on Social Action of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, president of the New Haven Civil Liberties Council and a member of the Connecticut Academy on Arts and Sciences. He has published articles in *The Progressive*, *The Churchman*, *The Chicago Jewish Forum*, *Jewish Currents*, and others.

WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER is managing editor of *Fellowship*. Articles and verse by him have appeared in such magazines as *Presbyterian Life*, *Brethren Life and Thought*, *The Gospel Messenger* and *Gandhi Marg* (New Delhi, India). He is a founding member of the editorial advisory board of the Riverside Church (N.Y.C.) *Carillon*.

FRANK JOHNSON wants some acknowledgment to be paid to Nels F. S. Ferre, whose *Sun and the Umbrella* was the inspiration for this parable. Frank Johnson is a graduate of Ball State Teachers College in Muncie, Indiana, his home. This spring he will graduate from Andover Newton Theological School. Last year he was associate minister at the Baptist Student Center at the University of Wisconsin. His real interest is drama, and his goal is to become a professor of drama.

BOOK REVIEWERS in this issue need no introduction. **DEANE FERM** is almost a regular in our magazine now; but we do wish to acknowledge that his review was first published in *Faculty Forum*, a publication of the Division of Higher Education of The Methodist Church and the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., as a contribution to the Christian movement among college and university professors. Deane FERM is dean of the chapel at Mount Holyoke College. **HENRY KOESTLINE**, a contributing editor of *motive*, is now director of public relations at Scarritt College in Nashville.

ROGER ORTMAYER is a former editor of this magazine, now a professor in the Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University.

THE MAGS HAVE IT . . .

College students don't read anything they don't have to. Still, there are a few souls who have discovered the exciting world of **the mags** (magazines). Advanced theories are published in magazines sometimes years ahead of their introduction to the public in the form of the best seller (and often less vigorous). In some especially praiseworthy magazines today can be found the only voices which rise above the general journalistic brainwashing, propaganda and misinformation ground out for public consumption. Here are the names of a few:

BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS (monthly September through June) \$6 per year. 935 East 60th St., Chicago 37, Illinois. Editor: Eugene Rabinowitch. Contents, December: A Report on Antarctica; Outspoken Scientist—Linus Carl Pauling; Congressional Testing of Linus Pauling, Part I: The Legal Framework; American Scholars Analyze U. S. Foreign Policy; Mass Fires Following Nuclear Attack.

CHRISTIAN CENTURY (weekly) \$7.50 per year. 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Illinois. Editor: Harold E. Fey. Contents, January: Revolution and Religion in Africa; Operation Abolition; The Monks of Qumran; Jesus in the Gospel of Matthew; Archaeology in the Holy Land.

COMMONWEAL (weekly September through June, biweekly July and August) \$8 per year. 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. Editor: Edward S. Skillin. Contents, January: The Nation's Goals; Europe and Unity; Of Note: Man's Need for Symbols.

ENCOUNTER (monthly) \$7.50 per year. Edited by Stephen Spender and Melvin J. Lasky. British Publications, Inc., 30 E. 60th St., New York 22, N. Y. Contents, October: A Stink of Zen; Nigeria Without Tears; No Hatred and No Flag; Mark Twain; Radical Reform and The Left.

EVERGREEN REVIEW (quarterly) \$3.50 per year. Grove Press, 795 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Editors: Barney Rosset, Donald Allen. Contents, Vol. 2, No. 6: Suzuki; Lorca; Franz Kline; Rechy; O'Hara; Pieyre de Mandiargues; Cioran; Snyder.

HARPER'S (monthly) \$6 per year. 49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. Editor: John Fischer. Contents, December: Listen Yankee: the Cuban case against the U. S.; A Christian View of the Future: a Conversation with Reinhold Niebuhr; The Next Summit Meeting; A Newly Discovered Poem by Walt Whitman.

PRINTER'S INK (weekly) \$5 per year. 635 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Editor: Woodrow Wirsig. Contents, October: Psychology of thinking: What it means to advertising men; Servicing the client by plane; Is there an atom market for you; How VAC audits a publication; It's your customer's face . . . be careful how you show it; Business-paper ads: strong on truth and taste.

SATURDAY REVIEW (weekly) \$7 per year. 25 W. 45th St., New York 36, N. Y. Editor: Norman Cousins. Contents, December: Political Pretenders and How to Tell Them; Anticipate or Be Damned: an Editorial; Recording and Book Reviews.

THEOLOGY TODAY (quarterly) \$3 per year. P. O. Box 29, Princeton, N. J. Editor: Hugh T. Kerr, Jr. Contents, October: Christian Missions and Christian Unity; Dynamic Centralism in Theology; Hispanic Culture and Christian Faith; Also Among the Prophets; book reviews.



EXPULSION FROM THE TEMPLE (TWO-COLOR ETCHING)

1960

MERLIN DAILEY

the dinner party

When the telephone rang, John answered and heard, "Hello, I'm calling to remind you of the supper party we are giving. You do plan to come, don't you?" John stalled for time—oh yeah, that supper party—but—hmmmmmm, now what could be a good excuse? "You mean it's tonight?"

"Yes, can you come?"

"Well, I surely would like to come, I really want to, but I find myself in something of a fix. You may have heard, we are in the midst of a terrific expansion program at the church. We have set the goal of completing our plant within the next nine months and want to dedicate it debt free. We are right in the midst of organizing our ninety-and-nine club—ninety-nine men after ninety-nine thousand dollars in ninety-nine days. You know where this puts me—and much as I'd like to come to the supper, my church comes first. Do try me another time, won't you?" And John was so inspired by his excuse that he went to work on his ninety-and-nine brochure and got it to the printers in time.

Again the telephone buzzed and Eddie answered. "You'll recall your invitation to the supper party tonight?"

"Yes, I do, and I must apologize for being so tardy in answering—but, you know, I just went down to the bookstore and bought the books I'm supposed to read for my courses this term—and you know, if I'm going to do anything with them I'd better get to work. I'm reading Bultmann, Barth and Berenson this term, and I'll have to examine those books and see if I can get anything out of them. Got to get on the mark, you know—what with the new grading system the faculty is contemplating, you never know how I'll come out and I've got my eye on that graduate fellowship. Please, excuse me, will you?" And he hung up the telephone and went out for a bit of target practice with the boys. Being alone at first he indulged his own system of target shooting—he shot and then drew the target around the hole his bullet made—thus getting a bull's eye every time.

Again the telephone and Peter took up the receiver and grunted into the mouthpiece. He too had been invited to the supper party and would he come? Peter was a bit surprised—didn't the one who inquired read the society news? The former Joan Johnson had been on the front page just last Sunday. She was now Peter's wife, and really he just could not break away from her—"you do understand, don't you?" And Peter and Joan went to a drive-in theater.

The dinner party host by now was furious—a fine banquet and nobody coming—so he rounded up some of the boys from the bowling alley and the company from the repertoire theater came over after their evening performance and he filled out the empty spaces with all kinds of disreputable people—a schoolteacher who sang at a jazz club under a pseudonym for otherwise she would lose her job, a coffeehouse proprietor who had gone bankrupt on espresso, a laundry delivery boy and a hat seller who happened to be a Latin. The banquet was a joyous time and holy—that is, it was hale and hearty.

—ROGER ORTMAYER