

MOTIVE 10-61

Motive

OCTOBER 1961

VOLUME XXII / 1

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FRONT COVER ART: CAM JONES, an artist who works with Presbyterian ACTION magazine, Richmond, Virginia, did this month's cover, using a combination of symbols: the background is the swirling universe; the cross is formed with fish; the circle is eternal truth, or eternity without beginning or end.

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O THOU

Whom we cannot reach
Whom we cannot find
Whom we cannot know
Except in thy love which we cannot fathom.

We hear with joy
That we are sought
That we are found
That we are known.

We call thee God, who gave us life;
We call thee Father, who loves us still;
We call thee Lord, who claims us always.

Except that thou art, we have no life
But just—
an empty shadow that flies away
a darkened void that cries, "No hope. . ."
But because thou art
we have courage to say, "We are,"
and to say much more, for "We are thine."

And so our prayer for all our days
Is "Keep us mindful whose we are."
For we forget and run away.

A sickness gnaws us, which will not leave;
But eats away into emptiness . . .
We try so hard to free ourselves
From all this guilt, this fear—we fail;
And it comes back and haunts us still,
Yet even here—we are forgiven
And for the future? It is uncertain.
A way unknown. We journey blind.
Yet this we know: these two things only:
That we are thine.
That we have Now.

This moment is all we have. We may have another
—we cannot know.

But Now we do have, and with it this wonder:
Whatever the last Moment was,
This one is new.

Another moment to live as forgiven people in grate-
ful obedience to thee.

Turning ourselves outward to all around us,
Responding and responsible, wherever we are.
A world in our hand, God-created and good.
Our life in thy hand, eternally loved.

In this moment and the next
Renewed and redeemed
One thing we affirm, and this alone
Whatever comes, whatever leaves us
How far we go, how close we stay
Separated always, or in time united
In life or in death—we belong to thee.

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ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE: listed in order of appearance.

JACK MORSE has been working all summer at his summer arts camp and we are glad to have some of his own work again in the pages of *motive*.

BOB REGIER is a new name in *motive*. He has sent a welcome batch of fine graphics and ink drawings and some information about himself—he is a Mennonite and an artist for one of their publications, lives in Kansas; welcome.

MARGARET RIGG glad not to have so much managing to do and more time for art and thoughts of art, is recovering like the rest of *motive* staff from the seventh MSM quadrennial conference.

JEAN PENLAND who works as an artist designing book jackets with Abingdon Press in Nashville continues to send drawings and symbols to *motive* providing a link between the downtown Methodist Publishing House and the rural Methodist Board of Education.

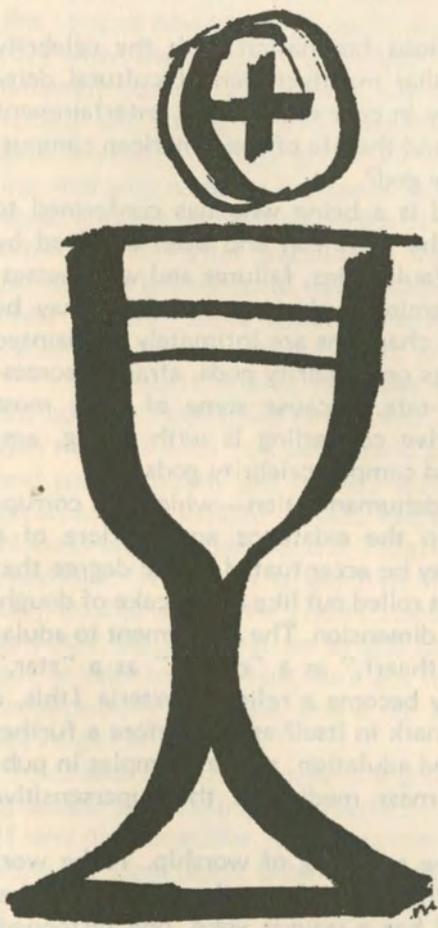
ROBERT CHARLES BROWN sent in many fine drawings and a cryptic note saying he was on his way to Europe. Evidently he found Europe stimulating and is back at work in New England.

JIM McLEAN at present is serving in a New Orleans Methodist church and staying close to the excellent presses at the Tulane graphics department where he has just completed his Master's degree in graphics.

ROBIN JENSEN begins his third year of contributions to *motive*. Robin is from Dayton, Ohio and his cartoons give us a glimpse of ourselves as seen from Dayton.

JIM CRANE for the first time in ten years he is a student, studying painting on a Danforth grant at the University of Michigan. But his work as a cartoonist will continue to appear in *motive*, as it has for the past dozen years.

C. W. EDWARDS back when he sent in this art work was a student at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. We wonder where he is now and hope that he sends in more things.



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Whom we cannot find
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How far we go, how close we stay
Separated always, or in time united
In life or in death—we belong to thee.

—from the Christian Faith and Life Community, Austin, Texas

celebrity god

BY MALCOLM BOYD



THERE is a curious fascination with the celebrity god. This peculiar manifestation of cultural deity is found eminently in cafe society, the entertainment industry, politics and the life of the American campus. Who is a celebrity god?

A celebrity god is a being who has conformed to the demands of the pantheon and been absolved by Success from his faults, sins, failures and weaknesses. The price of becoming such a secular deity may be very high. College chaplains are intimately acquainted with the price tags on celebrity gods, straight-across-the-board or cut-rate, because some of their most painful and creative counseling is with young, ambitious, imprisoned campus celebrity gods.

The process of dehumanization—which is a corruption in process in the existence and folklore of a celebrity god—may be accentuated to the degree that one's personality is rolled out like a thin cake of dough, flattened without dimension. The adjustment to adulation—as a “sweetheart,” as a “queen,” as a “star,” as a “king”—may become a refined hysteria (this, a personality trademark in itself and therefore a further cause of intensified adulation; prime examples in public life and the mass media are the supersensitive “stars”).

The prize is the receiving of worship. To be worshiped signifies immunity from the common yoke. The celebrity god has a unique yoke, one festooned, garlanded, beribboned, to be worn casually unto death with the severity of an iron crown.

Having received social absolution from the mortal sin of Failure, the celebrity god is expected to be *different*. However, his nonconformity quickly becomes a subtler conformity. One watches, with fascination, amusement and grief, celebrity god worship in the state of mind called Hollywood which surely reigns as much on the college campus or the next block as on Park Avenue or atop Nob Hill.

This is the conformity to image. It is total homage to the popular image of oneself which one has, in a

motive

decision of devastating loneliness and surrender of truth, taken unto oneself. The girl, a top campus leader and accepted in every college social circle, who is so tired of her own empty smile which does not seem empty to the crowd which thinks it loves her, greets her in mass as she walks across the quadrangle, savors the experience of reading about her (so often!) in the campus newspaper, screams in demanding image-love when she is crowned a queen or tapped for a top honorary society. The man, a star in government and society and sports, who is concerned that he doesn't *know* anybody—including himself or the girl he is dating, and who wonders if there is, actually, any genuine sense or meaning to this rat-race or the everlasting one which follows after graduation: that other, projected rat-race he knows quite well because, after all, he has seen his family bend its life to the rhythms and choreography of that other, projected, great rat-race.

"I don't want to date this week end. I don't dislike the boy but I don't like him, either. I don't care, I just don't care. I wish to God I could stay at the sorority and just be quiet, you know, read something or play records. But I *have* to go out. I'm *expected* to go out. Nobody would understand if I stayed at home." "We need him. We've got to get him into the house. Our only trouble will be, he's quiet, nobody honestly seems to know the guy. But we've got to get next to him, got to take hold of him, he's got to want us and dig us because he's an ace, he's a top guy, we need him, we've got to get him."

One sees the outer facade of a god: slick, controlled, groomed, painstakingly molded into the desired image. If one is perceptive, one becomes aware also of a stinking, slow death behind that facade. A god must be proud, and everyday social bruises are inflicted upon the pride of a secular deity.

A secular god is human, and every hour a human mechanism must bear the insupportable burdens which only God may hold up. A god, not being holy, must have success for very existence; failure becomes iconoclasm directed against mere human deity. Yet, it is inescapable that a human god should experience failure; the conflict, the irony, may tear the god to pieces, may inflict such deep-seated suffering (underneath the polished mask) that the stinking, slow death is accelerated.

"She hasn't been the same since she lost the school

election. Why did she take it so seriously? Everybody would have forgotten it by this time but she can't, she won't let them, she's completely changed, she's different, I wonder if she really faced herself, if she finally faced herself, that's what everybody says she needs to do." "He was sure to be one of the top seniors on campus. He started out that way, had the best offices, why, he was better known by the end of his freshman year than most seniors. Everybody liked him. Maybe he spent himself too fast, spread himself too thin, I don't know, but what a washout, nobody gives a damn about him now; it's embarrassing to talk to him in a way. It wouldn't matter but what *happened* to the guy? Is he more real this way or was he more real that way? That's what I can't figure out."

A celebrity god can die a clean, honest death unto self and be resurrected into newness of life as a person, a valid being, a seeker after truth, one yearning for reality, one who is engaged in bridging the gulf between image and self. Or, a celebrity god can just go on dying the stinking, slow death behind the facade which masks self-pity, meaningless and insupportable burdens and the unshared suffering in the core of self which is not offered to God and is marked by the smile, i.e., the grimace.

A celebrity god is someone who is acutely caught up in the toils of cultural identification of success. "Famous people. *Personalities*. Lord, I hate that expression. As if only famous people had them," Frederick Buechner wrote in *The Return of Ansel Gibbs*.

In a recent book, *Men at the Top*, Osborn Elliott spoke of certain "badges of honor" that can be won during the ascent to the heights: "a simple bow from a headwaiter, perhaps, or maybe an honorary degree; or a listing in *Who's Who in America*." But the author goes on to say that the desire for power and prestige does not feed the ambition of all America's top men. "Is it possible that the speed at which a man is running relates directly to what he is running away from? Many of the top men themselves think the answer is yes."

The image of success is a demon which goads on and drives the celebrity god. Even "security" is merely a rationalization for "success" within the confines of one's own peer-group. There is a Christian symbol of that abandonment to the will of God which transcends all our deadly, stultifying and imprisoning images of "success" and "failure." It is the cross.

the shame and sham of the pious

BY INEZ LONG

THE pious have always deplored openly the lag between official statements of the church and actual practice among Christians. The grievance, neither sensational nor misplaced, speaks with validity to a condition which plagues pietist, American Protestants.

The pietist image of the Christian has continued to be radically idealistic when placed alongside the fact of man as human. Pietists are plagued by the telltale evidences that speak between the lines of official church resolutions. They discern the dropped questions. The abrupt considerations. The muddled rationalizations. The emergency measures taken, not infrequently, to marshal Scripture for defense.

From the story of Eden, history brims with the maneuvers of good men to employ sham to cover up the shame of who they are. The sham has caused problems. The problems are intensified for the pious. Their shame is heavy. Their sham is subtle.

The gap between ideal goals and human performance is a gaping hell for the pious. The more righteous the self-image, the deeper the sense of failure. The more failure, the more insistent is the personal need for acceptance from authorities—parents in the early years, the tyrannical self which supplants the parents in youth. Because these masters make unabated demands for perfection, the pious know no respite. They have learned no feel for forgiveness.

To assuage the pain of failure, the pious shame themselves. They invent all manner of self-castigation. With the subsequent diminution of self-respect, their need for acceptance from others grows greater. To win much-needed approval from others, the pious put on a sham in the public eye. Shame and sham are both alarm signals.

Recognized, unforgiven guilt causes trouble. The burden of suffering is double for humans who hide their sin. Always there is the threat of being caught. Always, somewhere along the line, sham breaks down. Or self-blame breaks down the person. His self-image shattered, the person must form a new image, an image of himself that is realistic. When this happens, the person has his first opportunity to discover the image his Creator has in mind for him. Now he stands

with God who is inextricably tied up with the person's whole disgraceful performance, his shame and his sham, for only one purpose: that His creature might realize himself truly as he can never realize who he is apart from his Creator.

A pious man is never more true to God's image of him than when he comes out in the open with God. As a lesser creature than he hoped he was, he finds his Creator God who knew who he was all the time and loved him. The pious have imprisoned themselves in forms and practices which, in their sheer demands, cultivate personal stresses nothing short of tragic. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that the fruitless disciplines which the pious undergo to maintain a mythical image of themselves are not so much tragic as pitiable. They are not disciplines, only forms for self-punishment. In any case, they are seldom productive.

