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**MOTIVE**

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## O SPLENDIFEROUS MORNING !!!

*I hear the alarm clock singing  
Its same trite carols I hear:*

*Those of the milkman—fearlessly leaving the sweetmilk,  
Sourmilk, chocolate milk, curdled milk, and bill for the milk,  
In spite of the fierce-howling, sharp-barking, pants-tugging,  
flea-housing chihuahua dog;*

*Those of the family awaiting breakfast—  
Snarling, gnashing, baggy-eyed animals of "tired blood"  
Grunting and mumbling enthusiastically  
For the life-stimulating morning meal;*

*Those of the long-dreaded breakfast—  
Toast burnt a steaming sienna brown meeting with the  
Eggs charcoaled on an open skillet and the  
Fiery-hot, caffeine-bitter, night-black coffee grounds  
and H<sub>2</sub>O  
To wage a never-ending war  
Against the abolishment of indigestion.*

*O sickening breakfast!  
O tarnished knives, forks, spoons, butter knives, and iced-tea spoons!  
O soiled tablecloth!  
O pot-bellied father!  
O straw-haired mother!  
O roaches!  
O ants!  
O silverfish!  
O "Real-kill!"  
O Everything!  
O Nothing!  
O Nuts!*

—ROSALIE STALEY





AH





## ANDROMACHE . . .

### the place between

*Moist velvet-brown branches  
moving in the morning wind  
against our windowpane  
against the loneliness to come . . .*

*I watch a growing nimbus  
deep-set in the sky, and smile  
to feel the death of sleep in us.*

*His head is on my morning thigh  
my hand upon his evening brow,  
Morning and evening we stand apart—  
and still to seek a meaning there?  
The morning lights flow through his eyes  
and into mine—are jewel-set there.*

*Tomorrow the trumpet will blow  
and the jewels will be shattered  
in the corridors of war and I  
shall wait on the highest tower  
and watch my love for him destroyed.*

*But I shall love him no less . . . no less . . .*

—EVA C. MORGAN







# AFRICAN STUDENTS IN AMERICA

**. . . all that glitters is not gold**

BY MARION DORO

**A**FRICAN students from Kenya Colony who study in the United States have three potential strikes against them. Their financial situation may be uncertain, their formal education may not be sufficient to meet academic requirements and their social adjustment is apt to be difficult. The extent to which these potential problems become real ones depends on the student's ability to cope with them as well as academic and social conditions which he encounters in his educational adventures. There are indications that these problems are common to all African students, and it might be instructive to make a general assessment of the experiences of Kenya students as an example of the broader situation.

During the 1960-1961 academic year about 450 Kenya Africans were enrolled in American educational institutions. Figures obtained from American sources in Nairobi indicate that these students attended approximately 200 different colleges (most small, teachers colleges), a dozen junior colleges, fifty-three high schools as well as Bible institutes, business and vocational schools and private academies. An additional 225 Africans were air-lifted to the States last autumn. Of the total, about one sixth of the students are women, many of whom go to places such as Wellesley, Vassar or Smith, while few of the men go to comparable colleges, such as Brown, Hamilton or Colgate.

These students derive their financial support from a variety of sources. Less than 10 per cent hold American government grants or scholarships from private organizations such as the African American Students Foundation and the Phelps-Stokes Funds. The rest come to the States on their own and rely on support from their families, friends and African District Councils, or from American schools and individuals who give scholarships or provide room and board. It is this latter group, without adequate and consistent financial assistance, who are most frequently in distress. Important as the financial problems are, however, it is not enough to concentrate solely on this aspect of the situation. Difficulties of adjustment to a new environment and to relationships with American students are beginning to emerge.

Where do these students come from? Kenya is a land of contrasts, with rolling fertile agricultural country, arid desert areas, coastal and lake regions and pastoral lands. In each of these regions there are different tribes—sometimes intermingled, sometimes predominantly one group—and contact with a technological society is limited. Often tribal custom or lack of transportation limits communication with other tribes or areas of the country.

What kind of education has the African had as preparation for his pursuit of education in the United States? The school system in Kenya is based on the



British pattern, with advancement from intermediate to secondary levels based on examination. Limited funds and lack of teachers mean there are a limited number of opportunities for students to go to secondary schools. Thus, a high proportion of African students in America today are studying in high schools. African students are products of a decade of political, economic and social transition which has affected their lives and the educational systems they come from. It should be noted, for example, that only in recent years have Africans given serious attention to the education of their women. A recent study of Kenya's education resources shows the total enrolment in African girls secondary schools in 1960 was 786 as compared with 4,623 boys. The number of girls who have finished secondary school with high-grade certificates (which qualify them for college) in the last six years totals only 120 as compared with 1,750 boys.\*

The school curriculum of the past was often comparable to French colonial schools in which, for example, Algerian children begin their study of history with "Our forefathers, the Gauls," and a perspective which was not their own. Recent changes in the curriculum have not yet filled in the gaps insofar as the students' own African world is concerned. Those who have successfully passed their Cambridge Overseas Certificate are theoretically well prepared for higher education. At the same time, neither their formal education nor their home environment gives them the general Westernized background to meet the situation which they will face in the States. American students, accustomed from childhood to travel, use of libraries, mechanical gadgets, and their own Americanized vernacular, cannot expect African students to react to American life in the same way as their European counterparts.

Educational background and language barriers are only the beginning. Conflicting social mores enter in a subtle and sometimes unfair way. American children are reared in a world in which they must compete for positions in their class, on the football team, for scholarships and in general for their places in society. It is a natural part of American social custom to earn one's own way. The world of the African is quite different. An African child, reared in a traditional, non-urban community, is born into his place in society. He is the first son, or the third brother, or the fifth cousin, and by virtue of this he has a secure status in which certain rights and duties are automatically conferred on him. Every member of the traditional community finds his existence in the group and, therefore, feels responsibility for it before he thinks of himself. Although this system of interdependence is breaking down under the pressures of nationalism and urbanization, the present generation of African students is still influenced by it. Within the context of Kenya African

society this was indeed a happy circumstance, for few Africans outside urban areas were in want or need as long as assistance was available from the community. When the African student leaves his cultural context and is transplanted to the stark realities of a competitive world, he often finds himself in a bewildering, perplexing and insecure position. He will seem to expect too much from the community in which he lives and the persons with whom he is associated; this is especially true when the American tendency to give initial enthusiastic support to "causes" wears thin and the African is still in need of continued aid and attention.

**M**OREOVER, American social life is highly confusing to African students. Though expecting hospitality, they sometimes encounter discrimination, subtle and not-so-subtle social rebuff. This is so contrary to their own traditional etiquette which teaches them to extend courtesy to foreigners. Probably the sorest point concerns the American college woman who, by African standards, appears to have great social mobility but who commits an apparent contradiction of her status when she refuses to join the African in social activity. Americans may have their own logical, or illogical, reasons for refusing to associate socially with African students, but in the minds of Africans those reasons only amount to prejudices. The greatest difficulties arise in the deep South, where American students (and their families) are already embroiled in integration problems. Kenya Africans, whose own country is just coming to independence, cannot be expected to see the situation sympathetically through southern eyes. They were led to believe that they would be getting an education in a democracy where social status is determined on merit, not on skin color. It should be no surprise when they are dismayed and even resentful.

Discrimination in such matters as housing, transportation, eating places, soon leads to harsh disillusionment with American life. To the African with visions of democracy, these things make a deep and lasting impression. Students who come to the States on government or foundation grants are much better off than those who come on their own. Living arrangements and even orientation programs are provided for them and these plans minimize the possibilities of their encountering discrimination.

African students expect much from America. In spite of the efforts of the United State Information Service to present American life in a balanced perspective, African students look upon the States as a land of milk and honey. We talk of our democratic ideals, American tourists spend lavishly while on tour and Government representatives direct a constant stream of clichés to Africans about opportunities for the individual in America. Motion pictures romanticize our way of life, glorify our plumbing and TV culture

\* Education for National Management in Kenya, by J. C. Roche. Senior Lecturer in Economics, The Royal College, Nairobi.





and populate the country with mythical and generous tycoons who rose from office boy to president of the company and give anonymous gifts to needy and deserving young people. Taken separately, these circumstances can be appraised realistically and humorously by Americans. To the Africans, however, a garbled picture is presented. They imagine that living and learning in the United States would not only be exciting and glamorous but would also open the door to prosperity, status and a high post in their government. Bitter disappointment begins when the African student learns that there are no millionaires behind classroom doors ready to provide him with the key to his exaggerated ambitions.

Unfortunately, most Americans know little of the world from which the African student comes. East Africa is pictured in TV serial adventures with diamond thieves (where there are, in fact, no diamonds) hiding in gold mines (where there are, in fact, no gold mines), witnessing villainous African black-magic rituals. Or perhaps in Tarzan movies, where the action moves from Thika Falls in Kenya some seven hundred miles south to Victoria Falls in the Rhodesias as if the two were no more than a stone's throw apart. Not many Americans can imagine the natural beauty of Kenya, the dynamic character of its politics and the rapid social change taking place in the country.

**F**EW African students know very much about the American educational system, grade equivalents or the variety of institutions to which they can go. It is true that they can sit in the U.S.I.S. library and read the college catalogs, but even the American student finds this a confusing task. Government agencies cannot recommend university X over university Y. Civil servants are paid to intelligently say nothing; they would soon receive irate letters from college officials or reprimands from their superiors if they suggested that Yale was better than Harvard or hinted that some small unknown college might not be as good a place to study as another institution. The African student needs personal advice and help to decide where he can get training to meet both his needs and his qualifications. This information and guidance ought to be available to him **before** he leaves his country.

Critics in Kenya point out that African students too often go to America for training which is already available in the East African colleges. This is highly damaging criticism because Kenya's financial resources are limited and must be economically spent and, even worse, the African student sometimes learns skills which are not applicable or useful to him in Kenya. A would-be agricultural student is misusing his time and money when he studies farm methods intended for temperate zones if he expects to farm in a tropical or semitropical area. At the same time, critics in the States point out that many African students are not fully prepared to meet American educational require-



ments, while educators in Kenya scornfully remark that "second-rate" African students can be admitted to American institutions when they cannot get into English schools. Thus, the situation generates its own heat of dissatisfaction while the African is helplessly caught between his legitimate ambitions and the vicious circle of confusion.

Many African students who go to the United States have not decided what they want to study. Administrators in American colleges feel frustrated and exasperated because they think the student who has come so far and who has expended such large sums of money should have a good idea of what he wants to do with his future. Perhaps the college in which the student has enrolled cannot meet his particular needs; maybe he is academically ill-prepared. The "give me a chance" plea so common among American students is equally true among those from Africa, but the personal circumstances out of which they come and to which they will return require more than just a charitable will on the part of Americans who "mean well." Administrators who prevail on faculty to be generous or easy in giving grades create further problems. The faculty members are faced with the alternative either of lowering their standards or of being firm and requiring the African to meet the standards or take the consequences. If standards are lowered the college suffers. If they are not, failure comes hard to the African whose social customs look with great disfavor and little understanding on failure; moreover, he does not wish to disappoint his family and friends who helped him get to the States.

An African student in America, writing an anonymous letter to the editor of a local paper in Kenya, complained bitterly and unhappily about his lot in the States. He was in a cold part of the country, unaccustomed to snow and the hardships of his conditions; consequently he was fearful of his health. He was in dire financial straits and had been unable to find summer employment. During holidays he had no place to go; he spent both Christmas and Easter alone—separated from his family. He felt people associated with him because he was an oddity from a strange country, not because they accepted him as an individual. To each of these complaints many African and American students would take exception. American students going from the southern states to eastern colleges also find the weather unpleasant to cope with initially. Universities are doing all they can to provide financial aid for students in distress, and a tough-minded administrator would add that no African should come to the States unless he has adequate funds. Many American students are happy to take the foreign student home for holidays. In some instances, the foreign student is more apt to be frustrated by the number of invitations he receives rather than by having none at all. The point is simply this: Africans go to the United

States without knowing enough about the country, without realizing the high cost of living, without understanding the environment in which they will live, and without comprehending that adjustments will be necessary. And, in turn, the American student has not yet projected sufficiently to appreciate fully the personal loneliness of the African abroad.

**T**HESE comments may sound harsh to Americans or patronizing to Africans. But, neither criticism nor condescension can solve the Africans' problems in the United States. The rush of African students to American universities is a by-product of the rush of African territories to independence. A free and sovereign nation requires an educated citizenry; business and government are run by managers, bridges and buildings are constructed by technicians, hospitals are run by doctors and nurses, and all these people must be trained to meet the needs of a new nation. This training will be sought by Africans in the United States and elsewhere for a long time to come. The African who comes to America has yet to learn that all that glitters is not gold.

The magnitude of this problem is only beginning to take shape. We know some of the things that need to be done: greater care in the selection of students, adequate consideration of their educational background and needs, consistent financial support, orientation programs or other methods of informing African students about American life and especially American educational opportunities.

All in all, we need to know more about the African student. To what extent will he realize his academic ambitions in the States? What kind of society does he come from? What adjustments must he make—both in the States and when he has returned home—after his growing-up experiences abroad? How many should remain in Kenya for their education? For what kind of training should they go abroad? Should they be encouraged to attend southern institutions? Which qualities and attributes are needed for proper adjustment to a new environment?

Perhaps it is not too much to add: how much do American students know about Africa and its people?





## THE RIGHT TO READ

International rallies involving college students are innately qualified to erupt in demonstrations, explosive parades, and occasional riots. However, the World Festivals of Youth and Students have had more than their fair share of such demonstrations.

The 8th Festival, held this past summer in Helsinki, was ostensibly "open to all, without distinction of race or nationality, without one set of opinions or tendencies having predominance over others." That this was not the situation entirely is reflected in numerous walk-outs staged at Helsinki by disgruntled Asian and African delegates who objected to the blatantly communistic objectives of the Festival program. Many quit the Festival because they felt they were being exploited by the communists.

Similar explosions characterized the 7th Festival held in Vienna in 1959, and to lesser degrees for obvious reasons, earlier Festivals held in Moscow (1956) and Warsaw (1955).

Perhaps it is human nature to use such dramatic demonstrations and riots as a basis for political propaganda, but such journalistic furors inevitably miss some of the more significant, and really dramatic, events which comprise such gatherings.

Such was the case in Helsinki. Few are aware of an ingenious project directed by a group of Yale undergraduates as a contribution to the Festival delegates. Led by sophomore Alex Garvin, the students raised sufficient capital and gained the cooperation of major American publishers and museums to mount a U. S. cultural exhibit around the theme "Young America Presents." What they presented was

an outstanding collection of American painting and sculpture, a room full of the best examples of American publishing, a record listening room for the presentation of the work of American artists and five jazz bands to bring in the crowds.

More than 10,000 new American-published books were distributed from the exhibit, and delegates to the Festival from Asia and Africa hounded American students with questions, discussions, and comments as a result of the publications which were distributed.

The freedom and right to read is an opportunity which American students humorously pretend to resent, especially when class bibliographies and term reading requirements are distributed. And, judging from the scandalous number of students who populate campus hangouts and fritter away scores of hours on comics, D-grade paperbacks, and useless "entertainment" magazines, the right to read is a lost opportunity for many.

Every publisher, college bookstore, and magazine distributor is out for the students' money. Some college administrators are convinced that the business is lucrative enough to invest almost as much in the bookstore facilities as in athletic programs (which is a commendable trend but for the wrong reason). How many students have developed the desire and maturity to spontaneously select books and magazines which are complementary to their announced intention of being a student? And how many publication purchases are made voluntarily—above and beyond course assignments—just for the pure joy of learning?

--BJS



# TYRANNY OF



*Views are always taken from viewpoints and the following is written from the vulnerable fortification of an upstart faculty member who has had six years of college teaching. He confesses that he is "young enough to still be a starry-eyed graduate student in the eyes of older colleagues, and yet in the eyes of students, still a member of the enemy camp (the faculty). This position between no-longer student and not-yet-established teacher is precarious, but like many vantage points affords a sometimes dizzying sweep of the academic landscape."*



# TEAMMANSHIP

BY JAMES GARDNER, JR.

**T**HE ugliest sight I presently see from my observation post is the destruction that the common and seemingly harmless idea of teammanship is working on the tradition of liberal learning. To attack so honored an old American cliché as teammanship may seem as ill-tempered as attacking the "Flag, Mom, and the Bible," but attack I intend to do for this metaphor of the faculty or the student body as a team is currently eating like acid into the tender core of liberal education.

Is there a single student who has not in recent days heard himself and his faculty superiors referred to in one way or another in the sweaty language of teammanship? Not only is the new student on campus naturally enough pep-rallied into support of the real teams on campus—football, hockey, tiddlywinks, etc.—but he is urged to get on the Freshman Class Team, to help "carry the ball" for the student Christian association, to "follow the rules of the game" in his academic work as laid down by the coaches in the dean's office, or to be proud of the new fame some brilliant faculty research team has brought to this or that department on campus.

Well, I can assure this freshman that on many of our campuses today his new English or math prof no sooner had his bags unpacked a few weeks earlier for his orientation session than the administrative captains and coaches attacked his sensibilities with much the same jargon of the playing field. It seems nearly universal that the whole delicate, intricate work of the faculty's side of campus life is put into either the sentimental diction of the family or the rough similes of the football squad. With dreams of a Socrates-like relationship with his students fading in his head, the new teacher listens to endless presidents, deans of faculty, department heads, and faculty committee chairmen lay down the rules of the new game he is to

play, the goals the school wants to score in coming semesters, and the wearying succession of teams he is to be on now that he has his Ph.D. sewn, like a varsity letter, on his soul.

So what's wrong with all this talk of teammanship on campus? Is it so bad to confuse the Attic and the Olympic? Let's look first at the problem as it touches the faculty and then explore the tyranny of teammanship among the student body.

First, the metaphor as a metaphor is noisome. It must have been misleading figures of speech like this one that have led Robbe-Grillet and a whole school of contemporary French writers to reject simile and metaphor entirely as legitimate devices in fiction. All metaphors tell lies. But the good ones—and I still believe in some metaphors—justify the fact that they lie. Robert Burns of Scotland's love was not in chemical truth a red, red rose. Nevertheless, the truth of his feelings for his Scot's lass this comparison caught, made his lie worth it. The faculty of President Muckety-muck Burnseymeyer's XYZ College is not a football team, and there's no new truth to be caught in calling it one. In fact, if it ever starts acting like one, it probably won't make the Rose Bowl nor will it be any longer a real faculty.

**N**OT only must good metaphors lie creatively and revealingly if they are to justify their dishonesty; they must also lie consistently. If one's love is a red, red rose, then she must smell good, be lovely to touch but very easily bruised. She must fill a room with her presence as a single rose can do, and she may even have a thorn not far from her petals. She may wilt after a time if plucked; but while she is a red, red rose, she is intensely lovely. We may explore every hint the metaphor suggests and at the end of our exploration be rewarded with the discovery of a new and exciting



meaning. But what happens if we explore the implications of calling a college faculty a football team? The formula that worked so well for the girl and the rose suddenly leads us to the ludicrous when we think of teachers as a team. What is the ball this team carries? I hope we do not as a faculty carry the student tucked under our metaphoric arms or throw him on passes or let the other side take him away from us in good sport. Who is the team captain? Any faculty meeting that turned into a huddle would be a conspiracy and not the open forum it has been traditionally. For amusement's sake there are a hundred other fallacies in this metaphor and you can give yourself a good long week to write them down if you're all caught up with your class assignments.

To find out why this metaphor so quickly stumbles, we must know something about the nature of teams and of faculties—real faculties that is. Since grade-school boys can understand the mysteries of football—and sometimes so well as to remain grade-school boys and become professors of physical education—I'll not rehearse here the facts of the game or the nature of the team that plays it. But the facts about what a real faculty is are not so easily learned. These are mysteries beyond grade-school boys, nor can they be learned in the armed services or the business corporation (two lamentable sources of college administrators in recent years). They are learned best by being on the campuses of richly established universities or by reading one's way through the exciting history of education in the West. Even then they are complicated mysteries, and it is obvious that the teammanship metaphor has been sought out as a simplifying shortcut to understanding them.

Let's take only one or two basic facts about what a faculty is or should be and use these facts to show how false and tyrannical it is to think of a faculty as a sports team. The first concerns the purpose of a faculty. Its purpose, roughly, is to seek the truth and encourage others to do so. What about the football team? Its purpose in American society is to provide a spectacle which will amuse enough people sufficiently to make them buy tickets. Secondly, such a team helps form an image of the school in the fuzzy minds of the football spectators so that they will think of old Ivywall College's Rams or Bears or Tigers with warm autumnal nostalgia in their hearts and loose fingers on their pocketbooks when fund drives begin. That the football team has any other serious purpose than to please spectators remuneratively is a romantic notion held only by a few grand old men and no currently employed coaches. Medical expenses for any winning team would suggest that some better means might be found of improving muscular tone, and surely no one takes seriously the argument that football provides a new spiritual center and symbol for the modern college campus. Football rallies I have witnessed recently have had about them all the lugubrious, deter-

mined gaiety of the closing hours of a state fair or religious revival that has exhausted the supply of available sinners before its schedule ran out.

If we grant then that the chief end served by the college football team is to provide income for the school—if it wins—by pleasing the appetites for amusing violence of largely off-campus spectators, can anyone seriously suggest that the faculty should also be thought of as a team as it goes about its tasks? Wherever this image is imposed on a faculty, it soon has to start playing to the crowd and adapting its vision of the truth to fit the pleasures of the spectators. If the assignment, let's say, of *Catcher in the Rye* brought protests from paying parents who felt their daughter's virginity threatened by her being exposed to four-letter words in print, then the good team member of the faculty in order to be a good team member would want to choose another novel like a quarterback choosing a more successful (that is, crowd-pleasing) play. If fraternities and sororities were popular means of gaining students and attracting alumni support, then the good faculty teamman should no more question their moral efficacy in some situations than the right tackle should argue in front of the spectators that ten yards might not be the best measure of a first down. If education is ultimately all a game to please the paying customers, then what is liked is best, what has been done in the past is more or less automatically right, what is approved by the roars from the stands is moral, and any faculty member whose search for the truth leads him a lonely way is "unsafe," a sorehead—and worst of all—a bad member of the team. Build a faculty on these principles and you soon undo a college. Such a college may please a conformist and visionless society for a time but so does a country club or a good professional football team.

I contend that it will destroy a real faculty to think of it as a team as far as its purposes are concerned since truth has had a way of coming to the "loners" and outsiders, to the nonteammen. It also destroys a faculty to think of it as a team in the ways it goes about serving its purposes. There may be a few limited ways in which a faculty does and should work together in searching for the truth, but again the metaphor of the team does not justify its lie. Teams have to cooperate to serve their purposes, but faculties have to disagree, to argue, fight, and generally shun cooperation to serve theirs. This may seem a shocking claim, especially in these days of the organization man and the Great Team Effort in everything from getting satellites into space to getting bright seniors through to Woodrow Wilson scholarships. All the same, it remains true that the great faculties now and in history are those faculties that have cooperated just enough to keep their uncooperative arguments going. Good faculties agree to disagree in the things that matter most and cooperate only in the largely irrelevant busy



work of class schedules, grades, and faculty committees.

It is only the pre-Renaissance kind of temperament—and indeed the pre-Greek mind and temperament—that is unaware that the finest means to pursue and serve truth is the open forum. And this kind of forum of ideas is basically contrary to team procedures. This forum is far more like a free courtroom than a playing field. Who would want to be tried in a court of law in which the two opposing lawyers and the jury were in very many senses part of a team? We would call such a trial rigged. We would disbar any judge who asked contending lawyers to soften the rigor of their arguments in the interest of not offending the prejudices of the jury or the courtroom spectators. Yet this tyranny of teammanship is attempted in trying to rig the college faculty so that it may be certain to come up with a comfortable and safe verdict on all matters.

**T**HE teammanship boys seem ignorant of the fact that the ancient origins of the university and college were open forums of debate, not smooth-running corporation-like teams. The medieval universities grew in strength and in truth only when they rejected the conformist, teamman principles of the society around them and protected their right to be cantankerous, "controversial," disloyal, and disunified in anything more than their devotion to the truth. It would be amusing if not awesome to imagine the reaction of an Oxford College faculty to its provost's suggestion that it think of itself as a Rugby team out to win the annual Truth Trophy. Yet today, men ignorant of such facts are in positions of great power to hire, advance, or fire faculty members in direct ratio to their teammanship. Such administrators build safe, efficient faculty teams of yes-men easy to manage and easy to make palatable to parents or state legislators or the occasional dinosaurs on church boards of education. But they fail to build faculties that seek the truth.

It might be well at this point to fling an anti-brickbat brickbat at the objection some readers may raise when they point to the truths that various research "teams" have found through good teammanly cooperation. Do not groups of surgeons working with nurses and other "team members" discover techniques that save lives in the operating room? Of course they do, but is the operating room or the ICBM lab really the kind of college or university that is defined above? Even if the doctors and physicists are college professors, I would say that the teammanship essential to the application of the truths they have found must speedily be abandoned when those truths themselves are examined. Isn't the authentic college more like the consultation among the surgeons which occurs after the operation rather than the mutual effort of the operation itself? In such a consultation, all the

team cooperation necessary to the operation must give way to open controversy and free debate if a new technique or new insight into physical nature is to be gained. I have listened in on a few such arguments after operations, and I was rather grateful that neither the boards of trustees of the hospital nor most patients could hear the hubbub, but to a nonteamman like me it was the strong, discordant jazz of truth itself in the finding. On far too many a campus one hears instead the saccharine close harmony of an Andrews Sisters singing commercial with the cheerleader deans keeping time.

Undoubtedly those readers who have just completed orientation activities on their campuses have had adequate opportunities to see the antics and hear the noise of this academic rah-rah. You may have even begun to hear all the favorite stories about the odd-ball, off-beat "controversial" prof who is reputed to shock and bewilder the "innocent." And if you haven't begun to see or hear these phenomena, watch out for you may be in for a good old middle-class wax-and-polish-job education which so many schools seem to specialize in.





**S**O much for the tyranny of teammanship among the faculty. Remember that at the outset I said I still had a spy's view of the student side of the campus. What about teammanship among the undergraduates? Well, it's obviously at work there and just as tyrannically. I think you are most likely to find the metaphor of the team misleadingly applied to the student's proper role on campus in three places: the dean's or advisor's office, the social organization, and the classroom.

I wish more deans and advisors had read James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*, or any of the long list of excellent novels that tell of young people's growing up and going through school. Or is it asking too much to expect deans nowadays to read anything other than texts in corporation management and pseudo-psychology? Education among the undergraduates would be vastly improved if deans could learn that most of the truly educated men in the world were not the great joiners—belongers—habitual team members they would have students be. How frightening to see students' file cards in the dean's office satisfactorily decorated with the colored tab that means the student is normal, unproblematical, and on the road to "success."

Education—much of the time—has to be a lonely, troublesome, and generally painful process if it is really to pervade the mind and soul of the student. We hear far too much from deans, advisors, and some campus chaplains that suggests that becoming genuinely mixed up, "disturbed," and even unsocial is to be avoided



by the good student like alcohol, dope, or sex. I have seen all the fire and zeal for truth in honest young students dampened into a soggy mess by too many deedly admonishments to "mix with the crowd more," "don't get carried away," "get on the ball with the rest of the gang," not to feel that echoes of teammanship are working much tyrannical damage here. I am not urging that students exchange the old conformities of their high school days for the new conformities of well-established and quite team-like "nonconformist" uniforms of beards and smelly sweatshirts. Beards and manners of dress shouldn't matter enough to be taken as more than expressions of taste one way or the other. But students—real students—should avoid being drafted or counseled into organizations and activities that serve no meaningful purpose other than to take the edge off whatever individual idiosyncrasies or interests might develop in the classroom, library or professor's office.

Campus social organizations—Greek or non-Greek—are powerful outposts of the surrounding social milieu. These organizations are usually given far too much importance on the college campus. Like the dean's office they can thwart what genuine individuality the student develops by their not-too-subtle reminders that the "world outside" is a teamman's world, and "success" does not await the student who lets his mind carry him toward too many truths which that outside world is as yet unprepared to recognize. A short exploratory trip into the writings of Thorstein Veblen and more recently Paul Goodman will acquaint the reader with the degree to which authentic campuses must constantly struggle to maintain their intellectual independence from the mores of a surrounding society which is emphatically not dedicated to seeking or serving the truth. Again I am not recommending a hermit-like existence for young men and women on the campus. The fact that students are in their advanced teens makes it foolish to recommend such, even if it were feasible. I am, however, suggesting that the new student not let the fact that organization men on campus may make higher grades as the result of being members of Delta Upsilon Lambda convince him that genuine liberal education—the education that liberates the whole man—will be served by his being able to crowd the "Organizations Belonged To" section of his next year's registration form with scores of clubs, groups, and teams.

**F**INALLY, the tyranny of teammanship among students is that it frequently chains them to a stupid conspiracy of conformity and silence in the classroom. If you have attended classes as long as a single week, you have undoubtedly felt already the force of the hostility many members of a class can turn like invisible rays on the student who takes his teacher seriously when he asks if there are any questions or comments. There is no less-rewarding team in all the



world to belong to than that nearly automatically organized team that takes the teacher as its opponent. Not that the teacher shouldn't be opposed. If I as a teacher ever feel that my whole class agrees pleasantly and enthusiastically with what I have been saying, then I know they have been asleep or I have been talking nonsense. The free-for-all roughhouse of ideas that should go on among faculty members should be an even more everyday experience in the classroom. I am speaking of the kind of teamy suppression of comment, the scornful chuckle at a "dumb" question the cynic squad in the back row of the classroom can always be counted on to give, the concerted refusal to become involved in what is going on that can kill the enthusiasm of the liveliest discussion leader, all these the class teammen can bring about as they skillfully evade confrontation. Every teacher is prone to rancor against group (team) cheating on exams, but given the false emphasis on grades in our colleges today, this is an evil to be expected. The teammanship of noninvolvement is harder to puzzle out since the

more it wins, the less it benefits anyone. The successful cheating team may all get A's permanently inscribed in the records, but the groans and sighs and shufflings of feet that intimidate the responsive student into the silent vigils that sometimes follow requests for questions result only in a general waste of time for everyone. Where are the student teammen on your campus?

What metaphors, we might ask finally, more accurately fit the faculty and the students of a real academic community than figures of speech provided by the gymnasium? One would wish ideally that a faculty might simply be thought of as a faculty and students as students and in each word a clear, distinctive concept be conveyed. But if such a wish is to be denied, then I would suggest that "community of scholars" and "forum of learning" better fit the facts. Both imply that healthy combination of maximum individuality and minimum cooperation inherent to the tradition of liberal education.





In the past two years, Kirtley Mather has visited forty-four American campuses and talked with students from Maine to Texas and from Virginia to Colorado. This was part of his assignment as a Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar (1960-61) and as a Danforth Visiting Lecturer (1961-62). *motive* asked this eminent scholar, scientist, and teacher to appraise informally the current status of American higher education.





# A LOOK AT STUDENTS

By KIRTLEY F. MATHER

**T**HOUGH there are disappointing aspects in some sectors of American higher education, and danger signals flying here and there, my confidence in college students and faculty has been significantly increased in these visits. The intellectual vitality and alertness to new responsibilities which are manifest throughout the academic community justify my present expectation that the unprecedented challenges of the 1960s will be met with considerable success.

The institutions which I visited constitute a veritable cross section of the better half of the nearly two thousand degree-granting colleges and universities of our country. I say "better half" because more than half of the ones I visited have chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, whereas only 10 per cent of all our institutions have Phi Beta Kappa chapters. (I also am aware that the "selectiveness" of my visits is also represented in the fact that all visits were to schools east of the Rockies, and visits were made only upon invitation.)

In addition to the formal lectures, I had informal conversations at most schools with small groups of students and/or faculty as well as seminars and forum-like discussions. I usually left a campus with the thought that I had come to know rather intimately many members of its academic community. It would be erroneous, however, to infer that the ones with whom I thus became acquainted were typical of the entire faculty or student body.

On almost every campus are new buildings recently completed or under construction at the time of my visit. Many of these are dormitories and student centers financed with the aid of Federal "self-liquidating" loans. Others are scientific laboratories, libraries, fine-arts centers and classroom buildings, about evenly divided in number between tax-supported and privately endowed institutions. Only one new building that

I saw was a chapel—a marvelously successful blending of modernistic architecture with the atmosphere of a cathedral. It was abundantly apparent that these institutions are preparing effectively to meet the demands of the increasing number of students who will be knocking at their doors in the next few years.

**B**UT the requirement is not only for more capacious and up-to-date physical quarters. Conversations with presidents, deans, and departmental chairmen led me to believe that most of them were well aware of that. In at least half of "my" forty-four schools the curriculum is under careful study, with revision of former courses and introduction of new programs. Not only the frontiers of science and technology, but also the impact of new knowledge on old beliefs and the cultures of Asia, Africa and South America are in the spotlight for curricular innovations. New equipment for audio-visual aids to education is being tested on several campuses. I was deeply impressed by the intellectual vitality, the competence of the faculty and the spirit of adventure that were quite generally apparent even on campuses whose location may seem far removed from the mainstream of American education.

These days on almost every American campus there are at least a few students from foreign lands and on several of them the number of such students has increased tremendously in the last five years. This has a very beneficial effect upon the American students who thus have an opportunity to be their friends and to learn from them many things it is good to know. Certainly the provincialism of most American campuses prior to World War II has been replaced by a widespread acceptance of the new interdependence of men and nations. The almost universal interest in the Peace Corps, about which I was asked many



thoughtful questions at many places, is a mark not only of the idealism but also the intelligence of college youth today.

That interest was but one of several indications that the students in many of the schools I visited are much more alive to the world around them than were their predecessors five and ten years ago. No longer are they a "silent generation." Almost everywhere I found students deeply concerned about national and international affairs, about integration and disarmament, about the economics of social welfare and the threat of nuclear war, about the United Nations and the rise of new nations from colonialism. Certainly it is only a minority on each campus who display these concerns but the spirit of free inquiry and independent thinking is contagious and even the apathetic majority cannot escape its influence. I talked with several score of youngsters during the two academic years who made me proud of my country. With such citizens coming of age, America will go far toward the true greatness of which she is capable.



**T**O be sure, my new friends on American campuses were strongly inclined toward liberalism both in their religion and their politics. I was aware that ultra-conservatives were temporarily on the sidelines during my visits to certain institutions. Indeed, on one campus — it was not a church-related college but a state college in the South—I ran head on into a group of dogmatic fundamentalists. It was a relief to discover they were a small minority of the class in which I found them, and that the majority of that class had connived with its teacher to arrange my meeting with them in the hope I would reinforce their efforts to win a debate that had been going on. In all probability that debate continued long after my departure. I presume that vigorous debates in many other controversial areas were started by my remarks on many campuses. "The dust of controversy: what is it but the falsehood flying off?"

I was most gratified to find on most campuses I visited that the discussion of controversial issues was looked upon with approval. At several places, student organizations for action as well as study were flourishing. In southern and border states, the focus of such groups is more commonly on racial integration; in the northern and midwestern states, it is peace and disarmament. The important thing everywhere is the apparent willingness of many students to stand up and be counted on one or the other side of the great issues of the day. This is putting new life into the process of education and it deserves the highest commendation. I dare not trust my impression that more students are inclined toward liberalism than toward conservatism, but that is relatively unimportant in my appraisal of the situation.

More significant is the new birth of nonconformity, the increasing presence of the spirit of free inquiry, the growth of independent thinking, all of which are coupled with a deepening sense of personal responsibility and a strengthening of the social conscience. The danger is that this will be interpreted as unwarranted rebelliousness or radicalism. Students must be on guard against dishonest arguments and innuendoes of propagandists. The combination of dogmatic religion and ultraconservative politico-economics is even now mobilizing powerful forces to stifle if possible the newly burgeoning spirit of the American campus. If the healthy climate of the early 1960s is replaced by the stultifying atmosphere of the middle 1950s, it will be a calamity beyond measure. What I have seen and heard these last two years gives me abundant confidence that intelligence and good will are so firmly established in American institutions of higher learning that the forces of enlightenment will prevail over the powers of darkness.





HEH, HEH, SON WE GOT NO RACE PROBLEM DOWN HEAH



—BESIDES, WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOAH OWN BUSINESS



WE UNDERSTAND THE NIGRA, WE GOT OUAH TRADITIONS TA UPHOLD



WE'D WORK THINGS OUT IN OUAH OWN WAY IF IT WASN'T FOAH OUTSIDE INTRA FEARANCE



GIDDY UP, BOY, GOT NO TIME FOAH TALKIN WITH AGETATORS.





DRAWING BY JOHN MAAKESTAD



# voice from the black orchard

**JORGE DE LIMA:**

**modern religious poet of Brazil**

BY JOHN NIST

**T**HE most versatile of all modern Brazilian poets was the many-faceted mulatto from the Northeast: Jorge de Lima (1893-1953). Born in Uniao, Alagoas, on April 23, 1893, Jorge was to become, after a brief period of fame as a neo-Parnassian, the chief representative of lyric poetry within the Brazilian Northeast Regionalist Movement. Author also of neo-naturalistic novels, Jorge was finally drawn into surrealist prose and Christian poetry.

A simple man, described as kindness itself by his friends, Jorge de Lima usually gave more than he received. In order to fulfill a childhood dream, he repeatedly kept trying to be elected to the Brazilian Academy of Letters; with each failure he tried again. Upon final success, he bore no grudge against any of those members who had previously voted against him. With this simplicity and kindness Jorge enjoyed a folkloric genius that could recite stories—some heard, some read, some invented—about men and animals by the thousands. From his natural love for mankind, indeed for all animate and inanimate things, Jorge developed a supernatural charity based upon a Christian mysticism that permitted him to see the universe in the eternal sacrifice of Calvary. As he says in "Poem of the Christian":

*Because the blood of Christ  
spurred over my eyes,  
my vision is universal  
and has dimensions that nobody knows.*

In his last volume, **Invention of Orpheus** (1952), a single many-sectioned poem summarizing his life and his work, Jorge confessed his sins with such personal humility that José Fernando Carneiro, for one, could see "in his case how man had really been made to the image and likeness of God."

The Negro poetry of Jorge de Lima is different from that of his Modernist contemporary Raul Bopp (b. 1898) and from that of the great Romantic Castro Alves (1847-1871). Whereas Bopp emphasizes folklore and Alves social protest, Jorge writes of the African soul itself, without any sense of an inferiority complex. Not interested in the African apart from his abuse by society, Castro Alves wanted to see the abolishment of slavery; Jorge de Lima, though very much aware of the inferior social position of the Negro, celebrates the Negro as person, as individual, his identity, his superstitions, his simple nature and mysterious spirit.

A sense of mystery permeates the poetry of Jorge de Lima. It is this mystery, and not any lack of simplicity or clarity, that is responsible for the obscurity, where it exists, in his work. In the volume **Seamless Tunic** (1938), for example, Jorge created a supernatural world of phantasmal creatures who became so real for him that they made him suffer. Unable to sleep at night, he could see and feel these bodiless inventions of his imagination.



As an overpowering flow of poetic vision, **Seamless Tunic** found the free verse of **Time and Eternity** (1935) inadequate for its prophetic and psalmodic ideas. In the apocalyptic atmosphere of **Seamless Tunic** it is the slow and stately rhythm of biblical verse forms that becomes the vehicle for symbols inspired by religious dogma and spiritual mystery. From his vision of Paradise before the entrance of sin and the Fall of Man, in this volume Jorge depicts the deep chasm subsequently developed between the body, subject to concupiscence and treason, and the conscious mind, receptacle of grace. Out of this deep chasm, however, springs the mystery of regeneration, in which the flesh is transfigured because it is **tattooed** by God. The concept of tattooing, by which naked woman recovers her sacramental quality, is Oriental and primitive. When Jorge de Lima joins it with the sanctity of Mary in "Poem of Any Virgin," the concept becomes profoundly Christian as well:

*The generations of the Virgin are tattooed in her  
straight womb,  
for the Virgin represents all that is to come  
There are rainbows tattooed in her hands, Babels  
tattooed in her arms.  
The Virgin's body has been tattooed by God because  
it is the seed of the world to come.  
Not one millimeter of her body is without a drawing  
or future plants.  
Not a pore is without tattoos: this is why the Virgin  
is so beautiful.*

Most of his brothers in the arid Northeast did not understand Jorge de Lima: the wealthy landowners because of their self-satisfied brutality and unutterably materialistic corruption; the impoverished peasants because of their hunger and ignorance. