

# motive

APRIL 1962



# Motive

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**FRONT COVER ART: CRUCIFIXION by FRITZ EICHENBERG.** Mr. Eichenberg, a Friend, is internationally known as a graphic artist and perhaps as well known for his role as a peacemaker. He is now teaching graphics at Pratt Institute, New York City. In CRUCIFIXION Mr. Eichenberg expresses the pain and sorrow of the event in contemporary terms. This Christ is Negro and the swirling background is fall out, bringing death to mankind—a threat, however, being borne with us by Christ.

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the road  
to calvary  
is a circle

*What moment of the year  
is not the  
still division  
Of time past and time  
to be?*

*I saw a rose at  
midnight swell to  
blow its fulness  
into fading; bud  
full-blown  
upon the  
tree;*

*I saw a rose,  
this Rose,  
this bleeding rose  
on Calvary.*

*Christ is risen.  
Alleluia.  
And Christ shall die.  
Miserere.*

*Pluck  
the petals one by  
one,  
the journey  
is begun again  
to Calvary.*

—ROBERT LEE STUART



*The First Epistle of John contains two statements which stand in fruitful opposition. The first is the statement that "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear." We all know this to be true. A mother gives evidence of it when from love she dares danger to care for her young: "perfect love casts out fear." Then the writer goes deeper still in saying this the other way around: "... he who fears is not perfected in love," or "where fear is, love is not perfected" (1 John 4:18). The truth of this we have to discover by more profound insight than comes from surface*

*observation of how some mothers may behave. The fact that "where fear is, love is not perfected" was, however, intuitively grasped long ago by the sage who wrote the Old Testament book of Ecclesiastes. Awareness of death, and not love of money, he believed, was the root of all evil. "This is the root of the evil in all that happens under the sun," wrote Koheleth, "that one fate comes to all. Therefore men's minds are filled with evil and there is madness in their hearts while they live, for they know that afterward—they are off to the dead!" (Ecclesiastes 9:3.)*

## DEATH'S DUEL

BY R. PAUL RAMSEY

**M**EDITATION on death is out of fashion today. In children's stories the big, bad wolf refrains with incredible decency from eating up the little pigs, and the huntsman always arrives in time to save Red Riding Hood and her grandmother. Young people no longer get married "'til death us do part," but for "as long as we both shall live"—at most a little short of the grim moment. Ministers and morticians conspire to beautify death. Yet death increasingly stalks the earth, and we know it also stalks freely up and down the corridors of our minds. Seven out of every seven persons now living are going to die. God means to kill us all in the end, and in the end he is going to succeed, and we know it.

The fear of death is not the same as the fear of **dying**. In face of the processes of dying, whatever they may be, any man can muster courage. The Epicureans tried to beguile men from their fears and from religion by teaching that dying is all there is to death and **dying** is not to be dreaded. "As long as you are, death is not," they said, "and when death is, you are not." Thus, between **you still alive** and **death actually present, your own death** is squeezed out; and there is nothing to fear, because a person never actually faces death until he is gone and no longer there to face it! But this only makes the situation more grievous, and strengthens like a vise the power of death over us. For what we dread is death, not dying. We recoil from the thought that nonbeing shall one day gain the victory over our being and that in our stead there shall be only room.

We do not always recoil from dying, except in view of the nothingness that comes after. Precisely this prospect is interiorly present with us all our days. From the moment we are born we are goners! The day a baby is born he is old enough to die. It is, as Pascal observed, the "whole dignity" of man that, although a drop or a vapor may kill him a man knows that he dies while germs that triumph over him know not what they do. Whoever wishes to die without knowing it, like a thing extinguished, deprives himself of the essential grandeur of manhood. This is the meaning of the Anglican litany: "From lightning and tempest (from perils by land and perils by sea) and from **sudden death** Good Lord, deliver me." But this is also, in a sense, the fundamental trouble that is always with us. One great part of the unquenchable misery of man and the seemingly **ineradicable malaise** of his soul is

that he lives "in the valley of the shadow of death"; and **knows** it!

With what result? With the result that there arises the other part of man's misery: death's sting. With the result that "therefore men's minds are filled with evil and there is madness in their hearts while they live, for they know that afterward—they are off to the dead!" with the result that we who fear are not perfected in love.

The concern of the Old Testament was over man's sin, his rebellion against God. The **problem of death** came in only as a subordinate theme in Hebrew analysis. In contrast, sin was always the subordinate theme in Greek religion. The central concern of Greek religious thought and practice was the problem of death—a problem whose solution was found either in the native power of the soul to outlast any number of bodies or by initiation into religious cults which promised to extricate the soul from its corruptible shroud. Thus, sin was determinative for Jewish consciousness; death for the Greek consciousness.

When St. Paul spoke jointly of sin and death, he opened up a new dimension in man's awareness of his personal existence. By tying sin and death together Christianity created or expressed a new level in human consciousness. The Christian hope, and Christianity as a religion of redemption, can never be understood without understanding that these two foci of man's misery—sin and death—belong inseparably together.

There was much speculation among rabbis and early Christians designed to show how "sin reigned in death," how because of sin "death spread to all men" (Romans 5:21, 12). This was to give theoretical explanation of the origin of death's power over mankind. St. Augustine, for example, was of the opinion that, during the enforced wandering of the children of Israel in the desert, God miraculously preserved their clothing from decay. And, he said, in the same way God would have preserved every mortal man alive had Adam not sinned. When the first man sinned God withdrew his perduring power from him, and so death gained the mastery and spread to all the race.

At least this much insight is to be gained before dismissing such fanciful speculations about why men die: namely, that Christian thought, in its authentic biblical expressions, never affirms that man possesses natively or inherently the power to live forever. Man is a living being; he is not a living soul endowed with capacity in himself to wear out and outlast his body.

In the Garden of Paradise there was a second tree whose fruit the first man was forbidden to eat—the tree of immortal life. And God “drove the man out, and stationed the cherubim east of the Garden of Eden, with the flaming, whirling sword to guard the way to the tree of life” (Genesis 3:24). The early Christians rightly regarded as a species of robbery of God the doctrine then widely current in the Graeco-Roman world that man’s soul possesses immortal powers. God alone possesses immortality in his power of being; and only he is a life-giving Spirit. One of the early Church Fathers roundly declared that if God could raise the soul he can raise the body to renewed life.

Why are we so sinful? Old Testament religious thought leaves us with this grave question unanswered. Christianity supplies an answer by joining sin and death together. No man does evil for the sake of evil as such. He acts **sub species bonum**, not **sub species malum**. He should not be accused of doing evil absolutely unconditionally or without cause or provocation. Anxiety or the threatening power of death in us supplies the internal setting or precondition for sin. Therefore there is madness in the mortal human heart.

**T**HIS is the root of the evil in all the good that happens under the sun. The man in Jesus’ parable who reaped a rich harvest, built bigger barns and seemingly took his ease, was nevertheless beset at night by the disquieting thought, “**Whose** shall these things be?” which drove him on to accumulate even more “visible means of support.” People embrace one another more in frenzy than with fidelity, more to escape from themselves than to belong to each other. We seek to last—by outlasting our neighbors. From the power of death in us flows bitterness of spirit and alienation from God and man and from the common life. So long as we are driven by the threat that nonbeing shall one day win the victory over our being we cannot do otherwise than seek our own perdurance. Our days are numbered, and we number our days until we shall be cut off from the land of the living without having found rest or tasted the Good in all our goods. This prospect overshadows our life and induces permanent anxiety at the roots of personal existence, which we can scarcely share or acknowledge, and which turns every man a stranger to his neighbor. We cannot love the common life or God the giver of life, we can love neither our fellow men nor the good earth, so long as within us the problem of death is not directly addressed.

The Christian gospel is exactly congruent with this predicament of ours. Redemption means redemption from death and from sin’s empowered power. We are saved both from the death which came in with sin and from the sin which came in with death, both from the sin that drew death after and from death that draws

sin after. As John Donne said: “. . . when thou thinkest thyself swallowed, and buried in affliction . . . Christ Jesus shall remove thy grave stone, and give thee a resurrection; but if thou think to remove it by thine own wit, thine own power, or the favour of potent friends, **Digitus Dei non est hic**, the hand of God is not in all this, and the stone will lie upon thee, till thou putrefy into desperation, and thou shalt have no part in this . . . resurrection.” And he added, “our meditation” on the Death-Resurrection of Christ “should be more visceral.” For Christ came in the flesh where those two stalwart allies, death and sin, had established citadel. He broke the bonds of death, and therewith overcame also the power of sin. From meditating viscerally upon this central event men may be persuaded that they no longer have just grounds for enmity against the Giver of life, and that they no longer need make haste to insure their own being against the day which is to come. For too long now people have read rapidly over or turned away in annoyance from St. Paul’s words: “If Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile and you are still in your sins,” and “If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most to be pitied” (1 Corinthians 15:17, 19). Is not life itself, they demand, with all its wonderful gifts and graces, worth living anyway? Why, of course. But not one of these good gifts of daily life will a man refrain from clutching and injuring unless the power of death within him and sin’s empowered power are decisively broken. By the power of His resurrection we are raised **to life**, and not only on the last day. Precisely because life is so great a good we need daily to appropriate our redemption in order to love life properly. Where faith is, love will be perfected. He who in his heart believes is perfected in love.

**F**OR what is love? The essence of love is respect for the shadow of death upon the face of another. It means powerful compassion for another doomed soul, respect for the shadow of death that falls across everyone who bears a human countenance. Love means acknowledging that, while all men reach a natural death, they do not die naturally and no matter how they try will never learn to perish like things. The essence of love is a working knowledge of human beings as flesh and blood who, because of the power of death in them, are tempted at all times to despair, to estrangement from the common life and to hatred one of another.

Unless a person is dealt with as one who lives in the shadow of nonbeing, he is insulted and injured to the depths of his soul. The essence of love is regard for another in whose being there is question about his being. Only so do I love him as I love myself. To love my neighbor **as myself** means to love one whose sins, however heinous, spring from provocation I can understand in my own heart. It is to love one whom to save from death and sin Christ died.

This is the reason marriages, if they are made, are

motive

made till death us do part. Why? Is not the beloved one here cherished with so much deep affection worth a whole lifetime anyway? Of course. Why then bring in such a somber thought as death? Because a man will not refrain from clutching in weakness or injuring from desperation his beloved unless their lives are set and welded together by a promise that takes decisively into account the shadow of death across the human countenance even in youth. Marriage is God's ordinance proximately addressed to our mortal, sinful condition. Those who propose to love one another without entering it, have not found, and refuse themselves to be, a helper fit for the human condition. "Where fear is, love is not perfected."

Yet, we are beginning to assign the primacy again to the problem of death or vanity or pathetic anxiety over being. Any such philosophy of life—such as present-day existentialism—represents a return to the Greek religious consciousness and a breakdown of the biblical tradition that is without parallel. In the new

**NOW  
SHINES  
THE CROSS  
MYSTERY  
LIFE DID DEATH ENDURE  
AND YET  
BY DEATH  
DID LIFE  
PROCURE**

religious consciousness uncovered when the New Testament joined sin and death together, death is our last enemy, not the first; and sin brings death, not death sin. A **second** look at that way of ordering the connection of sin with death should make it plain that this was never merely an odd theoretical explanation of why all men are mortal. The expression "first sin, then death" arose from no primitive myth of origins. What, then, is it?

This was a profound **redefinition** of the meaning of life and of death. It was a radical relocation of the place where true life and real death are to be found. In light of the New Testament meaning of life and death, we stand before another, an equally personal way of understanding the connection between sin and the loss of real life.

We mortals desire true life more than we fear death. The craving to have life and to have it significantly is

the innermost spring of our activity, more than anxiety over not being at all. The first human pair were much more profoundly impressed by the serpent's beguiling promise that they would become like gods than they were by the threat announced by God himself that in the day they ate the forbidden fruit they would surely die. They did not gaze into the abyss of nothingness and then sin. Rather they gazed upward to the source of all true being and life, and then sinned out of bad love therefore—death following. In the midst, at the very heart of their desire for life, men are revealed as desiring more especially to be themselves the givers of the true life they thus so wrongly seek. So men who are flesh with breath in their nostrils are found desiring this utterly vain thing: to live "according to the flesh," according to man and by his powers, rather than according to God who is the life-giving Spirit.

However flesh cannot live "according to the flesh" as it intends, but only according to and from God. "To set the mind on the flesh (i.e. on man) is death" (Romans 8:6a). Therefore, from a wrongheaded and wronghearted desire for life (and not from anxiety over death) mankind generally and each person individually blunders into death.

Now **faith** is: to live from or out of God and not according to one's own human powers. This is the reason the whole message of the Bible may be summed up in "salvation by faith" or true life only by faith. "To set the mind on the Spirit is life and peace" (Romans 8:6b). The biblical understanding of sin may be summed up in one word: "Whatever does not proceed from faith is sin" (Romans 14:23b). It is living "according to the flesh," which is an utterly vain endeavor inevitably eventuating in the death which is true death even before the body perishes.

The New Testament, then, no less than the Old assigns the primacy to the problem of sin and salvation. It then proceeds to join with this its understanding of the problem of life and death, and in so doing sets going a radical redefinition of the meaning of true life and of real death. Beside a sign on a highway reading "Millions now living will never die," some wag has written, "Millions now living are dead already." This is true in a sense he did not mean. Millions now living are dead already and millions now living are alive already; and their dying life or living death depends wholly on their personal relation to God and the life-giving Spirit of his Son. We **live** by faith; or else in lack of faith living according to the flesh we die. Jesus the Christ is the Act of God with which no man cooperates to bring it to pass. Living out of faith in him requires a decisive giving up of all attempts to live according to our fleshly powers, and hereby we all are made alive. Dying to the world, we are raised with Christ. Receiving life from him, we cease trying to give ourselves life. The new creation restores to us that old creation under which man lived before ever he sought to become himself the giver and sustainer of his life.



Crane



# THE HUMANITY OF JESUS

BY JOHN W. DIXON, JR.

**S**INCE its earliest days, the Christian church has held that the faith of the church depends on the coexistence of the humanity and divinity of Jesus. If either the one or the other is weakened then the faith goes false at that point. Yet just as continually the church has had to face the fact that it was unable to construct any logical explanation for these two things. For two millenia the mind of the church has wrestled with the attempt to find an explanation. In fact, for the first centuries of the life of the church this attempt was the greatest of all its intellectual problems. Every conceivable combination of words which might possibly make the doctrine intelligible was tried. Finally the creeds were formulated. This did not end the controversy but it did declare the limits of controversy and state the faith by which the church has lived ever since.

These are creeds and not explanations. They state that thus and so is true. They do not say *how* it is true nor explain it to our rational minds. They set the limits to explanation: no explanation that weakens an article of the faith can be true, for it violates the nature of things. Jesus was true God and true man. We do not understand *how* this is to be, we only know it is. Numerous theories have been drawn up to explain it. The only fair thing to say of them is that they are equally inadequate. It remains a dilemma, a paradox.

One early Christian, Tertullian, even announced proudly that he believed *because* it was absurd. This statement is not so completely foolish as it sounds but it is still, on the whole, pretty foolish and represents a council of despair. There is no evidence that Christians are required to surrender their rational intellects in order to be Christian. Yet the honest Christian has to grant that basically he has a paradox. He knows that he has to believe both terms of the paradox, yet in the eyes of the world, and even in his own eyes, it is absurd. In this paradox, this absurdity we

find the meaning of our existence. We hold the one thing in one hand and the other in the other hand. We are not quite sure what to do with either. But our life depends on both.

It is helpful to look at what happens in the life of the church when one of these doctrines is falsified. In seeing the consequences of our falsification, we may be able to see why we hold to the paradox which is the center of our life.

It has been said of Christianity that it is in constant danger of degenerating into a religion. The most consistent offense the church makes against its own faith, the most consistent distortion of our own essential beliefs is making Jesus into a god.

The formulas have varied widely but from the beginning the church has held firm to one central affirmation: Jesus is both God (not "a god") and man. And the church has held consistently, through all the peculiarities of the formulations, that these two natures coexist, complete and entire. The church has emphatically and energetically denied a variety of false interpretations of this paradox: Jesus is not first one and then the other, he is not partly one and partly the other, he is not one including the other, he is not one to the exclusion of the other. He is both simultaneously, complete and entire.

**J**ESUS was a man, complete and entire, a man such as we are in all the fullness of humanity. If you make any reduction or any compromise in the humanity of Jesus, to that degree you move Christianity in the direction of futility and meaninglessness. This reduction of his humanity is not the only way we offend against the idea of Christ for we are particularly guilty of reducing him to the status of a sentimentalized cult hero, a kind of glorified movie star. But our more serious offense, if that is possible, is in the reduction



or the *elimination of the humanity of Jesus*, thereby making him into a god.

This is not to be interpreted as a revival of the liberal search for the historical Jesus, the supposedly simple Jesus of the Gospels.

The early twentieth-century liberal movement was not an original movement for it represented an interpretation of Jesus quite common among certain of the heresies of the early church. Yet it had some characteristic twentieth-century touches. One of these distinctively twentieth-century aspects of the liberal movement was one of the best things the movement produced: the social gospel. The foremost concern of the social gospel was to teach men to help their fellows and in doing so it accomplished a great deal of good (a fact those of us who feel we have "out-

grown" the social gospel are inclined to ignore). But the social gospel began with an inadequate doctrine of Christ, and inevitably ended with an inadequate doctrine of man. Jesus was seen only as a simple man preaching such moral platitudes as are common to all religions. Thus it was impossible for the liberal movement to comprehend the unhappy fact that evil is rooted in the heart and nature of men. They could not believe that to some men evil is desirable and not a consequence of ignorance. Their Christ was small, so their approach was small. They were good people, but not radically good. We must recover the sense of the humanity of Jesus but not the sense of it the social gospel had.

■ CAN find nothing good to say of the attempt to turn Jesus into a god. From it no good of any kind has ever come and enormous quantities of evil have been its inevitable result. We have, in common with the whole human race, the tendency to see only the good on our side, to divide the world into our side—the good—and the other side—the bad. Thus when we look at the history of the Christian church as an institution we see only the good it has done and stood for. We forget completely that it is equally possible to assert that few institutions have produced such ferocity, such torment to persons, such monstrous persecutions. The agony of the Jews through centuries of persecutions in the name of the Christ is testimony enough. There is other evidence: every sect in Christendom before the eighteenth century tortured and murdered those who held different views and there are many in our day who would do the same still, only the conscience of mankind has sickened at this useless cruelty; whole peoples have been laid waste in religious wars; missionaries have gone out to serve their God but as often they have acted as agents to destroy ancient cultures for commercial and colonial interest; ever since the industrial revolution there have been heroes of the church (including those of the social gospel movement) who have fought for the protection of the innocent and the poor, but the institutional church has more often than not fought reform every step of the way and served as apologist for greed and power; in our own day the main institutional church belongs to the wealthy and to the social elite and the last institution to grant dignity and opportunity to the Negro will be the Christian church. These things are not all the Christian church has accomplished. But it has accomplished them and we falsify what we are if we forget it.

Evil is so thoroughly built into the nature of man that it is his consistent quality to corrupt all that is most sacred to him and bend it to his selfish purposes. But a major cause of this corruption of purpose lies in our distortion of our sense of the humanity of Jesus. We have made Jesus into a god. He is, therefore, an enemy of other gods. Therefore, he must be

an enemy of the supporters of other gods. Since he is a god his function is that of a god, which is to support me and my wealth and my power and give me victory over my enemies.

Just as gods are anciently supposed to secure the safety and prosperity of their worshipers, so we look to Jesus to justify our wealth, our power, our possessions. That festival of the church most designed to emphasize the humanity of Jesus, the incarnation itself, has become the grossest celebration of commercial greed to be found anywhere in our culture. This is what happens when we make Jesus into a god for we take from him that which is most meaningful to us in our search for humanity.

Now, to two scriptural passages. We constantly misinterpret them, but the proper interpretation of them may return us to our lost way. The first of these passages recounts the temptation in the wilderness. The second is the crucifixion.

Many artists have contributed to the misinterpretation of the temptation. Painters representing the temptation often show Jesus with a small, black monstrous creature representing the devil. The offers are made. With a dignified serenity Jesus rejects them. Unfortunately this is not what temptation is. Real temptation rarely comes to us from the outside, thrown at us like a spear and repelled by the shield of our righteousness. The sins of conformity are mean sins. Those who follow where others tempt them to go are usually led more into silliness or, at most, misconduct, not sin. And temptation is to sin.

The temptation which is a reality is the temptation which is real and within. It is that in me which convinces me that the things I want are good, whatever they might be. It is that in me which convinces me that some moral law does not really apply to me, or does not apply in this case. Or it convinces me that my obedience can be deferred until some later time. Or it convinces me that the evil I want will produce some good to justify itself. It is all that in me which directs me toward myself and not toward God. This is the reality of temptation for this is the temptation that leads to sin. Misconduct is not sin although it leads to sin. But it is sin when I am led into the corruption of my own obedience, the distortion of my moral direction, the twisting away from what I should be.

This is the temptation Jesus endured in the wilderness, not the little black monster. When we make Jesus into a god, we make the temptation into meaninglessness, for a god is not tempted. It is the purpose of a god to be power and the god can always repel the attacks of the enemy. This was not what happened to Jesus. The religious men among the Jews did not go into the wilderness to play a kind of moral football game with a little black monster, who would throw a temptation and have it tossed back at him with a bright saying. These men—and Jesus was one



of them—went into the wilderness because it was there they could work out the torment of their souls. This temptation was not an external attack. This temptation was a reality tearing him apart. The wilderness of Palestine was no place for a picnic. To stay in it for forty days was itself a torment. Those who may still think of Jesus as a god masquerading as a man, with lovely silken curls and the conventional nightshirt should try to visualize the state of a man, forty days in such a wilderness where he had no food and little water, dirty, gaunt, drawn rigid with the physical and spiritual agony he suffered. This was the condition of Jesus. This was the reality of the temptation, for he knew that in himself culminated the great mission of redemption that had been given to the Jews. He knew that in himself there were such powers as no other man possessed. With these powers he could control men through the three idols they strive for: miracle, mystery and authority. He could feed them, he could command their allegiance, he could impose on them peace and order. These were in his power and this was his temptation. It would have been no temp-

tation if he had been a god, knowing all things, seeing past and future. If it was no real temptation, then the story has no meaning for us: we are left to suffer our little temptations finding no escape from them. Yet Jesus was a man and this temptation was a reality to him.

**O**UT of this grows the real grandeur of the scriptural account, great in its simplicity as the Bible always is. (see Matt. 4:1-11)

The replies of Jesus are no longer the deft repulse of external weapons thrown. They are the marks of triumph in a spiritual struggle such as we in our pettiness can never know in its intensity, but differing in kind not at all from our own. This, too, gives the intensity and the meaning to the end . . . "and behold, angels came and ministered unto him." These angels did not come like the water boy at half time in the game. They came because through his temptation Jesus had retained his humanity inviolate and unstained and they received this agony and triumph in the name of the almighty God.

We give a similar offense to the interpretation of the crucifixion when we picture Jesus as a god going through a charade to teach us a lesson. The crucifixion was real or it was nothing. If Jesus was a god then our only hope of giving the crucifixion meaning is to emphasize the suffering. We must prove that he suffered more than anyone else has suffered in order to buy us with his pain. However, this doesn't in the least correspond to the record. There is much we cannot fully know about the time schedule but his suffering was not greatly prolonged. He may have been mistreated somewhat while in the hands of the Jews but there is no evidence in his appearance before Pilate that there had been any serious torture and this appearance took place during the morning. He was given the customary scourging by the Romans and this in itself was a dreadful thing but not at all unusual. He hung on the cross only six hours and then died. Many men crucified were known to hang there in direst agony for several days and those who endured the pleasant medieval custom of being hung in chains were known to survive for a week or ten days. Hundreds or thousands of people in our own day have endured an intensity and a quantity of pain far surpassing that inflicted on Jesus. This argument leaves us nowhere and yet this is all we are left with if we see Jesus as a god.

No, the significance of this event lies not in the pain, but is revealed in that final tragic statement,

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He knew who he was and what his mission was and at this moment in his physical agony there was the greater agony of looking into that same abyss of meaninglessness that confronts us all. Again, we can know that what we suffer in our littleness, he suffered in his greatness, that our pain and failure were his pain and failure. Surely in this moment, if in no other, he descended into that hell we find in our own desolation of spirit, our failure of purpose and will, our structure of common humanity. This was the crucifixion, and the pain was no more than a symbol as the cross is a symbol of our humanity and what we have done with it.

Out of this can come the only possible meaning of Easter. If Jesus were a god, then his earthly life was a masquerade, a walking through, and the tomb was the exit door. For such an Easter perhaps it is no more than proper that its chief symbol among us should be the Easter parade. An agnostic friend of mine once told me that he could see no difference between Jesus and any of the numerous vegetation gods, dying and reviving with the coming of spring, a ritual correspondence to the life of the seasons. Given our popular attitudes there is no possibility of an answer. Yet if we see that what went into the tomb was all the fullness of humanity and what came out was humanity redeemed, what then could we not say! From being an empty ritual, Easter becomes the revelation of all the fullness of humanity redeemed by God and in it we begin to see what the humanity of Jesus really means.

We make Jesus into a god and lose the sense of his humanity. In doing so we lose the sense of his divinity. A god can be pictured in our imagination, a god can be reduced to our measure. We can placate him, we can appease him, we can control him. So our prayers become instructions, our devotions become a means for the manipulation of the sacred. We take Jesus, not for what he was and did and stood for, but we make him into a cult idol. We picture him as a sentimentalized version of the movie star. We make him the object of erotic hymns, we hold hands around the campfire and sway in the night, crooning these hymns. Our worship is a means for compelling God to do our will. This is the measure of our degradation as a Christian people, for instead of rising from the tomb with the vision of humanity reborn, we have dragged the idea of divinity down into our lowest sense of economic security and erotic sentimentality.

**B**UT the meaning of Jesus is a rising and not a dragging down. It is only through the humanity of Jesus that we can know what humanity is, and what the world is that contains such a man. We must see this man, what he was, what he did. We must know that he was a man, fully, completely a man,

motive

without qualification. Then we know that in this man all the fullness of God was pleased to dwell. We cannot know the means, but we do know that this Jesus was transparent to God. And knowing this we can know what we are and a little of what God is. For we see that in this man God uniquely lived, that this man represents the intersection of the eternal with time.

If Jesus was a god, then we can never know what God is like, for he is ever closed off from us. He appeared to us only as an apparition, an actor deluding our sense. If Jesus was a man then we know something about God. We know that God is a God who loved his creation and his creatures enough to humble himself and come among them. We know then that the humility of God was not a seeming, a false play, but that he lived as a man among men. He descended among us and took on, not the form, but the reality of our being. And if we truly see this our response is not the chatter of our preaching and our arguments and our prayers, but an awed and worshiping silence or we say, with Thomas, "my lord and my God" and with Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God."

And from this we draw our comfort and our hope. Those who make Jesus into a god are those who speak of the spiritual. They feed us on such abstractions and take from us the earth and our bodies and our humanity. Yet it is in our bodies that we suffer and the earth is where we live. Those who would take that from us leave us in bewilderment, thinking that the earth and our pain are only a delusion. But if Jesus was a man, then the incarnation was a reality. God came down into this earth and we know that the earth and what we are in our common humanity was fit to receive the holiness of God. We know that beyond the brokenness of what we have done with ourselves there is hope for redemption from this body of death we have made for ourselves.

Then we know what the scripture means when it

speaks of Jesus as the second Adam who fulfilled what the first Adam could not do, the first fruits of them that sleep. For Jesus did not come into the world to condemn humanity but to fulfill it. Then we know that the humanity of Jesus is the only true humanity. We are not fully human but broken, maimed, distorted fragments of what man can be, doomed to the extinction that awaits all faulty life. We know that God in Christ was not a charade but a reality; that the tomb Jesus was buried in, dead, is the door to our resurrection with him. He came into earth, into matter, into a human body and showed us that these are the creatures and the temple of the almighty God. Through the strength of his will he redeems from sin; through the obedience of his service he points the way out of the tomb. To the cleansing of our sins he gave us the washing with the waters of the earth. To the nourishment of our faith he gave us, not airy abstractions, but the partaking of his humanity. To the sustenance of our purpose he gave us his holy word. To our love for him he gave our common life and the service of his creature. In our brokenness and self-contempt he shows us what we might, through him, become, the transfiguration of the creature.

In his temptation he conquered our sin. In his resurrection he conquered our death. In his word and his sacraments, in the common life of his body, he has given us the means for partaking of his humanity and rising into his transfiguration. If we deny the temptation, if we deny the death, we deny that in him which links him to ourselves, for temptation and death are the common lot of men. If we deny the earth and profane our bodies we deny our Lord who took on himself the fullness of humanity. We cannot flee from that into the refuge of immortality. Death is the reality of our life and only as we die with him can we rise with him into the transfigured humanity he taught us how to be.



this century of woe and rebellion!



our women depose us



our children defy us



the communists would liquidate us



and dark-skinned people all over the world want to further humiliate us



what did we adult, white, protestant, male, businessmen ever do to deserve such a world?



Crome

at least He is still one of us.

# MAN: THE TELLER OF TALES

BY ROBERT E. NEALE

**T**HE story existed from the very beginning. The response of man was simply a telling of the story. It was told in dance and song, in poetry and art, in liturgy and philosophy. In the telling of it man discovered who he was, what he should do, and why he existed. The story brought order out of chaos and delight in life. Then man began to question his telling of the story, seeking to know whether the story was true or false, whether one story was better than another, and even whether he himself was the creator of the story. It soon happened that the story was perverted by taking it literally or that it was dismissed as a mere fraud or sign of limited intelligence. Man no longer participated in the story. He argued about it rather than told it, and the order and delight of his existence were diminished. The ensuing discomfort led him to suspect that the loss of the story was not as advantageous as he had thought, and to seek recovery of that which he had discarded.

It has been common for the modern intellectual to state that a myth at its best is creative fiction, and at its worst sheer superstition. The universal understanding of myth, however, is precisely the opposite. At its very best, a myth is a matter of superstition in the classical Latin sense of the term—as a “witnessing” or “standing over.” “Superstition” implies an experience of transcendence, and it is this peculiar awareness of the “beyond” which so infuriates the modern man. We prefer to hide from the mysteries of life by erecting a screen of philosophical, scientific and theological terminology, but that which is transcendent is and will remain a mystery.

**A** MYTH is a story, but not all stories are myths. The difference between myths and the plethora of fables, fairytales, legends, and “isms” which abound in ancient and modern cultures is not easily ascertained. The traditional response that it is myth alone which “deals with the action of gods or beings conceived as divine or possessed of divine attributes”<sup>1</sup> provides a definition and a means for classifying the stories of man. This objective approach, however, is quite useless for examining the current “isms” and the very primitive stories told over long periods of time in cultures where gods and divine beings were unknown. A more legitimate and fruitful approach is to seek to discover what the story means to the individual

<sup>1</sup> Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language, Second Edition, Unabridged (Springfield, Mass.: G. & G. Merriam Company, 1941).

who tells it. Susanne K. Langer makes such an attempt in *Philosophy in a New Key*,<sup>2</sup> and in doing so illustrates the dangers faced in attempting to understand the primitive mind. For example, she asserts that the distinction between myth and fairytale lies in the fact that the former is oriented toward reality and the latter is only a form of “wishful thinking.”<sup>3</sup> Unfortunately, many of her arguments concerning fairytales could be applied to myth also (as her authority, S. Freud, knew full well). It seems likely that *any* story can be reality or wishfully oriented according to the way it is used by the teller. It is also important to note that while modern man (with his greater stories) takes the fairytale very lightly, it does not follow that the primitive man (with only the fairytale) will treat it with identical lightness. Contrary to what Miss Langer implies, no matter how small primitive man's stories appear to modern man, they would undoubt-

<sup>2</sup> Susanne K. Langer, *Philosophy in a New Key* (New York: The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 1958), pp. 148-174.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 151 ff.



motive

edly seem big and of mythical status to the primitive. So, to identify any particular story as a myth is nearly impossible unless one has access to the individual telling the story *and* the ability to understand him.

A definition of myth can be useful however—as long as it is not taken too seriously. What is significant about a myth is that it is *my* story and that it is my *whole* story, telling me who I am, what I should do, and why I exist. A more formal psychological definition may be cautiously suggested—not to be accepted as the “truth,” but simply as a spur to thinking. *A myth is that story which is the product of the union of the images of the unconscious and the words of consciousness, being autonomous from and the precondition of all human activity.*

This definition assumes the necessary but somewhat artificial hypothesis that man possesses both consciousness and an unconscious. The distinguishing attributes of human consciousness are sociability and reason. Man's consciousness develops out of *contact* with its environment and its lifelong desire is to relate itself to the rest of existence. It is by means of reason, its ability to organize existence, that consciousness can standardize and sustain this relationship. The chief product and tool of the conscious state is the word: speech is basically a gesture to another person, and it is the reasonable grammar of speech which allows for meaningful conversation. The work of our philosophers and scientists attests to our highly developed usage of our unique consciousness. This, however, is not the whole of the matter, consciousness is only “part” of man.

The unconscious, even though it is asocial and illogical in its behavior, serves a crucial role in our lives. The unconscious is concerned about survival, and this refers not only to particular needs such as nourishment, reproduction, and protection against harm (all of which have been overemphasized by modern psychology), but also to the organism's basic zest to live, to grow, and to enjoy existence. And as consciousness produces words, the unconscious creates images. These images may appear in man's dreams or during his meditations; but we rarely meet them, for they arise in their pure form only when the consciousness of man needs to be confronted with its limitations. When this happens, the image may be of a mineral, plant, animal, the heavens, or gigantesque men and women, but the feeling accompanying the image is always that of “awfulness” and “overpoweringness.” The feeling of “holiness” that surrounds these products of the unconscious is seductive, and some have been persuaded to place a premium on this experience and become “mystics.” The result tends to be a permanent retreat from existence which is in absolute opposition to the real intent of the unconscious.

Thus, neither the unconscious nor consciousness is sufficient in itself. Our current tendency to idolize the unconscious is as foolish as was our past worship

of consciousness. Only the complete union of these two “elements” creates the whole man. By words alone, we may become creative philosophers or scientists. By images alone, we may become creative artists. By the transforming union of images and words we may discover a sacred story for creative living.

The full union of consciousness and the unconscious is the prime experience of man, and the resulting story is both autonomous from and the precondition of all human activity. The autonomy of the sacred story implies that it cannot be willfully created, changed, or destroyed by the conscious “part” of man. Nor can it be successfully analyzed by that small portion of the individual we call “reason.” If the sacred story is truly autonomous, it follows that the participant in it gains some measure of autonomy himself, rising above the demands of mind, emotion, and law.

That the sacred story is the precondition of all human activity implies two things. First, the participant in a myth becomes an *actor* in a divine drama. Myth is thus the prime source of full human *action*. Images or words alone prompt one to act, but do not provide the power or direction for such action in the face of brute existence. It is only a myth which may move man to act creatively in the world and sustain this movement. Secondly, the sacred story is the source and guide of *all* activity, of philosophy and science, as well as of religion. Part of the problem of modern man lies in the fact that he tends to associate the story only with religion; then, observing the current limitations of this all too human enterprise, he concludes that the story itself is meaningless. Fortunately, certain philosophers, scientists and statesmen are becoming aware of the role myth plays in “secular” realms. The “secular” responds to and serves a sacred story. The time when the religious response to myth can claim ultimacy is past, and the current balance of power between religion, philosophy, and science in this matter can more easily contribute to a better understanding of the “meaning” of myth.

**T**HE preceding discussion has at least one similarity to most others on the nature of myth—a pedantic acquiescence before the niceties of intellection. We seem to be like flies caught in honey. Because intellectualizing is sweet we do not want to give it up, and yet the more we become involved in it, the more we are confined and frustrated. The sacred story cannot be contained by our clever categories, our remarks hold it no more than a paper bag holds the wind. The only way to “define” a myth is to step into it, act out its drama, join in its utter disregard for the things we usually “take seriously.”

The return to participation in the sacred story requires a discipline which could be described most adequately by one who was fully acquainted with the dynamics of current psychological therapy, the traditional disciplines of the Christian church, and the vast

storehouse of practical experience contained in oriental literature. Such an informed scholar has not yet appeared to accept the challenge. But the preceding discussion has implications on this matter which may be tentatively offered.

Practice for participation in myth involves a *retreat* from the usual concerns of daily living. This is only a temporary retreat, however, for the goal of the discipline is a return to fuller relationship to existence. It is no more a running away from life than is the preliminary action of a broad jumper a running away from his final goal. And the nature of this retreat is more drastic than is commonly realized; it entails the removal of cultural, religious and philosophical concerns. Obviously this drastic removal will never be fully achieved, nor does it preclude eventual return to these concerns, but such retreat is a direction necessary for growth required by the fact of the complete *autonomy* of myth.

The area for exploration of the sacred story is exceedingly broad, covering not only those stories related to the Judeo-Christian tradition and the Semitic culture from which it has sprung, but also those of the primitive and oriental worlds. It includes the stories told in classical style and also those that are currently described as "isms." It would seem advisable that a member of our culture, with its cult of creed and cogitation, begin by seeking wisdom outside his tradition, that he explore the primitive stories which are simply told, clear of nonmythical elements, and sufficiently foreign to remind us of the wonder and joy they communicate. That this retreat from contemporary culture need be only temporary has been expressed by the orientalist, Heinrich Zimmer:

*... the real treasure, that which can put an end to our poverty and all our trials, is never very far; there is no need to seek it in a distant country. It lies buried in the most intimate parts of our own house; that is, of our own being. . . . And yet—there is this strange and persistent fact, that it is only after a pious journey in a distant region, in a new land, that the meaning of that inner voice guiding us on our search can make itself understood by us.*<sup>4</sup>

The definition of myth as the product of the union of the unconscious and consciousness implies that it unites the private and the social and is thus the source of community. A retreat from religion is not opposed to this understanding. For the contemporary church seems trapped by its attitude toward dogma and creed. These tools to inform, entice and correct those who have only partially realized the story in their lives are essentially secondary and negative in function, but they have often become more significant than the story itself. One result is the frenzied activity of the institutions which masks the lack of community. Be-

liefs are not necessarily destructive, but they do not lead to participation in myth and community. Instead they tend to replace it. The sacred story is autonomous, and to participate in it is, in some measure, to live beyond secondary formulations. It may be reasonable then for the explorer of myth to retreat



from the stultifying atmosphere of the contemporary religious societies, temporarily ignoring these frustrating attempts to create community.

Regardless of where he begins his exploration, the first spiritual products of his endeavor will be childlike and primitive. For just as in the growth of the unborn infant, ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, so also does spiritual growth duplicate the evolution of mythical understanding. The explorer will find himself participating first in stories about plants and animals, later the cosmos and human society, and finally, perhaps, the story of a savior will become meaningful. These stories will become consciously meaningful to him and influence his behavior. As the explorer participates in them, he will be enabled to participate in the elements of existence to which they allude. Thus, as he grows in participation, his environment will become more and more an epiphany for him, a "thou" to which is granted uniqueness and respect. Furthermore, since a good story is one that cannot help but be told, the individual will witness to his experience. Obviously, a good story is told for its own sake, not to "convert" listeners. The real storyteller has always presented the story because he simply can do no other, allowing the listener to react as he pleases. When a positive reaction occurs, when others realize that the story is also their story, the teller of tales will be brought into fellowship with his fellow men and a community created. Thus, the retreat from religion

<sup>4</sup> Heinrich Zimmer, as quoted by Mircea Eliade, *Myths, Dreams, and Mysteries* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1960), p. 245.



may eventually lead to the creation of a Christian community out of the rubble of contemporary religious organizations.

That myth is autonomous from and the precondition of all human activity suggests that philosophy is a most perilous enterprise. When such questions as "Is the story true?" "Is there only one story?" and "Who creates the story?" are taken seriously, they are a sign that the inquirer does not and cannot possess what he desires. Such serious questioning requires an abstract, standing off from the sacred story and cannot lead to participation. The symptom of a loss cannot be used as a means for recovery. It is possible that primitive man had a more sensible approach to the problem. The popular assumption that he held to his stories quite literally cannot be supported. It is now acknowledged that the primitive mind was not so incredulous as the modern mind has chosen to believe, and was, in fact, fully aware of this so-called "modern" problem. Johan Huizinga, in his study of the play element in culture, points this out:

*As far as I know, ethnologists and anthropologists concur in the opinion that the mental attitude in which the great religious feasts of savages are celebrated and witnessed is not one of complete illusion. There is an underlying consciousness of things "not being real."*<sup>5</sup>

Further, he quotes the authority, R. R. Marett :

*The savage is a good actor who can be quite absorbed in his role, like a child at play; and, also like a child, a good spectator who can be frightened to death by the roaring of something he knows perfectly well to be no "real" lion.*<sup>6</sup>

The primitive was fully aware of the questions modern man raises and was not disturbed by them. Indeed, a very "sacrilegious" scoffing was sometimes included as an important part of a sacred ritual!<sup>7</sup> It may be surmised that the primitive surmounted philosophical concerns by concluding that they were secondary and that the more relevant question pertained to whether or not an individual *participated* in a story.

Thus, a story that is dead is either literally believed or dismissed as fictitious, while a story that is alive transcends the question. All this is not to imply that philosophy is totally irrelevant to the explorer of myth. For the one who participates in myth, philosophy may become what it was intended to be, not a deadening and perverse struggle for belief, but a *playful* and *grateful* offering to the sacred story.

This requirement of a retreat from cultural, religious and philosophical concerns should not be construed as fostering an entirely negative attitude. It is no more negative than the typical reader's relation to poetry, novels and drama; in fact, it is suggested that

the follower of this path of discipline relate to the story as he naturally and easily relates to fiction. The proper intellectual response is that of mystery and awe rather than definition and classification. The appropriate emotional response is that of fun, joy, and rapture. Accordingly, the discipline is quite definitely an activity for leisure time and should be accepted as a form of recreation. Thus, it is being affirmed, that if the explorer does not enjoy what he is doing, he is missing the entire point of the discipline, and, indeed, a most basic quality of all sacred stories. For the way of the Spirit, however neglected by modern American Protestantism and the Christian tradition as a whole, is the way of *playfulness*. Spiritual discipline must not be caught by the current negative and restrictive overtones of either "spiritual" or "discipline." The required retreat is not only a retreat to reality but also a retreat to joy.