Rigid moralists measure themselves ruthlessly against altogether unattainable standards. They measure every inch in which they fall short. With every inch of failure, their fears mount. Stoically they freeze their fears into silence. Then in the silent, stark reality of an inadequate self, they rework themselves. They mull over their sins. They berate themselves, then resolve to do better next time. They veneer their broken state to appear as shimmering success pieces before God.

SHAM and shame are both devices of the pious seeking relief from the pain of guilt. To make public outpouring of sin, to receive the consoling words, "You are not as bad as you say you are," helps to assuage the pain of failure. Or to put on a sham, meanwhile cheering the limping self with the resolution, "I'll do better next time," forestalls the critical shock of facing oneself as one is.

The image of the pious is man the angelic, the unspotted, the unworldly. However the image is idolized, in silent or public confession, the damages are great. Impossible demands are placed upon mortal man. The good man, the righteous man, the imperturbable man—these are images which the pious make the object of their worship and exact superhuman efforts to emulate them against the fear that man will abandon them in weakness.

As they worship ideals become their idols; the pious try to hide from them because they see that they cannot reach them. Layer after layer of protective pious wrappings are laid against penetrating eyes, even God's. The first move of the pious man, to drop his sham, is an act of trust of the utmost courage. The defensive Pietist wrapped in the cloak of his righteousness uses sham to protect himself from the wrath of Total Authority. The first naked awareness of himself as a creature who cannot hide what he is from an inescapable Creator is a crisis that demands the good news of God which alone is sufficient in the world of men.



FEAR NOT

LINOCUT

BOB REGIER

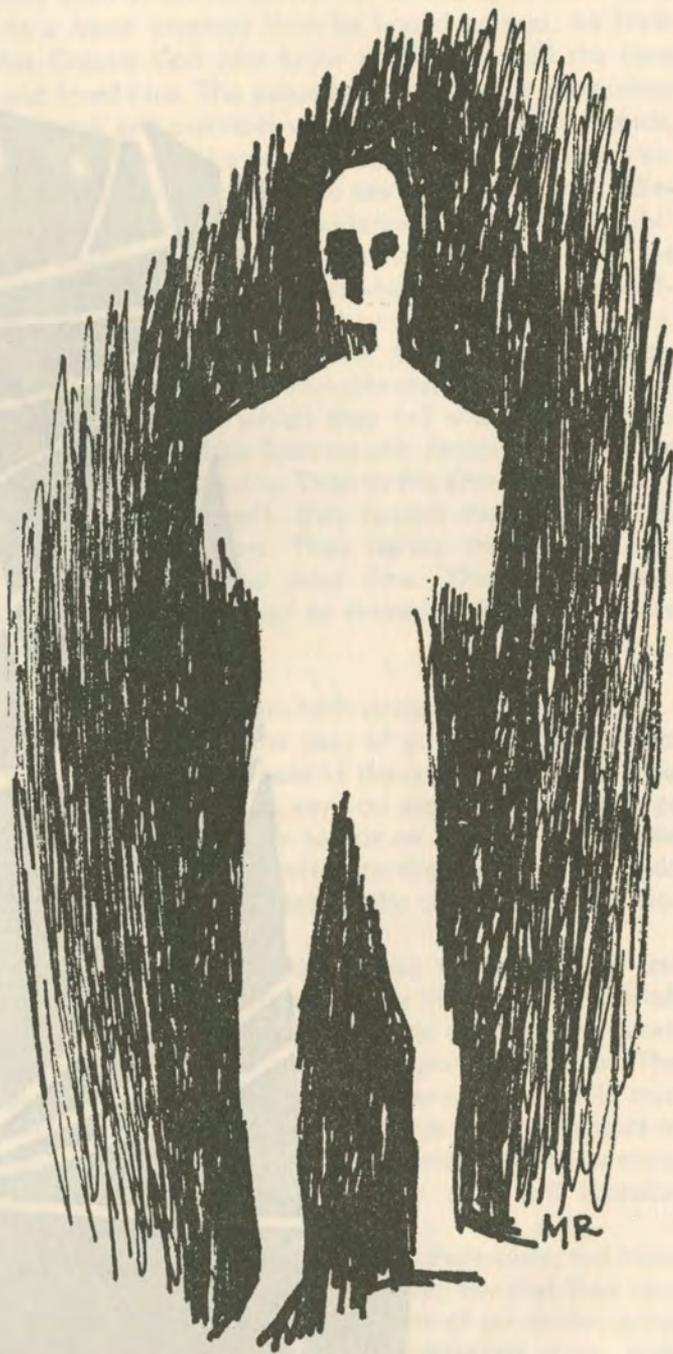
*the shame and
sham of nations*

the christian hamlet

BY JOHN NIST

EVER since the Golden Age of Greece—thanks to the profoundly analytic mind of Aristotle—*peripeteia* (reversal of circumstances) has been considered the soul of tragedy: one need only contemplate the fate of Oedipus to see how irony casts brilliant light upon the tragic predicament of man punishing himself through his own flaw, his own sin.

This quality of tragic irony is dominant in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, perhaps the most discussed and least understood play in the English language. I say *least understood* because much of the mountainous critical material on this play leads away from the central mes-



sage, the limpid structure, the well-ordered texture; so bad, in fact, is most of the criticism on *Hamlet* that one wonders whether those writing it have ever committed themselves to that tragic experience which is this play. Professors and critics, directors and actors mouth fulsome praise of Shakespeare's "negative capability," that is, that heroic refusal of the world's greatest dramatist to *explicitly* thrust his own private voice into his work; yet these same professors and critics, directors and actors dictate terms to Shakespeare's plays in absolute and utter violation of that principle to which they pay such eloquent lip-service.

In interpreting *Hamlet*, at times they do such violent distortion as to almost kill what Shakespeare brought to life—witness, for example, Sir Laurence Olivier's production of *Hamlet* for the cinema: the actor, or the technician who advised him, played up Hamlet's Oedipus complex to sickening proportions, tore the third soliloquy out of its place and inserted it *after* the rejection of Ophelia (thus obscuring Hamlet's reasons for that rejection), and totally suppressed soliloquies two and four. In view of these and other critical mistakes, it is no wonder, then, that Olivier did nothing more than perpetuate the popular lie that this is the tragedy of "a man who could not make up his mind."

My contention is that Shakespeare was neither a Freudian psychiatrist, nor a professorial humanist, nor an eclectic-thinking and faith-seeking critic like T. S. Eliot, who, incidentally, thinks the tragedy *Hamlet* a failure; no, Shakespeare was the highest kind of pure artist presenting life directly as he saw it from the *Christian center*. Just because Hamlet does not understand himself is no certain sign that his author does not understand him, and Eliot may prefer the *explicit* philosophy and theology of Dante all he wants, but let him not convince us that because Shakespeare's philosophy and theology are *implicit* they therefore do not exist. It is this very implicitness in Shakespeare which makes him in some ways superior as artist to Dante; if Aristotle is correct in his assertion that tragedy is the highest form of literary art, then Shakespeare as the greatest tragedian of them all must rank as the foremost secular writer of all time. How strange, then, that this magnificent creative genius should allow one of his greatest characters to get out of hand, run amok, and cause the first of several tragedies in his most mature period to become a failure. The notion, completely denied by the play itself, is, of course, nonsense.

But to return to *peripeteia*. Tragic irony is the chief means by which Shakespeare lets *Hamlet* imply its own theme, its own interpretation of life and of what is wrong in man. Hamlet, passionate introvert with a capacity for supremely violent action, with a somewhat adolescent mind full of half-digested Renaissance humanism, is nevertheless a *conceptual* Christian if not a practicing one. Yes, conceptual: Hamlet, in opposition to his emotive nature, admires reason, as repre-

sented in his one friend: the Stoic Horatio. So much does Hamlet admire reason that he says in Act II that "there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." His maker Shakespeare, however, knows better; the burden of his implicit argument throughout the play is simply this: There is nothing good or bad but *willing* makes it so. As the province of beauty is the imagination, so the province of truth is reason, and that of the good—the will. Thus Hamlet's statement about thinking is an excellent forecast to the kind of trouble his infected will is going to lead his reason into in order that the catastrophe of the drama may be achieved.

INFECTED WILL? Yes. The will of Hamlet is sick upon the desire to avenge. And how ironic that Claudius, the very object of Hamlet's infected will, should put his finger upon Hamlet's *harmartia* (tragic flaw) in the very first scene in which the two are together, when he says to the young prince: "It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven." The irony, of course, is compounded many times over when one considers that Claudius is speaking to a very limited context—Hamlet's stubborn grief for the death of his father—and that the application is universal for the total structure of the play, and that, further, the speaker himself is guilty of that same kind of incorrectness in the will: Claudius has murdered his brother, committed legal incest with his sister-in-law (after previous adultery), and cannot properly repent because he is unwilling to give up the effects for which he has sinned. Irony is the soul of tragedy; in *Hamlet* Shakespeare employs it to fullest effect in order that the implicit moral of the play may not be missed by those who having eyes should see and who having ears should hear. What is that moral? Simply this: Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord. So it is, but Hamlet, Claudius, and Laertes all want to play God.

To play God. That is one of the key troubles among characters in this tragedy. When the ghost of Hamlet's father says, concerning Gertrude, "Leave her to Heaven," he introduces that grand tension between justice and mercy which is the metaphysical drama of the play. If Hamlet is to leave his mother to Heaven and not to "taint" his mind over her, it is implicitly clear that such should be his course of action with Claudius. As conceptual Christian, Hamlet says to Polonius concerning the players who have come to court: "Use every man after his own desert and none of us shall escape a whipping." Thus the Prince of Denmark knows that mercy is preferable to justice, but he does not will this mercy to Claudius. Because of this failure to will properly, Hamlet involves himself in three major ironies which culminate in the catastrophe of the play and produce that very same cause of vengeance in Laertes and Claudius which, in turn, litters the stage with the bodies of Hamlet, Gertrude, Ophelia, Laertes, Claudius, Rosencrantz, and Guilden-

stern. The tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind? No, rather the tragedy of a man who made up his mind and made it up wrong.

What, then, are the three major ironies which cast so much light upon the Christian center of this tragedy? The first is an irony of thought: Hamlet stages a play to "catch the conscience of the King." Then he accepts as true what the Ghost has told him; once doing so, he equates true Ghost with good Ghost. An algebraic cancellation of the common term *Ghost* leaves him with this ironic proposition: the true equals the good. Would that it were so! To know the truth is good, as Shakespeare implies, but truth itself and especially its ground may involve much of evil. Thus Hamlet moves upon this irony to think that what the Ghost has told him to do is also good. And so he comes to the second irony: one of will. He must seek justice, but not just any kind of justice. Hamlet, because his father was killed without the last rites of the church and thus was bundled off to Purgatory, must seek *divine justice*. He must play God and damn his uncle's soul to Hell forever. The irony, of course, is that God's justice involves turning the other cheek, praying for one's enemy, doing good to those who persecute. When man most seeks to be just, he is most often then unjust, because he fails to realize that when his brother is most unlovable is the very moment when he most needs love. Hamlet refuses this love and moves to the third major irony: that of act. In a moment in which he thinks there is "no relish of salvation," he thrusts through the tapestry in his mother's bedroom and kills not Claudius (who else, he thinks, could be

here at such an hour?), but the meddlesome old fool Polonius, father of his rejected sweetheart Ophelia. With the killing of Polonius, the catastrophe has struck and Hamlet is blocked by the counterforce of vengeance in Laertes and the King.

ONE of the supreme strokes in *Hamlet* and permanent evidence of the genius of Shakespeare is the counterforce of vengeance in Laertes and Claudius. Since the audience sympathizes with the hero, it sees immediately the wrongness of Laertes' cause as furthered by the King. And since Laertes is less complex than Hamlet, his nature allows a clearer presentation of the moral: Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. Does not Laertes admit openly that what he intends to do is mortal sin? "I dare damnation!" When he says that he would cut Hamlet's throat in the church, Claudius replies that "Revenge should have no bounds." Are we, the auditors of this play, to agree with that "lecherous, treacherous, kindless villain"? Indeed, no. If Laertes, to say nothing of Claudius, is wrong—even by his own admission—is not Hamlet also wrong? Obviously, the passionate young man who sent Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their deaths in England, without so much as batting an eye of conscience, is as rotten in will as is his own state of Denmark.

The continuation of tension between justice and mercy *after* the catastrophe is another supreme stroke of Shakespeare's genius in *Hamlet*. Notice that Laertes wants mercy for Ophelia at the hands of the "churlish priest," and that the representative of sterile dogmatism demands justice. The implicit moral: something is also rotten in the existing state of formal Christianity. The explicit Dante who hurled his enemies into the Inferno is nevertheless a consummate poet, but he falls short of the implicit Shakespeare, who, full of the milk of human kindness, preferred a better lot for man than eternal fire. And because Shakespeare did see men from the Christian center, he understood Hamlet as Hamlet could not possibly understand himself: that is why he shows through the four soliloquies the deterioration of Hamlet's power to reason correctly, that is why he makes Hamlet dimly aware on three different occasions (once with Ophelia, twice with Horatio) that there is something sinful in his nature, that is why he crowns his tragedy with the most intense irony of them all: Hamlet does get his kind of revenge. He kills Claudius in that very moment that has not one relish of salvation in it.

No, T. S. Eliot notwithstanding, *Hamlet* is not a failure. It is one of the greatest dramatic successes of all time and remains as one of the most enduring monuments of creative genius looking with tragic irony upon the predicament of man once he has divorced himself from the Christian center of the true, the beautiful, and, above all, the good.





everybody's favorite

concepts of love in the work of j. d. salinger

BY BEATRICE LEVIN

HOW strange it is that Salinger should be a controversial author. He seems to be respected and admired by critics and young adults, and is looked upon with wonder and askance by more mature readers, who are not necessarily prudish, but less able to identify with Salinger's characters and more apt to be critical of his language.

Recently a Greek girl visiting America said she had read Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* the previous semester as English assignments. "Mark Twain is really not for young people," she observed, "and Salinger is not for adults!"

Neither statement is intrinsically true, yet she stated the essence of truth. American critics, noting that some of our best books are so-called adolescent literature, have bewailed the fact that these stories reflect the immaturity of American society. Mark Twain and his readers return to an eternal youth through Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, and it is a rare teen-ager, reading the adventures of *Catcher in the Rye*, who cannot identify with Holden Caulfield. Salinger's singular novel, on which his reputation has

practically gone into orbit, is, like "Huck Finn" in the first person, in the vernacular, narrated by a badly mixed up boy. The quality which makes Huck and Holden brothers under the skin is a common hatred for hypocrisy and a search for integrity. The boys suffer because of physical isolation, but more because of inner turmoil. Holden, at length, succumbs to the pressures and ends up in a sanitarium.

Salinger's book can provide a world of compassion for students who read such books, discuss them in a climate of acceptance, tell of incidents which have moved them or in which they themselves have similarly been affected, and thereby make for themselves real literary appreciation.

Actually, the theme of *Catcher in the Rye* is articulated by a teacher giving advice to this lost boy in the final pages of the story. He says: "Among other things, you'll find that you're not the first person who was ever confused and frightened and even sickened by human behavior. You are by no means alone on that score, you'll be excited and stimulated to know. Many, many men have been just as troubled morally and spiritually as you are right now. Happily, some of them kept records of their troubles. You'll learn from them—if you want to. Just as someday, if you have something to offer, someone will learn something from you. It's a beautiful reciprocal arrangement. And it isn't education. It's history. It's poetry."

At the end of the last century, the poets themselves began to believe, as Arthur Symons expressed it, that "the poet has no more part in society than a monk in domestic life." In a recent book called *Poetry and Experience*, Archibald MacLeish commented, "To feel emotion is at least to feel. The crime against life, the worst of all crimes, is NOT to feel. And there was never, perhaps, a civilization in which that crime, the crime of torpor, of lethargy, of apathy, the snake-like sin of coldness-at-the-heart, was commoner than in our technological civilization."

Let's look at Salinger's stories. Salinger is a man who obviously loves children. He has total recall about his own childhood, and the moving sensitive portrait of the brilliant child in the short story "Teddy" amounts almost to veneration of what is sincere, ingenuous, naive and honest in the human heart of the young.

The short story is commonly believed to be peculiarly representative of American literary genius; the stripping away of the superfluous and the American affection for technical refinement here reaching its zenith. The heroine of early American short stories lived in a world of sentiment without sex; the present-day heroine tends to live in a world of sex without sentiment. Salinger's characters are flesh-and-blood people out of the New York world which bred him. All the characters in the short stories are about the Glass family whose seven children (of an Irish Catholic mother and a Jewish father) include Seymour,



Walt, Buddy, Waker (a Roman Catholic priest), Zooney, an actor, Franny and Boo Boo. Even Salinger admits that Boo Boo is "a joke of a name," but he writes about her: she was "in terms of permanently memorable, immoderately perceptive, small-area faces—a stunning and final girl."

In every one of Salinger's short stories, and some are better than others, we have the struggle for love, a human conception of love, compound, multiple, confused and complicated love, wrought in conflict. Salinger's prose is a reflection of his early environment, the streets of New York. His stories own the eloquence which rises from the heart when life has been felt at its most tragic reality. Such stories come only to those who have been purified by fire; they are the distillation of bitter experience. They are not without humor, for you have to laugh when you read Salinger, in the same way you laugh with Lincoln or Mark Twain.

Strange too, though *Catcher in the Rye* is a very funny book (the scene on the train where Holden lies about his need for an operation—just a little tiny brain tumor! is hilarious), Holden, himself, apparently has no sense of humor at all.

At first glance, the language and situations of Salinger's stories seem crude, even profane or obscene, and some of the plots may be called scandalous (as his little novel often and unjustly has), but that is a reflection of the intolerance of our time and not of Salinger's instinctive compassion, kindness and abiding faith in the enduring, essential goodness of mankind.

THE short story "For Esme—with Love and Squalor" is undoubtedly one of the finest brief works of recent years. The theme is how a soldier, sitting in on a children's choir practice in a little English church,

motive



speaking of their voices, "melodious and unsentimental," experiences a moment of pure love.

This same sensitive soldier opens a book belonging to a German woman, probably Nazi, finds written in ink, in German, in a small, hopelessly sincere handwriting, the words, "Dear God, life is hell," and he writes with a pencil stub beneath it, in English, "Fathers and teachers, I ponder, 'What is hell?' I maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love." This soldier then starts to write Dostoevski's name under the inscription, but he sees that what he has written is almost entirely illegible and he shuts the book.

Salinger's people are neither puppets nor pawns. Nor are they hollow men. They are makers of their own purgatories, sensitive, agonized human beings. Perhaps we may protest that Salinger is too much enamored of what he found in his own mirror. His characters all talk alike, beating out their brains and their emotions in the most acute agony. They tend to be spouting geysers of snark, cynical, bitter talk. Holden Caulfield is afflicted with that short perspective of youth (universally found) that discovers a vanishing point at the end of its own nose. For many of Salinger's characters, there is no past beyond yesterday; Holden, constantly protesting against phoniness, has been accused of being a phony himself. If that is true, much of the validity of *Catcher in the Rye* is negated. But we are convinced by the time we finish this book that the author loves this boy and wants the reader to love him too.

Sixteen-year-old Holden is sickened by the material values of his world, by its inhumanity, its lip-service to religion and education, while despising the apostles of religion and education. That sickness marks the

beginning and not the end of Salinger's search for morality and love. Here we have a remarkable reconciliation between a literary achievement and a psychological treatise, exploring the essence of human behavior. Behind every act, there is passion, a sublime, moving moment.

IN the short story "A Perfect Day for Banana Fish," Seymour Glass is a disturbed young man who swims with a little girl and floats her over a wave, kissing the sole of her foot. What could be more tender, more revealing of the young man's passionate zest for life? What can be more terrible than this man returning to his hotel room to blow out his own brains?

J. D. Salinger is one of the few writers to emerge in American letters since the second world war who is writing on the grandest theme of literature: the relationship of man to God, of God to love.

There are parents who do not want their children to read about the seamy side of life. They hope to prolong the age of innocence indefinitely by denying that life holds suffering, pain, unhappiness and a variety of hungers. When these parents are successful, they rob their young people of the strength of character to meet the crises which are sure to arise. The question of how men act with morality and love is a central, vital one. It is met most violently in adolescence where Holden Caulfield meets it. And again when the overt, formal ritual of education is about to end, Salinger's stories have something worth while to say about love to the adolescent, something which will help their spirits rise above disaster. People are not devastated by reading about unpleasantness. We read of life as it is and learn how people of courage make the best of it.

Salinger has, as Arthur Mizener put it, "his own special insight into the meaning of experience," an insight and a method of expressing it that distinguished his work. Salinger's concept of love involves communication between people who care about each other. He is convinced that without communication, love is destroyed. Men and women must, through contact, alleviate the agony of human shortcomings, fears, frustrations and failures.

Besides talking, people must listen. In *Catcher in the Rye*, Holden is talking to his sister: "Old Phoebe didn't say anything, but she was listening. I could tell by the back of her neck that she was listening. She always listens when you tell her something. And the funny part of it is she knows, half the time, what you're talking about. She really does."

Here in this work of art, Salinger has told us what it is to suffer from lack of love and the inability to experience love. Perhaps he is warning us against the pretenses of affection, and he may even be asking US to *feel*, as Archibald MacLeish insists we must.

Salinger goes along with Dostoevski: "Fathers and teachers, I ponder 'What is hell?' I maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love."

four poems

beat

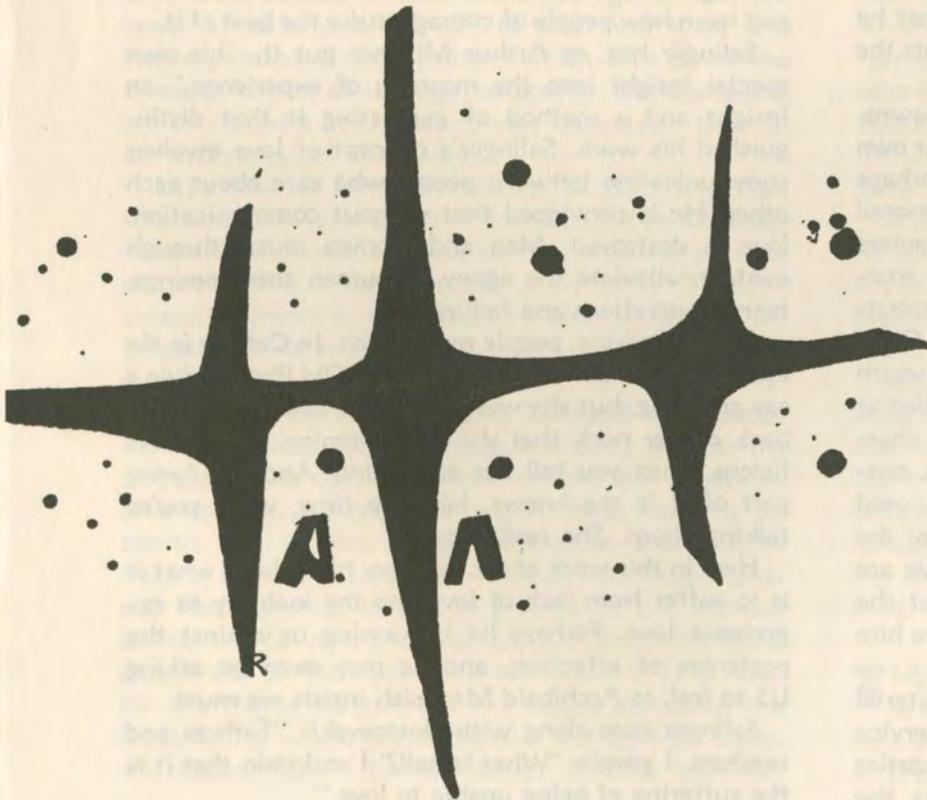
*You that wander so disconsolate
Up and down the blue piano streets
May strike a chord against the ones you hate
And urge those endless traveling retreats.*

*If neon thorns should crucify your hair
Or sandals turn your footsteps into dust
Would angels make their news in headlined air
Or trumpets manufacture gold from rust?*

*Your sunken sinking faces, dead yet dying,
Will plead no promise from the howling eyes
To justify the agony of trying
A longer tryst with those whom you despise.*

*The bread and wine are stale, you love your hate.
Anger spills from unfermented lips.
Unleavened minds endlessly concentrate
On blank walls at the end of blanker trips.*

—PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE



conversation

*Fire limned love upon their faces.
Such grace warmed their talking hands
As touches clay when crucifixes breathe.
Wreaths of quietness crowned their heads.*

*Their eyes were ancestors, angels
Clamored to high corners of the room.
The devils sheathed their arrows
Hewn in the mind to alienate, and fled.*

*Past words, past the chant's prison
Through object in eye to personal vision.
The miracle of thou was spoken.
All the answering bushes flamed.*

*Flame from a gesturing hand
Burst from God's grace, he who betrays
Found his pose shattered in upper room.
A circle shone of undenying friends.*

*We celebrated one another,
Each heart the candle at our center.
Our tombs were emptied of fear
Until glad tidings flickered near.*

—PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE

"liturgical" worship?

