

Compliments of the  
Colgate University Church

APRIL 1961

# MOTIVE



# *motive*

APRIL 1961

VOLUME XXI / 7

## CONTENTS:

- 1 LET US PRAY by john g. harrell  
4 FOOLS—AND FOOLS by roger l. shinn  
8 THE COOL-HEARTED GENERATION by james e. sellers  
14 INTRODUCING "FOOTNOTES INCORPORATED"  
by william wilson and roger carstensen  
15 BARBARA LEKBERG sculptor  
25 GOD'S NO TO FALSE COMMUNITY by thomas c. oden  
30 THE LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF LINCOLN by john nist  
32 TWO POEMS by m. shumway  
33 EASTER CONVERSATION AT NAZARETH by graham r. hodes  
34 THE LORDSHIP OF CHRIST IN A TECHNOLOGICAL AGE  
by truman b. douglass  
38 THE WELL OF THE HEART . . . by roger deschner  
39 RECORDS by l. p. pherigo  
40 CONTRIBUTORS
- cover 3 CRUCIFIXION print by robert o. hodgell  
cover 4 MARY WAS A LITTLE LAMB a story by ruth turner

**FRONT COVER ART: HOLY SPIRIT** by MARGARET RIGG (ink and oil on board). This is a Resurrection painting using the theme of the Holy Spirit. Symbols: for the Holy Spirit—fire, old testament, descending dove, new testament; blue area, righteousness (oriental color symbol); black area, evil.

---

**motive:** POST OFFICE BOX 871 / NASHVILLE 2, TENNESSEE

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

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

**motive** is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, an agency affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation through the National Student Christian Federation, published monthly, October through May, by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church; John O. Gross, general secretary. Copyright, 1961, by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

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

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

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

INVOCATION

Cool,  
Verily cool,  
Let my spirit be.  
Let my spirit be so very cool  
That it rises to Thee.  
Because so much happens all the time.  
All the time everything is happening  
And I can't help it. I mean  
I can't escape all the happening.  
All the happening that is happening all the time  
Keeps pulling me in. I mean  
I'm sunk. Real sunk.  
All the time I'm real sunk in all the happening.

For instance, I try to get away for a second. And just then  
someone says, A Catholic is going to be President. What  
do I think? I don't want to think right now. Just the  
same, all the time there are such questions even though  
I don't want to think all the time. Like right now.

Right now there's a special telecast. It also comes over the  
radio. The full transcript was in the newspaper even before  
the telecast and the broadcast. Even before the telecast  
and the broadcast and the newspaper transcript, twenty-three  
other people had twenty-three times seven reasons why the  
opinions expressed in the original telecast-broadcast-  
newspaper transcript are all wrong. What do I think?

So, cool,  
Verily cool,  
Let my spirit be.  
Let my spirit be so very cool  
And so quiet.  
Let my spirit be so cool  
And so quiet  
That it rises to Thee . . .

which it can't.

all by itself, my spirit cannot rise to anywhere.

**I was shapen in wickedness.**

all by itself, my spirit is sunk in happenings.

**O Lord, hear my cry.**

so make me cool.  
make me real cool.  
i want to be, just for once,  
quiet  
before  
Thee.

O

AMEN

!

let  
us  
pray

BY JOHN G. HARRELL

## CONFESSION

Do not look!  
While I am on my knees,  
And while my stomach has an aching,  
And while my throat is pinched tight  
(Because I dare not face my guilt,  
And because I cannot face all our guilt,  
Because I am a part of all our guilt),  
O do not look!

Have the goodness not to look  
Right now.  
Do not look at any of our sorry mess.

Just now I read in the newspaper that a father threw his seven-month-old child out of a seven-story window and that a husband and wife had a suicide pact and that it came off and that the State just executed another life. That's what I mean.

And all the while, in my own little whirl,  
I pretend to be good.  
Inside myself, I think I'm being a good person.  
All the while I keep kidding myself.  
Because I know  
How I feel inside my inside self  
And how I don't really blame anyone  
For what we do to each other.  
Because I know  
That I am no gilded lily, either.  
And because, if you want to know the truth,  
I might even be a part of the cause of all this evil.

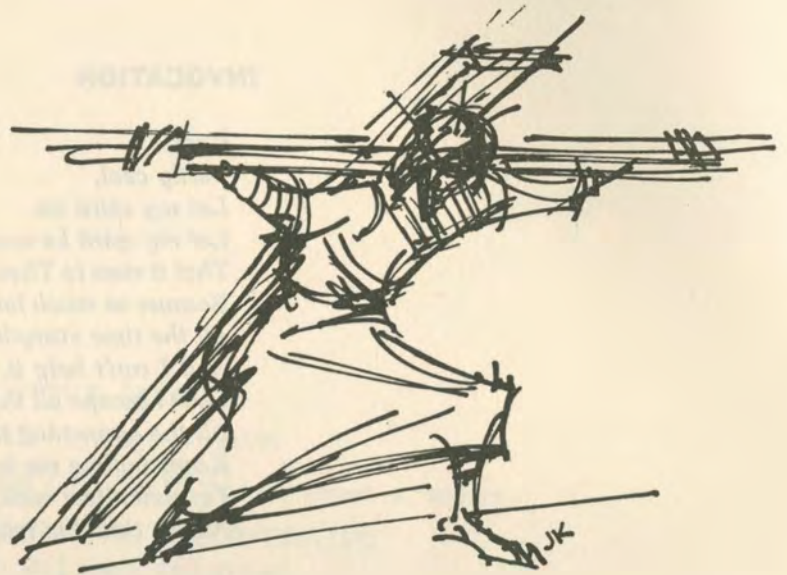
So please do not look!  
I couldn't take it.  
**There is no health in me.**

Do not look!  
Even though I know  
O now I know,  
O how I wish I had known—  
Wait! Don't go!—  
How I wish I had known  
That to Thee all hearts are open,  
All desires known.  
O thank God, I do not have to hide.  
Now or never, I do not have to hide.  
Nor have I to dissemble.  
Because

O look.  
Look now and forgive.

For Jesus Christ's sake,  
Look!

Amen.



## PRAISE

How may I thank Thee?  
How may I praise Thee?  
Upon the timbrel and the harp,  
With the saxophone, the snare and the bass?  
O let me praise Thee!  
With the flute, the trumpet and the vibes?  
O let me praise Thee!  
With the beat and my stomping foot?  
O let me praise Thee!  
With the dancing and the noise?  
O let me praise Thee!  
Let everything that is welling up in me  
Praise Thee.  
Let everything conspire together  
To make that big sound.  
Yes, I mean the big sound,  
Let that big sound praise Thee!  
I mean, let the whole works praise Thee!  
Let it!

Alleluia!

## CONFESSION OF BELIEF

*In the middle of my confusion  
I believe in Thee.  
Because I have, just now, understood my confusion  
And felt that my confusion was understood,  
I believe in Thee.  
Because in the beginning, which is my beginning,  
You brought order out of chaos,  
You brought creation out of void.  
In the middle of all our confusion,  
I believe in Thee.*

*Because  
Right in the middle of my confusion,  
Just when I could not stand it any longer,  
You came.  
It couldn't have been clearer.  
When you came, you really came  
Right in the middle of the world's confusion.  
There were all kinds of political tensions.  
There were economic blocs.  
There were prejudicial viewings this way and that.  
And viewings with alarm.  
And just so,  
When you died, you really showed us our confusion.  
You made the confusion really into the confusion that it is  
Because you died.*

*When you died, you really  
threw things into the greatest confusion.*

*Only then did you rise  
and bring a little order into things.*

*And you did rise, and you did assure us all  
that over and beyond  
and above everything on earth is the  
eternal purpose and the  
eternal promise  
and the eternal presence of God.*

*Which is the communion of saints.  
Which is the baptism.  
Which is the Church.  
And thank God, I belong,  
At this instant,  
To this Body.*

*At this instant, at least,  
Thank God,  
I belong.*

*Amen.*

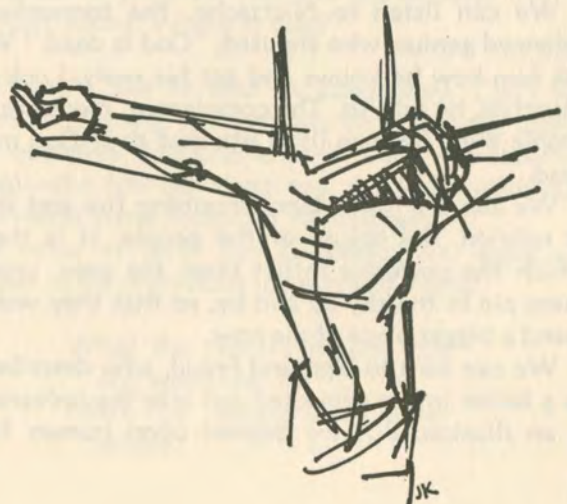
April 1961

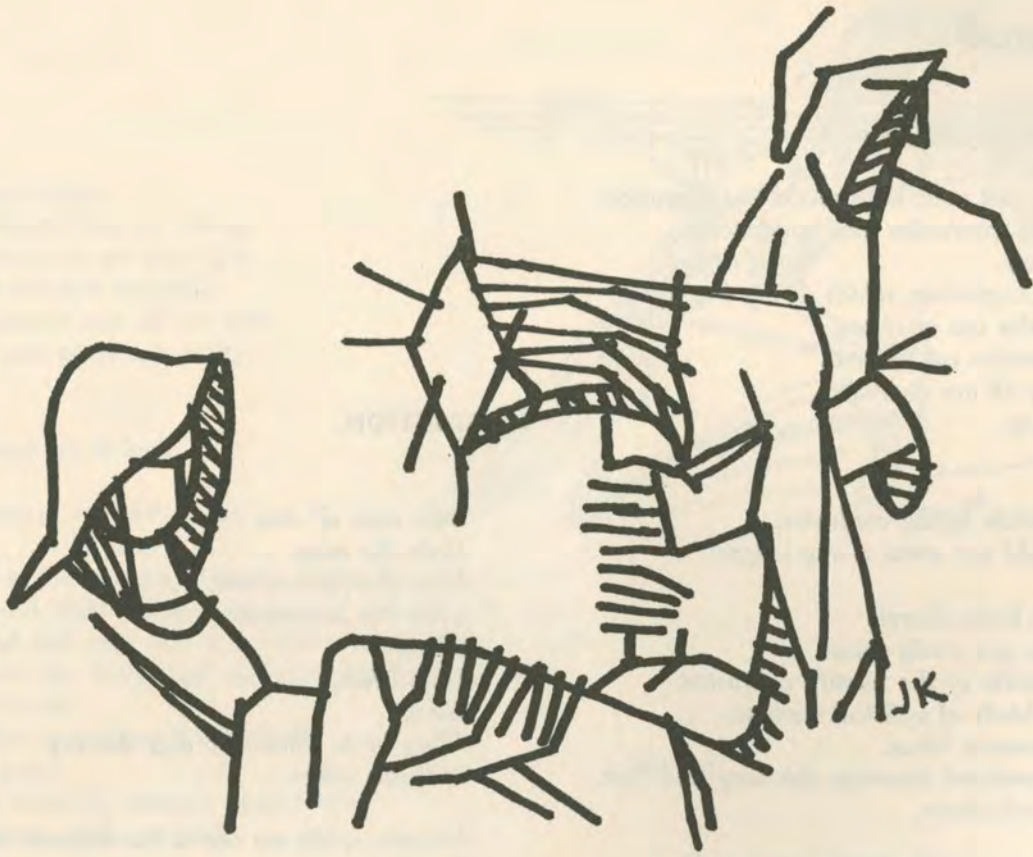
## BENEDICTION

*Now unto all else.  
Unto the most.  
Unto the farthest out.  
Unto the extremest.  
Glory.  
Unto Thee,  
Glory.  
Glory be to Thee who digs this cry  
And this orison.*

*Because when we are in the deepest hell  
He does hear our cry.  
Because He was in hell once.  
And though we are still in a kind of hell  
He does hear us.  
And He is with us, still.  
And He keeps promising us His glory.  
At least He promises us something more than our hell.*

**So, hallowed be thy Name.**  
*Hallowed be something, at least.  
At least, please God,  
Something be hallowed:  
At least, something.  
Hallow something,  
As we do hallow Thee.  
Amen.*





## fools---and fools

But there are thoughtful men who say, "There is no God." It is no answer to call them fools. Nor can we brush off with an insult the voice within ourselves which sometimes rises to tell us, "There is no God."

BY ROGER L. SHINN

**W**HY do people—fools or others—say, "There is no God"? Who knows the answer? How can one ever bore far enough into the secrets of another's life, beneath the talk that hides his real thoughts, to discover what makes him believe or disbelieve?

What we can do is listen. We can find out why atheists say they disbelieve.

We can listen to Nietzsche, the tormented, unbalanced genius, who shouted, "God is dead." We can ask him how he knows and get his reply. Look at the churches, he tells us. The complacent, mediocre, timid people there have so little life that their God must be dead.

We can try Karl Marx, breathing fire and thunder at religion, the opium of the people. It is the hoax which the powerful inflict upon the poor, promising them pie in the sky by and by, so that they won't demand a bigger piece of pie now.

We can turn to Sigmund Freud, who described God as a father image projected out into the universe. God is an illusion. But we depend upon human fathers,

resent, respect, fear, maybe love them. All these pent-up feelings form religion.

Or we can hear the eloquent voice of Albert Camus, the compassionate humanist who felt the world's sorrows as his own. He wrote of saintliness without belief, because he saw nowhere in the cosmos any support for the mercy he craved for mankind.

Put all these together and you have some powerful arguments. Not only college sophomores, left-wingers, and neurotics find them persuasive. Against such arguments much of the propaganda in favor of God is entirely too feeble.

Politicians say our enemies in the cold war are atheists, so we had better let the world know we are religious. Sentimentalists see the world in a rose glow, refusing to look at the dark side of life—the dark which is really there, which threatens us and everything worth while. Conformists say religion is a pillar of our society, teaching people to obey the laws and keep their credit good, so that we can all live more securely and make more money. Among all these condescending recommendations for God, an honest,

motive

atheistic complaint sounds refreshing. It may be more genuine than the entire mass chorus of the "be kind to God" movement.

It is time for Christians to look closely at the atheist's case and see what prompts him. The first thing he may find among serious atheists is a rejection of popular pictures of God. Here Christians and atheists have a lot in common. Our Christian Bible, our Christian history are a record of people looking at graven images, at legends of the gods, at complacent cults, and shouting, "Phony."

Some records from the ancient Roman Empire give us an interesting insight at this point. The Emperor Julian, the last of the pagan emperors, was a gentleman who did not want to persecute Christians but wished to convert them. He sent instructions to his subordinates in the government, advising them on how to act. His messages contained descriptions of certain people in the Empire whom he called atheists. As we read his description of the atheists, we gradually realize that the group he is describing are the people whom we know as Christians. They did not worship the Emperor's gods, because they knew a greater God than the deities of Roman mythology. The Emperor called them atheists because they denied his god. It may be that some people whom we call atheists see the cheapness of conventional religion and actually hold a higher faith.

A second group of honest atheists hold their convictions simply out of resignation. Perhaps they utter the despairing cry of sensitive people who look into the depths of the universe and say, "There is nothing there." Maybe they speak with the calmer voices of humanitarians and scholars, saying the same thing, "Nothing there." Today they do not talk with the cheerful voices of the past generation, which felt it was doing all right without God and preferred to make over religion as a do-it-yourself movement. Now we hear instead the disillusioned reasoning of those who have found that God did not save us from the cruel disasters of our time and gives us no assurance that we won't all be destroyed.

**B**Y contrast, when we look at the Bible, belief in God seems easy—at least at first glance. Everybody is talking about God. God is all over the place.

Who made the world? Clearly, God. Who sends sunshine and rain, whose voice speaks in the thunder? God's. Who brings victory in battle? God. Who defeats us? That is a harder question. Perhaps the enemy's gods, if ours is away for a while. Or, in a bolder insight, perhaps our own God when we deserve his judgment.

So people acknowledge God in all their activities. The problem of atheism scarcely comes up in the Bible. Only the fool—and he not often—says there is no God.

April 1961

But take another look at the Bible. You find doubt spattered through its pages. Over and over the Scriptures declare the absence of God.

One psalmist writes, "How long, O Lord? Wilt thou forget me forever?" Another reports everything going wrong, men jeering and saying, "Where is your God?" The nations look at Israel and say, "Where is their God?" And Israel often wonders. They cannot see him like the silver and gold gods of other nations. They cannot touch him. Where is he?

All this, we may say, belongs to the Old Testament. In our Christian faith we say that the Old Testament awaits God. It knows something of him, but looks forward, expecting God to vindicate himself, to let people know that he is God and has real power and loves his people.

Then in the New Testament he does so. Prophecies are fulfilled. We behold the Christ, we see the deed of God.

Yes, this is Christian faith. But look now at this Christ. Watch his steps toward Jerusalem, watch his trial, see the soldiers jeer at him, see him climb Golgotha, behold him on the cross—and listen. What does he say? "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

This is no unhappy psalmist moaning that things are too much for him. This is no miserable Job, trying to understand why his world has caved in. This is he whom generations of Christians have called "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." He says, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The fool says in his heart, "There is no God." Some scholars say that sentence is better translated, "God is not here." If so, it is very close to our Lord's prayer from the cross. "God is not here. . . . My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

It is important, of course, to know that Jesus is not making up his words as he goes. He is quoting the first verse of Psalm 22, one of the great Psalms of faith. It tells of loneliness, despair, forsakenness, but moves to the expression of trust. Jesus in his agony does not lose all faith in God. He quotes a Psalm of faith. But in doing so, he joins the fool and the sufferer who so often have asked, Where is God?

**W**E would like to find an easier way. Can't we, without going through the struggle and agony, assure ourselves that God is here? Can't we convince the fool—the fool out there and the fool within ourselves—with some foolproof reasoning?

The voice of faith can be persuasive, especially when put in the marvelous language of Yeats:

What the world's million lips  
are searching for  
Must be substantial some-  
where.

That is said beautifully. That we can respond to. But we do not have to.

Doubt is persuasive too. We can join Hemingway's lieutenant at the bedside of the woman he loves, the woman who has borne his child and is now dying. We can hear her say, "It's just a dirty trick."

Which are we? Creatures of a God who loves us? Or victims of a universe so empty that it plays tricks upon us, not even knowing what it does because it knows and intends nothing at all?

Sometimes we look about us for evidence to answer the fool. We look at nature, which convinces some people of God. But what nature shall we look at? The nature of cosmic spaces, of gigantic stars and nebulae? Or the nature of biological evolution, of the cruel struggle for survival? The reckless nature which scatters life on seas and deserts, in arctic snow and tropical jungles? The nature of peaceful lakes and hills, of glorious sunrises—or of raging seas and terrifying tornadoes?

Or we can look at history for marks of God's government. But what history shall we see? The history which sooner or later overthrows every tyranny, proving that the wages of sin is death? Or the history in which cruel men slaughter the innocent and helpless? The history which creates civilizations, magnificent music and painting and monuments of human power? Or the history where, even in this scientific age, most of mankind gets too little to eat?

No wonder people have their doubts—the best people as well as the fools. So it was with the author of the greatest of American novels, *Moby Dick*. His friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, wrote of Melville, "He can neither believe nor be comfortable in his unbelief; and he is too honest and courageous not to try to do one or the other."

Even the men of strongest faith often say, with the Bible: "Truly, Thou art a God who hidest Thyself."

**P**ERHAPS that testimony, difficult though it is, tells us something God wants us to know. Perhaps our pathetic search for certainty, even when most sincere, is something of an evasion—an attempt to get belief at bargain rates. Christian faith has never held that a person can simply think his way to truth before he undertakes the adventure of faith. There is no confident relation to God without venture, no assurance apart from the cost of serving God.

The history of faith is the history of daring pilgrimage. It is the history of Abraham, leaving the Chaldees for an unknown land; of Moses, leading people out of slavery into the danger of the desert and new life beyond; of Elijah, like many another prophet, standing up to king and queen to tell of God's bidding. It is the history of Jesus Christ, called by the New Testament, the "pioneer of faith." It is the history of his followers—of Stephen and Paul and many a martyr in a hostile empire. It is the history of Luther, Calvin, our

Pilgrim forefathers—accepting danger, giving up the security of the past, moving forward and finding God as they moved.

Today we try, too often, to coast on the momentum of past pioneers. Churchmanship means little risk, little cost. Could that be why there is so much religious doubt in our time? In some circles it is less daring to believe in God than to deny him. It is an advantage, politically and socially, to be a churchman. And sometimes the church is so stuffy, so handcuffed by convention that the persons who serve God must rebel against churches and their god.

That tells us two things. First, some atheists deserve our Christian respect. Second, as Christians our business is to live in the venture of faith and service.

The Christian answer to the atheist is not primarily an argument, but a choice. That is why Pascal described faith as a wager with the meaning of life at stake. That is why William James called faith an act of will, when the facts are inconclusive, but one must decide.



motive



**B**UT this is only one side of the story. Christian faith is a decision—yes. It is reaching beyond facts and arguments—yes. But it is not an arbitrary lurch into the dark, not a tossing of the coin because one has to gamble and one way looks as good as another.

For this venture of faith, though it is an act of will, is a response to an act already done—an act of God. If faith is our crossing of a dark abyss, God has already crossed it from his side. Christian faith is confession that God has met us in Jesus Christ.

Don't make this cheap and easy. Above all, don't—just because you have heard it so often—take it for granted. Don't think it is a tidy answer to any question.

A religious bookstore last year received a letter from a troubled church-school teacher, saying: "I would like information on God. Could you write and tell me where I could get information on God for fifth-grade pupils." I have some sympathy with that teacher. I have been the father of a fifth-grade child and have wished that I could furnish the child information about God. But that is not the way. Even in this twentieth century of Christian history you do not get information about God by writing a bookstore. Often, when we most want to know about him, God is hidden, God is silent.

In Tennessee Williams' play *Sweet Bird of Youth*, Boss Finley, a corrupt politician, sways his audiences by playing to their prejudices and talking of God. A fanatic hillbilly follows him, heckles him, takes a beating from Boss Finley's goons, then follows to heckle again. In his crazed way he says something profound: "I believe that the silence of God, the absolute speechlessness of Him is a long, long and awful thing that the whole world is lost because of. I think it's yet to be broken to any man, living or any yet lived on earth—no exceptions, and least of all Boss Finley."

Christian faith understands that. Surely you know the silence of God. Do we not desperately crave an answer from God on many a question? If you doubt it, think just of these two. What shall we do about nuclear armaments and the world's quivering peace maintained by a balance of terror? How shall we meet the undeserved sufferings of children born to be invalids, of old people losing their powers and stretching out a weary existence? We ask, but God is silent.

Yet Christian faith dares to assert that, in the silence, God has a Word for us. Yes, more—that the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth, and we have beheld his glory. In a man crucified we have beheld divine glory.

It is a startling thing to believe. A man saying, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—such a man shows us God and does God's saving work among us.

The pained cry for God is itself, in some strange way, a work of God. So Dostoevsky, a man often sunk deep in misery and pain, testified: "My hosanna has come forth from the crucible of doubt." Out of the depths

comes trust in God. He who has known God's silence and absence, who has prayed the prayer of the forsaken, is best able to pray another prayer, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

To men like Nietzsche, who say that the churches themselves prove that God is dead, Christian faith answers: "Look in the churches at those very places where men seem most forsaken of God. Hear the hosanna coming from the crucible of doubt."

Look at Alan Paton and his friends in South Africa, risking status and safety because Christ's love prompts their love for despised people. Look at Dietrich Bonhoeffer in Hitler's concentration camp, discovering before his execution the power of God in a world that declares God obsolete. Look at Dorothy Day in the Roman Catholic mission among the wrecks of New York's humanity. Look at Martin Luther King in his Atlanta jail—rotting in jail, we sometimes say, but Martin Luther King will not rot in jail. Look at a fifteen-year-old Negro girl, entering the Little Rock Central High School, against the hostility of a state government and classmates, saying to herself, "The Lord is my strength and my shield." These people are not angels but human beings, sinners like us all, persons whose emotional strength has its ups and downs, but persons making the high adventure of faith.

There is something extremely foolish about the way they live. Call them fools if you want. You have sound biblical precedent. They are, in Paul's words, "fools for Christ's sake." They respond to that foolishness of God which is wiser than men. And every Christian is, in the degree of his faith, a fool for Christ's sake.

Maybe the best any of us can be is a fool. Fools, the saying goes, rush in where angels fear to tread. If a fool is one who must make his decisions, commit his life on inadequate evidence, we are all destined to be fools. The issue for each of us is: What kind of fool shall I be? A defiant fool, a futile fool, a fool for Christ's sake?

Charles Williams has written an imaginative play called *Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury*. He shows us a character who looks like a skeleton, who represents death and its threat to every human achievement. The figure wanders about the stage, occasionally making cryptic remarks to someone, sometimes claiming a man whose time on earth has come to an end. At one dramatic moment he asks:

Where is your God?

When you have lost him at last  
you shall come into God.

Don't despise the fool who honestly says, "There is no God." Maybe he is closer to God than you are.

Don't despise yourself at those moments when you must pray, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Maybe then, when you have lost God, you are ready for him. Maybe then, with all illusions blasted, you are ready for the adventure of faith, ready for that courage given to fools for Christ's sake.

# the cool-hearted generation

BY JAMES E. SELLERS



THERE he was in jail, minus belt, billfold, keys and pocket change, all neatly stored in the sergeant's desk. He was officially charged by the local constabulary with being, in effect, a social agitator.

He had drifted upon a cohort of Negro youth marching around the square and displaying placards. On an impulse he hefted one of the signs to his own shoulder and joined them. A youthful idler of Nordic visage and warlike limb appeared; requested a reasonable explanation of why he was a nigger lover; then dropped back a pace or two, keeping step. The picket, a Vanderbilt student, kept marching, soon found himself tumbling by dint of a granite fist served to his head from behind.

That blow meant jail for both, which was according to the local custom. Worse, it meant a damaged reputation for the student. *From now on he would be suspect of subscribing to the "Social Gospel."* Our bail-out committee came down, cash in hand, and extracted his person from the company of larcenists and drunkards. As he and I drove back to the university he expressed his regrets: not for getting arrested; not for joining up with the Negroes; but for seeming to comport himself as a kingdom builder.

"I didn't come here to save the world," he muttered, more to himself than to me. "This is what I get." (At trial he was acquitted.)

His participation that day and later in the sit-ins had little to do, as far as I could tell, with old-fashioned Christian witness of the banners-waving, idealist type. He knew neither what he believed nor what he wanted to do until the sight of the Negro students with their placards appealed to his sense of emergency. Here was a protest he could join which said something that he at that point badly wanted to say. But he was no proponent of a man-made millennium, and his ideals weren't planned ahead. They simply emerged, out of the only place "emergent ideals" can emerge from: an emergency.

## THE NEW CONSERVATISM

Without implying that this student possesses any of the following vices, I pass on to observe that I see many a young man these days who is leery of: social planners, do-gooders, expert group therapy, professional fellowshiping, purveyors of world order, Christian outreach, YMCA theology, creative and meaningful experiences of the youth fellowship variety, and official service to the downtrodden. To some of my students, the very phrase Social Gospel is a stimulus that may set off smiles or scorn. They have been brought up on the polemics of Karl Barth and Emil Brunner, the Swiss theologians who saw little health in man's efforts to save himself socially, and who gave us "neo-orthodox." These students do not realize how much even

motive



"neo-orthodox" theology, at least in Reinhold Niebuhr and its American form, owes to the activists and planners and do-gooders of the Social Gospel. The Reinhold Niebuhr of the 1920's took up approximately where Walter Rauschenbusch, the great prophet of the Social Gospel, left off. Niebuhr spoke out from the first against group evils in industrial society. What he had to say came in considerable part from the Social Gospel. And these views still form the heart of his ethical outlook, despite his more profound understanding now of sin, the self, and the cross.

This simplified student version of "neo-orthodoxy," which would amend John Wesley's saying to read, "My heart was strangely cooled," is a sign of the times. It is a theological-seminary form of a general spirit among American college students. On campus it often takes the form of a subdued, self-contained vest-wearing conservatism. Often the student is thinking only about his own career, about the corporation vows he will soon take. Or he is not thinking at all, merely taking life as it comes. For all that, his attitude foreshadows a new morality, one which does not have too much confidence about organized efforts to improve society.

The symptoms of this new conservatism are many. Political thinkers of the right like Russell Kirk and Barry Goldwater are eagerly read. Not just young Dixiecrats, but Ike-conditioned seniors all around the coun-

try secretly admire old Harry Byrd and the States' Righters, and eye the Paul Douglasses, as well as their own liberal-minded faculty members, with suspicion and puzzlement. In pre-election polls last year, two thirds of our college undergraduates chose Nixon, while about that same percentage of the faculty came out for Kennedy on the theory that he was a liberal. The same thing happened on many another campus. These students read beatnik writers, Southern novelists, and existentialists where they are treated to ungroupiness, regard for the past, a dim view of societal integration, and pessimistic endings.

Despite this tide of conservatism, there remains a very solid fact. The contemporary student turns out, on occasion, to have some very real social concern. Not rare at all is the theology student who talks a stern neo-orthodoxy but enacts from time to time what looks like a liberal-hued social ethic. Though other areas of concern could be mentioned, and though the number of authentic participants, white and Negro, has doubtless been exaggerated, I will stick here, as my stock example, to the frequent participation of professed nonkingdom-builders in the sit-in movement. (I do not say, of course, that all sit-inners are self-styled postliberals. Most of the Negroes in the movement, I suspect, would insist on their solidarity with old ethical programs like the pacifist movement and the Social Gospel. But I do claim that we are entering a new era when these old labels and loyalties no longer give a realistic explanation of what is going on.)

We have, then, social action alongside creeping conservatism. But why? What explains the social consciousness of the cool-hearted generation? Is it simply the old Social Gospel still energizing the witness even of those moderns who profess allergy to it? Is it a social ethic spawned, despite its pessimism, by "neo-orthodoxy"? I doubt if either of these possibilities does justice to the situation. I believe we have to see something *new* here. Both these older movements are in the background, lending elements to the new social ethic. But this new ethic finds its distinctness opposite the fresh cultural challenges which now face us. The crucial problems have changed. We know newborn capabilities of tackling them. We have revised understandings of God's will for man in this age. The troops are fresh. Even the faces being worn by the forces of resistance are different now.

To get at the form and substance of this new social ethic which I believe is now being generated among youth, I want to explore two hypotheses:

1. Theology and social ethics, to use an electrical engineer's phrase, are as a rule historically "out of phase" with each other.

2. A social ethic is shaped not only by preceding theological forces, but also by the social concerns of its own time. It may be centered in only *one commanding issue*—which turns out to be, on the wheel of history, a sort of built-in obsolescence.

## THE OUT-OF-PHASENESS OF THEOLOGY AND ETHICS

As a stamp collector attempting to build a display of commemoratives on "the history of Christian thought," I made an interesting discovery. For every stamp I could locate illustrating "great moments in theology"—justification by faith, the sovereignty of God—I could find a dozen illustrating "great moments in Christian conduct"—missions, Christian art, monks copying manuscripts. I concluded two things. First, ethical genius is easier to commemorate than theological genius. Second (and more important), the two things are rarely in gear with each other. They don't reach peaks at the same points in history.

So periods of great social advance may be theological deserts, and vice versa. In America, the nineteenth century was a period of prime ethical reform: slavery abolished, child labor curbed, the work week reduced, education offered all, voting rights extended, etc. But theologically, it fell far short of the grandeur, say, of the Reformation. Much of the reform took place under the urging of church people. Still, little of it issued out of a stance that lived consciously off "justification by faith," the great Protestant theological insight. Many of these reforms, theologically speaking, were the direct result of works righteousness and puritanical self-deception.

At the end of the century, a great theology finally came forth. It was what we know as liberal theology. One of its chief features was an enlightened outlook on the Bible, learned from Germany. This brought it into head-on collision with the orthodox religion of the time, which held to a literal, infallible Scripture. Liberalism won this battle hands down. By 1900 the best theological schools were teaching a more or less sophisticated biblical criticism. (Fundamentalism was a resulting death throes of the old orthodox theology.)

Let us note that liberalism fought out this first battle largely on the terrain of *intellect and theology*. It had not yet ventured a massive assault in the field of social ethics. So theology, not ethics, was to reign for a while. In fact, liberal theology for many years made common cause with a form of the old individualistic ethic of the Puritans. Its rules: work hard, stay sober, save, practice charity, count success a sign of God's favor. In 1902, for example, a group of "enlightened" Americans met at Tuskegee, Alabama, to consider how the Negro's lot might be improved.

Under the benign leadership of Booker T. Washington, the conference declared that the future of the colored race depended on such steps as "keeping out of large cities, prompt and willing payment of all taxes, keeping out of court, avoiding all forms of extravagance. . . ."

This stress on personal morality was helpful chiefly to the middle and upper classes. It provided religious approval for the material progress of these groups. But the underprivileged fared no better, and some became even worse off. Though liberal Christianity expressed an early desire to see the lot of the down-

trodden improved, and uttered numerous idealistic statements to this effect, it was far more interested in its intellectual struggle with orthodoxy. With theology riding a peak, ethical witness languished.

Ethical advance had to await the maturation of a new movement, the Social Gospel. It is correct to think of this ethic as the social component of liberal religion, but we must remember that it arose partly as a reaction to liberal *theology*, which indeed it had to struggle against. The Social Gospel got its start just after the Civil War, with such men as Washington Gladden and Josiah Strong behind it. But these generals didn't have enough troops and arms. The campaign to get economic justice for the lower classes was still unwon and to some extent unfought at the turn of the century, when Walter Rauschenbusch, the real strong man of the Social Gospel, began to make himself heard.

Reinhold Niebuhr entered the lists in the 1920's. It was still necessary, he found, to take up arms against the old Puritan morality (now being used by industrial captains as a smokescreen, behind which they continued to abuse labor). But Niebuhr quite correctly denounced another enemy, *liberal Christianity itself*, for paying no attention to the ethical problem. He wrote:

There is no one quite so ridiculous as a preacher who prides himself upon his theological radicalism in a city where the theological battle was won a generation ago, while he meanwhile speaks his convictions on matters of economics only in anxious whispers.

If modern churches continue to prefer their intellectual to their ethical problems, they will merely succeed in maintaining a vestige of religion.

With the 1930's a measure of economic justice finally did come to the laboring man. In fact, the pendulum almost swung too far in his direction, especially where his unions were concerned. The Social Gospel at last gained respectability and success. And



motive

another social ethic had moved to the center of the stage, for a time, replacing an older theological leadership.

Turn about is fair play, and the Social Gospel was presently being put under pressure by a rising new theology, neo-orthodoxy. As liberals, we Americans had banked too strongly upon a God who was all at home in our culture. Thanks to the messages from Europe of Barth and Brunner, we have begun to take more seriously the judgment of God upon us and this culture. Now we pay more attention to his transcendence and identify him less confidently with *our* plans. We value the Scriptures more highly than we used to. We know that the healing which faith offers is the only lasting kind, outstripping all the human effort we may put into social reforms.

Yet we are not done with the Social Gospel. Look at the American theologians who were influenced by Barth and Brunner. They are not a crew of "Barthians," but rather they have become a generation of ethicist-theologians. They may be pessimistic to some degree about the human situation. They may be committed to the transcendent help God offers as our only hope. But they are still, by and large, proponents of vigorous social action. Hardly a one of them, then, remains free of the prodding concerns of the Social Gospel. Reinhold Niebuhr himself best illustrates this combination.

We may ask, of course, why contemporary theology has not produced, so far, its own social ethic. Why does it fall back on the Social Gospel? Doubtless, neo-orthodoxy suffers from the ailment that plagued liberal theology up to about 1900: it is too intellectual. It lacks the common touch, the grass-roots appeal that the Social Gospel was able to develop in, say, The Methodist Church. Neo-orthodoxy talks a pretty good ethical line, but mainly in theological seminaries and summit conferences of world churchmen. When it comes to action in society, the new theology in America has been content with a modified, somewhat more pessimistic, version of the Social Gospel.

If our "out-of-phase" theory is any good, we can predict that this arrangement is unstable. A *new* social ethic will be forced upon contemporary theology by the coming generation.

#### THE DEFINITIVE PROBLEM OF A SOCIAL ETHIC

The last multidimensional social ethic in America occurred in the first half of the nineteenth century. The reform spirit of those days dealt impartially with any and all social problems. (Horace Greeley alone was interested in "Fourierism, free land, the rights of labor and of women, purity in politics, peace, penal reform, temperance, and at least a hearing for spiritualism, Grahamism, and phrenology.") From Social Gospel times onward, we have not been so comprehensive. We

April 1961



YES, MAN IS GETTING BETTER AND BETTER

have been more likely to specialize in one overriding cultural issue at a time.

To be sure, the socially concerned of our times may be capable of several interests at once. But we usually consider one or another of the social issues before us to be more basic and urgent than the rest. And that one basic, urgent issue is the one we specialize in attacking. (There is nothing as phony or as dull as a twentieth-century reformer who tries to flog up artificial interest in a whole portfolio of causes.)

To observe, then, that the Social Gospel arose out of liberal theology does not define it sharply enough. We have to ask which one special cultural evil commanded the lion's share of its attention and thus imparted to it its distinctive character. *This special cultural challenge for the Social Gospel, it is clear, was the economic problem.* It sought better working conditions, the distribution of property, the healing and succor of the lower classes. Rauschenbusch thought most areas of society, such as family, schools, politics, were already well on the way to being "Christianized." But not big business! Our economic life had to be redeemed from thirst for wealth, cutthroat competition, powerful corporations, middle men with their huge rake-offs, and the squeezing of labor for excessive profit. Other battlers in this movement seemed to agree that economics was the center of action. Niebuhr, for example, with his greater capacity for realism, stressed the same area of concern.

By 1961 the very affluence of the working man in America leads to some highly ironic consequences for

the Social Gospel. First, it may well have focused to such an extent on economic underprivilege that it has brought its own obsolescence by its very success. At least one of the large problems now is that of economic overprivilege, which is the opposite of the old Social Gospel's problem. Can it cope with the new situation?

Another conclusion is that the Social Gospel failed, after all, at the deepest level. Presumably it was interested in the working man for two reasons. First, it wanted him treated decently. Second, it wanted him to come back to the church. As for the first aim, the Social Gospel, like the New Deal, can tell itself "Good Show!" and rejoice. As for the second goal, there is little to rejoice about. The true lower-class working man, however better he is fed now, is still as estranged from the church as ever. On the other hand, some erstwhile members of the proletariat have had it good and moved up into the middle class and become respectable Americans—and, no doubt, nominal Christians. But that gets us back to the first consequence. Can the old Social Gospel deal with such a changed world where the problem may be the nominal Christianity of the economically affluent? The counsels of neo-orthodoxy seem to speak more to this particular condition than do the precepts of the Social Gospel.

Besides, if the signs coming from the sit-in generation are valid, such problems as these are not the *central* concern of Christian consciences now; that lies in another direction.

#### THE NEW SOCIAL ETHIC

What, then, will the social ethic of the sit-in generation look like? It will retain, let us hope, the ethical passion of the Social Gospel. It will embody, let us equally hope, the soberness about man and reliance on God of recent theology. It will center in some commanding current social problem—not economic underprivilege, like the Social Gospel, but *the particular form of sin in our culture that is smiting our consciences hardest today*.

To take the last of these ingredients first, the indications are strong that the new social ethic of American Protestantism will take *race relations* as the pivotal area of guilty concern, as the main point at which we see ourselves convicted of failure to live up to the Word of God. It is the one issue that has been able to stoke up the cool-hearted generation.

Specializing on different terrain from the Social Gospel, the new ethic will have to rethink what it means by salvation, always the key concept. It will likely define salvation in terms of a *this-worldly fellowship* of Christians sworn to tearing down barriers between men. It will probably get overenthusiastic, finally, just as the Social Gospel did, and assume that *all* barriers can be torn down in time and space. (This would correspond to the Social Gospel's running the kingdom-



I ALWAYS SEEM TO BE IN THE DARK

of-God-on-earth idea in the ground.) This new ethic will succeed in handling the problem of *secularism* where neo-orthodoxy has failed, since it will be willing to locate authentic fellowship outside (e.g., at lunch counters) as well as within the organized church. It will count Dietrich Bonhoeffer an elect theologian since he wrote so knowingly about the church as a this-worldly fellowship.

In method, dialectical theology and existentialism will certainly have their say. A need of high priority is for the new ethic to throw off the idealist framework that has befogged the sit-in movement. Two things that need to go are: (1) all illusions about the purity of nonviolent methods (which can be as coercive as the Marine Corps); (2) the obscure "higher law" theories used by men like Martin Luther King and Jim Lawson. An economic boycott is no exercise in Christian love. Instead it is a hardheaded tactic of force, undertaken in fallen society in the name of this-worldly justice. It is rendered more efficient by its nonviolent character, but not more pure. Also, the sometime claim to set aside statutory law by invocation of "higher law" founders on the fact that Citizens Councils, too, claim divine legal authority. Instead of this imperious method, it is better to protest immoral laws quietly on the basis of the human opinion that they keep men apart. You can then hope that what *you* say represents the will of God. This way you do not have to assume that you know more about the will of God than the law-makers and Confederates. For neither of you knows much about it.

I am suggesting, in other words, that the new ethic

motive

might be less abstract in its ideals. Let them be "emergent" ideals—or, far better, emergent *realities*. Let its theoreticians peruse the writings of John Dewey, H. Richard Niebuhr, the post-Kierkegaardian existentialists, and Bonhoeffer. Christian aims, in this approach, would not descend upon us from the clouds of a nebulous "higher law," but rather would grow in the fullness of time out of our troubles and capabilities, both of which put us in relation to God. If God is with us in a crisis, then we know his Word best when it *speaks* to us in a crisis. This means attending more to what the Word of God seems to require of us concretely in whatever ordeal is at hand in a particular time and place. It means attempting less to lay out what this Word should conform to in the line of eternal principles and soaring abstractions.

This approach also means we will have to take our *finitude* more seriously. Liberal theology could never quite get used to man's creatureliness; we must. For it is man's very insistence on ignoring his limits that puts him in the predicament described in the Bible as the Fall. We must get much better acquainted with the weight of custom and the past, with the frictional drag of history that stays us from swiftness. We will be much better furnished to do God's will if we become intimate with these forces. We will also do well to hear out what Southern culture has to say about the importance of having a place, a home, a niche in time and space and society (in return we may be able to show that segregation isn't the way to make fast these roots).

The new social ethic, finally, will have to know for itself the central place of Christ in all this. It will have to know the Bible as the authentic clue to Christ, to our sad fix without him, and in the long run, to reality.

Without pretending to be all things to all men, the new social ethic will, of course, be concerned with other matters of action besides race relations. It will turn, in widening circles, to all questions of broken fellowship. One is the destruction of person-to-person relations seen in such phenomena as the commercialization of sex. Another is the snobbery on college campuses.

Project the racial question onto the global scene and we have another crucial point of focus: international relations. It is not just a matter of making a good impression abroad by learning to live together at home. We face the *same* problem at large in the world that we have in our midst: the problem of broken fellowship.

If the sit-ins themselves are good samples of the quality of action which is to come, we can doubtless look for the new ethic to be a "personal" as well as a "social" one. It will seek ways in which individuals as well as impersonal groups can act to repair broken fellowship at various levels and actually see some results of their effort, not only on the world, but on themselves. The sit-ins have been able to do just that.



FRITZ EICHENBERG

# introducing "footnotes incorporated"<sup>1</sup>.

ONE of the most pathetic by-products of scholarly endeavor is the accretion of superfluous and orphaned footnotes. Such items, of no use to the industrious owner, nevertheless due to reasons of sentiment are seldom consigned to the ignominy of the incinerator. Many scholars had rather "pass their children through the fire to Moloch" than destroy a footnote.

In order to avoid such scandalous waste, we take pride in announcing the formation of a remarkable new business enterprise (if pure philanthropy may be thus designated!). Large lots of unused or unneeded footnotes have been purchased and classified so that a vast store of hitherto wasted references can now be shared, at a modest markup to cover operational expenses, with the scholarly world. For the first time, quantities of notes of every possible description have been made available to the public.

HERE are some mouth-watering samples:

—Smoke-screen footnotes, intended to take the professor's mind off certain inadequacies of the text. 8 cents.

—Footnotes that will not be missed: if there ain't room at the bottom of the page it don't matter. Takes tension out of typing. 5 cents.

—Irrelevant footnotes—guaranteed to leave any topic as obscure, if not more, than it was before illumination. 9 cents.

—Foreign language footnotes, laid on a base of tasteful and authentic Latin: French, 12 cents; German, 17 cents; Armenian, \$1; Kurd, \$1.24 (with swearing, \$1.34); Sanskrit, \$2; Algonquin, \$5; Piute, \$10 due to fact that Piute is not a written language. *Special*: We have *one* quadruple language footnote (Swedish, Etruscan, Cantonese, Akkadian, with an *op. cit.* in thirteenth-century Bulgarian). No thesis using this footnote has ever been rejected! \$99.95.

(Notice: we regret to announce that due to heavy local buying we have been forced into a modest price-rise on Coptic.)

—Casual footnotes, viz., "in a conversation with Jack Kennedy the other day," "In a recent letter from Nehru," etc., \$2.

—Contemptuous footnotes, viz., "Dupont-Sommer, with his customary asininity" . . . \$1.

—Filler material, designed to fit between the first and last lines of notes and thus occupy miscalculated blank areas at bottom of page, 10 cents per line. (Authentic material actually squeezed out of footnotes where not enough space was saved.)

—Bewildered footnotes, viz., "I can't quite grasp how Retslaff can make this distinction in the light of Zqylinctly's observation on Mumblehead's analysis. Can Retslaff be slipping?" 85 cents.

—Footnotes from nonexistent authors with such authoritative sounding names that the professor will not dare to show his ignorance by questioning the source. 40 cents.

—Get-even footnotes (in which the professor is smartly insulted or some pet idea of his is tellingly derided—in an obscure language). \$1.25.

—Bright-idea-too-risky-to-put-in-narrative-but-heck-this-may-be-the-find-of-the-century footnotes. 3 cents.

—Footnotes with professors' comments, viz., "true," "quite," "splendid," "thanks," and "huzzah." Priced according to enthusiasm and status of professor; special premium on dean's notes. (We have a quantity of these at very modest prices.)

**Our numbering service:** Many students find that purchased footnotes have no numbers, or the wrong numbers, and thus cannot be inserted in the proper place. Send us a list of the numbers you need, and we will slice them out of existing stocks and send them to you at 25 cents per dozen.

**Bibliographies**—an author for each letter of the alphabet—\$5. Hebrew alphabet—\$1. Chinese—\$522.

Our **MOTTO**: If its a word, we can footnote it!

<sup>1</sup> BY WILLIAM WILSON AND ROGER CARSTENSEN, in *Footnote Review*, II, 117 (1919), 233-34. See L. Mylius-Eriksen, *Expedition from Near Cape Koch to Northeast Foreland*, *op. cit.*, 495, also Count Kalnóky, *War of the Mantuan Succession* (Gonzaga, out of print), p. 1095.



ROBIN

IT'S TOUGH TRYING TO BE PERFECT



# BARBARA LEKBERG

SCULPTOR

**B**ELIEVE artists share with all people the desire to find a shape, a purpose, a meaning in the world. We all seek an organization which is fair to the variety, waywardness, accident, of experience. This, in art, is composition. It is essentially optimistic, in behalf of everyone. It is this deep optimism that moves us, I think, when we are stirred by a work of art. We feel opposing elements, what are often paradoxes in life, reconciled for the time, and we feel more free, and more at home in this world. Art in all its aspects—from process through the final work—shows life at its liveliest, and makes for more life in us.

A young child once asked me, "What is sculpture?" After some hesitation—it's a surprisingly difficult question—I answered, "Sculpture is a painting you can walk around." It is this "walk-around ability" that attracts people, certainly, to sculpture.

In walking around a sculpture, we move from view to changing view, finding new lights and shadows, even surprises, but all held by one composition, revolving on a central core. We experience its multiple phases, high and low, in and out, with a sense of its being one thing as it changes before our eyes. To go around a great sculpture is like living a whole life, coming full circle at last, satisfied and stimulated at once by its ordered variety. For it is precisely this feeling of constancy amid change that we long for in our own lives. We want the feeling both of essential purpose and rich experience.

When a piece of sculpture fails, it fails in the same way that people do. Art critics sometimes write, "This sculpture lacks variety," or, "lacks unity." How often do people make the same complaints about their lives? But where, in everyday life, we become angry or mournful at such paradoxes, the artist, when he is working well, looks for their meaning and, though the word is in bad repute, their *beauty*. If the work is a success, it is this we see and welcome.

Another aspect of sculpture is its permanent quality. I think this has something to do with the present growth of interest in the art. Sculpture so undeniably *is*: solid, free-standing, touchable. Something intangible, of the mind, has found, as Shakespeare put it, "a local habitation and a name." Sculpture shows thoughts and emotions to be as "real" as stone or steel, capable of being shaped. And while it gives ideas a material home, sculpture also gives weighty matter a new freedom, showing in stone or steel the swiftness and mobility of thought.

**S**OMEONE once asked Rodin, the great French sculpture, what he had been working on lately, and he replied, "Oh, bumps and hollows, bumps and hollows." Rodin's questioner got an answer at the heart of sculpture, as one might expect. For all sculpture is a building up and a taking away of material. In carving, it is the cutting away that one thinks of first, but the carver cuts away to make both hills and valleys. In modeling clay or wax, the building up is most in evidence, but the modeller, too, makes both positive and negative shapes. Here, again, sculpture is involved with our deepest questions. Our sense of ourselves as full and empty, positive and negative, proud and ashamed, is always with us. In sculpture, by its very nature, such contradictions serve one composition, a wholeness of purpose. I write of sculpture because I know it most intimately, but the same is true of all the arts, in their variety of techniques. Surely the sound and silence in a Beethoven quartette are related to the "bumps and hollows" of sculpture.

**W**ELDING is a "building up" technique. Looking back on it now, when I first started welding it seems hardly to have been by choice. It is more as if the material were a revelation. I had wanted from the beginning to show figures in motion, to make intricate, convoluted forms reaching into space. Steel, in its flexibility and strength, can be welded at one point while it supports its weight in space. It can be shaped in a thin shell, rigid yet free as it cuts through the air. It has seemed to me to express unprecedented freedom and motion while it stays put. Its stark blackness is speedy and graphic. I work with narrow steel strips, bending them while they are red hot, welding them side by side to form a volume. At that heat, steel has a ribbon-like flexibility, and can be used almost to draw in space. The bronze, cut from a large sheet and hammered into shapes that are welded together, has a weighty golden quality that is contrasted in its serenity with the sharp angularity of steel. Both have the possibility for expressing motion, and through motion, *emotion*, in a way I had been looking for when I first learned to weld, and which continues to engage me.

With flexibility and strength welded techniques have immediacy. There is no casting involved, and the sculptor's personal battle and truce with the material goes on to the very end, though there never is an end. When a piece is finished, it immediately takes its place as another segment, sometimes more, and sometimes less satisfactory, of all there is to do. And perhaps that is the greatest wonder: that there is always more to be affected by, and being affected, to express, to give back.

The very nature of the art process insists on individuality finding its expression through exterior means. In accepting a welding torch and steel, I immediately show my need for something outside myself to complete my idea. In using straight lines and curves, I am organizing a personal emotion with universal shapes, as every artist, whether abstract or figurative, inevitably does.

Lately I have been working on a piece that has two figures, one dead or wounded on the ground, the other bending over him, raising him. It is a tragic subject, but the two figures together make a large circular rhythm. This circle, uniting the broken figure on the ground with the vigorous figure above, is the "subject" as much as the two figures are. To find a circle in agony is to relate that agony to something large and transcendent. And the circle is *found*, not imposed.

Here I use the words *show* and *found* carefully. Because I do not believe that art is of the Ivory Tower. The organization, or composition of art is not imposed on an otherwise meaningless universe.

**I**T is true, the artist often changes appearances. But sometimes to show what a thing is one must twist it about, turn it around, explore its interior. But always to show what it is, not to falsify it. So if there is composition, it is because there is a deep order in the nature of things and in ourselves. The artist works with the conviction that the world has this composition, but scrutinizes every object freshly to see how. The art process, then, unites, one more pair of contradictions: belief and skepticism!

When I work to show the large circularity of a tragic situation, I am trying to show an essential meaning in what is broken, even ugly. The religious emotion has the same elements, a respect, even awe, in the face of the largeness and final good sense of the world, and a belief in and love for this meaning even when confronted with contradictory evidence.

—BARBARA LEKBERG

BARBARA LEKBERG IN HER STUDIO



April 1961

*THE WORKS of Miss Lekberg deal with the human without sentimentalizing and without negating. There is a transforming quality of praise and joy about her work, even in attitudes of terror or anguish. The human quality is released in its many dimensions. In this sense a Lekberg figure cannot be said to be "beautiful" (that is, pretty, since "beautiful" has come to mean this to us today). Her figures do not present us with Platonic or fifth-century Greek classical beauty which searches for an "ideal." The classical or the ideal is not the goal of art today. Art is not the answer to the puzzle of life, and art does not pretend to teach or preach about life. True art in its primary function has nothing to do with the didactic, the propagandizing of a society, or moralizing. Great art celebrates life in all its dimensions. If it does this, then not only the materials used to create art but the viewers become genuinely humanized once more. This is the by-product of celebrative art. So, when Miss Lekberg uses the materials and tools of industry to make art—the welding in steel, bronze, iron—the dehumanized products of a machine age civilization become a little more civilized; the human dimension is restored.*

*THIS RESTORATION is quite similar to the transformation of the "profane" into the sacred—it was simple bread and wine that became sacramental. Miss Lekberg performs this central humanizing and celebrating function in her sculpture. Here are signs of hope and renewal, of joy and fullness, even in the midst of penitence, prophecy, and crucifixion.*

—MARGARET RIGG



DEPOSITION, WELDED STEEL, 1958



DISCOVERY  
WELDED BRONZE, 1957



PROPHECY, WELDED STEEL, 1955

April 1961



THREE VIEWS: REVELATION, WELDED STEEL, 1958

20"x14"x13"

SHOWING



THE SCULPTURAL RHYTHM AND MOVEMENT OF FORMS IN SPACE FROM DIFFERENT SIDES.



THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND, WELDED STEEL, 1959

30"x30"x24"





PENITENT, WELDED STEEL, 1958

27" x 24" x 8"



SUDDEN FLIGHT, WELDED BRONZE, 1960  
COLLECTION: MONTCLAIR ART MUSEUM, N. J.

# God's No to false community

BY THOMAS C. ODEN

**Today's student is more keenly aware of his fate in history than of his freedom to re-create history.**

**W**E still act on the assumption that we can manipulate people into the kingdom of God. Much of our religious programming is just busy-work to keep us shielded from the genuine problems which the student is facing in life—his problems of loneliness, social adequacy, anxiety, guilt, his difficulty in understanding himself appropriately as a sexual being, his search for a political faith, his boredom in study—seldom do we touch the depths of his existing situation. Rather than face these problems, we offer him a heat-and-serve fellowship with canned answers, with a lot of beans and no meat.

Today's awakened student cannot stomach warmed-over orthodoxy. He is almost constitutionally disloyal to old ways. He knows he lives in a new world and must search for new ways. He lacks a sense of continuity with his past history. But, on the other hand, he is not revolutionary, as was his father. He is lost from his past, but he has no vision of the future, such as does the Marxist. In all his disloyalty he is, in a sense, basically conservative. He does not want to get caught being committed. He is dogmatically skeptical as a matter of principle. He senses that he lives in a dangerous world, and has learned to be cautious. He is committed to uncommittedness. He is conventionally unconventional. He is orthodoxly unorthodox.

When the student movement tries to meet this student with worn-out clichés and exhortations to heroism, it succeeds neither in challenging nor engaging him at the level in which he exists. In our lack of rootage in the historic Christian witness, we feel defeated and frustrated in our dealing with the contemporary student mind. In our irresponsibility, directionlessness and egocentricity, we meet not just our bungling but God's unequivocal No.

We substitute togetherness for friendship. Under the aegis of creativity we offer fads. We offer aestheticism which is not artistic insight. We offer "religious experience" which is not worship. We offer piety which is not faith. We offer fellowship which is not community. We offer moral platitudes which are not the Christian gospel.

We try to pump creativity into our religious move-

ments by doing something new, exciting, different, surprising. Although modern art and existentialism are significant witnesses to the situation of man in our time, they above all have fallen prey to the beasts and high priests of novelty. The gospel is concerned with a new man and a new age, a new self-understanding which makes obsolete the old. But it is not concerned abstractly with newness as an unquestioned value or new god to be worshiped. We hoped the god of novelty would deliver us, but many have found it also to have clay feet. The living God is the destroyer of our idolatry. It is he whom we meet in the collapse of our gods.

The academic world is hardly more awake than the church to questions of ultimate significance. We get gut courses with gutless sentimentalities about man and society. The campus is gung-ho for academic honors, but without academic excellence, for action without direction, and for involvement without meaning. All these idolatries are reflected in the Christian community on campus. The academic community is a sitting duck, awaiting the blast of a sharp polemic from some unknown quarters for its scientism and sentimentalism. Will that blast come, as it should, from the student Christian movement, or will it have to come from more awakened forces on the campus, such as drama, philosophy or psychotherapy?

We are called by God's love to participate in a community of faith and mission on the campus, but we become so preoccupied with the task of consolidating our gains in terms of campus prestige, and being successful in terms of the campus' assumptions about success, that we dissipate our energies quickly. We are other-directed without having a mission to the other. We decide what is right by looking around us to see what other people are doing.

The sheer investment of time, energy and sweat which many local religious groups ask and expect of students is perfectly astounding. Often we encourage students to give more and more time—who cares if it is at the expense of the student's primary calling of studentship? We do not ask the student first of all to be a more responsible student, but instead to be a good organization man.

The Christian community has been too little concerned with sending the student back into the world. Its concern has been almost exhaustively with getting him out of the world and into the church.

More than a few persons who have come up through the loyal ranks of religious organizationalism have finally had to ask themselves whether they have cheated themselves out of an education because of their religious commitment. The student is asked, as he has been for the past ten or fifteen years, to leave behind one world (*academia*) and enter a separate world (*ecclesia*). All the energies of program planning are put to the service of the attempt to engineer this exodus from the fleshpots of Egypt across the sea of reeds. The poor student after crossing over may find himself in an interminable wilderness.

The conventional image of the Christian community on campus no longer freights meaning for the contemporary student. It is an image of directionless activism which is coasting on borrowed time and inertia will soon overcome it.

The New Testament calls us to die to our old false understanding of life, that we may live anew to God's grace and forgiveness. Death precisely signifies that the last of all human possibilities is gone, but that God's possibility (resurrection) remains. We now

stand at a decisive juncture of history where old forms are dying and new life is being given.

Where do we lay the corpse of the old activist, humanistic understanding of the student movement? It deserves an honorable funeral, since only its vitality could have broken through the narrow moralism of our grandfathers. But its day is past. Let us rejoice that we are given anew the possibility of building from new foundations. These new foundations must be the judgment, gift and demand of God.

**W**E live in the mid-twentieth century, but the understanding of God, man and society we ordinarily peddle around and bargain for on our campuses still belongs to the optimistic, bourgeois and utopian world view of the nineteenth century. Now it is beginning to dawn upon us that the twentieth century confronts us with difficulties the nineteenth century never dreamed of, and dilemmas which its tools cannot resolve. We have found that life (which is to say, God) is thrusting upon us events with which our nineteenth-century theology cannot deal adequately.

The lines along which this popular theology moves are well known to us all: man is essentially good; sin is ignorance; the basis for faith is the teaching of Jesus; Christians are the protectors of God's moral law; history is progressing toward more comfortable ends; the kingdom of God is that better social and political arrangement which we try to achieve by planning, organization, good will, and confidence in the ultimate triumph of (our) righteousness; and all theology is summarized in the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God.

Those who take this theology seriously still live ideologically in the nineteenth century and have never really met men of the twentieth century like Freud, Picasso, Niebuhr, O'Neill, and Sartre.

History has run far out ahead of our theology, but we seem hardly aware of what has happened to us, and much less able to conceive of the new directions in which we must now move. Our first step must be to have the courage to ask ourselves whether the Christian community on campus has been satisfied with offering Mickey Mouse thoughts to a Mickey Mouse fellowship involved in Mickey Mouse activities. Are we going through the same motions in our student work which we went through in the youth fellowship, clothed only by a wordy air of sophistication? Are we unwilling to be churchmen of the twentieth century, coming to grips with the issues of our day?

The answers we have been seeking are to questions which assume that man has within himself resources for self-renewal. But the resources for renewal are a divine gift. Grace means gift. When man assumes that he already possesses the means for self-deliverance, then it is almost impossible for him to see God's deliverance as a gift. Because we are caught in a humanistic predicament, in which we find it impossible to



THE DENIAL

FRITZ EICHENBERG



*He is the true Lamb,  
who by dying  
has destroyed our death,  
& by rising again  
has bestowed new life on us,*

ask the kind of questions which the crisis of our times demands that we ask, divine love must first come to us in the form of divine judgment, before we can engage the crisis on a new level.

Our dilemma must be placed in its historical context, the history of Protestant thought in the last four centuries. We are living in a postliberal age in theology, but the issues which we are still sweating out are worn-out issues between Protestantism, orthodoxy, pietism, liberalism and fundamentalism. The picture looks something like this:

#### CONCERNS

Seventeenth century—Protestant orthodoxy—correct belief, right doctrine.

Eighteenth century—pietism—religious emotions, experience of salvation.

Nineteenth century—liberalism—teachings of Jesus, tolerance, biblical criticism, social idealism, optimism.

fundamentalism—reaction against liberalism, defensive biblicism.

Twentieth century—postliberal theology—rediscovery of historic Christian witness for contemporary man; ecumenicity; historical realism; biblical theology.

The pietism of Spener and Wesley reacted against the rationalistic rigidity of the Protestant orthodoxy which had dogmatized and solidified the dynamism of classi-

cal reformation theology. Pietism sought a religion of the heart, in contrast to the heady intellectualism of orthodoxy. Liberalism followed in the steps of pietism's concern for the experiencing human subject rather than the revelation of the divine subject. It challenged both pietism and orthodoxy, however, by participating in the great social, philosophical and cultural movements of the nineteenth century, demanding historical application of the gospel. Although fundamentalism and literary criticism of the Scriptures and the social hardly began till the nineteenth century was over, they essentially belong to the nineteenth century, with its misdirected emphasis on trying to establish faith with historical evidence. Fundamentalism was a defensive reaction of biblical literalism against the threat of the nineteenth-century liberalism. All these movements have extended themselves into the twentieth century, but none are sufficient for the perplexities of the twentieth century. Postliberal theology (badly misnamed in the term neo-orthodoxy) has sought to bring to bear upon modern man the basic Christian proclamation without being captivated by the assumptions of modern man.

Sadly enough, the chief religious questions which are still being bantered about on campus are questions which belong to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but which often have little relevance to contemporary man. Literally thousands of Protestant students today live under the illusion that the great battle being fought in theology is between fundamentalism and liberalism. In a sense this battle still is being waged, with little significance for our present intellectual crisis. We are living from the bitter fruits of a history which we do not understand. We read the Bible with Kantian spectacles. We see the Reformation only from the moralistic vantage point of nineteenth-century American frontier revivalism.

A new beginning is needed. We need to begin, not with our questions and our existential situation, but with God's judgment upon us, his gift to us, and his demand upon us.

**T**HE wrath and judgment of God! God's condemnation of man's stupidity and idolatry! God's shattering No to our pride and guilt and anxiety! How strangely these words fall upon modern ears. We have been trained and conditioned to think of God as only capable of nice things. Not the judgment of his radical holy love against our pride and sloth.

God is against us insofar as we are against ourselves. The God above our gods says No to our sentimentalities and egocentricity. He asserts himself against our false purposes. God opposes our sloth and failure to receive his gift and demand, and our willful neglect of our common mission. The Christian community is beginning to discover that it is a terrible thing to be

found in the hands of this living God, who slays the finite gods we have fashioned.

It is with this living God whom we now have to deal as we find ourselves dissipated in our own efforts at self-salvation. We experience bewilderment, anxiety, and boredom. We experience as frustration what is in reality the refining fire of God's gracious judgment.

We must clarify the concept of idolatry in order to speak meaningfully of the judgment of God to intelligent persons in the mid-twentieth century. Idolatry is the exalting of a finite value to the level of deity. All men devote themselves to certain values, but when these values become ultimate providers of meaning, they become idolatrous. When we cannot live without certain values, they become gods for us. There is a reality which lies before and after all our values and gods. Call this reality what you may, but acknowledge that it is the final reality with which all men must deal. You may call it the great unknown, the void out of which all our values come and the abyss into which they return. This reality, the slayer of our gods is what the Christian community knows as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The death of our gods comes by way of what the Bible calls the judgment of God. When we experience the crumbling of the finite values which we have exalted to the level of ultimate providers of meaning, we experience what the Bible calls God's judgment, the divine No to our false faiths.

The judgment of God confronts us concretely and dramatically today in three well-known phases of our common experience. (1) As Americans we experience a threat to the great dream of the American empire through the haunting cries of anti-Americanism, "Yankee go home," resounding everywhere abroad. We experience the judgment of God in the form of the hatred and misunderstanding of many peoples whom we think we have helped. Insofar as the dream of the American empire has bestowed genuine significance on our lives, we find this idolatry under threat. (2) The scientific community exists today amid the crumbling of many of its most cherished assumptions. With a comfortable Newtonian world view being challenged by atomic physics, Euclidean geometry being challenged by Riemannian and Lobachevskian mathematics, and Freudian theory confronted with the challenge of existential psychoanalysis, we see the scientific community experiencing threats to its assumed methodologies and values. (3) Our religious communities also are experiencing threats to values which have been assumed as necessary for our existence. Although churches are growing quantitatively, and it seems that we are ostensibly in the midst of a revival of religion, churchmen today are experiencing a profound sense of directionlessness and lack of rootage in the sources of ultimate meaning and creative action. The Christian community on campus must understand in what sense these events, although they appear to be secular events, mediate God's grace and judgment to us.

God judges us in the midst of his loving us, and loves us amid his judgment. The directionlessness and confusion which we know today is our experience of God's judgment on our false orientation toward life. God judges and condemns our obsolete forms of piety. We feel threatened by the passing away of our values, by the death of our gods. But from our side, we see our problems only from our limited, finite, historical perspective.

The old passes away and the new emerges. God is acting as destroyer and creator. When all our finite values are slain, the Whence and Whither of our values remain. It is in this God that the Christian community is called to trust in this time of death and birth.

The Christian community understands the judgment of God from the vantage point of God's action in Jesus Christ. It is Christ who gives decisive character to our understanding of God. It is in his ministry to us that we learn that the God who judges us is the God who is for us. All rationalism attempts to explain away either God's love or his judgment, minimizing the radical opposition of God's love to evil. Protestant theology does not try to reduce the tension between God's love and judgment, but rather suggests that the more clearly we understand God's radical love, the more clearly do we understand God's judgment.

**T**HE mission of the student movement is to be the church. The church is that community which has responded to the self-disclosure of infinite divine love in Jesus Christ. God loves the world in the same way he loves the church. The only difference is that the church knows and rejoices in its covenant partner, the revealing God, whose activity the world does not perceive.

The Christian community bears the same Word to the campus that the church bears to the world. **Emmanuel**, God is with us in Jesus Christ; *Deus pro nobis*, God is for us in the event of divine love; *simul justus et peccator*, man, though a sinner, is justified.

Hence it is that we are called to redirect our energies in the student movement toward the development of solid, disciplined communities of lay theological education. If we fail to bequeath to the church articulate and informed Christian laymen, then we fail in everything else we do. This task could involve five dimensions:

1. The development of a four-year curriculum in basic theological studies, to be offered in sequence to students in the student center without academic credit but with academic seriousness, on the assumption that the Christian faith is not just something we feel but also something that involves hardheaded thinking.

2. This should introduce every awakened Christian student to three critical questions: (a) the predicament of man and the question of the meaning of human existence, (b) God's Word and deed in Jesus Christ as the basis of an appropriate self-understand-

... BLOW THE TRUMPET IN SION, SANCTIFY A FAST,

CALL A SOLEMN ASSEMBLY, GATHER

TOGETHER THE PEOPLE, SANCTIFY THE CHURCH ...



(From the Ash Wednesday Epistle)  
Courtesy, TODAY magazine

ing, and (c) the relevance of the Christian faith for contemporary man and society.

3. Each of these three questions should be approached with the wisdom of four theological disciplines: (a) the biblical witness (including historical, critical and literary inquiries into the Old and New Testaments); (b) the witness of the historical Christian community (church history and historical theology); (c) the witness of contemporary theology (philosophical and systematic theology); and (d) the study of contemporary man and society (inquiring into the arts and sciences, history and culture, politics, economics, psychology, etc., in an effort to understand the need of modern man).

4. Such a curriculum should be experimental and flexible enough to be used in both large and small local student movements, utilizing either the leadership of the students themselves or trained staff personnel.

5. Lay theological studies of this sort should be conjoined with the worship, community life and the

mission of the community to the world, rather than separated from them. Education in this sense is not an end in itself but exists for the purpose of training the laity to go back out into the world with a deliberate and unapologetic witness, grounded in the worship and self-understanding of the Christian community.

A final word: The Christian community on campus must be a place where awakened students can find a home, a place of corporate sharing in study, worship, community and mission. It must be a place where they can frankly raise ultimate questions without being embarrassed about offending official Christendom. The Christian community must boldly address sleeping students with these questions if they do not do so for themselves, for the questions are nevertheless hidden in their souls and need help to become articulate. In this way the judgment and grace of God become relevant to the issues of the campus, issues thrust upon us by the changing order of our time, and to the building up of new forms of community which show forth the meaning of our deliverance in Jesus Christ.

# the literary development of Lincoln

BY JOHN NIST

FROM mid-seventeenth century Puritanism to mid-nineteenth century Transcendentalism, American literature was dominated by the imported culture of New England and a tradition of the genteel. That domination, still reflected in anthologies, textbooks, academic lectures, and in the critical overpraise of Emily Dickinson and the institutional popularity of Robert Frost, began its long slow wane about the time of the Civil War. Ralph Waldo Emerson had called for a truly native American literature; three giants of homely earth and the common people stood up to meet the challenge: Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, and Abraham Lincoln. The poet fashioned a new verse form to perfection and chanted a cosmic vision and faith which as a bequest to America is, according to the tragic Hart Crane, "still to be realized in all its implications." The novelist distilled the unique flavor of American speech along the Mississippi Valley and offered it as a drink for the laughing gods in his masterpiece *Huckleberry Finn*, the one book from which, Ernest Hemingway has said, "all modern American literature comes." The statesman, a curious mixture of the dignity of Whitman and the humor of Twain, with the same hawk-eyed vision of reality that was in them both, gave the world in private letters and public speeches an emotional power and intellectual elevation of utterance that must rank with some of the greatest passages from Shakespeare.

Abraham Lincoln has become the most loved and revered figure in American history. Attesting to this unique popularity is the fact that only two other subjects add more new books each year to the Library of Congress than Lincoln: Christ and Shakespeare—a solemn reminder that people do not forget their masters of sanctity and of poetry. The prairie lawyer who bore the nation through four years of noise and blood grew slowly into both saint and poet. It should be noted that the latter role depended upon the former: when Lincoln found his religion (personal, mystical, and

intense), he also found his most intimate and universal voice. No other American statesman has ever spoken with such truth and beauty.

Almost completely self-educated, Lincoln cannot be said to have really *read* much of anything: instead, he *studied* every book he could lay his hands on. Cautious and patient by nature, Lincoln learned slowly, but deeply; and what he learned he did not forget: from law to the mathematics of surveying, from Jeffersonian principles of democracy to the rhythms of his favorite authors. These authors cast light upon the melancholic and poetic temperament of Lincoln, who wrote many a melodious and imitative verse in the tradition of nineteenth-century Romanticism; throughout his life he loved the works of Shakespeare, Burns, Byron, and Thomas Hood. Lincoln never tired of quoting from Byron's "Dream": "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud." The poem, to be sure, is trivial; but it shows with great clarity Lincoln's integrity, his humility.

Lincoln always preferred the *what* of statement to the *how*: truth, he felt, did not need to wear the Sunday clothes of expression. It is this preference in Lincoln which produced that long and steady growth into utter lack of self-consciousness which, in turn, is responsible for an eloquence unachieved and unachievable in the contrived and flamboyant speeches of Everett and Webster. When the *what* of truth in the mature Lincoln married itself to the force of his passion, then the *how* of beauty was equal to the task of expression.

Much has been made of Lincoln's sense of humor—too much, perhaps. It is true that this awkward, gangling railsplitter, with an almost suicidal tendency toward hypochondriasis, relished a folksy tale, a whimsical story, a racy joke. Lincoln laughed often in order that he might not weep; he also wept often in order that he might not die. Yes, he regaled many an audience with tall stories from the prairies, but, as Lincoln himself admitted, they were not original with him: "I am only a retail dealer." Yes, together with a youthful gift for purple rhetoric, Lincoln developed a talent for riotous burlesque. Consider the following excerpt from his ridicule of the military record of General Cass, the Democrat candidate for the presidency in 1848: "Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly





on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking huckleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often hungry. . . ." The style is worthy of Artemus Ward, Lincoln's favorite humorist. But in the long run it is more significant for its balance and compression than for its humor; a taste for rhythm and precision was working in Lincoln even while he was only a one-term congressman. The humor kept him from madness; it could not keep him from sorrow. And the tears of Lincoln are more permanent than his laughs. It was the melancholy in him, the capacity to endure suffering in him, that refined his greatness, both as political leader and classic writer.

**T**HE literary development of Lincoln provides a fascinating study in the growth of natural genius away from sentiment and rhetoric, from broad humor and sharp wit, to plain truth and ruthless logic, then to exalted vision and poetic cadence. With typical thoroughness, Lincoln mastered every phase of this literary development. In time, he transcended the limitations of Burns and Byron and Hood to achieve the perfections of Shakespeare and the Bible. Intimate associates of Lincoln in the White House affirm the fact that during this period of final maturation, the President studied Shakespeare more than all other authors combined; that he also studied the Bible intensely is well

known. Lincoln's need for stronger truth and deeper beauty arose out of his personal suffering: the loss of two sons, the terrible casualty lists of the war, the envious contention among members of his Cabinet, the sharp tongue of a hysterical wife, whose own brothers were fighting in the armies of the Confederacy—all these thorns in the brow of love could not be answered with either a joke or a courtroom speech. Art is the pearl of pain, produced by awful friction in the secret compartments of the soul. Lincoln's best writing bears witness to this fact.

If too much has been made of Lincoln's humor, not enough has been made of his training for the classic literary utterances in the presidency. By defeating the bully Jack Armstrong in a wrestling match while a young man in New Salem, Lincoln established himself as a courageous leader of the little community; by defeating many a lawyer in the verbal wrestling of the circuit courts of Illinois, Lincoln established himself as a potent force for law and order in the state. His legal career in Springfield and outlying districts made Lincoln a master of the spoken word; he learned how to convince the minds of men without recourse to false glitter and sticky sentiment. He also learned thoroughness in the preparation of his cases: one can neither attack nor defend without an army of proper facts behind him. In short, legal battle taught Lincoln to see issues from all possible sides, thus strengthening a largeness of vision already native to him. It also taught him to yield on unimportant points in order to gain greater victories on the major questions.

As legal battle proved to be a senior seminar in precise expression for Lincoln, so the great debates with

Stephen A. Douglas were a postgraduate course in literary training. Lincoln lost the 1858 election for the Senate, but he won the attention of the nation. Preservation of the Union without the extension of slavery was a much more difficult opponent than either Jack Armstrong or Senator Douglas—an opponent that Lincoln would throw if he could. In 1860 the people of America gave him his chance: one intense paragraph on “a house divided” earned him the presidency. That paragraph could not have been written had Lincoln not finally found his religion, the basis for the passion which supplied the *how* to the *what* of his style. The following passage was a forecast of the even greater eloquence that lay ahead: “I know that there is a God and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything; I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same, and they will find

it so.” At the time these words were spoken, Lincoln had outgrown rhetoric and sentiment, humor and logic; he was now a post-New Testament prophet, full of passion and faith. Without doubt, by 1860 Lincoln had become both poet and saint. From the magnificent farewell speech at Springfield on February 11, 1861, to the “Second Inaugural Address” on March 4, 1865, Lincoln’s suffering deepened—and so did his faith, his humility, his love. With this deepening, his style became more pure, more rhythmical, more exalted. No longer did he merely try to convince the mind; now he would court the heart and the soul.

IN a sense, the literary development of Lincoln is the biography of a man moving from the world of ambition to the world of responsibility, from the world of official control to the world of personal sacrifice, from the world of human love to the world of Divine charity. Through patience and much practice, Lincoln mastered his instrument of language; then he let God help him play upon it to perfection.

## *two poems*

By M. SHUMWAY

*from ananda walked the wind,  
straw-sandaed from the evening sea  
soft up the age-round hills,  
from a single cypress blew a  
whirr of birds, and the flock flew  
into rust sod as seawind in wheat grasses  
rolled earth to another sun.*

### *amaryllis*

*when you hear the turning of the earth  
you shall know the songs and footsteps  
on the mountain, when you have sung these birds  
and seen leaves lift the wind, when  
you have crept into the withered trumpets  
of September, you will see the turning  
of the earth, the burning wind, and these songs  
shall sing you.*

# easter conversation at nazareth

BY GRAHAM R. HODGES

Man: I hear Jesus, the carpenter, was crucified in Jerusalem day before yesterday.

Woman: Yes, it was a terrible thing. Jacob, my husband, is just back from there. He saw Jesus carrying his cross through the streets.

Man: You know, I could have predicted it, almost. From the time he left here on those preaching and teaching trips three years ago he's been in hot water nearly every place he's gone. If he'd only stayed away from Jerusalem. You just can't go there and act like you can up here.

Boy: But what did they crucify him for? I always thought he was the nicest man in Nazareth. Why, he whittled this very toy oxcart out for me.

Woman: My husband says they accused him of stirring up the people, son. Said they got false witnesses to say he had said he was king of the Jews. That was to stir Pilate up. And think of the way he's worked right here in his carpenter shop all these years supporting his mother and younger brothers and sisters. Now, he's crucified.

Woman: Remember the blind man he healed at Capernaum? The man who was born blind—used to sit at the gate begging. And that crazy son of old Jonah, who used to live up in the hills—why, there's dozens around here who owe their lives to him. Now he's crucified.

Man: Well, Sarah, you can say all you want, but it's still good policy to keep your mouth shut. Think all you please, but keep a tight lip. That was Jesus' trouble, not doing just that. The high priest has his men right here in Nazareth. He works hand in glove with Pilate. Together they control the country. For example, how do you know I'm not one of his informers?

Woman: I don't. And I don't care. It's not right—crucifying a man like that.

Man: A woman can talk more than a man, but I'd still keep quiet if I were you.

Second Man: I can remember when Jesus was about twelve. His parents went to Jerusalem to Passover. On their way back they missed him. Went back and where do you think they found him? Sitting in the temple



Man: Well, I learned a long time ago to keep my mouth shut. That's why I'm alive today.

Boy: What about all those sick people he helped? Looks to me like they would have rescued him. I would.

Second Man: Sonny, the world ain't made that way. Maybe you would, maybe you wouldn't have rescued him. I wager the chances are that some of them he healed were right in that mob shouting for him to be crucified.

stumping the doctors with his questions. And him a boy of twelve. He was always different.

Man: I tell you—that was his trouble. He *was* different. And *that* was his undoing. If you want to get along, don't be different. Why, he was smart enough to know he was walking into a trap when he went to Jerusalem this time. I can't figure it out—with his brains and all—throwing himself away.

# *the lordship of Christ in a technological age*

BY TRUMAN B. DOUGLASS



**I**NDICTMENTS and castigations of technology have become fashionable in some religious and intellectual circles.

It is too easy to say that a technological society represents a preoccupation with materialistic interests, to the exclusion of spiritual concerns.

It is too facile to contend that technological accomplishments signify a fixation upon the means of existence and a corresponding neglect of values and goals.

It is too superficial to claim that a technologically oriented culture symbolizes the subordination of man to the machine.

There may be miniscule elements of truth in all these contentions; but they are comingled with large amounts of falsehood and distortion, and the ingredients of verity and misrepresentation need to be sorted out.

Regarding the first accusation—that technology is incorrigibly “materialistic”—we need to remember William Temple’s assertion that Christianity is the most materialistic of all religions. It begins with an act of materialization, of embodiment: the incarnation. It is concerned about the life of the body. It is interested in how man lives in and with and through his body. The life of the church is the life of a body—a body that is corporate and corporeal.

In ancient times the church peddled pardons and fake relics. Today it hucksters “spiritual values,” spiritual mobilization, spirituality. And the latter is worse than the former. It exiles Christianity from earth to heaven, deprives it of its solid, historical, eventful character, distorts and misrepresents the gospel of the Incarnation. Every assault of the church against the most glaring evils of society—from human slavery, to child labor, to racial segregation—has produced accusations of “materialism” and attempts to restrict the church to the realm of the so-called “spiritual.” This is to repeat the Manichean heresy with its dual-

ism. Man is represented as a soul inside a body. He will never be free and virtuous except as he *escapes* from the body, from matter, from nature. This Manichaeic heresy proclaims a fundamental and radical hostility between the natural and the spiritual.

The charge that a technological civilization is preoccupied with the *means* of existence to the exclusion of its *goals* is similarly misleading. It overlooks the extent to which technical accomplishments are achieved in the service of consciously envisioned goals—many of them goals that embody an enhancement of human good. It overlooks also the extent to which the technological process intrinsically contains its own goals—the extent to which, for example, invention is an expression of the impulse toward play; which in turn is closely akin to worship, except perhaps in our strenuous and moralistically hypertensive Protestantism, which has tended to make even worship a form of spiritual technology, a means to certain practical ends rather than an exalted kind of play which is self-justifying.

In like manner, the indictment of technology as resulting in the subordination of man to the machine is also indiscriminating. There is nothing inherent in the nature of a machine which necessitates its attaining mastery over man. When man submits himself to such tyranny this is evidence that he has shrunk from the rigors of freedom—that he desires to be enslaved, or is at least willing to exchange freedom for something else. When man ascribes to the machine an independent existence that is beyond his control, this is worse than Manichaeism; it is magic.

The problem of a technological age is not our machines and processes, our discoveries and inventions. It is the problem of man himself. This seems a trite and platitudinous thing to say, but it is a platitude which needs to be explored in some depth.

From one standpoint the whole realm of science and technology seems to resist the application of any principle of "Lordship," whether of man or God. It appears to proceed by its own logic and express the working of a kind of inner necessity.

There has been implanted in man—in some men, at any rate—the need to *know*: to know himself, his environment, the relationships and forces that constitute the world around him. In many respects this is the purest and most disinterested drive to which human beings respond. It often operates without hope of public recognition or financial reward. Generally, in its basic form, it proceeds without thought of practical applications to which its findings can be directed. There is simply the inextinguishable desire for knowledge, the need to know.

When a new frontier of knowledge is occupied there are men—generally other men than the workers in basic science—who see the applicability of the scientific findings to the attainment of specific goals. There seems to be a kind of inevitability in this process.

Savery learns that a vacuum can be created by the condensation of steam, and the steam engine is in the making. Given Faraday's discovery of the principle of electro-magnetic induction, and the telephone and telegraph become inevitable. Mertz demonstrates the propagation of electro-magnetic waves and the mingled blessing and curse of radio and television is inserted into the womb of time. The humanitarian and pacifist, Einstein, works out his equation,  $E=mc^2$ , and the atomic bomb is an unavoidable consequence.

How does the Lordship of Christ—or, for that matter, the will and choice of man—insert itself into this chain of inevitabilities?

Obviously, the point of insertion is the point of determining uses, ends, goals. Evil is not resident in *things*; it is resident in the purposes for which things are employed.

An automobile may become the master of a man instead of his servant. He may allow it to become a status-symbol and be subject to the compulsion of providing himself with longer and more powerful and more expensive cars, regardless of his need for transportation. It may be used to produce the druglike effects of speed and the exhilaration of power under his control. It may be used as an anodyne, to mask his perpetual boredom with the sense of being in motion. The good and evil are not resident in the motor car but in the use that is made of it.

**E**VEN the atomic bomb is not intrinsically a thing of evil. It is *men* who take it out of its crate, *men* who load it in an airplane, *men* who fly the airplane to an objective, *men* who activate the bomb-release and drop its destruction on other human beings. But this is not the only use for which atomic power may be employed. It may make radioactive cobalt and be used to stop the growth of some cancers. It may produce energy to light a city. Even in its explosive form, according to Dr. Edward Teller (who knows something about atomic power), it may be used to dig harbors, conduct mining operations, regulate subterranean water flow and water seepage, develop oil fields that are inaccessible to other methods of recovery.

The first point at which the Christian faith becomes relevant in asserting the kingship of Christ is in the choice of objectives and goals, which determine the purposes for which our technological skills are to be used.

In the second place, the proclamation of the lordship of Christ in a technological age requires the dedicated service of technicians who can tell us how our techniques can be directed toward specific ends. Here the clergy must be dependent on the laity. Here is a ministry of the laity which is consonant with our highest Protestant tradition.

I think it must be maddening to responsible laymen when ministers tell them that the complex problems of our society can be solved by narrowly "religious"

methods—by a little more prayer, a little more Bible reading, a little more application of the teachings of Christ.

Do not misunderstand me: I am in favor of all these activities. But the Bible and the teachings of Christ have very little to tell us specifically about how to improve agricultural productivity in a technically retarded area or how to attack endemic disease in a nation without a public-health program. From the Bible and the teachings of Christ we may derive the principle of equal opportunities at education for all people, but they tell us very little about how to improve instructional methods in our schools and universities. I do not know of any form of prayer that will tell us how to solve the gold problem—how to balance the needs for health in our own economy against the need to maintain a free flow of goods and services throughout the world.

For the solution to a multitude of problems in our complex society we are dependent on the work of competent technicians. The church needs to learn how to keep silent and listen to its laity when such problems are before us, and not divert the consideration by attempting to lug in false "religious" answers. It needs also to encourage the technicians, to help them see that hard and conscientious work within the area of their professional competence is their particular service to Christ and the church.

In the third place, the Lordship of Christ in a technological age means the cultivation of individuals and a society who understand the meaning of purposeful liberty.

One of the most significant results of technological achievements has been the greatly increased amount of "disposable life" which every American possesses. This is a consequence of two gains—an increase in the amount of what the economists call "disposable income" and an increase in the amount of "disposable time"—of leisure.

Mainly as a result of improved technology, the American people have been put in possession of an ever-increasing number of "discretionary dollars." Even in terms of our devaluated dollar, average income has nearly trebled in the past seventy-five years. By 1975, if the present rate of growth continues, the average disposable income of the American family will gain another 50 per cent.

In 1900 almost half the family units in the United States had incomes of less than \$2,000—in terms of 1959 prices. By 1954 more than 40 per cent of all families had after-taxes incomes of between \$4,000 and \$7,500. By 1970 two fifths of the families in the nation will have incomes in excess of \$7,500.

This is much more than a statistical revolution; it is a social revolution.

A similar overturning has taken place in the area of disposable or discretionary time. For the first time in history large numbers of people have been put in pos-

session of substantial stretches of time in which they can do as they please.

Since the beginning of recorded history, leisure has been the privilege of only a tiny minority. The United States started out without a leisure class. America was a young, undeveloped land; there were few mechanical sources of power and technical devices to carry the burden of work; it took long hours of hard labor to supply the needs of the new nation. Idleness was disreputable. Our grandmothers worked samplers declaring that "Satan finds work for idle hands."

Today this situation has radically changed. More and more the attention of individuals and families is centered on the use of hours and days away from work. Some 40 billion dollars—approximately 15 per cent of total consumer expenditures—are annually spent on leisure-time activities.

With the nearly universal observance of the five-day week, and the possibility of a four-day or even three-day week, the availability of leisure which the individual can spend as he chooses has become a major new element in American culture.

The effect of all this—of the increase of discretionary dollars and discretionary time—is to add greatly to our freedom of choice. For many centuries humanity has been obliged to expend nearly all its resources of time and money to provide the elemental necessities of existence: food, clothing and shelter. Today we have this margin which we can spend as we please. It is interesting to note how we use this new-found freedom.

We spend 16 billion dollars a year for recreation, and 15 billion for smoking and drinking. At the same time we spend only 7 billion for research, and only 13 billion for education, public and private. (When it is suggested that we cannot afford better schools or higher education made available to all who are qualified to make use of it, the obvious answer is, "Nonsense!" The question is one of choice—what things we think are most important.)

Through the growth of leisure and the increase of disposable income, Americans have gained a freedom of choice that no other people has even approached. The test of an individual and of a people is less what they do under compulsion than what they do with their liberty—when they are really free to choose.

Thus the technological revolution has confronted us with what is really a moral crisis—a crisis of decision and choice.

Having received the marvelous gift of time, do we spend it wisely as a people? Or are we engaged mainly in finding diversions, in making time pass, in "killing" time?

Do we make good use of the disposable life that has been given to us? Do we actually behave like free men and women? Or have we substituted for the compulsions of want the coercions of advertising, of custom, of the drive for success and status?

I have a friend who gets seasick on a calm day in a sheltered harbor. Yet in the Long Island community where he lives he feels obliged to own a boat—because all his neighbors have them. What kind of freedom of choice is this?

Consider the choices that are presented to us by the mass-media which invade our homes. Estimate the amount of radio and television time that is devoted to commending good books, concerts, works of art, musical recordings, as compared with the amount that is spent pushing remedies for stomach gas, under-arm odor, and what is euphemistically known as "irregularity." How free is a people much of whose attention must be fixed upon combatting the ubiquitous national disease of "irregularity"?

Obviously the problem presented to us by our technological civilization is not any lack of sheer quantity of life and the means of life. It is the problem of what to do with the life we have—the problem of goals, of purposes, of meanings.

This is a realm in which the church presumably has a message and a truth to communicate—a realm

# AGNUS DEI

to be brought under the Lordship of Christ. Here is the importance of the lay movements which are so fundamental to Protestantism, and which are beginning to deal with the basic question of the Christian meaning of vocation—of living under the governance of Christian purposes in the place where one's daily work is done.

Speaking of "quantity" of life, a technological society sharply presents us with the necessity of making qualitative decisions about the *kind* of life we desire for ourselves and other persons.

**T**HIS is the problem of technological age. Its accomplishments are great and unmistakable. It has delivered large sections of humanity—and will one day deliver the rest—from hunger; from many of its diseases; from grinding, dehumanizing toil; from ignorance and illiteracy; from much spirit-killing monotony. Even the lowly tranquilizing pill—the butt of innumerable jokes—is primarily responsible for the fact that the population of our mental hospitals, which had been rising rapidly for many years, is now steadily decreasing.

These are great gifts. But they are all dubious gifts unless they are brought under the Lordship of Christ—who alone has power to give life its fullest meaning.

Without him we shall become denizens of a world that is replete with means and devoid of meanings.

Above all, there is need for restoring to wholeness the broken image of man himself—man, who is at once the technician and the subject who will presumably benefit from our technological achievements.

The Christian faith affirms that man glimpses the full dimension of his life only when he is allowed to see himself as being in some sense made in the image of God. We believe also that what this means is fully disclosed to us in Jesus Christ. It is the great task of the church to illuminate this meaning for men and women living in the specific circumstances of our own time.

The church in a technical society needs to communicate adequate conceptions of stewardship. A technological age is always prone to equate exploitive skills with ownership rights. The power companies are conceded ownership of the nation's water resources because they have exploited them. The broadcasting networks own the air because they have exploited it. It is even suggested that the first nation to occupy outer space will own that, too.

But man has *no* rights of absolute ownership. He is a temporary administrator and trustee of these things. "The earth is the Lord's and all that is therein." Its things and forces and laws are to be used under his Lordship and in accordance with his will.

In the performance of this prophetic task the church needs to make an alliance with the arts, through which the dignity and dimension of the human spirit are most vividly revealed and which have power to sharpen our judgments and discriminations for the qualitative choices that must be made.

And above all, if the church is to direct men's thoughts toward the fact of Christ's lordship it must exhibit the willingness to bring its own life under his governance. It is because he is not yet Lord, even in his own household, that his lordship over the whole of life remains for us only an eschatological hope.

The acknowledgment of Christ's lordship in the church means many things. It means that the church will live by and for its mission to the world; for it was "the world" (not the church) which God so loved that he sent his only begotten Son to save it.

It means a reaffirmation and a much more explicit recognition of our Protestant conviction that every layman has a ministry in his particular vocation. For it is here, vastly more than in the cloisters and councils of the churches, that the decisions and actions which will shape the contours of our world in the future are being taken.

It means a renewed effort toward unity. There are two foci of the Christian life: Christian worship and Christian obedience. How can the church expect obedience to Christ from the individuals and groups which constitute our society if it persists in refusing obedience to his command that we "be one"?

# the well of the heart...

BY ROGER DESCHNER

**W**HAT fills the heart overflows the mouth." Martin Luther created, with these seven words the picture of an action that is hard to forget. He was translating Matthew 12:34 in this way rather than in the prosaic words he knew, and we know. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," we read.

But Luther was right. The heart is like a well, and what it is filled with will flow out of the mouth. The image most readily suggested is that of the heart filled with the water of Life. The mouth opens. Out stream words of vitality and truth, of praise and adoration.

That would be singing, even if our voices cracked and were off key. A good definition of a hymn truly sung might be "that of God which fills the heart and overflows the mouth." We are using the words of someone else when we sing a hymn, and we are also singing the tune composed by someone else, but the life that is given these as they come out of our mouths is dependent upon what fills our hearts.

Think of this, and think of our worship services. About the only time mouths are opened in the congregation—yawning aside—is for responsive readings and hymns. What flows forth?

The state of hymn singing is, by and large, low in our country. One does not necessarily make a joke to say the state of the responsive reading is low, too. Communion responses, whether read or sung, would hardly register on an applause meter. In the light of Luther's seven words, a common observation is much truer than we think. "Our hearts simply aren't in it," we say. Hearing how the hymns come out of our mouths, we know this is true.

The minister of music steps forward and says, "Let me show you how to get these people to sing." If he is good, he can. He has a legitimate and good place. But we have let him obscure, all too often, the true source of our singing. To sing to God, our hearts must be filled by God. Our true "ministers of music" are those, then, whether preacher in the pulpit, student foundation director, song leader, or friend, who lead us to song by prodding, speaking, questioning, and pointing to God, until our hearts literally erupt with praise and thanksgiving.

The true song leader is at work even when we are not singing hymns. The preacher who wants vigorous music in his church must first of all be willing to redouble his efforts at vital preaching and counseling. Preachers used to be told to preach for conviction; there is every reason why they should preach

for singing, the end being that when a congregation does sing and mouths are opened, words of life come forth in a lively way.

What can we say then about our mumbled hymns—even closed mouths when hymns are sung? What can we say to help our song leaders?

Our hearts may be like olives stuffed with our small lives. Our mouths form the words, and our vocal chords sing the hymn tune, but all that comes out is everyday cheese. We keep so many things inside us that the wells of our hearts must appear like warehouses. Even the passage from Matthew that Luther translated recognizes that our hearts can be filled with evil and bring forth evil words and fruits. The song leader's problem, then, is to get us to clean the wells and make room for God's lively spring.

But a more serious problem may be that the wells simply seem empty. We have seen ourselves, our jaws pumping up and down, trying to bring forth song from these dry wells. And the music ministers have exhorted us to greater efforts when nothing came forth. They have primed us with their own spirit and life. There the director stands, his hands pumping up and down, the pianist thumping the keys, the organist blowing the bellows, in the vain hope that some drop of life might come from the congregation. And in the effort of it all, we sometimes get excited, and we feel surely our hearts have overflowed. But the draught that flowed through our mouths at the end of all this frenetic pumping, does not sustain us the

next morning. It was the priming. It is somehow not the true water of life.

Sometimes song leaders standing before a truly singing congregation almost float with pride at what they have accomplished, not realizing they are like Noah floating on the flood pouring forth from the wells of every heart.

Hymns begin in the heart—not in the mouth. Whether our hearts are stuffed or empty, it is not impossible to find a source of water there. We sometimes must clear out, or go deeper than we have before. There is the interesting story of Jesus standing by the well with the Samaritan woman telling her to dip deep for the living water that he could offer her.

Conferences are congregations, and at our Seventh Quadrennial Methodist Student Conference this summer we are going to have Austin Lovelace playing the organ and Gerald Smith leading the singing. They are both great men in this field, and with their technical skill and true understanding will do much to create a conference that will sing. We can look forward to singing with them. But the true life of singing in that conference will come from the overflow of our hearts. We should be preparing the contents of our hearts for the Quadrennial, as well as for the next service of worship we attend. Our song leaders there, as well as our song leaders at home, may not have quite the charismatic power of Moses who could make a stream pour forth out of a rock.



WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY LITURGICAL?



Charles Wesley was quite familiar with this point. In a volume of hymns published in 1749, we find two of his poems devoted to "the true use of music." Verse five of the first poem makes our point:

Who hath a right like us to sing,  
Us whom His mercy raises?  
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,  
Cheerful are all our faces!  
Who of His love doth once partake,  
He evermore rejoices:  
Melody in our hearts we make,  
Melody with our voices.

Indeed, "Merry our hearts, for Christ is King." And it is that melody in our hearts which overflows in our voices.

In the second hymn it is said with even greater force:

That hurrying strife far off remove,  
That noisy burst of selfish love,  
Which swells the formal song;

The joy from out our heart arise,  
And speak, and sparkle in our eyes,  
And vibrate on our tongue!

Joy overflowing the heart vibrates on our tongues! Luther could have read these lines deeply. He had said them, briefly, in his seven words. He did not apply them. They were words of condemnation as well as praise. Charles Wesley, a simpler man who bubbled off, as it were, some six thousand hymns, found the direct relationship between the well of the heart and hymn singing. Though his words were merry and light, he was tapping the deeper sources. When God fills the well of the heart, it overflows in hymns that speak and sparkle and vibrate on the tongue.

#### notice:

### THE CHURCH AND THE ARTS

a summer camp for young people (ages 15-21) will be held Aug. 27-Sept. 1, 1961, at Camp Asbury, Silver Lake, N.Y. Importance of the relation of religion and the arts will be emphasized as well as ways of using the arts in the local church. Workshops are planned in art, music, drama and dance, under experienced leaders. Worship, fellowship, exhibits, guest artists and speakers will round out the program. Further information is available from Jack Morse, 29 Chapel St., Seneca Falls, N.Y. Cost is as follows: registration—\$7, board and room—\$15. Registration blanks are available from Genesee Conference Board of Education, 6350 Main St., Buffalo 21, N.Y.

## RECORDS

BY LINDSEY P. PHERIGO

### ORCHESTRAL

**BERLIOZ: SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE.** Pierre Monteux and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor, mono and stereo.

Excellent performance. This new recording finally relieves the connoisseur of searching for the older Monteux version, with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. It has held the field against all rivals, for interpretative insight, and underscores the authority of Monteux in this music. All the values of the earlier performance are equalled or surpassed in the new one. Of the other versions, only the Beecham performance (Capital, mono only) merits serious comparison.

**TCHAIKOWSKY: SYMPHONY NO. 4.** Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor, mono and stereo.

This is Monteux's first recording of this work. As might be expected from his recent versions of the Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, this is a lean, unsentimental approach to the music. Monteux gives the Symphony a crisp, effective reading that will wear well on repeated hearings, and claim its own values against any other recorded version.

**SAINT SAENS: SYMPHONY NO. 3.** Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Berj Zambokochian (organ). RCA Victor, mono and stereo.

This performance goes to the very top of the list, surpassing in sheer power and lyricism the celebrated Paray-Dupre performance, and that's high praise indeed.

**EASLEY BLACKWOOD: SYMPHONY NO. 1. ALEXIE HAIEFF: SYMPHONY NO. 2.** Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor, mono and stereo.

Two new, and quite interesting, symphonies, with top honors going

to Blackwood. Born in Indianapolis in 1930, Blackwood is currently teaching at the University of Chicago. Haieff was born in Siberia in 1914, but has lived in the United States for twenty-five years. His symphony is a transcription of an earlier piano sonata. Performances are excellent, and no other versions have been recorded.

**BORODIN: SYMPHONY NO. 2. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOLE,** and the March from *Tsar Sultan*. Jean Martinon and the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor, mono and stereo.

Couplings are likely to be the decisive factors in adding this record to a collection. The other stereo version of the Borodin Symphony (by Ansermet on London) is quite as good as this, and gives the buyer Borodin's *Third Symphony* and the *Prince Igor Overture*. The three competing mono versions are all good also, and each offers a different "filler." There are currently eighteen versions of the *Capriccio Espagnole* (9 stereo); Martinon's is among the best.

**MOZART: SYMPHONY NO. 36 IN C MAJOR, K. 425 ("LINZ"). SYMPHONY NO. 31 IN D. K. 297 ("PARIS").** Ferdinand Leitner and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, mono and stereo.

Leitner conducts with little ostentation, no fussiness, and few of the special graces that Beecham can bring to this music.

**THE ROYAL BALLET,** conducted by Ernest Ansermet. Three-record Soria Series Album, RCA Victor, mono and stereo. Excerpts from *The Nutcracker, La Boutique Fantasque, Coppelia, Giselle, Swan Lake, Carnival, The Sleeping Beauty,* and *Les Sylphides*.

This is first a handsome album, and a lavish accompanying program booklet, and then a fine set of performances. There is a big-orchestra sound in all the performances, leading sometimes to a version of the music that borders on the ponderous or indelicate. Although this won't become a collector's item among the most critical, it is nevertheless an ex-

cellent collection of the most familiar ballet music, and played very well, too.

**TSCHAIKOWSKY: SWAN LAKE SUITE. SLEEPING BEAUTY SUITE. POLONAISE FROM EUGEN ONEGIN.** Witold Rowicki and the Warsaw National Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, mono and stereo.

These are more interesting performances than those of Ansermet (above). The orchestra (new in my collection) plays with excellent precision and fine musicianship. The conductor (also new in my collection) gets some very fine expression from his players. This is the best record of these two ballet suites that I have heard.

#### PIANO

**CHOPIN: SCHERZOS AND BALLADES.** Artur Rubinstein. RCA Victor (2 records), mono and stereo.

This is Rubinstein's first recording of the *Ballades*. His earlier performances of the *Scherzos* are easily replaced by this new one. Everyone agrees that Rubinstein is a master of

the Chopin literature, so these records are very valuable and will certainly become choice collector's items. Chopin can be effectively played in other styles, so "duplicate" performances are quite in order, but Rubinstein certainly deserves a hearing with the very best.

**CHOPIN: CONCERTO NO. 1. KRAKOWIAK, OP. 14.** Stefan Askenase, with the Hague Residentie Orchestra under William Van Otterloo. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, mono and stereo.

There are several outstanding performances of the *Concerto* (especially those of the Rubinstein and Anda), but this is the only available version of the *Krakowiak*, and therefore a highly significant record. Askenase is an excellent pianist, and interprets Chopin very well indeed. Van Otterloo gives excellent support in the *Concerto*.

**MOUSSORGSKY: PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION.** Vladimir Horowitz. RCA Victor, mono only.

This is Horowitz's second record-

ing of the *Pictures*, and was recorded during an actual concert performance. The earlier one was a studio recording and has been a prize among collectors since its first appearance. Since Horowitz plays his own edition of the score (and the changes are numerous enough to justify calling this a revision), this new version can legitimately be compared only with his older one (now deleted). Both are impressive for power and sheer virtuosity, and, indeed, are in a class by themselves on these points. They are grandly scaled performances, awesome and impressive in the extreme. All other performances seem tame in comparison. As between the two Horowitz performances, the new one surpasses the old in excitement, virtuosity, and passion. There is almost a demonic quality in the performance. The old one tends to be mellower, more ponderous (though *not* ponderous), more prosaic (though *not* prosaic), and perhaps more musical. The sound of the new one is cleaner and leaner, and the audience noises are not objectionable.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**JOHN HARRELL** is executive secretary of the Division of Audio-Visual Education of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Greenwich, Connecticut.

**ROGER SHINN** is a native of Ohio, and a minister of the United Church of Christ. This article was preached in the Pennsylvania State University Chapel. Now, Dr. Shinn is professor of applied Christianity at Union Seminary, New York.

**JOHN NIST** is a poet and critic, widely published in Brazil and America. His most recent honor is a \$7,500 Social Science Research Council grant to do a critical book on *Modernismo* as a literary movement in Brazil since 1922. Dr. Nist and his family will sail for Rio de Janeiro in late August.

**MARY SHUMWAY** has been teaching a social sciences survey course at the California School of Fine Arts and doing newspaper work in between.

**GRAHAM HODGES** is a Mississippi native, B.A. from Ole Miss and a B.D. from Yale. He was once secretary of the Student YMCA at Northwestern University. Now he is pastor of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Watertown, New York.

**JAMES E. SELLERS** is a layman, with a Ph.D. in theology. He is assistant professor of Christian Ethics and Theology at the Vanderbilt Divinity School. Last year, Abingdon published his book on evil, sin and suffering, *When Trouble Comes*. The tenth of this month, Abingdon publishes *The Outsider and the Word of God*, his study in Christian communication.

All the names in Footnote's footnote are real, including **WILLIAM WILSON** (Vanderbilt graduate student) and **ROGER CARSTENSEN** (Phillips University) who wrote all but the footnote.

**BARBARA LEKBERG's** work is her own best introduction. She received her B.F.A. in sculpture, and her M.A. in art history. When she went to New York in 1947, she studied with Eli Siegel and took advanced training with Dorothea Denslow at the Sculpture Center, where she is now a professional member. She was awarded a grant by the National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1956, and Guggenheim Fellowships in 1957 and 1959. She has executed several commissions, among them four pieces for the Socony-Mobil Building in New York, and is represented in permanent collections around the country.

**THOMAS C. ODEN** is associate professor of theology at pastoral care at the Graduate Seminary, Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma. He taught at Perkins School of Theology for two years previously.

**TRUMAN B. DOUGLASS** is executive vice president of the Board of Home Missions of the Congregational Christian Churches (United Church, now). He is a graduate of Pomona College and Columbia University, with honorary degrees from half a dozen schools.

**LINDSEY PHERIGO** is our regular record columnist and critic, and **ROGER DESCHNER** is our new columnist in music.

**RUTH TURNER** can best be introduced to *motive* readers as the sister of artist Jim McLean. Her back-cover essay was written for a class at Perkins School of Theology in answer to the question: "How adequate is the church's program of education?"



ROBERT O. HODGELL

CRUCIFIXION

*Mary  
was  
a little  
lamb*

**Mary was five.** Her mother died. The preacher said, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." Daddy seemed to understand what that meant. Mary wondered. Wasn't that Indian-giving?

**Mary was ten.** She couldn't understand Daddy. When she had a problem to tell, it always made him angry. So Mary started to tell him the happy news. This pleased Daddy and everything worked out very well. Mary knew she had done the right thing. At Sunday school they said, "honor your father" and they even called God . . . Father.

**Mary was fifteen.** Daddy told her that he would buy her a car if she would make A's. This took a lot of time. It was hard for Mary to make A's. She had a lot of housekeeping to do, too. All the maids displeased Daddy so Mary learned to do everything the way he liked to have it done. She even sat by Daddy at church. The preacher said something about being "justified by faith," and then discussed the budget.

**Mary was eighteen.** She did not go away to college. She had earned her car so she drove to a school near by. Daddy bragged, "I think Mary would rather stay at home with me than run around like most of the younger generation." Mary and Daddy had devotionals every morning. They read the Bible together and prayed.

**Mary was twenty.** She belonged to the young adult class at church. She didn't know many of the members. Whenever she tried to talk to any of them they didn't seem to understand what she was saying. She cried a little about it sometimes. This made her feel somewhat guilty. The lessons made it quite clear that Christians were free, alive, raised from the dead, saved. Why should she feel so alone and locked away? She had always gone to church.

**Mary was twenty-two.** She started crying at work one day and couldn't stop. She talked out of her head. They call it a mental breakdown. The preacher told her daddy, "You have no cause to worry. Mary has always been a good girl." The sunshine committee of the young adult class sent Mary a pot plant and a get-well card.

—RUTH TURNER