It is concluded then that the real *tour de force* of the human animal is his "superstition"; that it is our destiny to become tellers of divine tales. This is a destiny of which we are little aware. Modern man's nibbling on intellectual fodder and bleating of "existential" complaints have led him far astray from his true destiny and rendered him a caricature of his true nature. What is required to start him on his pilgrimage is a taste of the sacred story. And it is never too late for this pilgrimage to begin. For, as Thomas Mann has observed, "while in the life of the human race the mythical is an early and primitive stage, in the life of the individual it is a late and mature one."<sup>8</sup> Modern man is like the tiger cub who was raised by goats to bleat and nibble grass.<sup>9</sup> One night, when the cub was nearing maturity, an old tiger attacked the goats. Seeing that caricature of the real thing, the old tiger demanded: "What are you doing here among these goats? What are you chewing there? Why do you make this silly sound?" Before an answer was possible, the tiger seized the cub, carried him to a clear pond, and forced him to look at the reflection. "Now look at those two faces. Are they not alike? You have the pot face of a tiger; it is like mine. Why do you fancy yourself to be a goat? Why do you bleat? Why do you nibble grass?" The old one continued his educational program by forcing the frightened cub to eat a bleeding piece of raw meat. The morsel was tough and caused difficulty, but just as he was about to make his little noise again, he experienced the taste of blood. A strange feeling traveled through his body, his lips smacked, his back arched, his tail lashed the ground, and then, from his throat came the awesome, exultant roar of a tiger. The old tiger, gruffly accepting the transformation, responded: "Come, we shall go now for a hunt together in the jungle."

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> Johan Huizinga, *Homo Ludens: A Study of the Play Element in Culture* (Boston: The Beacon Press, 1955), p. 22.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 23.

<sup>8</sup> Thomas Mann, "Freud and the Future," *Myth and Mythmaking*, ed. Henry A. Murray (New York: George Braziller, 1960), p. 372.

<sup>9</sup> Heinrich Zimmer, *Philosophies of India*, ed. Joseph Campbell (New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1951), pp. 5-8.

# Jacob Lawrence

## painter

**T**HE paintings of Jacob Lawrence embody an amazing and vital awareness of both the monumental and the commonplace. Some of his paintings have the epic grandeur of mural art. Other paintings are concerned with community life and personal experience. In these works Lawrence reduces everything to the essential gesture as the mime does. His paintings seem to shift continually between these two poles—painting what he knows and sees around him on the one hand and then, in turn, narrating, visually, dramas of human destiny from recorded history.

Both history and his personal experience have given rise, for Lawrence, to paintings in "series." His great Migration series done in 1943 grew out of research into the history of the Negro after World War I. It was a history that Jacob Lawrence considered peculiarly his own, and he painted with a particular power which grew out of his ability to become deeply involved. It is not mere recording and never illustration of history or ideas. Lawrence develops his images with lean, stark force out of his inner experience of life. He learned painting during the depression years. Those were tough times to try to become a painter but it was also the only time in our history that the artist was given federal subsidy. This gave Lawrence a priceless opportunity. He says, "I served for about 18 months on the Federal Art Project as an easel painter. This contact with more experienced and mature artists was of incalculable help to me in my development as a painter. It was my education. I am greatly in favor of government subsidy of art. The United States' position now as a world influence in art is a direct result of government subsidy during the 1930's and early 1940's."

Lawrence soaked up the spirit and feeling of the best of the art during those days—the dramatic strength of the muralist painter, the sensitive concern for social issues which he soon

enlarged from particular racial or regional problems into the broad scope of human destiny. "My working in a 'series' form," he says, "came about as a result of my being interested first in the Negro and his history in the New World. I found that by using a number of paintings to relate a story, I could tell of events leading up to an important historical incident. The theme has since broadened to include not only the Negro, but the struggles and aspirations of man, generally."

But when he is not painting such epic themes he draws with particular sensitivity from the ordinary life around him. There is an insistence upon the value of life as it comes to him. "I have always felt," he writes, "that for the artist to attain full development, he must be aware of and concern himself with his fellow men in all areas: emotional, intellectual and spiritual."

His CAFE COMEDIAN (1957), LIBRARY (1960), and FOUR STUDENTS (1961) refer to what Lawrence sees around him and knows. He has the rare ability to render experience directly into form, color, image. He can be neither bitter nor indifferent to life—his work is intense and compassionate and without sentimentality. In each painting he is able to feel what life is like for that person and thus express its meaning or meaninglessness. Yet Lawrence is neither an expressionist nor a social protest painter. He is simply caught up in living life fully and richly, concerned to celebrate both its greatness and beauty and its sorrow and ugliness. His stark figures, sparse style, and vibrant colors and patterns come from his special vision of the world, of himself and the life of involvement he has accepted for himself as a painter. He is an important painter who has the great gift of giving back to us a fuller sense of our humanity in the knowledge of mutual responsibilities and possibilities.

—MARGARET RIGG



MIGRATION SERIES:

"MOST PEOPLE ARE VERY POOR. RENT IS HIGH. FOOD IS HIGH."

1943

MR. LAWRENCE IS REPRESENTED BY THE ALAN GALLERY, 766 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 21, N.Y.  
ALL PHOTOGRAPHS, COURTESY THE ALAN GALLERY.

April 1962



THE CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL 1943  
#1 MIGRATION SERIES 1943



"DURING THE WORLD WAR THERE WAS A GREAT MIGRATION NORTH BY SOUTHERN NEGROES."



#48 MIGRATION SERIES 1943

"HOUSING FOR THE NEGROES WAS VERY DIFFICULT"

**JACOB LAWRENCE** was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in 1917. When he was two the family moved to Easton, Pennsylvania, and then in 1924 to Philadelphia. His father was a cook on a Pullman train. When Lawrence was thirteen his mother moved to New York city and Lawrence attended Utopia Children's House, a settlement house in Harlem. By the time he was fifteen he was studying art at the Harlem Workshop and with the painter, Charles Alston.

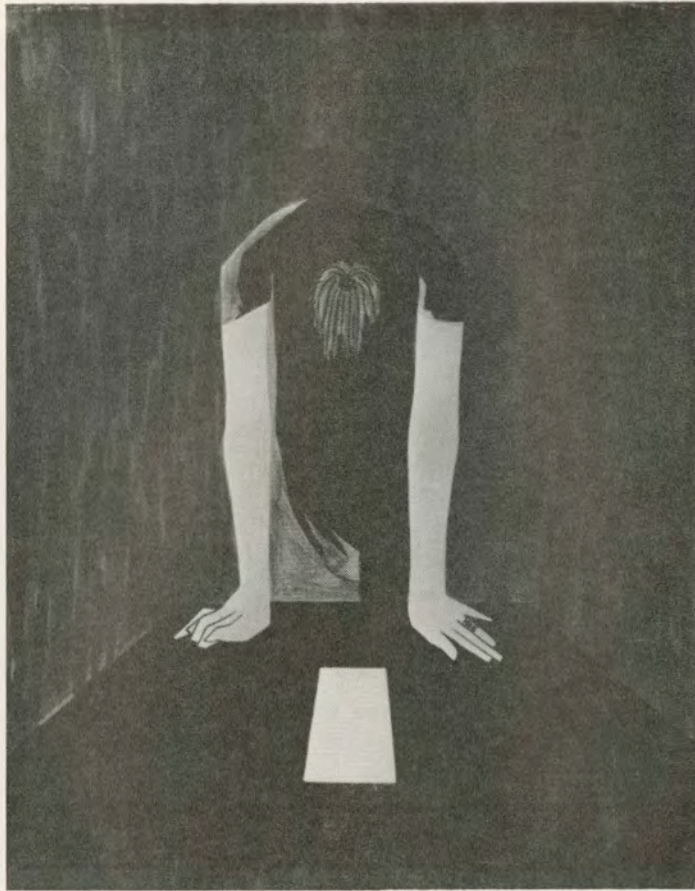
In 1934, when Lawrence was seventeen, he attended W.P.A. classes and studied with painter, Henry Bannarn. In 1937, he worked at a C.C.C. Camp in N.Y. and soon was awarded a scholarship for two years' study (1937-39) at the American Artists School. In 1938, he became a member of the W.P.A. Art Project, working for 18 months as an easel painter, and had his first one-man show. From 1940 through 1941 he painted on a Rosenwald Fund Fellowship. He married in 1941 and was on his honeymoon when his second one-man show opened at the Downtown Gallery in New York city on December 7, 1941. From 1943 until 1945 he served in the United States Coast Guard, went to Italy, Egypt and India.

A Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship was granted him in 1946. He also taught at Black Mountain College, North Carolina, in July and August. During 1947 and 1948 he traveled in the South for *Fortune* magazine and painted ten works; illustrated Langston Hughes' book, *One Way Ticket*. He voluntarily entered Hillside Hospital in 1949 as he neared a nervous breakdown. While there he painted eleven works on life in the hospital; was discharged in 1950. In 1954, he received a Chapelbrook Foundation Fellowship and continued his painting. In 1960, he became an instructor in figure drawing at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y., and lives in Brooklyn. His work is exhibited and handled by the Alan Gallery, 766 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.



#15 MIGRATION SERIES 1943

"YOU CAN BUY WHISKEY FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A QUART."  
COLLECTION: PIETRO BELLUSCHI



#6 WAR SERIES VICTORY 1947



#14 WAR SERIES VICTORY 1947



#8 WAR SERIES

**FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:**

**JACOB LAWRENCE**—a monograph book of reproductions, two in full color, of the work of Jacob Lawrence from his earliest paintings to 1960, and an exceptionally fine essay on Mr. Lawrence and his work by art critic, Aline B. Saarinen.

**Available from:** The American Federation of Arts, 1083 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N.Y., in paperback at 50 cents per copy; cloth bound, \$2.

**This retrospective monograph** is one of a series being produced by the American Federation of Arts under a grant received from the Ford Foundation Program in Humanities and the Arts, to make possible wider public appreciation and knowledge of contemporary American painting.



BEACH HEAD 1947

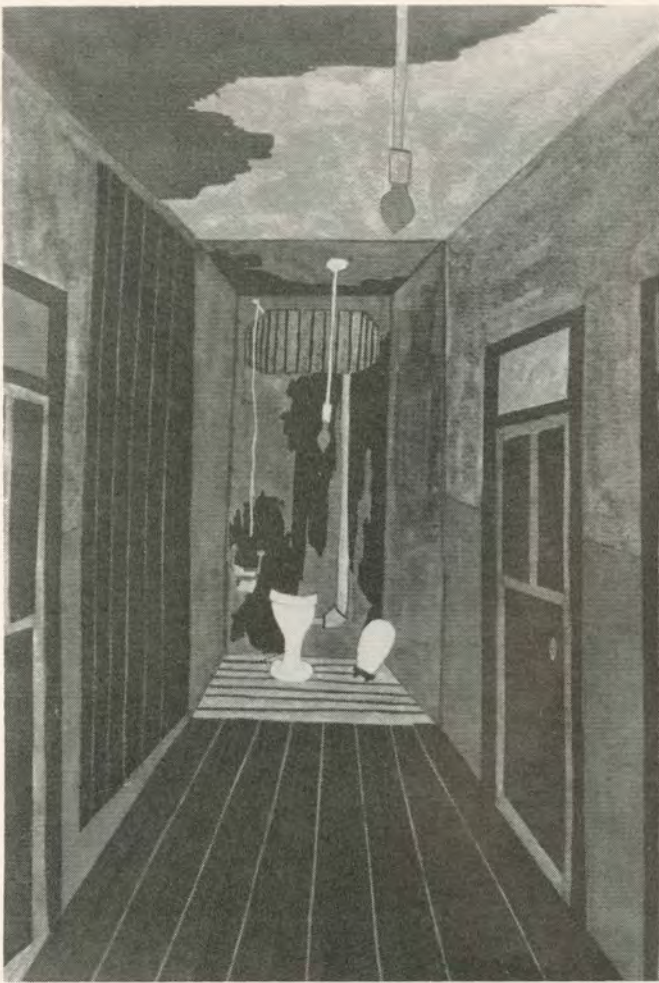


HARLEM SERIES: THIS IS HARLEM 1943



CAFE COMEDIAN 1957





#5 HARLEM SERIES: "OFTEN THREE FAMILIES SHARED ONE TOILET."



LIBRARY 1960



LIBRARY II 1960

April 1962



FOUR STUDENTS 1961

JACOB LAWRENCE

# THE ARMS TERROR

## control or chaos?

BY WILLIAM W. BOYER

**W**E live in an era of terror. In Pentagonese, "overkill" is now 34 and "DOE" is one eighth. These military yardsticks mean that existing nuclear weapons are capable of killing everyone on earth 34 times over and achieving one eighth of the "death of earth."

A typical thermonuclear bomb is one thousand times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb. Such a bomb now can be designed with explosive energy surpassing that released in all past wars. War technology of 1950 is more obsolescent compared with 1960 war technology than that of 1918 compared with 1950. An unabated arms race will make 1960 technology similarly obsolescent by 1970. On-target missile delivery systems are accurate, and CBR (chemical, biological, and radiological warfare) capability is highly developed.

And yet, the United States and the Soviet Union have resumed nuclear testing. Both are probably developing an even more sophisticated weapon—the neutron bomb. Bombardment with neutrons would kill all life without fallout, fire storm, or destruction of structures. Its triggering device would need only inexpensive and easily available lithium and hydrogen. It is possible that neutron bombs in time could be made by many nations for as little as a few thousand dollars each, not including development.

By 1970 as many as twenty nations may have the technological capability (equivalent to making a good wrist watch) to construct a thermonuclear bomb. Communist China might have this capacity as early as the summer of 1962.

This possibility alone should dispel the confidence of those who believe there is security in U.S.-U.S.S.R. nuclear parity. The rapidly growing possibilities of war by accident, miscalculation, escalation and catalytic war increase the possibility of reciprocal annihilation. Possibilities of such nuclear wars are endless. A human or mechanical error could cause misfiring of a missile in one nation, evoking a nuclear strike from another. Nations can play the game of "Chicken," just as some juveniles do with automobiles

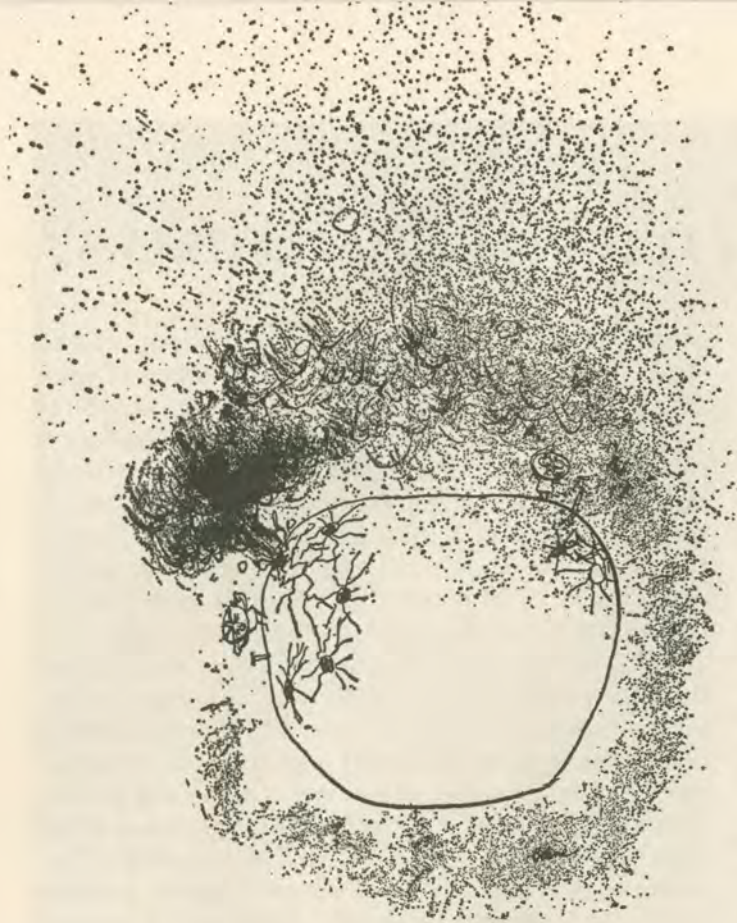
in this country, by each setting a collision course strategy (Berlin?) expecting the other nation to back down. If neither backs down, nuclear war could result. Similarly, Laos had elements of escalation—each side matching the moves and weapons of the other until possibly a nuclear war could have resulted. A third power could initiate a war between the United States and the Soviet Union by setting off an atomic explosion in either country. In any such event nuclear war would be unintentional, but war nevertheless.

Arms control programs are now under study to reduce the possibilities of nuclear war. But even the experts disagree over what is meant by "arms control." Some equate it with general and complete disarmament. Others conceive arms control to be any regulation of arms, including disarmament, which would reduce world tensions and the possibilities of war. International agreements on measures against surprise attack and unintentional war, cessation of nuclear tests, controls of use of outer space, and measures to stop diffusion of nuclear weapons and nuclear capability to other nations are dimensions of arms control discussions.

Others narrow arms control to unilateral United States measures intended to stabilize deterrence. They not only assume the continued existence of weapons but call for acceleration of the arms race in some respects. This point of view, which is increasing, presses for the development and deployment of tactical nuclear weapons, the hardening and dispersion of our nuclear missiles to expand our second-strike or counterforce capability, the resumption of nuclear testing in the atmosphere, a mass fallout shelter program, and the build-up of our conventional war forces. The Kennedy administration has initiated programs in each of these categories. Thus it is argued that the United States must be able to wage both "limited" nuclear wars and conventional wars. It is interesting to note that some proponents include Hiroshima-type atomic bombs in their definition of "conventional" weapons.

Those who oppose the limited war school claim that any war between the United States and the Soviet Union is bound to escalate into a full-scale nuclear war; therefore it is necessary to negotiate agreements to reduce the risks of any war, nuclear or otherwise.

Stabilizing our deterrent power is not adequate to prevent a nuclear holocaust. As a nation we must begin to think unhabitually. History shows that containment by arms at best is physically and psychologically difficult, if not impossible, to maintain over



#### WHAT IS A SANE POSITION?

long periods of time. And now time is running out for civilization.

**F**INDING common ground with the Soviet Union is the moral and survival imperative of this era of terror. Postwar arms and control negotiations have faltered because of mutual suspicions of insincerity. Such suspicions arise in the recognition that no fool-proof inspection or detection system is possible. A measure of mutual trust—that postagreement cheating will not take place—is a requisite for successful negotiations.

Is the Soviet Union sincere in seeking negotiations? There are many evidences attesting to such sincerity, foremost of which is Khrushchev's advocacy for peaceful coexistence. General and complete disarmament has been advocated by Khrushchev even at the risk of grave splits with Stalinists, Communist China and Albania. He has staked his political life on this matter.

Our postwar relationships with the U.S.S.R. have been very discouraging, and we have little historical reason to trust its communist regime. However, we need also to recognize why the Soviets distrust us, however mistaken are their reasons. To establish common ground for survival, it is first necessary to see ourselves through Soviet eyes.

Soviets distrust the United States because: (1) the U.S. has established, maintained, and strengthened a ring of bases around the Sino-Soviet periphery; (2) we rearmed Germany—Russia's mortal enemy of

two wars in this century; (3) throughout most of the past decade the U.S. claimed a policy of deterrence only, yet maintained principally a first nuclear strike capability predicated upon the doctrine of massive retaliation; (4) we permitted—even encouraged—the diffusion of nuclear capability to third and fourth powers, and have been silent in response to French nuclear testing; (5) our postwar disarmament negotiations have not had top priority. (Disarmament plans generally have not been detailed, nor has the U.S. had continuity of, or high-ranking, negotiators.)

Obstacles to world peace are formidable. The ideological chasm between the United States and the Soviet Union appears insurmountable. Both still fail to recognize that each adding to its nuclear stockpile no longer increases its security. With respect to the United Nations, Soviet assaults, intransigence, and its troika proposals are ominous. Their irrationality is a greater threat than ever before. But, there are promising signs. Better and broader communications between us and the Soviets are being established. The new U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency will provide needed research and continuity for our upgraded negotiations. Most important, the United States and the Soviet Union now agree on the goals of general and complete disarmament, a permanent international police force, and world peace through enforceable world law. The question of controls, however, still shows no promise of being resolved.

Americans cannot be optimistic at this time in light of the recent Soviet breaking of the nuclear tests moratorium and the new U.S. massive fallout shelter program. Our populace is being encouraged to dig deeper and deeper holes—to seek ways to survive war rather than to prevent war.

Our ancestors lived in caves thousands of years ago. Our vast knowledge accumulated since will have brought us full circle. The story of man's journey upward into the light will have ended. Man's descent back into the darkness whence he came will have begun. The arms race will soon bring us to this. If allowed to continue, it will bring on the war that will leave no victors and few survivors.

Doom is the alternative to disarmament. Man is at his last crossroads. If he continues the arms race, he chooses doom as his certain destiny. If he embarks on a peace race, he must choose the path toward disarmament through a strengthened United Nations.

The United Nations must become the most honest and advanced institution, knowing no higher loyalty than truth, no compromise with peace, no motive stronger than law, no purpose greater than the service of mankind. We must be able to proclaim a free and universal United Nations from which no nation is excluded, a United Nations of undivided brotherhood based upon the growing faith of all mankind in a world without war.

# A JEALOUS GOD

BY C. EBB MUNDEN III

**A**BOUT the middle of the thirteenth century before Christ, the people of Israel entered into the land of their hopes and dreams. Much of the biblical record of this turbulent period in the history of Israel is confused and even contradictory; yet there emerges out of our biblical sources a general picture of the Promised Land which can be sketched in broad outline.

The invasion was apparently led by Joshua, who had succeeded Moses as the leader of the people of Israel, and the primary route of attack seems to have been by way of the Arabian desert, across the Jordan River, and into the central hill country of the land which we refer to now as Palestine. At the time of the invasion, this land was known as Canaan. The significance of this little land, which is only slightly larger than the state of Vermont, derived from the fact that it lay across the only trade route between the two major commercial powers of the ancient worlds, Assyria and Egypt. Across this small but strategic land flowed the international commerce of the ancient world. In this land the people of Israel succeeded in establishing a beachhead in the central hill country which lay between the Jordan River and the coastal plain.

The biblical sources make it clear that the initial invasion of the land was not a total success. The Israelites discovered that the primitive means of warfare which they employed so effectively in the mountainous regions of Canaan were no match for the heavy armor of the more highly civilized Canaanites on the level land of the valleys and the coastal plains. For an extended period, therefore, the people of Israel lived in the land alongside their Canaanite enemies. The people of Israel occupied the mountainous hill country in the center of the land, and the Canaanites occupied the more desirable land in the valleys and along the coastal plain. During this time of coexistence in the Promised Land, the Israelites, whose fathers had been impoverished slaves in Egypt, and who had themselves known only the most primitive culture of the desert nomad, found themselves exposed for the first time to a highly sophisticated society.

In Canaan, the people of Israel were confronted not only by a vastly superior culture, but also by one with an entirely different base from that which they had known before. In the desert, the people of Israel had lived as herdsmen, following a nomad life in search of water and pasture for their flocks. The typical Canaan-

ite, on the other hand, was a farmer; and the culture of Canaan was structured on an agricultural base oriented around the settled life of the farmer who tilled his own land and raised his own crops. In this new setting with its different problems, the people of Israel soon realized that they had much to learn from their enemies if they were to successfully maintain themselves. The people of Israel had to make the social, economic and political transitions from the occupation of cattlemen to that of farmers. They were impressed by the superior culture of their Canaanite neighbors—their manner of speech, their manner of dress, their knowledge of mathematics and literature, their fine homes and their elaborate public buildings. Given such a situation it is not surprising that many of the people of Israel became imitators of their superior Canaanite neighbors.

**T**HE religion of Canaan was a culture religion—that is, it was a religion which had as its primary purpose the attainment of the goals of the Canaanite culture. The Canaanites were farmers in a land of little rainfall. As such, they were extremely dependent upon the rain for the success of their labors and for their continued existence as a people. The purpose of the Canaanite religion was to control the forces of nature to assure an adequate rainfall which would provide prosperity for the people and fertility for the

i will go unto the  
altar of  
god



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fields. The god of the Canaanite religion was called Baal, and he was worshiped along with his consort goddess, Ashtaroth, as the lord of nature, the giver of rain and fertility. The Canaanites understood life to be in the hands of capricious forces which must be constantly placated and manipulated to accomplish the will and purpose of man. The purpose of the Canaanite religion was to accomplish this end, and the rituals and rites of the Canaanite religion were designed to control and manipulate the gods to accomplish the will of man.

When the Israelites settled in the land and became farmers, it is not surprising that many among them felt they should adopt the new religion of their Canaanite teachers. After all this was "the religion that worked" in this new situation. Of course, they did not formally renounce the religion of their fathers—the faith in the God of the Exodus who had set them free from slavery in Egypt, who had made them a people, and who had led them into this new land. They continued to call upon him in times of national emergency and in moments of crisis, but increasingly, the day-to-day life of the Israelites was determined by the culture-faith of their Canaanite neighbors. It was almost as though the faith of their fathers had become the official national religion of Israel, but their day-to-day lives were based on the culture-faith of their Canaanite neighbors.

The faith of their fathers had been in the Lord of history who exercised his dominion over the nations of the earth and who governed the affairs of men. It had been by the power and by the faithfulness of this Lord of history that they had been set free from slavery and had been made a new people. But now their con-

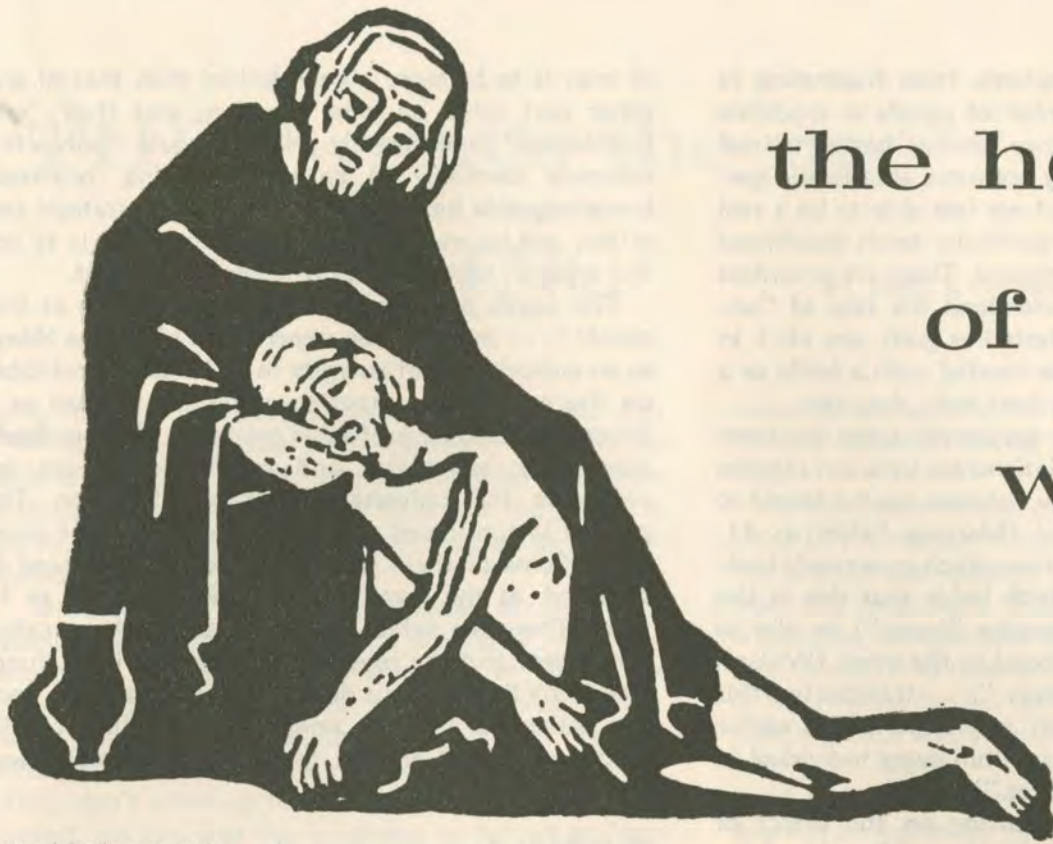
tinued existence as a people seemed to be dependent upon the forces of nature which could provide for the fertility of their fields. Many were convinced that this new situation required new measures. Thus, many of the people of Israel continued to give lip service to the faith of their fathers as their official religion, while actually living their lives on the basis of a different faith—the culture-faith of their Canaanite neighbors.

But there could be no real adjustment between these two alternative ways of living. The faith in the God of the Exodus, the Lord of history, could not long be compartmentalized and kept separate and apart from the ordinary day-to-day concerns of life. Baalism, the culture-faith of the people of Canaan, was a religion which sought to manipulate and control the Giver of life to do the will of man. The traditional faith of the people of Israel was a faith in the faithfulness of the Giver of life who calls men to serve his will in the world. There could be no compromise between these two alternative ways of living. The struggle, then, between the people of Israel and the people of Canaan for the possession of the land was paralleled by a struggle between the faith of their fathers in the Lord of history, who called men to serve his purpose and the faith of the Canaanites, which sought to control God to do the will of man.

**W**E must not conclude too quickly that this is a matter of only historical interest concerning the primitive religions of man. On the contrary this struggle is still as real today as it was in that day. When, for instance, we hear Christianity recommended to us as a means of preserving our "Southern way of life" or even our "American way of life," when we hear prayer recommended to us in that catchy little slogan, "The family that prays together stays together," when we hear church attendance recommended to us as good business, when we hear the reading of the Holy Scripture recommended to us for peace of mind; then, we should realize that the culture-faith of neo-Baalism is still in our midst. Many of us attempt to use religion as a magical means of manipulating God to do our will. When we seek to compartmentalize the Christian faith we keep it separate and apart from our day-to-day concerns in life. When we suggest that Christianity has nothing to do with the social, economic, or political concerns of our day; then we should realize that our attempts to compromise the faith of our fathers is not new and will not long be endured. Why? God is One. He is the Lord of history who exercises his dominion over the nations, and he is also the Lord of nature who is the Giver and Creator of life. And there can be but one way of life—a way of trust in the faithfulness of the Giver and Creator of life and loyalty to his purpose in creation. When asked what Christianity is for, then, if it is not to get what we want, we should be able to reply that Christianity is a faith in what God wants.



COURTESY, OUR FAMILY WORSHIPS, NEWTON, KANSAS



# the health of the whole

courtesy, federation news, 1958.

BY JOHN E. FRYER

**A**FTER reading the March **motive**, I walked to the hospital cafeteria for coffee with a psychiatry resident and a student nurse from the psychiatric ward. After a smattering of small talk about the snow and the potency of the coffee, I mentioned a well-known poet who had read from his poetry earlier in the week at a nearby college. Among other things, the passages he chose dealt with his own psychoanalysis. The psychiatric resident quickly asserted that he didn't "mess around with poetry" since "most of it is a waste of time." Quickly changing the subject, the young nurse mentioned a patient, an elderly woman, who had run up and hugged her, expressing joy at seeing "her" nurse. The resident again ready with an answer emphasized his dislike of attempted intimacies by patients. Conversation lapsed to safe trivia. Then a patient's name was mentioned, and the nurse groped for a possible diagnosis. After listening for a while, the resident psychiatrist said, "It's very simple. He has a schizoid personality."

At this point I was paged to see a patient and the others had finished their coffee, so the conversation ended. Many things had been said, however. The viewpoint this psychiatrist expressed illustrates that of many other psychiatrists and general physicians today. One is expected to speak in "objective," "scientific" language (actually a jargon that is frequently ill-defined and usually understood only to the extent that the communicators share some particular type of train-

ing). The physician must maintain distance from his patient (except when it serves some immediate purpose such as getting certain needed information). Other disciplines—paramedical or nonmedical—aren't considered sufficiently well informed to contribute significantly to a field which is obviously complex and misunderstood. Poets, philosophers and psychologists are allowed to speak only to the doctor's leisure time, and not to the real "business" of their lives.

The March issue of **motive** speaks well to this situation. Much was said in that issue about interdisciplinary approaches to patients. I didn't show this issue to the resident psychiatrist, however. I doubted whether he would have understood Foster's five little words ("think, am, must, can and ought" are, after all, very simple). Perhaps my psychiatrist friend is one of those persons with "brilliant intellects" which "keep them alienated" and who "relate to life in defensive coping behavior." Could he really give himself in such a way as to find self-fulfillment and therefore "truly give"? Or would giving have to be contingent upon its future usefulness?

I have some misgivings about the March issue which are prompted by my own quasi-medical point of view. We are, as doctors, faced with sicknesses which are all mixed together. Paul Tillich speaks of three sicknesses—of the body, mind and soul, and of how one or two of this triad can be healthy when the remainder is in a state of "unhealth." Medical students and doctors

see people with many symptoms. How frustrating to observe the increasing number of people in medicine who develop blinders as they become better trained and more specialized! They are more able to see specific diseases and cures, but are less able to be a real help to patients outside a particular small beachhead which they know and understand. There are countless specialists who cannot understand the role of "unhealth" of the soul (manifested as guilt, sin, etc.) in their patients. If it can't be treated with a knife or a pill, then the patient really isn't sick, they say.

These blinders are also apparently worn by some of those involved in interrelationships between religion and psychiatry. Either every sickness can be traced to the "unhealth" of the soul (Marjorie Felder, p. 11, March  **motive**: "But that from which man needs healing is sin; the Christian faith holds that this is the most degenerative and pervasive illness.") or else to a sickness basically to be found in the mind (William Rogers, p. 50, March  **motive**: ". . . this center, this focal integrity, or this 'truth' as we spoke of it earlier has elements of uniqueness within every individual in terms of his own experiences.").

Thomas Mann, in commenting on the effect of Freud's thinking on the world (from "Freud and the Future" in **Essays**, Thomas Mann, Vintage Books, New York, 1958, page 324), suggests that "The analytic revelation is a revolutionary force. With it a blithe scepticism has come into the world, a mistrust that unmasks all the schemes and subterfuges of our own souls." Yet it is so easy to become uncritical, to succumb to one or another of our blinders which keep us from seeing the patient as a whole, as the sum of a body, a mind **and** a soul, each participating in a constant dynamic health-unhealth continuum.

**P**HYSICIANS are in a position to have power over the patient, and to the extent to which they are able to diagnose and treat the patient's various ailments, they will also be able to "help" the patient achieve some sort of health. This is a necessary function. The more obvious physical disease stands out, and the physician can treat this fairly well with drugs, diet or physical therapy. Some may stop here, but others will offer themselves as listeners to whom their patients may tell their problems. This requires much time and a great deal of insight from the physician. It requires an awareness of the significance of religious faith to the patient. It requires a person who is able to listen, not just attach labels. To say that "God" is a father-figure and "love" is some sort of transference phenomenon is very little help to the patient. "God" and "love" have to be included in any future state of health for any patient to whom they are significant.

The physician today must be a listener who helps the patient to discover the "unhealth" within him, and thus leads him to a "healthier" state. The true healer will not say that the health of any particular portion

of man is to be more highly desired than that of another part since all exist together, and their "unhealthiness" is intimately related. Acute "unhealth" responds favorably to an understanding, relatively knowledgeable healer. The doctor is in a strategic position, and he must broaden his vision if he is to see the areas in which health is needed or desired.

The words of Erich Fromm are appropriate at this point: ". . . modern man experiences himself a **thing**, as an embodiment of energies to be invested profitably on the market. He experiences his fellow man as a thing to be used for profitable exchange. Contemporary psychology, psychiatry and psychoanalysis are involved in this universal process of alienation. The patient is considered as a thing, as the sum of many parts. Some of these parts are defective and need to be fixed, as the parts of an automobile need to be fixed. There is a defect here and a defect there, called symptoms, and the psychiatrist considers it his function to fix these various defects. He does not look upon the patient as a global, unique whole, which can be fully understood only in the act of full relatedness and empathy."\*

**B**EYOND the acute stage, the doctor must join the larger ranks of those who help to maintain mental, spiritual and physical health. He must begin to "look upon the patient as a global, unique whole," imperfect, but seeking health. Poetry, philosophy, and religion—all help. The March issue of  **motive** discusses many ways in which the alert doctor may be exposed to the manifold needs of his patient, and further may fulfill the unique role which he plays in being able to help the man in need.

Among other things this requires insight into ourselves as potentially fallible beings, as sharing many of the "unhealths" for which our patients seek help. John Donne wrote in 1623, after a serious illness which nearly took his life, that we should not "send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee. Neither can we call this a begging of misery, or a borrowing of misery, as though we were not miserable enough of ourselves, but must fetch in more from the next house, in taking upon us the misery of our neighbors. Truly it were an excusable covetousness if we did, for affliction is a treasure, and scarce any man hath enough of it."

In the final analysis, this is all that we can do. Men die. We, as physicians, can lead them to a state of health in which life becomes a meaningful thing, full of possibilities. We can do this only as we put away our masks and blinders and use our eyes, and see both the world and the man called "patient" in their fullest sense. Through new insights we may offer help for the achievement of whole health, instead of the stylized, assumed, undimensional health which so many seek.

\* "The Limitations and Dangers of Psychology," **Religion and Culture: Essays in Honor of Paul Tillich**, New York, Harper & Brothers, 1959.



# THE "what's the use"

## FEELING

BY JACK B. HARRISON

ONE of our greatest problems today is the fact that we have no answer to the question, "What is the meaning of Life?" The religious symbols that once answered this question for us have lost the power to do so; they speak a dead language that we do not understand.

The awareness that we don't have an answer to this question comes to us through a feeling of increasing emptiness, which is meaninglessness in its milder form. Emptiness threatens as our beliefs break down: what we were taught as children no longer helps us find fulfillment, and the new things we're learning today don't make up for the loss; our hopes are frustrated; we feel that life is passing us by; we go from one thing to another and find that nothing satisfies, we're interested (even enthusiastic) for a while but we soon become indifferent or even disgusted.

This experience of emptiness is an expression of doubt—not intellectual doubt but the doubt of the heart. Some such doubt is a human element of all our lives, and, so long as it remains only an element, it is not a serious threat to us. But, when the emptiness becomes so overwhelming that it crowds out the awareness of fulfillment, doubt has ceased to be a healthy questioning and searching. It has become a kind of despair.

Despair, as Kierkegaard reminds us, is "the sickness unto death." And the worst part of this death is that it is a living death—that is to say, the self in despair does not die and be done with it; instead, the self goes on living. To be done with it would be a relief, but we wake up in the morning and find that the selves that cannot find meaning, and cannot live without it, are still with us. We must do something with ourselves today. And, yet, we feel that nothing we do will give us fulfillment. So, our lives become futile rounds of "just one thing after another." A student, for example, might study, go to a meeting, and have a date even though he knows that none of these will give him any satisfaction. He has himself on his hands and he doesn't know what else to do with himself. This is his sickness and it is, indeed, "the sickness unto death."

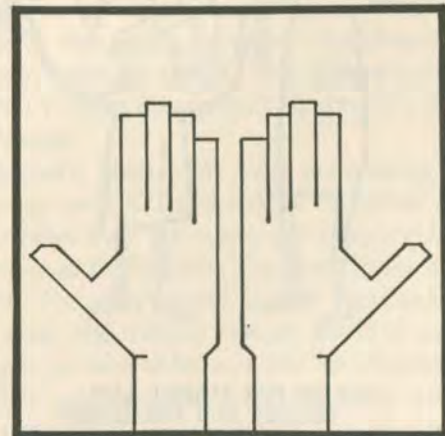
We try to avoid this despair as long as possible by clinging to whatever "meaning" we can. ("Surely, happiness must be the goal of life," "the resurrection of Christ must have been physical, if that wasn't real what can we depend on," "people are basically friendly," "I don't like that idea, I believe this one.") But,

when we can no longer silence nor answer the doubt, we find ourselves facing the despair of meaninglessness.

At this point we sometimes make one last desperate effort to escape. We join some movement and, as the price of membership, surrender our right to question. The movement, then, imposes upon us a set of answers to the questions that have already been raised and forbids us to raise any new questions. This is one of the reasons for the fast growth of authoritarian religious groups and of such political movements as the John Birch Society.

Of course these attempts to escape from meaninglessness do not work. Meaninglessness is a part of our lives and it cannot be escaped. It can only be overcome by living creatively.

Paul Tillich says we live creatively when we live spontaneously, acting in and reacting to our culture. When we do this we change (however slightly) the part of the culture in which we are participating. A student, for example, reads an essay and really applies its insights to his own life: He has participated in a dialogue between himself and the essay and, in the dialogue, he has changed the essay (he has worked out its implications for his own life) and he has changed himself. Another example is the case of a courtship in which a relationship is created. The two people, responding and reacting to each other and to the world about them, participate in the creation of this relationship.



**T**HE "meaningfulness" of this creative participation comes because the individual finds his unique fulfillment through it. Tillich gives the example of a scientist who discovers a truth, or who participates in the discovery of a truth. The discovery of the truth is his fulfillment and it is through him that the truth becomes a part of his culture. So, he loves the truth and he loves himself for discovering it.

In these examples it is assumed, of course, that living creatively is a matter of "ultimate concern"—that is to say, the individual realizes that living creatively is **the meaning** that gives meaning to all the other meanings of his life. If, on the other hand, he looks to something else (status at the office, material security, high grades) for meaning then he cannot find fulfillment in living creatively. A student who expects

to find meaning in the approval of other students cannot be ultimately concerned about living creatively in his relationship to his sweetheart, or even his roommate, if he is primarily concerned about the approval or disapproval involved in the relationship. When living creatively brings him disapproval he sees it as standing between him and the approval that, he thinks, would give him meaning; so, he cannot put his whole heart into it. In fact, he wants to destroy it. Thus, he is cut off from participating fully in the creativity of the relationship, and he is cut off from the fulfillment that could come to him through it.

We must be ultimately concerned about living creatively if we are to find meaning in it. And only the meaning that we find here can overcome the meaninglessness that inevitably enters our lives.



YOU MUST ADMIT WESTERN CIVILIZATION IS DEAD—



CHRISTIANITY HAS FAILED—



AND SO HAS REASON, LAW, SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY



IT'S TIME WE TRIED SOMETHING ELSE

*Crane*

# LA DOLCE VITA

## a critical comment

BY WILLIAM E. RHODES

**T**HREE hours of celluloid sweet life contrived in extraordinary Italian cinematography by the famous Fellini, *La Dolce Vita* is an artistic attempt in the new medium in the new age to do in motion pictures what only motion pictures might do. It succeeds.

Intellectuals—these are the academic excellence people in the university and artistic worlds—start with certain philosophic understandings when they take cinema art seriously. One of these understandings is that we live in a host of new worlds caused by expansions of knowledge and contractions of the globe. For example, as Maya Deren wrote in the Winter, 1960, issue of *Daedalus* (pp. 150f.), we are scientifically in an era qualitatively different from pre-World War I: time, movement, energy, dynamics and functional space are different for us from the familiar static, solid matter anchored in a stable cosmos as described by the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

In regard to motion pictures, Miss Deren concluded that "if cinema is to take its place beside the other as full-fledged art form . . . it must create a total experience so much out of its very nature as to be inseparable from its means. It must relinquish the narrative disciplines it has borrowed from literature and its timid imitation of the causal logic of narrative plots, a form which flowered as a celebration of the earth-bound, step-by-step concept of time, space and relationship which was part of the primitive materialism of the nineteenth century. It must determine the disciplines inherent in the medium, discover its own structural modes, explore the new realms and dimensions accessible to it and so enrich our culture artistically as science has done in its own province." (p. 167)

I take it that Mr. Fellini has attempted just this in *La Dolce Vita*. He is not trying to imitate a novel suitable for the printed page to be read at leisure; nor is he trying to put a stage play on a flat white surface sated

with sound; nor is he even trying to ape contemporary impressionist, abstractionist or what-have-you painters. He is trying to make a motion picture which is really a motion picture and not something which is like something else.

Presumably Fellini, as do Bergman, Stanley Kramer and Otto Preminger (maybe Kazan), has been creating rather than simply imitating or representing. He has been doing what he really wants to do—rather than what Wall Street or the Legion of Decency or the middle-brow mass market wants him to do. He has been his own man, clear about his own artistic integrity. Paul and Ann Rand (in that same issue of *Daedalus*) noted about artists: "The artist's sense of worth depends on his feeling of integrity. If this is destroyed, he will no longer be able to function creatively." (p. 133)

If we grant that this is an art film (as against a market film—though good art sometimes finds a fine sale), what kind of art is it? First, even the naïve eye must concede that this is extraordinary photography. The viewer is not only there, he is more there than he could be with the naked or uninstructed eye. A second viewing after a three-month lapse enabled me to luxuriate in the sheer genius of the director and the cameraman because usually the scenes caused me to forget that human beings had to contrive this succession of images.

The camera frequently was composing scenes as carefully as would Rembrandt. At other times one had the notion that the scene was building its own life unrehearsed as in Picasso's drawings done in a romantic mood. The symmetries in the Renaissance palace gardens with the classic human profiles coming into the foreground would be suitable for placement on the den wall of anyone who holds that art must always picture something recognizable. Yet the madness in



LAST JUDGMENT

SERIGRAPH PRINT 1962

JAMES CRANE

the scene of the pseudo visions of the little children who claimed to have seen Holy Mary or the scene of the last bored, sadistic party had a vital quality beyond just that of craftsmanship and planned representation.

LIKE many morality plays, Fellini's deals with immorality. But in the modern mode, the viewers are left to draw their own conclusions rather than being insulted by some condescending preachment or neat resolution at the end. Fellini picks on one section of modern life, the sophisticated, far-out, bored, amoral "international set." He entered into another sector in *La Strada*. What he would do with American Indians, the affluent clergy, or other sectors is a fascinating conjecture.

In *The Sweet Life* the people are mostly dilettantes, who have heard everything, seen everything, said everything, and are determined to *do* everything. Here is the awful search for kicks for kicks' sake. This side of Rome is rotten. Using irony, Fellini shows human nature at its worst in the Eternal City, right under the roofs, noses, domes and spires of the capital of Christendom. The viewer is revulsed often (though there are many lovely, happy, touching scenes one tends to forget). The film is full of realistic exaggeration reminding one of the aphorism, "art is a lie which alone tells the truth." This kind of realism is required as a moral confrontation so that the viewer will not go forth to sin likewise within his own world, whatever it may be.

I believe Fellini understands original sin very well but has little feeling for salvation and grace.

The film's central character, who in addition to the setting, gives what little continuity there is to be seen, is Marcello. Marcello is an amoral, wasted, good-looking reporter and publicist who has lost his bearings in a cruel, sports-car world which sometime soon will cease to exist—for him through his own death or for all via the skies. He has stopped serious writing and simply seeks wry amusement along with a few dollars. He is kind but on occasion vicious. He is an open-eyed lad from the provinces now in the big city. He wants to be himself and something in the eyes of others but he cannot make the movement. He, like so many in an urbane age, does not know who he is, but would like to. For example, he cannot make up his mind about his mistress. He abandons her, then he comes back for her.

Fellini is cruel but clear about this mistress. She loves Marcello—with what she has. But what she has is not enough. She has no mind. She has no sense of irony. She is a lovely literalist, a beautiful square. Love, loyalty, and laundering the man's linen are just not enough for a university man who has a critical mind. Marcello, as in so many things, had no business getting deeply mixed up with this kind of mentally cowl-like person. This is instruction in chastity (sex *per se* is hardly the solution for the free and search-

ing man) and instruction in choosing a mate: bright men should avoid liaisons with unimaginative women. If there is to be lasting reciprocity and integrity, love, for those genuinely capable of urbanity, needs imagination, vision, information, vivid humor and a command of language in addition to faithfulness in one's spouse.

ONE of the few "real" people in the movie is Steiner, the warm, intense, literate, fine father of two adorable little children whose home is a model of cosmopolitan charm and familial love. He says he is too intelligent to be an amateur but not powerful enough intellectually to be a pro. Like most of us in the university world, he has the monumental problems of the near-bright. He is near the peak of excellence—he knows what it is like to be far up where the vision is broader and the living lonelier—but he has not the resources to get on to the very top with its maximum perspective (and loneliness). Steiner, like the university man the world over, through the sensitive, disciplined search, has moved above and beyond the masses and the middle classes in taste and acuity.

Steiner after a lifetime of warm wondering believes the world to be basically cruel. However, paranoia is not evident. He has made a philosophical judgment born out of love for the world, his friends, and for his children. He commits suicide; but not until after he shoots his children in their cribs while his wife is away shopping. This is not just horrid, it is horrendous. The viewer on first exposure is shaken considerably by this.

While I think I understand Steiner and his logic I disagree. I think most other serious viewers who match Steiner in honesty and care do also. That is, life is worth living—in spite of his accurate judgment regarding the cruelty, bestiality and hypocrisy in so much of the world. Steiner's suicide in this portrayal is a call to life, not a call to another death.

Like a good book, this film is worth doing more than once. It is such a vast, deep thing in which one can find all manner of themes and light that its critical review should be more of a reminder or an invitation than a thorough judgment. And one need not come to the same insights each time one responds to the film or recalls its dozens of major themes. This is an "open" work gaining its power from powerfully shifting evocations rather than from "set" reactions contrived by the director.

*La Dolce Vita* is not a perfect picture—in its three hours or so there are doldrums and some misstatement as well as gross overstatement. But it is worthy—in fact, a great motion picture. It rose above mere "entertainment" and "narrative." (These are not to be scorned; they simply do not exhaust the critical categories.) For the inquiring, facile adult mind of contemporary cultivation, *La Dolce Vita* has immense power, even truth.

# reveille

At dawn

A mauve cloud tinged with a sunburst's brilliance,  
Golden hell of light and power,  
Unleashed at Nagasaki.

The Renaissance ends.

A shade is pulled and Voltaire is put to bed.  
Spinoza, Paine, Rousseau—all join  
Jefferson in sleep.  
And we, enlightened by irrelevance,  
Bask in the dawn at Nagasaki.

The sleepwalkers return and are awakened

To find the awful amber  
Light of day piercing lying blinds,  
We see ourselves in the mirror  
Of Nagasaki: Dead  
Animals with vacant bodies.  
Our paws rub crystalline dreams from  
The corners of blinking eyes,  
Incoherent dreams of life  
And progress. (*Vive*  
*La liberte, l'egalite*, and Standard Oil!)  
Better things for better . . .  
Dreams! Faded dreams seem ghostly humorous  
In the dawn of Nagasaki.

Dante descends the easy path and joins us  
At breakfast. (God, it's hot this morning!)  
We chat of death and read the funnies;  
A cartoon Me finds its face,  
Grinning in a cup of tea.  
And there is laughter when I try  
To pierce my heart  
With the butter knife.

But

It's way past dawn and we've been  
Dead for hours, when our companion  
Leads us out into life.  
He takes us from our dawn-sight home  
To see the full-day world atop  
A hill of rock. And there  
A naked tree against the summer sky  
Tells me that I  
Can live.

—MAHLON SMITH



RH

# Theater

BY ROBERT STEELE

FOR more than a score of years, I have made pilgrimages two or three times a year, like a good Muslim, to our theater-film mecca New York city. By arriving on a Wednesday morning, I get theater tickets—singles at bottom prices—for Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday, and the following Wednesday matinees, and tickets for seven evening performances. Thus, in a week I can see eleven plays. Usually this gives me the chance to see everything I care about.

Between plays, if I run fast enough and the theaters aren't too scattered, I can sandwich in one or two films and a sandwich during the short. After the evening performance, I can catch up on many of the so-so films and occasionally a good one, that I have purposefully let go by, by seeing double features on 42nd Street. This way, I can see a couple dozen films. After such a week, in the holy city of muses, I feel ready to return home to recuperate from and assimilate my play and filmgoing holiday.

In the last decade, I have usually come away from New York feeling the films were far more consequential and enjoyable than the plays. Plays seemed like commercial commodities that were formula-ridden and a waste of time. Films, particularly those from outside the states, have had much individuality and diversity of subject matter; they have had depth and breadth of vision and content and seemed to be the artistic creations of artists. I have just returned from New York city where I expected to see many good films to review for  *motive*. It is a surprise to me that I now realize it was the plays and not the films which are more worthy of recommendation.

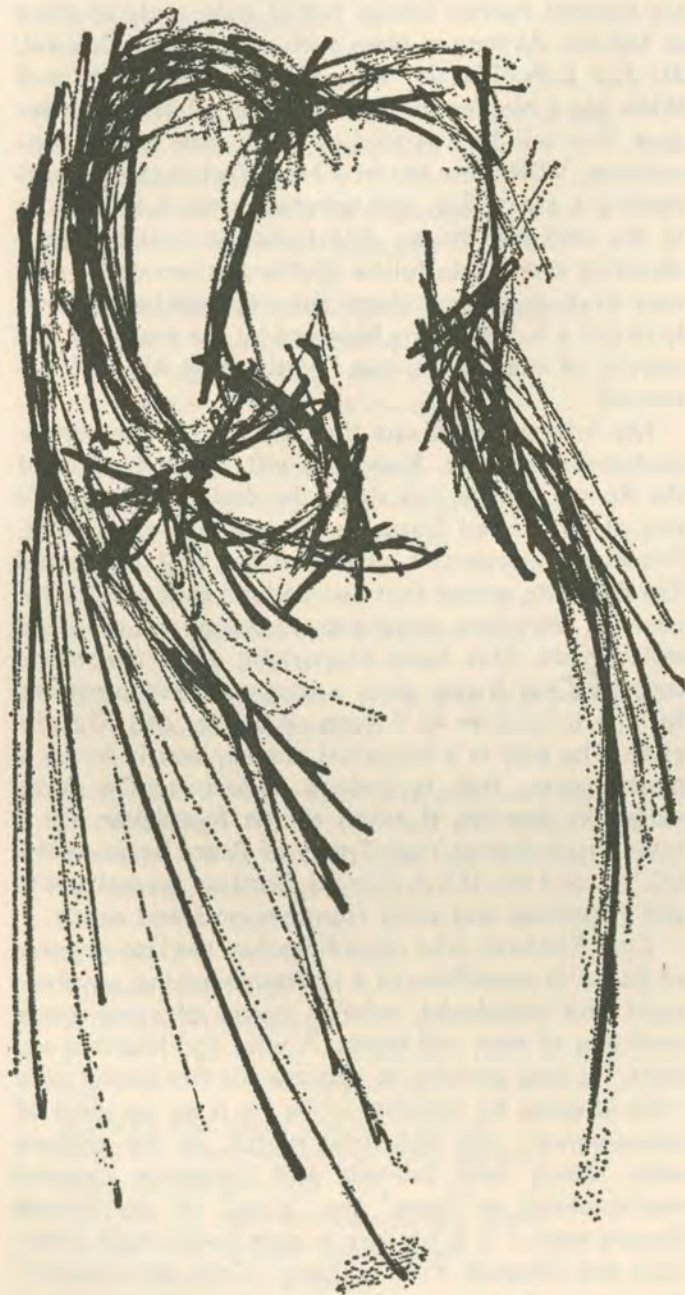
*A Man for All Seasons* is an exalting evening in the theater. Thomas More (played by Paul Scofield) has difficulties with King Henry VIII, The Common Man, Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, and his wife and family—which all sounds like dry and overworked play material. Happily, this is not so. The playwright, Robert Bolt, an English secondary schoolteacher, first wrote a third-rate play, *Flowering Cherry*, which was no better in New York than it had been in London. It deserved to fail which it did. He had rewritten Miller's *Death of a Salesman* in an English milieu. It was not promising theater. However, Bolt has proved himself to be a playwright of power and beauty in this newest offering. This fabulous invalid, the theater, will always rise from its bad-business bed when plays of this caliber may be seen. The play has something worth going a distance to get: Thomas More refuses to sell himself for his own physical survival, because he has

a conscience which coerces his allegiance to behavior which is motivated by cosmic time and values.

Schofield's re-creation of Thomas More makes the man a saint and a martyr who was too human and too intelligent to seek sainthood and martyrdom. In an almost casual and plain way More has to do what he has to do. I resolved to get hold of the texts of this play and others to savor and memorize lines of trenchant insight and barnstorming wisdom. Bolt, like several whose works are now appearing on Broadway or off-Broadway, understands much of what is wrong and right about the world. He goads us to enlightened decision-making and demands courage which is sufficient to withstand black times. They demand that we become human beings rather than tools of state or fashion. As long as plays such as *Sail Away*, *Camelot*, *My Fair Lady*, *The Gay Life*, *The Sound of Music*, and *Write Me a Murder* are there for the glittery theatergoer, they will be attended by those with uneasy consciences. When one sits in a New York audience witnessing a great play, one wonders what is happening in the darkened house. Are audiences just having a diverting evening to follow gluttonous ten-dollar dinners, or do they comprehend the playwright sufficiently to call a halt to being betrayed by the stupidity and inanity of our status quo, Washington kind of behavior?

My inferences tell me that, except for the names, costumes, and sets, *Romulus* is not about the end of the Roman Empire, but about the decline and possible end of the United States and Russia. The playwright, Friedrich Duerrenmatt, author of *The Visit*, *Traps*, and *The Physicists*, proves that Switzerland is not all banks, pastries, chocolate, snow-capped peaks, and medieval isolationism. This Swiss playwright, given adaptation help by Gore Vidal, gives a diagnosis and prognosis for the infirmities of Messrs. Kennedy and Khrushchev. The play is a historical comedy but it forges a contemporary link to today's audiences. The basic values in *Romulus*, if taken as the foundation for a joint One-hundred Year Treaty of Peace between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., would direct us toward sanity and happiness and away from paranoia and death.

Cyril Ritchard, who plays Romulus, the last emperor of Rome, is something of a philosopher-king, psychologist and sociologist, who is aware of some inner workings of men and states. A wise and hilarious savant, he does nothing to appease his fire-eating wife (the empress by heredity while he is an accident of convenience), the industrial mogul, or the soldiers who, bloody with bravado and histrionics, demand machinations to "save" the "glory" of the Roman Empire even if it is too late to save Rome itself. Romulus and Ottaker, the "barbaric" Goth who "sacks" Rome, survive because they settle down to good conversation, mutual respect and well-being based on realistic thinking about the natures of men and happiness in the world. Their mutual devotion is to



Crane

JUDAS KISS

INK DRAWING

1962

poultry raising, and they observe that chickens last and serve when empires do not.

*The Caretaker* is so delicate, obscure, and provocative that one must read the play—the text is sold in the foyer—and see it more than once in order to be certain not to do violence to this work of the English playwright, Harold Pinter. And one needs to sit in the orchestra in order to see the facial expression and hear the silence of the Caretaker when he meets his crucifixion. Pinter is a man of original and audacious talent who makes quiet theater turbulent.

Little may seem to happen in the play, and the characters, there are only three, and the set, a room loaded with junk, cause some to denounce the play as dull and dreary. But if one can perceive its parabolic nature, there is depth and relevancy to be mined from this work. The amount of talk, the apparently futile action for three acts, the offensiveness and damned appearances of the characters, might make the play seem to share inanities with the theater of the absurd. This is not so. Also the play might by its offensiveness remind one of Jack Gelber's *The Connection* or *The Apple*. Again not so. Underneath Pinter is a vital part of a sane and good world while Gelber is a bubble to be punctured by the nongullible.

**P**ADDY CHAYEFSEY'S *Gideon*, starring Frederic March, explores man's relation to God, although God is conceived more as Yahweh. The biblical tale affirms man's weaknesses, demands that he withhold nothing from God and thus go the whole way in being a God-man on earth. Gideon wails that he is an ordinary man and wants only the ordinary things in life. After all that God has done for him—moving him from the least respected to the most respected member of the tribe—Gideon turns his back on God and leaves God with no alternative but to withdraw from him, covering his face while he weeps. God is broken by Gideon when Gideon refuses God his love.

Since giving us *Marty*, *Bachelor Party*, and *The Tenth Man*, Chayefsky has become a new man. Somehow he has been metamorphosized by something other than his own triumphs. He is more than a brilliant writer for television, films, and the theater. With *Gideon* he fulfills Shaw's wish that a prophet should speak from the stage.

*Gideon* is Broadway's first truly biblical play in years, because it is more than the dramatization of a book of the Bible. However, it does not contradict or falsify the biblical text. The play hooks audiences with the holy hypothesis that God needs us, and we need him and are nothing without him. Come rebuff, betrayal, desecration, profaneness, war, famine, ice, and fire, God is.

One's money would be better spent buying the hard-bound edition of *A Passage to India*, reading it a couple of times before passing it on to a friend, than buying a ticket for Santha Rama Rau's play-adaptation



of E. M. Forster's great novel. The novel gives more insight into certain weaknesses and strengths of the Indian and British character and East-West relationships than the combined anthropological, ethnological works of Radcliffe Brown, Evans Pritchard, M. S. Srinivas, McKim Marriott, and S. N. Dube. By way of his "fiction" Forster nailed down essences of cleavages between Indians and the British. But when one takes the play as a play and forgets the novel, one has a worth-while experience in the theater. Sets and performances, except for Gladys Cooper, the star, who is the usual cold, cold Gladys Cooper, rather than the warm, understanding, and slightly romantic Mrs. Moore, are excellent. The chorus boys wearing dark paint and turbans are laughable as Indians, but the real Asian in the cast, Zia Mohyeddin from Pakistan, is completely believable as Dr. Aziz.

If you accidentally get into the Circle in the Square, a Greenwich Village theater, without having had time to look at the marquee or grab a program, you will soon discover that Thornton Wilder is on the boards again. His *Childhood* and *Infancy* are cut from the same material as *Our Town* and *The Happy Journey from Camden to Trenton*. We have no one comparable in the theater to Thornton Wilder. Even though they are perhaps lost, crackpottish, overwholesome, and hilariously vulnerable, he seems to love Americans. His one-acts—in the group, *Plays for Bleeker Street*, particularly the third, *Someone from Assisi*—are penetrating and wryly entertaining.

Next to *A Man of All Seasons*, Tennessee Williams' *The Night of the Iguana* is the hardest play to get tickets to this season. Probably, the latter is especially hot box office because one sees more of its star, Bette Davis, than she has ever shown before; she revels in leaving her shirt unbuttoned and parted down to her navel. She plays Maxine Faulk, a lusty, middle-aged widow who is the manager of a ramshackled Mexican inn that is not open for business during its off-season, yet it harbors four Nazis and other miscellaneous escapees. Maxine comes out of vintage Williams, but a new character, Hannah Jelkes, a virgin spinster from Nantucket, has been added. Because of this woman we can believe Williams when he says, "I didn't feel like writing another black play. These people in *The Night of the Iguana* are learning to reach the point of utter despair and still go past it with courage." This play is a somewhat new Tennessee Williams. Rather than getting the playwright's attitude toward life in spite of what one sees on the stage and by way of introspection *after* the play, he gives us wisdom, fortitude, and a survival of dark nights of the soul on stage. Williams' fury seems to be spent, and in its place we get a tragic wisdom which results from his having come to terms with man's hunger for a spiritual evolution. The iguana is cut loose and saved before the final curtain falls.

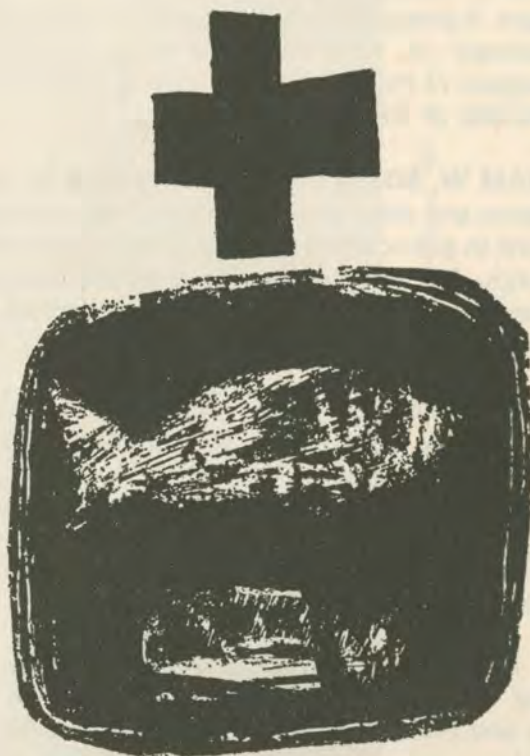
*Purlie Victorious*, written by Ossie Davis and acted

by him and his wife, Ruby Dee, does not make up its mind whether it is a very funny comedy or whether it is a vehicle of propaganda by way of a satirization of the inanities of a segregated South. The characters are tintypes; at times the dialogue is brilliantly poetic and incisive, but the play is a minor one. It is recommended as long as holders of balcony seats are ushered into the orchestra in order to make one part of the house look more like an audience.

*Brecht on Brecht, Ross, Who'll Save the Plowboy?, Moon on a Rainbow Shawl* are the new plays to be seen which will make the first claim on my legs and billfold on my next trek to our present Broadway watershed of wisdom and vision.

## fifty holy cards

i was hungry  
and ye fed me



for use as notes

16 contemporary designs

by robert charles brown

\$1  
the crucifixion press  
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# contributors

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**R. PAUL RAMSEY** is a native Mississippian (B.S. from Millsaps, B.D. and Ph.D. from Yale) who is now chairman of the department of religion at Princeton. Author of *Basic Christian Ethics*, *The Theology of H. Richard Niebuhr*, and *War and Christian Conscience*.

**JOHN W. DIXON, JR.**, associate professor of art history at the new Florida Presbyterian College in St. Petersburg, is also author of the 1957 MSM study book, *Art as Communication*. His friendly response to some of our editorial suggestions: "I am a staunch opponent of the editorial 'we' and the auctorial anonymity 'It is said.'"

**ROBERT E. NEALE** is a native of Mount Clemmons, Michigan. A graduate of Amherst and Union Theological Seminary (in New York), he is now lecturer in the program of Psychology and Religion at Union. He is a member of the United Church.

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**C. EBB MUNDEN, III** was a Navy man during World War II and the Korean War. Since seminary graduation (B.D. from Perkins, S.M.U.), he has been pastor of mushrooming St. Matthew's Church in suburban New Orleans. He holds business and law degrees from Tulane, and was a very successful lawyer in New Orleans prior to entering seminary.

**JOHN E. FRYER** is a senior at Vanderbilt University Medical School. He wants to continue work in psychiatry and theology after the M.D. Writer, poet, and organist.

**JACK B. HARRISON** is a native of Sallisaw, Oklahoma. Has all kinds of degrees—B.S. in speech and psychology from Bethany Nazarene College, M.S. in television production from Syracuse, and B.D. from Perkins—and is now pastor of Grandview Methodist Church in San Pedro, California.

**WILLIAM E. RHODES** is chaplain at the University of Denver. A native of Guthrie Center, Iowa, he received the first National Methodist Scholarship at

Wesleyan University from which he graduated Phi Beta Kappa. His B.D. and Ph.D. are from Yale.

**SKIP (Mahlon H.) SMITH, III** is a B.D. candidate at the Theological School of Drew University. A former president of the New Jersey MSM, Skip's interests include theology, poetry, and art.

**ROBERT STEELE** maintains a watchful eye on the coming of spring from bleak and cold Boston. He teaches in the school of communication at Boston University. Sorry, but we can't report what his home town is.

**N. P. JACOBSON** is from Quitman, Georgia. His article was written Easter, 1945, when he was a Navy chaplain, but it did not get printed then, as the Fleet Chief Censor would not release the article "for security reasons." He is chairman of the department of philosophy and religion at Winthrop College in Rock Hill, South Carolina. He has been on leave this year on a Ford grant to do a project on Buddhism in Burma.

## ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE, in order of appearance:

**MARGARET RIGG**, art editor of  *motive*, Nashville, Tennessee. **MIROSLAV RADA**, a professor of art education in Prague, Czechoslovakia, did this art work for the January, 1956, cover of the *Federation NEWS*, printed in Geneva, Switzerland. Mr. Rada is a member of the Evangelical Church of Czech Brethren, and was active in the Czech SCM. **JEAN PENLAND**, Nashville artist who is a bookjacket designer for Abingdon Press, expresses much feeling and meaning in her figure drawings. **KARL MORRISON** is head of the department of art at Eastern Washington State College in Cheney, Washington. **BOB REGIER**, art editor for the *Mennonite* magazine, did this drawing of the Lamb which first appeared in the Mennonite *Our Family Worships* magazine. **ROBERT HANRAHN** teaches art at Eastern Washington State College, Cheney, Washington. **ROBERT CHARLES BROWN** now owns and manages his own press: Crucifixion press in Connecticut. We wish him all the best in his new venture of art and faith. We also hope that he can soon be offering church year bulletin covers. **JIM CRANE**, known for his penetrating cartoons, is represented in this issue with two significant expressions of biblical events. The *Last Judgment* is a serigraph print and renders in the stark black lines the horror of the event which many of us feel inherent in the nuclear threat. The *Judas Kiss* is an original ink drawing and is part of the passion story of the last days of Christ. **ROBERT HODGELL**, in this linoblock print, gives another sharply focused view of the *Crucifixion* (cover 3). *Behold the Man* (Ecce Homo) is one of the major biblical themes that continues, over the centuries, to challenge and fascinate the artist as well as the layman and theologian.



BEHOLD THE MAN

LINOPRINT 1961

ROBERT O. HODGELL

**T**HERE was no Easter sunrise service aboard our ship on 1 April, 1945. Instead, we participated in another dramatic pattern of civilization. Occupied as a part of a task group in a feint landing maneuver to draw attention from the real invasion about ten miles away, we were at general quarters all day, every man at his battle station. Divine service was impossible at such a time; every eye was needed for the protection of the ship.

I said there was no church service that Easter morning. But we were spectators at a holy sacrifice, a sacrifice of human flesh to remind one of early pagan custom in primitive religions where the spotless first fruits of flocks, grains, and even of one's children were offered as a burning sacrifice upon the altar. A blazing deck five hundred yards away appeared in silhouette not unlike some primitive altar receiving the unblemished among the flock.

We hit for the shore line and dozens of small boats struck out ahead carrying assault troops into the dense screen of smoke being laid down by planes to cover this fake landing. Two Jap planes broke into the center of us in suicidal lunges; tracer bullets flew into the air; one plane crashed in a ball of fire. The other skimmed the surface and thus hidden in the inky dusk of the morning sea, hurled itself crazily into the side of our neighbor ship, crashed through three bulkheads, and set a roaring inferno which produced an empty hull. We picked up survivors who told of burning mates trapped within the holocaust; one whose arms were blown off managed to get over the side,

but the loss of limbs made swimming impracticable; by jumping overboard he selected a different form of death.

The offering there on that blazing altar of combat craft was our substitute for an Easter sunrise service. Hundreds of the unblemished among our flock were baptized in the cold early morning sea; no god of yesterday ever watched the flames of his devotees consume a more spotless sacrifice. Offered up for the sins of the whole world, these were our finest youth, and while they were dying so close to us, hundreds more were mumbling out their last breath upon the beachhead a few mortar shots away.

War or worship. The former pattern was forced upon us that Easter by the circumstances surrounding us. An Easter sunrise service gave way to a messy sacrifice of American and Japanese youth. Both war and worship are patterns aspiring to solve the problems which civilization faces from time to time. Sometimes we glorify God and collaborate in his creative acts; sometimes we regiment ourselves into the other pattern to produce a global demolition team intent upon returning God's creative acts to ashes. Which of these two patterns will outlive the other?

—BY N. P. JACOBSON

## EASTER AT OKINAWA