BY SCHUBERT M. OGDEN

EACH of us is well acquainted with the person, whether in ourselves or in someone else, who becomes nervous and uncomfortable in the presence of some of the concrete liturgical acts that make up the traditional forms of the church's worship. When the congregation suddenly rises and faces the altar and, as with one voice, recites the *Gloria Patri* or affirms the historic confession of faith, there are always some who at once become uneasy. We are profoundly disturbed by the apparent implication of such actions that God is somehow more present at the altar than he is at any of the various other points in the sanctuary. And in the same way, some of us at virtually all times and perhaps all of us at least at some times are anxious to assure both ourselves and others that the statements made about the elements in the order for the Lord's Supper really have only a "symbolic" significance, and it is, therefore, something of an exaggeration to insist that the bread and wine really *are* the body and blood of our Lord.

It is also true, of course, that we are seldom entirely consistent in responding to these situations. Instead of recognizing that every human act of worship is an act that localizes God and thus does violence to his deity (this is true also of the simple act of gathering in the most austere meeting hall for the plainest of so-called

"nonliturgical" services!), we permit ourselves to become uneasy only with respect to certain so-called "liturgical" actions. Thus, for example, we gladly come into the church building to worship God; but once we're there, we're reluctant to turn to the altar when we confess our faith in him lest we commit the impiety of supposing him localized in space!

Nevertheless, in spite of this curious and also somewhat comic inconsistency, we again and again become uncomfortable when confronted by certain liturgical forms and actions. The question, therefore, constantly arises whether our uneasiness at this point is in any sense really justified.

The answer is both yes and no. On the one hand, it is evident that we must indeed question all liturgical acts in general and each liturgical act in particular because no liturgical action as such is essential to the gospel. Nor is every such action equally adequate as a way of expressing the gospel's unique understanding of human existence. In this sense, our characteristic uneasiness in the presence of at least some of the specific forms and actions in the church's traditional liturgies springs from a sound insight into the very basis of our Christian faith. Although our customary inconsistency doubtless keeps us from feeling the full force of this insight, there is no gainsaying that the uneasiness we feel, with respect to the human actions wherewith we would worship God, is ultimately stimulated by at least some sense of his transcendent deity and holiness, which radically calls in question every such action.

On the other hand, we must seriously ask ourselves whether our aversion to specific liturgical acts does not also have another basis that is much more difficult to justify. *Is not our uneasiness in the presence of such actions also frequently due to an uneasiness before the holy God himself*—the One who, as Luther says, never meets us in his "naked" absoluteness, but always only through the "veils" of his creatures? Is not our aversion to the concrete forms in which the gospel is communicated to us part and parcel of our aversion to a concrete meeting with God himself? Are we not constantly tempted to keep our faith merely something general, something that has to do only with ideas and "beliefs" and is comfortably beyond the shattering or healing of actual encounter? And is it not precisely the function of the liturgy to frustrate us in such an effort and force us to a meeting here and now in this particular place and at this particular time with the sovereign Lord himself?

At any rate, to the extent to which this is true of us, we surely need to discover that our uneasiness about forms and acts of worship cannot be Christianly justified. However true it is that a proper suspicion of all such forms is an essential dimension of faith itself, it is equally true that there can be a sinful form of such suspicion, and with this faith has absolutely nothing to do.



elizabeth korn

painter

BY MARGARET RIGG

IN reviewing the work of Elizabeth Korn, perhaps one should keep in mind her statement, "It is the inward experience that counts." It is both her declaration of purpose and a description of the outcome of her paintings.

Elizabeth Korn's paintings are boiling with inner life. Even in black and white reproduction, the paintings contain a dynamic sense of volume, light and dark, movement and energy. The Nativity, for instance, is usually a biblical subject treated with tenderness and calm. As interpreted by Elizabeth Korn, the moment of birth flashes and bursts open with its secret. The mystery is preserved. Out of a pervading darkness, the inwardness of that shattering event in the history of man is translated into paint. The structure, the style and the colors become resources for the expression of inwardness.

How can painting structure, painting style, and the use of color catch and transform inwardness into the visible? And can we take Mrs. Korn's chaotic paintings seriously, rather than dismiss them as disturbing, ugly jokes? Perhaps the need to ask such questions reveals our own sickness—our inability to feel things anymore. Television provides us with plenty of cheap violence, but we have lost our emotions. Yet the sensitive, probing artist can help us regain our lost emotions—emotions that by flowing freely within us keep us from seeking escape from reality in the pretty, sentimental decorator art of suspended sweetness.

Even if we do not quite fall for that sort of escape, many of us are offended by the quality of painting today. Left disgusted and puzzled, we look for some familiar meaning in art that will speak to us—comfort us, please us. But we are using an outworn value system for judging the worth or meaning of a work of art. In the midst of the nuclear age, most of us still use a classical Greek system of judging not only art but life itself. We still think of Beauty, Truth and Goodness in art (and in life) as the criteria for judging good art from bad art. But our world is no longer

ordered according to Platonic measures, and a revival of this system would be as unfitting and useless to us as travel by horse and buggy. Somehow we are outraged to think the artist will not give us what we want in the way of style and form—we feel imposed upon by his thrusting forward in new ways. Yet we applaud and encourage the scientist for his constant research which allows us to talk by telephone and fly to distant places.

Denise de Rougemont, the art historian, said we are a civilization which holds as more precious that which lets us have more power, go more swiftly, it does not matter where. We want useful products, not art. Yet there were periods when people thought a stone or a piece of wood, carved or painted in a certain way, was much more powerful and more useful, because it contained a power, than the razor blade is to us today. We have lost our ability to sense the sacred, to seriously love life and dread death, to experience what comes to us. Both the theologian and the artist are trying to recapture these lost abilities. They present us with bold experiences that enlarge life and give it meaning.

It seems to me that Elizabeth Korn's works recapture the bold experiences of life, its inwardness and sacredness, its awfulness and fulfillment. There is nothing "useful" about her paintings in the way a razor blade is useful to us. There is nothing soothing and pretty about them in any Platonic, classical sense. Yet they surge with abundant emotion and movement. Her canvases are large and the colors are wonderfully rich. Looking at one or many on a wall, they seem to heave and erupt, to thunder and whisper. Layer upon layer of paint builds the surge of tension and release. The image, face, or figure sinks into the recesses of color as in *Persephone*, or flashes into full flood of illu-

mination as in *Nativity, High Altar* or *Feeding the Multitude*. Always the freshness and excitement seem to come tumbling across the canvas to the viewer. Hers are contained canvases, yet the images strain and flow in every direction as if they cannot be confined completely. The images come and go, advance and recede. They puzzle; the puzzle turns to mystery; and the mystery to sudden realization.

The puzzle springs into meaning the way Elizabeth Korn's paintings illuminate our own inner lives. Mrs. Korn takes traditional biblical events and makes them relevant to us again . . . somehow we are plunged into them—or is it that those events are once again thrust into our lives? She also uses the earthy images of classical Greek mythology—Kassandra, Persephone, Klytaimnestra—to capture our human responses in mid-twentieth century. She does not tell a story or weave a visual drama around the figures, either biblical or classical. She deals with the image and the inner flow of meaning.

In this way, Mrs. Korn paints the contemporary picture—expressionistically rather than naturalistically. She expresses those realities hidden below the surfaces of the skin, the form, the face. She is not concerned with Beauty, Truth and Goodness goals—the ideal perfection is lost today. The ideal (Beauty) that is real to us is inner meaning in the midst of human compromises, conflicts, disorder.

Now and then an artist comes along who introduces us to our own inner world of experience, and we begin to regain our lost emotions: our fears and joys, doubts and certainties. They begin to become available to us once more. When an artist can do this for us, there is cause for great rejoicing. Such works are more than wedges into our selves . . . they also are hymns of praise: celebrations.



NATIVITY

OIL

1960

October 1961



THE THREE MARYS

OIL

1961



THE QUEEN OIL 1960

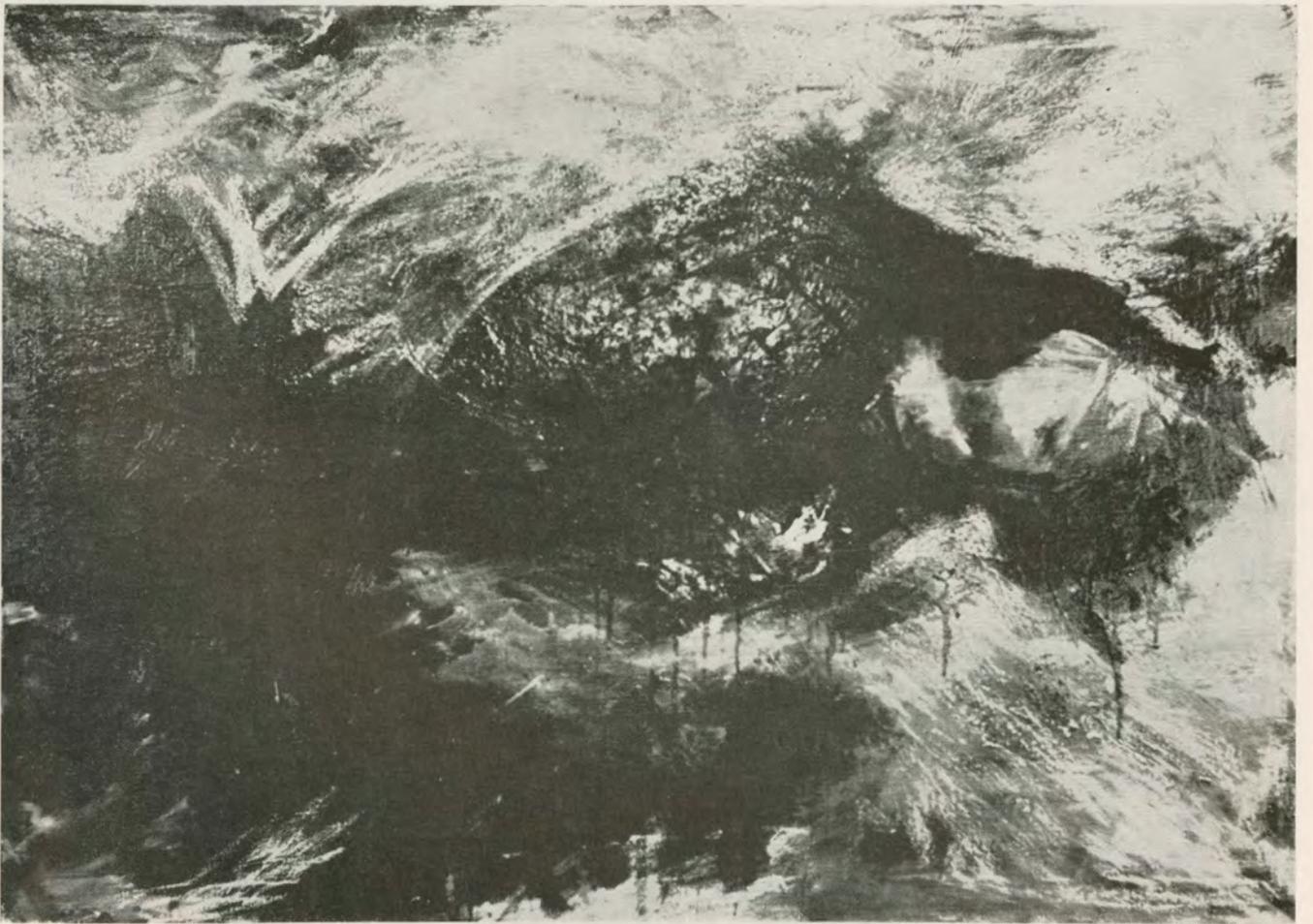


(MEXICO) CATHEDRALS
OIL 1960

October 1961



HIGH ALTAR (MEXICO) OIL 1960



VOLCANOS (MEXICO) OIL 1961



PERSEPHONE OIL 1959

KASSANDRA OIL 1961

motive





KLYTAIMNESTRA

OIL

1960

WE SEE in the Peace Corps a creative proposal. Many countries need the dedicated skills of American men and women. The call has been issued on a high level of motivation—men and women are to serve because people need help.

Here is a challenge that already has made its impact on every campus, on every town and city in this country. There is great potential in having persons of varied backgrounds and outlooks uniting in one great purpose—to serve wherever they are needed in the world.

There are pitfalls to be avoided in such matters as recruitment, motivation, and orientation of corps members, in the relation to other countries in the selection of projects and channels of service, and in the supervision of work and workers. Above all is the temptation to make the welfare of the people being served secondary to our own national interests. It is imperative, therefore, that there be maximum consultation with other countries and with the United Nations in setting up this beginning program and in looking forward to a possible international program under U.N. auspices.

Methodist people should know that their church has for years been performing services of this type in areas of need in the United States and in some thirty-five other countries. For example, since 1948 some 750 young men and women have given three years in service in twenty-nine foreign countries as special-term missionaries. They have taught in schools, worked in community centers, supervised hostels, developed and taught agriculture, served as pastors, and Christian educators, worked as nurses, pharmacists, medical technicians; they have kept books, developed music groups, and created buildings.

In addition, the ongoing missionary program of The Methodist Church today has 1,550 men and women in overseas service teaching, preaching, healing, and ministering through a wide variety of services. The church attempts to meet the totality of man's needs with

the peace corps

the following statement was adopted by the Executive Committee of the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church.

career missionaries who have learned the language and ways of the people they serve.

The Peace Corps might become a new pattern through which numbers of Methodist young men and women can make their Christian witness in this day. Let pastors, student workers, and counselors of young adults be alert to this challenge; let them call men and women to serious consideration of this work in a spirit of dedication and service! A truly Christian group at the heart of the Peace Corps can do much to provide the motivation, the sensitivity, and the moral stamina such a large group will need.

Let this be a time when our students and young adults are shaken out of their concerns for security and sent to frontiers of need and challenge here and overseas!

Let pastors, student workers, and counselors of young adults hold before their people the continuing challenge to serve with the Church, for here is service at a deep dimension! The Church stands not only for peace between man and man, but between God and man—the real key to all peace. Through its world outreach the Church is already providing a community which binds together men of all races and nations. Through the Church men cross cultural and national boundaries, meeting their fellow men as brothers in Christ and identifying deeply with them through learning their language, working as partners and sharing their struggles and suffering.

what about the peace corps

BY R. SARGENT SHRIVER



THE Peace Corps is a two-way street. Our nation and our Volunteers will get as much out of the Peace Corps as we put into it. We will help the people in the underdeveloped nations with our hands, our minds, and our hearts. And they will help us to gain the understanding that will help us as the leader of a sorely besieged free world.

There was a time when America furnished the world with an exciting revolutionary philosophy. Our patriots and our statesmen were emulated and praised.

Unfortunately, that is no longer true in all parts of the world. There are new heroes of freedom and new statesmen of liberty in each emerging nation of the world. It is to these men and their ideas that the people of the underdeveloped world are turning. Yet, by and large, their names and their ideas are unknown to most Americans.

Peace Corps Volunteers can share with these people our knowledge of how to build and to prosper in a world torn between freedom and slavery. But these people, in turn, can remind us of the spirit of freedom and revolution that ignited our own revolution.

Our own revolution has only begun. Progress in the area of human development—the heart of any revolution—may have been ignored as we have grown financially fat, spiritually soft, and morally callous. Our revolution of the human spirit has turned prematurely gray. Our young people need to see the spark of freedom burning in the hearts and minds of their counterparts overseas. This fresh understanding, this fresh re-

minder, related to our own traditions, will help to tear down the barriers of ignorance on both sides of the ocean.

THE American people have never been noted for their wide and deep understanding of the underdeveloped nations of the world. After two world wars, too many of us have pulled down the blinds on the windows which look out on a tempestuous world. As a result, we often think of Africa as a land of wild animals rather than as a country with heroic nationalistic leaders. Southeast Asia appears to us as a strange land of exotic people—but not a place where hungry men are struggling to gain political and economic freedom.* Latin America has taken the image of a giant, kindly, sleepy friend. Many of us in the United States do not realize that the image of our country is a distorted one in the minds of many Latin Americans.

We have had programs of financial assistance which were government-to-government operations, and the average American left it to his government to worry about the details or consequences of these arrangements. Very few Americans became intimately involved in these efforts to win peace and freedom.

Many educators have tried to turn the tide, but have found the going difficult. One reason is that the market for the student steeped in a knowledge of Africa or Asia is limited. There are only limited job opportunities in this area and the norms of our society pulled in other directions.

When President Kennedy launched the Peace Corps earlier this year many people in and out of the Administration labeled his action an "act of faith."

Some were skeptical that it could work. Others feared the risks involved were too great to take at this crossroad of history. Some cynically bet that our young men and women would not respond. Many with wide foreign experience freely predicted that the underdeveloped nations would not ask for Peace Corps Volunteers.

Some columnists labeled the idea the "kiddie corps,"

suggesting that sixteen-year-old kids in knee britches would be sent overseas to compete with trained communist agents.

Some saw the Peace Corps as a marvelous opportunity to strike a blow against the Administration and immediately put the idea in the political category where no holds are barred.

Then there were the critics who said we as a nation were not up to an idea like the Peace Corps, that our luxuries were too precious, that the demands of our society were so lax that we had gone soft. They joined with those who thought only fuzzy idealists with beards and sandals would join the Peace Corps. They classified anyone who would give up a good job to work two years in the bush country as a little "sick."

The response to this venture into world friendship and peaceful assistance indicates that capable and mature volunteers have been challenged, and acted accordingly. By mid-July, more than eleven thousand Americans had volunteered to serve. Applications continue to arrive in our processing centers at the rate of more than one hundred a day.

American colleges and universities such as Rutgers, Notre Dame, Harvard, Penn State and the universities of Texas and California have offered immediate and effective assistance in providing training facilities. The Peace Corps is making an impact upon our educational processes and has commanded a place of respect and significance within the academic community.

THE underdeveloped nations have requested more Volunteers than we can possibly supply in five years, let alone in one. This response has come from Ghana, Nigeria, Tanganyika, Malaya, Thailand, the Philippines, Colombia, and Chile. Before the end of the year, Peace Corps Volunteers will be in training for service in an equal number of additional countries.

The response of the so-called neutralist nations is particularly significant. In my recent visits to Africa and Southeast Asia, I encountered unusual receptivity to the idea of using Peace Corps Volunteers.

I personally regard the Peace Corps as an opportunity for all Americans to serve their country in the cause of world peace. It is a two-way street for the academic community and the Peace Corps Volunteer. It is my greatest hope that service in the Peace Corps will become an honor and privilege—a tradition in America.

the peace corps

a challenge

BY WAYNE PROUDFOOT

OUR student generation has been educated in a world marked by the cold war, in which all action must be weighed and judged in the light of the competition between the two most powerful nations of the world. We have seen half of this planet come alive in the last few years and young nations emerge to take their place among the powers of the world. The effect of African independence on the American student has been significant. We have seen in Africa a youthful idealism with which we quickly identify. No longer is a paternalistic attitude toward the so-called "underdeveloped" countries of the world a feasible position.

An increasing concern for the problems of mankind and a strong determination to implement this concern through concrete action have been evident on college and university campuses recently. Much of the anxiety and frustration of the fifties has yielded to a dedicated search for means by which to express and to implement our concerns. The "sit-in" movement stands as the strongest expression of social concern to rise out of the student community of the United States in the twentieth century. Projects such as Crossroads Africa, the wave of college graduates volunteering to teach on the secondary level in technically underdeveloped countries, and increased programs of exchange with the younger nations of the world have blossomed as a result of this new awakening on the part of students.

Channels for the expression of student concern have, in the past, been severely limited. Opportunities for direct service to our government without commitment to a career have been limited almost entirely to the military. If this is a temporary means toward world peace, it certainly is one which stifles the idealism and creative enthusiasm of those who wish to contribute to the welfare of fellow human beings. The Peace Corps has struck an enthusiastic note among students because it provides opportunities for students

to contribute individual skills and interests directly to the nation and the world.

The Peace Corps provides an opportunity for close interpersonal contact with students of differing environments and ideas. It demands a real sensitivity on the part of its participants and an ability to respond to other people as persons. The reward for this sensitivity, however, is that which a student values above all else—the opportunity for free expression and exchange of ideas.

The educational opportunities are unlimited. If 10,000 Volunteers participate in the Peace Corps, places like Tanganyika, Ghana, and Santa Lucia will come alive for 10,000 families in this country. Names such as the Argonne Forest, Pork Chop Hill, and the Yalu River will be replaced by associations which elicit quite different responses. Parents, uncles, friends, and associates will gain a new perspective on the world outside the United States through a personal contact in one small part of the globe. Returning Volunteers will serve as individual liaisons in the complex maze of world cultures.

Because of the enthusiastic response which the proposal for the Peace Corps has received, it is probable that enabling legislation will be enacted which will establish the Corps as a permanent semiautonomous agency within the Department of State. The form in which this agency is established could be extremely important to the success or failure of its stated goals.

The initial legislation before the Senate and House of Representatives proposed that the agency be directly under the executive control through administration by the Director, appointed by the President. The President and Director would be assisted by a National Advisory Council of "persons who are broadly representative of educational institutions, voluntary agencies, farm organizations, and labor unions, and other public and private organizations and groups

as well as individuals interested in the programs and objectives of the Peace Corps." The members of this Council are to be directly appointed by the President. The Director, in conjunction with the National Advisory Council, would have the final decision and power of veto on the project to be undertaken, the country to be visited, the organizations to which contracts might be let, the personnel who would be selected, and the training which would be given. This structure places the supervision in the hands of private citizens who are experienced in dealing with youth and with service programs. At the same time, it provides insurance against any use of the Peace Corps program for purposes which may not be consistent with its task and its goals.

THERE is some feeling among members of Congress that the Peace Corps should not be an executive agency, but should rather be under Congressional guidance. This is unfortunate. The President of the United States carries the direct responsibility of determining our foreign policy and our image abroad. Congress is already overloaded with responsibilities which must be met. The Peace Corps cannot *afford to* risk being hamstrung by the limitations of time and priority which Congressional authority might entail. It must be able to move quickly and respond to situations as they occur. For this reason, it should remain under executive control.

The purpose and policies of the Peace Corps as heretofore described warrant our support and assistance. There are, however, areas of potential danger which merit critical evaluation and preventive action.

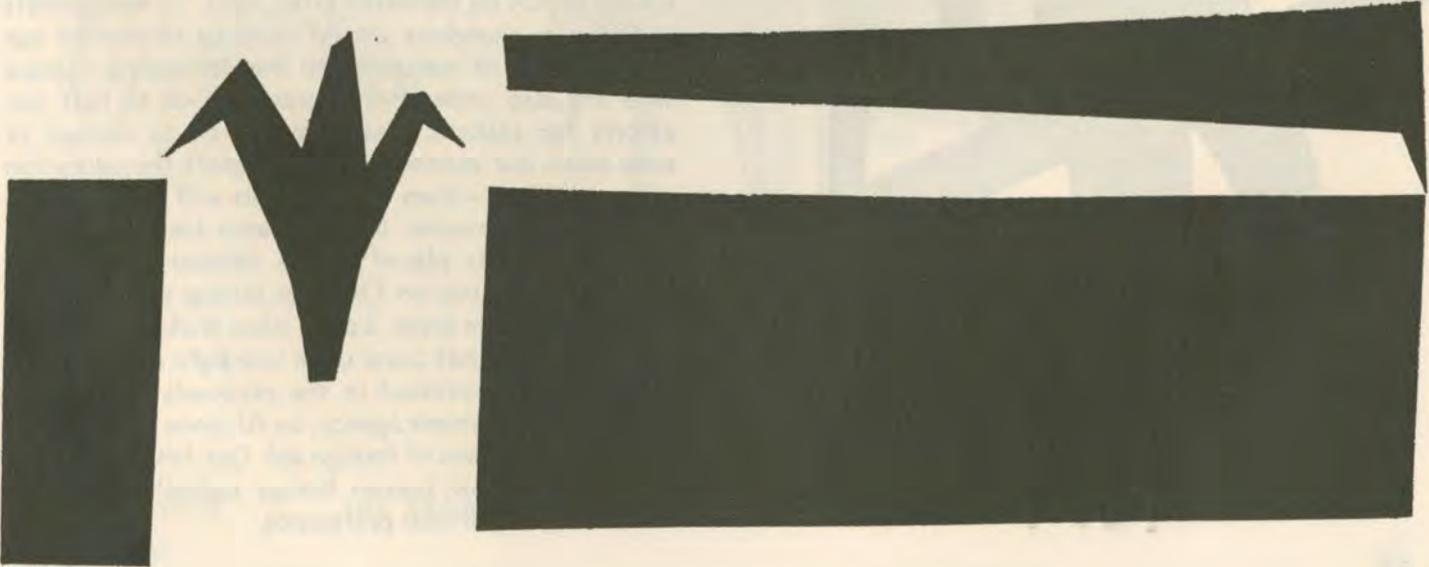
There has been much discussion about the relationship of Peace Corps projects to private and religious agencies which are currently carrying on work in similar fields. Words such as "contract" and "grant" referring to government implementation of these existing facilities tend to stir up fears of the

violation of the independence of church and state. The Director of the Peace Corps has very clearly stated that no proselytizing will be done under the aegis of the Peace Corps. Situations arise, however, where interpretations of this statement seem to differ.

The National Advisory Board and the staff of the Peace Corps are quite cognizant of the problems which might arise in this connection. They have made every effort to avoid any confusion between the goals and functions of churches and private organizations which may administer Peace Corps projects and the goals and functions of our nation in carrying out the responsibilities of the Peace Corps. Once this policy is clearly stated, as it has been, then the question is one which must be decided in individual cases. It would be absurd, for example, to contemplate a project in certain portions of Latin America without some relationship to the Roman Catholic Church.

As long as the National Advisory Council retains its powers and directly handles selection of personnel, training, and the type of project undertaken the danger can be avoided. The only relationship which has been established thus far with a religious agency of any type is that with Heifer Project, Inc., for the Santa Lucia project. Heifer Project began as a Church of the Brethren program, but has since received endorsements and contributions from nearly all the major churches in the nation, Catholic and Protestant alike. Its work is clearly service and is not an attempt to proselytize.

It would be unfortunate if the church-state issue should come to the foreground and eclipse many of the other facets of the Peace Corps planning. Much thought has been given to this problem by the Peace Corps staff and by representatives of private and religious organizations. We have seen the havoc which this issue could wreak on the President's Federal Aid to Education bill. This must not happen in the case of the Peace Corps.



Participants in the Peace Corps must live in the recognition that all they do and represent will both reflect and shape the knowledge and beliefs of the citizens of the host country. Christian students in the Corps may find it difficult, if not impossible, to separate the many values and beliefs which comprise their total personality and determine their moral and ethical judgments. Decisions regarding activities, endorsements, actions, and statements must always be made within the context of personal responsibility to the Peace Corps and the implications of their own religious faith and heritage.

THE United States Peace Corps must be seen as a pilot project for the development of an international youth corps under the auspices of the United Nations. The dangers of a limited world view and of a paternalistic attitude in dealing with the other nations of the world have made themselves evident. This attitude has often stemmed from terms such as "developed" and "underdeveloped" or "lesser advanced" which, although initially applied correctly in the technical and economic spheres, often carry added conno-



tations which foster paternalism. The situation is no longer one in which the developed West has only to give while economically underdeveloped nations are cast in the role of the receiver. We must realize that we have much to learn from these nations, and that a part of our task is to receive as well as to give. Communication between our cultures has been very limited until recently. We see this clearly in our relationship with other student Christian movements around the world. The type of ecumenical cooperation which exists in the student Christian movement in certain parts of Europe and Asia is of a pioneering nature. We have a lot to learn from the so-called "younger churches." A parallel can be drawn along political lines.

It is extremely important that the Peace Corps not be seen as an instrument of the cold war. Actions which might arouse charges of "neo-colonialism" or of paternalism should be strongly avoided. Any bilateral program is immediately suspect in the eyes of other observers. The United States has taken the initiative to organize a pilot project. Now we must follow this with the sponsorship of a multilateral cooperation agency for service of this type under the supervision and control of the United Nations. This is generally acknowledged by persons involved in the planning of the Peace Corps at the present time. A similar program under international auspices is envisioned for the future. In July of this year, Philip Klutznick, speaking for the United States at a meeting of the Technical Assistance Committee of the United Nations Economic and Social Council, proposed that "member governments join hands in an international effort to provide talented and skilled volunteers to do needed jobs throughout the world under United Nations supervision and control." The United States project should provide valuable insights into the administrative possibilities and problems involved in embarking upon such a program.

President Kennedy, in his nationally televised speech in July on the Berlin crisis, said, "If new threats in Berlin or elsewhere should cause us to weaken our new program of assistance to the developing nations who are also under heavy pressure—or to halt our efforts for realistic disarmament—or to disrupt or slow down our economy—or to neglect the education of our children—then those threats will surely be the least costly maneuver in communist history." Again, the argument is placed in the context of the cold war. The pressures on Congress during the next several years will be great. Let us hope that mobilization for defense will not cause us to lose sight of such goals as have been expressed in the proposals for a Peace Corps, a disarmament agency, an Alliance for Progress, and other programs of foreign aid. Our first obligations are to our fellow human beings regardless of their nationality or political preference.



FAMILY GROUP
October 1961

INK DRAWING

1960

BOB REGIER

Jameson Jones

editor: 1958-1961

The departure of Jameson Jones from the editorship of *motive* on June 1, 1961, concluded thirteen years of capable and effective service with the Board of Education. He began his career in Nashville as an officer, and later staff member, of the National Conference of Methodist Youth.

His years of service in the Department of College and University Religious Life were superb opportunities to expand and deepen his commitment to the church. In succeeding Roger Ortmyer as *motive* editor in 1958, he assumed heavy responsibilities for continuing the traditions set by the two previous editors, Harold Ehrensperger and Roger Ortmyer. That he assumed these capably and with success is reflected in the issues of the magazine from 1958 through 1961. Not only did he maintain the high journalistic and artistic standards, but effectively guided *motive* into an era of aggressive social concern. The voice of *motive* has been heard throughout the "sit-ins" and other significant events of the past three years. As editor, he encouraged students who had convictions to hold them, and furnished a theological background for those who sought to undergird their efforts.

The biblical injunction "Go teach," carries with it the obligation to make disciples. The word itself really means scholars. As an assistant professor of religion in higher education at Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, Illinois, we anticipate that Jameson Jones will be an able interpreter of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

JOHN O. GROSS
General Secretary
Division of Higher Education



Genius has multiplied manifestations. It is rare to find so many of them combined in one person as in Jameson Jones. He is a public speaker, natural leader of youth, stamp collector, editor, writer, storyteller, minister and teacher and he is adept at each.

Few persons have come up through the youth and student movements of Methodism as has Jamie. In these movements he has held practically every office from the local church to the national level. In all this, he was more than an officer, he was a true symbol of youth and student leadership.

Jameson became a reluctant editor of *motive*. He thought he could not do it but he did and gave it the same high level of leadership as did his predecessors. He now enters the field of teaching, and Garrett is fortunate indeed to have his leadership in the field of religion in higher education.

Jameson commands the love and respect of those with whom he works. We in Nashville miss him and his wonderful family. His service to the church will extend in ever widening circles of leadership and influence.

—**H. D. BOLLINGER**
Director
Department of College
and University Religious Life

... IN AND OUT OF BOX 871

With the selection of B. J. Stiles as its fourth editor, **motive** comes closer to an era in which the publication will be older than the editor. The new editor has been active in the student movement since 1950, first as student at Texas Wesleyan College and officer in the Texas MSM, then as a national leader while a student at Perkins School of Theology, and later as a staff member of the Department of College and University Religious Life. Not only as a Tall Texan but as **motive** editor it is inevitable that B. J. brings to the editorship an attitude that "anything is possible." That has been the prevailing and most essential requirement for **motive** editors since its birth almost twenty-one years ago.

There is more than one new face in the **motive** editorial office this fall. Wilson Yates has succeeded Finley Eversole as staff associate. Finley is the newly elected director of the Interseminary Committee of the National Student Christian Federation with offices in New York. Wilson is a student at Vanderbilt Divinity School, and anticipates additional graduate study in preparation for college teaching. Luckily he has lived in the midst of "deadline chaos" prior to coming to **motive** since he was one of the directors of the 1959 Methodist Youth Convocation at Purdue University!

Mrs. Wanda Lenk served four and a half years as "Girl Friday" around the **motive** office before inheriting the relative sanity and routine organization of secretarial life in the Department of College and University Religious Life. Mrs. Jane James has assumed the

secretarial responsibilities of the **motive** office with capable efficiency and contagious helpfulness.

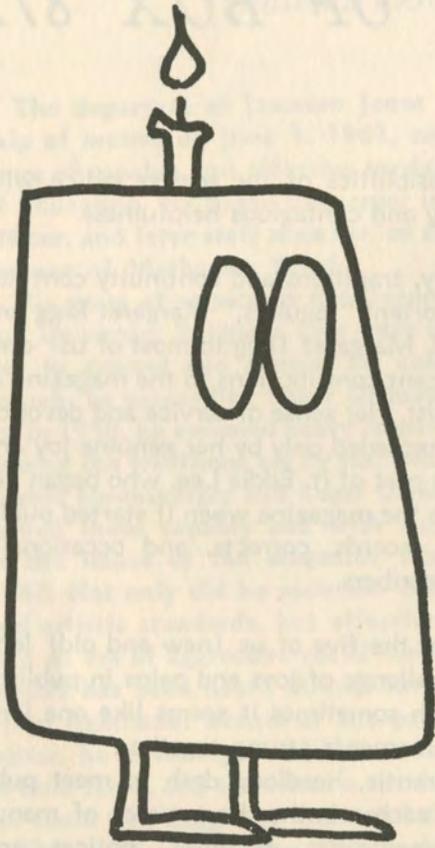
motive's history, traditions and continuity continue through two important "regulars," Margaret Rigg and Eddie Lee McCall. Margaret (Peg to most of us) continues her significant contributions to the magazine as art editor and artist. Her sense of service and devotion to the cause are exceeded only by her genuine joy and delight in being a part of it. Eddie Lee, who began her faithful service to the magazine when it started publication, carefully records, corrects, and occasionally chastises, our subscribers.

So . . . together the five of us (new and old) look forward to the challenge of joys and pains in publishing **motive**, though sometimes it seems like one long series of chaotic moments strung together.

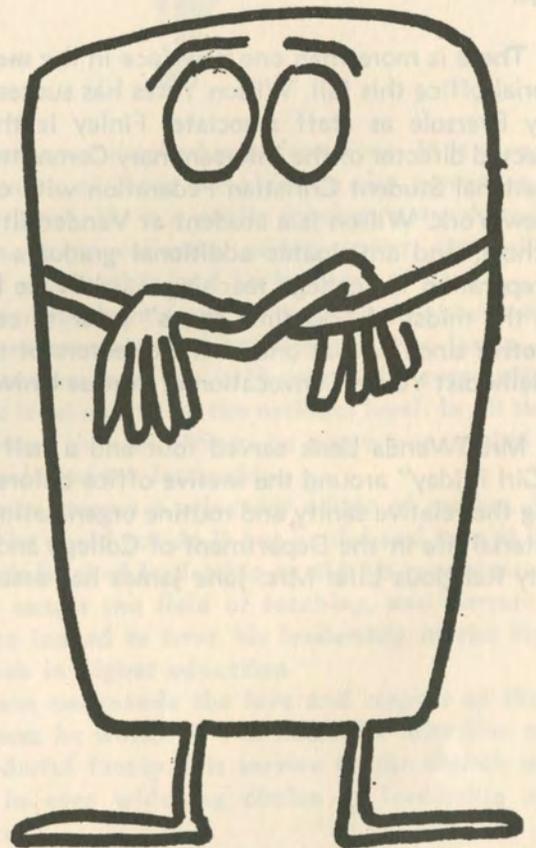
There is the frantic, headlong dash to meet publishing deadlines each month: the mounds of manuscripts, books, magazines, bulletins, notices and grouch letters to read, digest, evaluate, follow up, file, take note of and answer. And there is the constant need to search out new writers and artists, men and women who can effectively pin-point the issues of the day. But always there is the deadline breathing down our necks.

There you have it. Some of the combinations will please, some will dismay, some we hope will catch hold in your imagination and open up a horizon you hadn't explored before.

Cartoons by

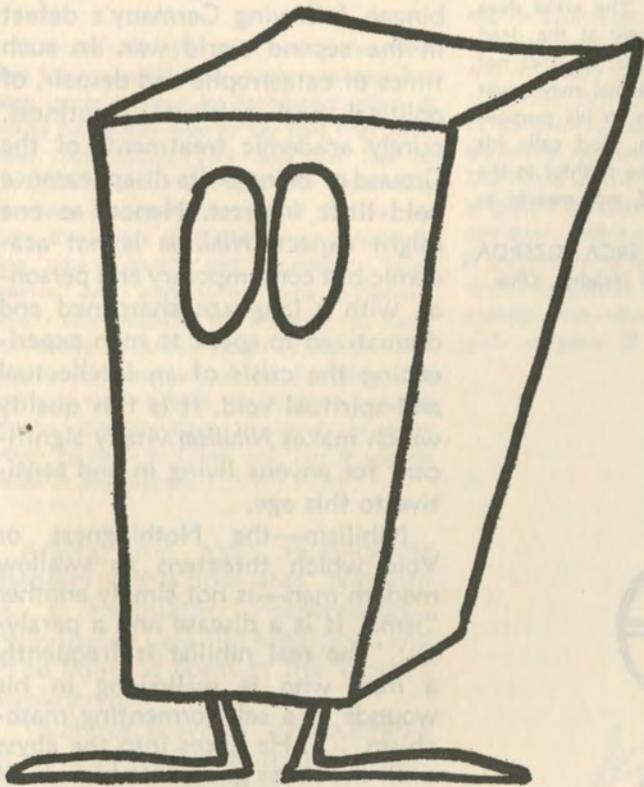


IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU BELIEVE JUST
SO YOU BELIEVE SOMETHING.

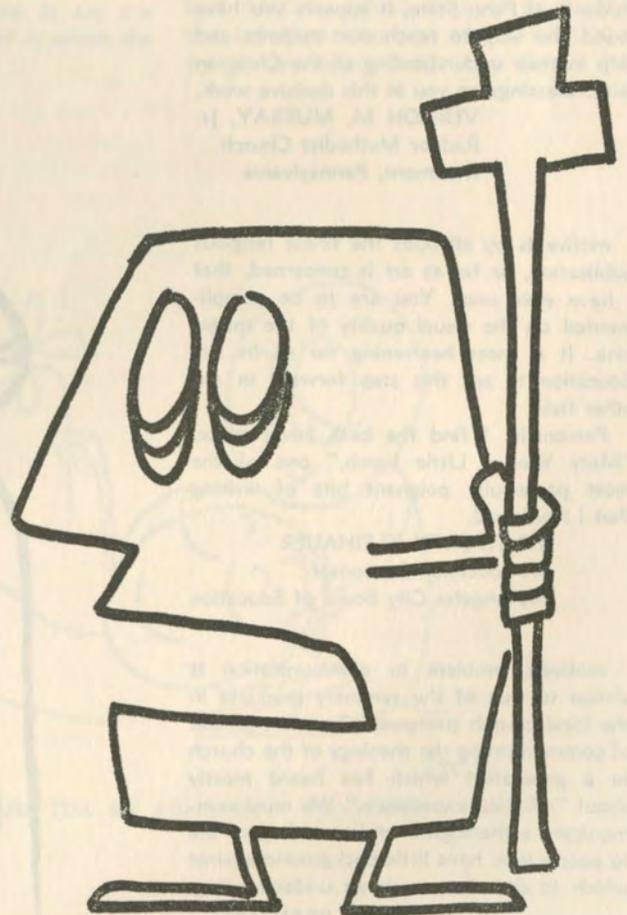


DON'T BOTHER ME WITH SCRIPTURE,
I KNOW WHAT I WANT TO BELIEVE.

ROBIN



I JUST DON'T FIT IN WITH MOST RELIGIOUS GROUPS. . .



OF COURSE I'M PIOUS

letters

How could you accept John G. Harrell's "let us pray" in your April issue? Have you no shame, no adult responsibility toward guiding young minds into Christian living?

Margaret Rigg's art is sacrilegious (sic) and some of the other articles have the wrong slant.

You will pay for your part in this work some day and you may not feel "real cool."

MAUD SIMMONS
Austin, Texas

One of our families was transferred to Texas two years ago and recently returned to our community. I understand from them the John Birch Society, which is very active in Texas, has placed *motive* on their subversive list. This should be a high recommendation for the magazine, for it seems the things that are most truly Christian are those they attack.

I have seen *motive* and from my observation, and from the comment of one of our students at Penn State, it appears you have found the way to reach our students and help in their understanding of the Christian faith. Blessings on you in this decisive work.

VERNON M. MURRAY, Jr.
Radnor Methodist Church
Rosemont, Pennsylvania

motive is by all odds the finest religious publication, as far as art is concerned, that I have ever seen. You are to be complimented on the visual quality of the magazine. It is most heartening for us in Art Education to see this step forward in another field.

Personally, I find the back cover piece, "Mary Was a Little Lamb," one of the most powerfully poignant bits of writing that I have read.

AYLSWORTH KLEIHAUER
Art Education Supervisor
Los Angeles City Board of Education

motive's problem in communication is similar to that of the seminary graduate in the local church pastorate. Ours is the task of communicating the theology of the church to a generation which has heard mostly about "religious experience." We must communicate a theological understanding of life to people who have little background against which to assimilate such an understanding.

L. RAY BRANTON
The Methodist Church
Vidalia, Louisiana

Bernard Scott ("Protestant Postscript," March, 1961) seems to realize that the artist . . . lives by faith, hope and love. (These do not necessarily assure success to the artist, but without these he is unable to express a life-giving art.) If the visible church does not reflect faith, hope and love, how then can you expect to find the artist there? The artist seeks to reflect life, paradoxes included, or he has not much to say. . . .

Actually, the artist does not reveal life, although he may enhance or make it more knowable; he describes. Life is a gift; only life can give life; so that, strictly speaking, the artist cannot communicate with man. It is the artist in you that speaks to the artist in me.

Does the artist need the Church? Of course. The faith, hope and love finding expression in his work will not be clothed with authority except it reflect eternity, which is of God; and he will not long speak to or for you without that truth. The artist does not scoff at religion, but only at the dead appurtenances of religiousness; he does not scoff at life. The loudest denial may cover the deepest hope. God uses to his purpose even those who deny him. God calls his people (pipers included) to be faithful in the hope and love of the Lord, not merely to play a piper's tune.

REJEAN ERCA IDZERDA
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

books

Without question, the most penetrating yet readable analysis of the spiritual crisis of modern man that I have yet seen is Helmut Thielicke's **NIHILISM: ITS ORIGIN AND NATURE WITH A CHRISTIAN ANSWER** (Harper, 1961, 186 pp. \$5). This book, first translated into Japanese and now into English, is the outgrowth of lectures delivered at the University of Tübingen following Germany's defeat in the second world war. In such times of catastrophe and despair, of political and spiritual emptiness, purely academic treatments of the Ground of Being or its disappearance hold little interest. Hence, as one might expect, *Nihilism* is not academic but contemporary and personal, with a language sharpened and dramatized to speak to men experiencing the crisis of an intellectual and spiritual void. It is this quality which makes *Nihilism* vitally significant for anyone living in and sensitive to this age.

Nihilism—the Nothingness or Void which threatens to swallow modern man—is not simply another "ism." It is a disease and a paralysis; "the real nihilist is frequently a man who is wallowing in his wounds in a self-tormenting masochism. . . . He gazes into the abyss until the abyss gazes into him; he is intoxicated by its vertiginous fascination."

Lacking any solid foundation of its own, modern mass society hides a "ciphered nihilism" upon which demagogues and propagandists may prey with their own "isms." Such preying upon mass society is nothing less than contempt for humanity. Thielicke says:

This contempt for humanity expresses itself in the knowledge that one can no longer appeal to a man's personal center, his "reason" and "conscience," but that one must control his instincts or, in physiological



terms, control his nerves and play upon them. But this is contempt for humanity par excellence. In such a view man is no longer a person or even a mind, but only an automaton; certain elementary rhetorical sounds, certain gestures, and finally the charged magic of certain catchwords constitute the standardized coins which need only be dropped into the slot of the sense organs in order to elicit the desired reactions. (P. 33.)

It is precisely the covert nihilism of our mass society which makes possible the rise of dictators, propagandists and ideologies with absolute claims—such as those which dominate the present East-West conflict.

Perhaps this is the place to say, as Thielicke does, that we no longer live in a "Christian culture." But the problem, more explicitly, is the loss of a meaningful tradition.

It would also be quite wrong to think that the vacuum in the modern masses has been brought about by dechristianization. It would be equally true to say that they have been deplatonized. Not only the line of Christian tradition but also the Greek line has been broken in the age of the masses. Even the words that stem from this tradition, like "state" and "justice," "conscience" and "personality," tend to become utterly unintelligible. The break in the tradition is not so quickly noted in the universities, since almost all of the disciplines—in any case those within the Western concept of the sciences—have thousands of roots which go back to Greek soil. But it can be noted in any factory. . . . (P. 152.)

Among the most illuminating chapters of this book are: "Nihilism as a Psychiatric Phenomenon," "Nihilism in Law and Medicine" and "The Political Form of the World's Breakdown."

Thielicke analyzes schizophrenia in terms of the loss of the self or ego and goes on to say that

Increasingly, certain constitutional characteristics of the human self are disappearing, chiefly his religious ties, or more precisely, his relationship to God. Instead of thinking of himself as the image of God, modern man increasingly conceives of himself as the image and representation of subaltern this-worldly powers, for example, economic or biological forces. (P. 45.)

In the chapter on law and medicine, the author sees manifestations of nihilism in today's legal positivism with its relinquishing of the idea of ultimate justice, and in

"nonpurposive medicine" with its loss of the goals of health.

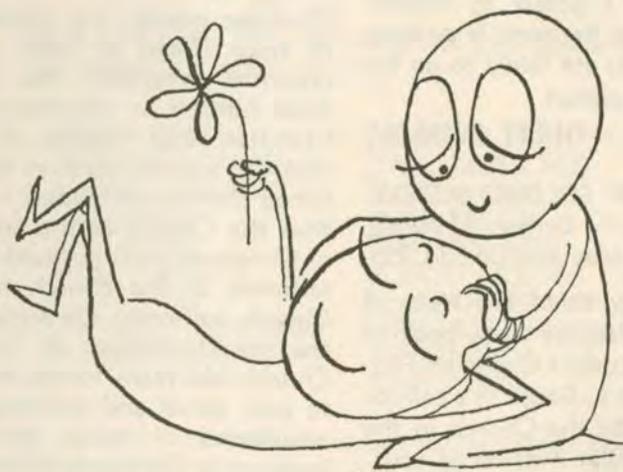
The political forms of nihilism manifest themselves in "contract theories" of government, but more particularly in the purely technological view of political power. Again, power which sees man as an "object" to be manipulated lives out of a post-Christian paganism which

is fundamentally different from pre-Christian paganism. Pre-Christian paganism recognizes genuine gods, in whom it believes. Think of the world of Homer; think of Aeschylus and in some respects even Sophocles. But anybody who has once passed through the crisis in which Christ stripped the gods of their power—even if it involved only his living in a culture that was permeated with this Christian knowledge—henceforth lives in a world from which the gods have vanished and he cannot go back to that early mythical childlike innocence with its belief in Olympus and its happy gods. True, there may be an occasional homesickness for the lost world in some individuals—I am thinking of Holderlin—a homesickness so intense that the lost home of the gods is transformed into a graphic and almost palpable vision. . . . In any case, such a vision is always a gift which is given only to isolated individuals. Man as such—I do not even venture to say the average man—lives in a world in which the gods are gone. (P. 93.)

In the chapter on "The Anxiety of Life," Thielicke further explores the relation of the loss of the self to the loss of God. He sees that modern civilization, unlike past civilizations, has passed beyond the usual devolution from a religious to a humanistic civilization; history has now entered a new phase—dehumanization! In a world without God or values, man is called upon to *make himself*. But "Alas! if every soul be its own creator and father, why shall it not be its own destroying angel, too?"

If we are now in a post-Christian world, what, if anything, does Christianity have to say to man? We must first understand that God has left his name with man, that the world is "post-Christian" because it was first "Christian." Says Thielicke, "Post-Christian paganism will always burn with a deadly hostility to the Galilean, because it was from him that it received its stigma and never again can it face him with disinterested tolerance."

Second, we may see that all forms of nihilism are "fractured," they are but partial. "And this is precisely the interim situation of the nihilist: to go on living with the threat of



Crane

I LOVE YOU, NOW TELL ME AGAIN HOW WONDERFUL I AM.

the deadly abyss, to dwell on a thin crust of ice, and wait for something new to come. Nobody yet has ever lived in the watery wastes beneath the ice. Life is rather an anxious existence 'between the times.' But nobody ever lives in nontime, in Nothingness."

Finally, in the last chapter entitled "Where Do We Go From Here?" the author criticizes Existentialism for its extreme individualism and its absolutizing of freedom. A Christian, says Thieliicke, would never think of himself as "condemned to be free"; such is not the character of freedom in Christ. Also, the author sees modern man coming to truth through doubt (cf. Descartes), saying that "perhaps Jesus Christ would include this philosophy of the empty hands and this art of the lost center in that mysteriously honored domain which he described as spiritual poverty and emptiness before God, but which nevertheless was full of promise. . . ." Modern man must make a new and terrible beginning; he must seek a new world in chaos; he must experience rebirth. Thieliicke concludes with Pascal's line: "We would not seek thee, O God, if thou hadst not already found us."

Whoever has experienced the spiritual desolation of these times will find it difficult to "criticize" Thieliicke's book. Hence, rather than criticize, I prefer to recommend *Nihilism* as the most important reading that you are likely to do for a long time to come!

—FINLEY EVERSOLE

THE NOISE OF SOLEMN ASSEMBLIES. Peter L. Berger. (190 pp. N.Y.; Doubleday and Co., \$1.75)

Appropriately titled *The Noise of Solemn Assemblies*, the study book of the National Student Christian Federation by Peter L. Berger is a call for the church to be the Church in the sense of a singular mission of courage to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. Addressed to the committed Christian student, the book is written in two thought-provoking parts. Berger, the professional sociologist, writes a critical analysis of the institutional church in American society in the first part, while Berger, the lay

theologian, defines the real mission of the church as he sees it in the last part.

The title, a quotation from the book of Amos, keynotes Berger's thesis of the first half of his essay. "I hate, I despise your feasts, and I take no delight in your solemn assemblies" begins the quotation, and Berger takes up the theme to emphasize the irrelevance of many of the church suppers and platitudinous sermons of the contemporary church to the Christian gospel. He accuses the institution, its constituency, and its leadership of living in "bad faith" in the Sartrean sense of inauthentic existence, of pretending to themselves that they are who they are not. He maintains that membership in the church is a stamp of social approval of being a part of an "OK group." To illustrate the church's being a product of the culture rather than the determinate force in the culture, he uses such evidence as statistics on the correlation of socioeconomic groups and membership in certain churches and as the tendency in many seminaries to teach ministers to be organizational men rather than theological scholars.

In the study, Berger neither denies nor affirms the institution. He builds the reader nearly to the point of rejection of the institution, then appears to rationalize for the church's being as it is. Finally, he proclaims that the heart of the Christian gospel, the confrontation of Jesus Christ as Lord, must be preached wherever the Christian finds himself in whatever way the Christian finds feasible. It may be that this can be done in the established church revitalized. It may be that the Church as the community of Christians must go outside the institution of the church to be the Church authentic. He suggests that the manifestations of being the Church take many forms, that action to gain social and political ends is sometimes of value, that simple presence of Christians in some situations is important, that dialogue on the meaning of the Christian faith to the world is meaningful. The essential factor is that persons be met as persons and not as instruments of abstract principles.

It would seem that Berger's book would be quite beneficial to individ-

uals and student groups as an impetus for conversation about the true meaning of the church and a search for involvement in its mission. He writes in a readable language and speaks directly to the student, whom he thinks is least enmeshed in the net of the cultural milieu, and, consequently, most able to lead the revolution for the Church's freedom. If they have neither a fear of destroying the *status quo* nor a goal of producing an imminent utopia, the persistent deterrents of their elders, students possess the "levelheaded enthusiasm" that can make the Church live its message.

—GAYLE GRAHAM YATES

BRECHT: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Martin Esslin. (360 pages. New York: Doubleday and Co., \$4.50. Anchor paperback, \$1.45).

Near the end of his life, Bertolt Brecht became preoccupied with thoughts of death. He said to a friend: "At least one knows that death will be easy. A slight knock at the windowpane and then. . . ."

The knock for Brecht came on August 14, 1956. He died of coronary thrombosis. He had written that his body was not to lie in state nor to be exhibited anywhere, that no one was to make speeches at his funeral. Thus he sought to cheat the communist masters of East Germany who would exploit him in death for propaganda purposes. Disregarding part of Brecht's wishes, Walter Ulbricht and other communist dignitaries held a memorial service and said their pieces.

But the twentieth century's most distinguished Marxist poet and dramatist had the last word. On the day after the communist ceremony in East Berlin, Karl Kleinschmidt, a Protestant clergyman and canon of Schwerin Cathedral, published the account of his last conversation with Brecht. By the deliberate choice of Brecht, the pastor and not a party official wrote his obituary. The pastor reported a talk with the poet that was unsentimental and unpathetic. Brecht said he regretted that he could not read the obituary. "You at least write a candid obituary!" he told the clergyman. "Don't write that you admire me! Write that I was an uncomfortable person, and

that I intend to remain so after my death. Even then there are certain possibilities."

Nothing for the communist minister of press and propaganda here! Martin Esslin, who tells the story of Brecht's life and work in some detail, does not minimize Brecht's cynical alliance with the East German communists—a marriage of convenience. In his last years, Brecht a lifelong Marxist, worked out a shrewd arrangement that he thought promised best results in his efforts to influence the future. After turning his back upon America, where he had vainly tried to establish himself, Brecht returned to East Berlin, threw his lot with the communists, became a naturalized Austrian citizen (to get a passport), copyrighted his works in West Berlin (to get a source of cash), and deposited his major earnings in a Swiss bank.

As director of the Berliner Ensemble, Brecht was able to carry out many of his ideas on theater. He made original contributions to the art of directing with his philosophy of "epic theater." An exile from Hitler's Germany, he had wandered over Europe, writing some of the best plays of our century. The communists now provided him with a flat in the city and an estate in the country. He sometimes did hack work for them, but in the last terrible years of his life he wrote no major plays. He became "somewhat fat and flabby" and "tired and worn." He often clashed with the authorities and sometimes modified his plays at their insistence. He could write prose which on the face of it seemed to praise Stalin and other members of the hierarchy but which left room for sharp readers to see different meanings. By his own admission, he could stick "strictly to the untruth" when his interests were threatened. He was awarded the Stalin Prize for literature in 1954.

Martin Esslin's book is a perceptive critique of Brecht's works. A required book for understanding Brecht, it is a pioneer work about one of the most important and puzzling writers of our time.

Esslin touches on many facets of Brecht's personality which may intrigue future biographers. Esslin thinks Brecht's attitude toward life

October 1961

was that of "an anarchist, iconoclast, and radical pacifist who was against authority of any kind." Brecht was at heart "a puritan and idealist," an individual "basically tender" but forced to suppress his feelings and to appear hard and rational. Brecht thought it necessary to purchase his peace by a "show of compliance and even cheerful servility toward even the most absurd authorities."

Esslin makes much of the idea that Brecht's plays often had effects upon audiences which the author never intended. A rationalist, Brecht was not even himself conscious of the profound power that he had to evoke emotion. Sometimes he thought he had written a Marxist play, but audiences saw other meanings in it. There was a universal quality in his work that transcended his own ideology and spoke to people of ultimate issues regardless of their political persuasions. This quality is apparent in plays like **The Life of Galileo, St. Joan of the Stockyards, The Caucasian Chalk Circle, The Three Penny Opera, Mother Courage**, and others.

Brecht was an atheist and blasphemous, who boasted of the power of science and reason to solve all

problems. Yet he knew firsthand the power of that recalcitrant thing in human nature which theologians have traditionally called original sin.

What was the strongest literary influence upon Brecht? A magazine once asked him this question. He replied: "You will laugh: the Bible!"

It is very strange. Given a Protestant upbringing, Brecht became saturated with the idiom of Martin Luther's Bible. His plays contain many basic constructions, themes, illustrations, allusions, paraphrases, parodies, and quotations from the Scriptures. It is ironical that the major Marxist poet, a man who would drive the faith of the Bible underground, has done much to keep the language and the ideas of the Scriptures before readers and theater audiences in lands where the Bible has been dismissed as containing fairy tales that were no longer relevant to a scientific world.

Brecht's plays, which are popular with many college groups, are not too popular in communist lands. Can it be that the dullest party official can detect the subversive power of the Scriptures in Brecht?

—WOODROW A. GEIER

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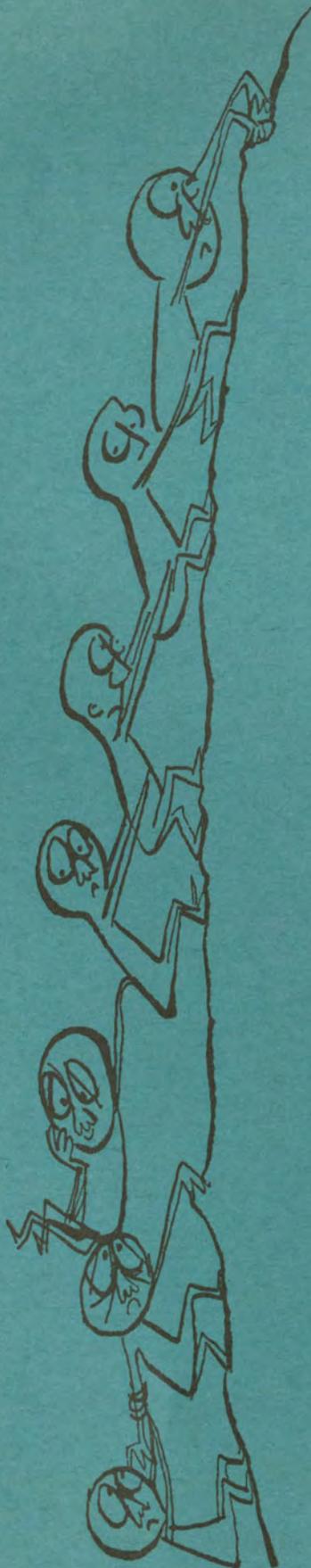
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WHAT DIFFERENCE CAN ONE PERSON MAKE,
MORE OR LESS



a certain freshman

A CERTAIN freshman came to college with his heart full of hope and ambition. And this freshman—like all freshmen—had a dream of making his mark on the world by doing some great something to benefit All Mankind.

So he went to classes, and he studied diligently. But soon he found that his studies were not satisfying. The instructors showed no desire to teach, the information given was often outdated and impractical, and his fellow students laughed at him for working so hard while they earned the same grades by the use of cheat sheets and sold copies. So the freshman said to himself, "This is not the way for me to make my mark. I shall have to look farther."

And the freshman went out into the social life on campus. He joined a fraternity noted for the big wheels among its members. As he listened to the promises made at the pledge parties and later to the solemn words of the initiation ceremony, he said to himself, "This group is going places. It will do great things, and I will be great with it."

Then he discovered that promises are only promises and words are only words, that the fraternity members who talked most about going places were those who were most content to stay where they were among the cigarette butts and the beer cans. And so the freshman said to himself, "This is not the place for me. I must look elsewhere."

This same freshman wandered down to the church one Sunday evening. He listened with growing interest as the leader spoke of the great work Wesleybury Foundation had to do in reforming the sinful college campus, of the brave manner in which the members must bear the cross of the evils around them, of the way the group must stand out as a beacon to a despairing student body. Then the freshman said to himself, "Finally I have found it. This is where I belong. Here I shall begin to re-create the world."

Immediately he said to the chairman of a committee, "Give me a job; I want to do something important." "Certainly," answered the chairman, "you can help decorate for our Halloween Party."

But the freshman wasn't satisfied. "I want to do something big," he said to the vice-president. "Certainly," said the vice-president, "you can blow the pitch-pipe for our caroling party at Christmas."

Finally the freshman turned in desperation to the president and said, "Please, please, give me something useful to do." And the president looked on him with pity and said, "Come; follow me. We will cut the sandwiches for the Alumni Supper."

And this freshman—like all freshmen . . .

—SHERILYN MEECE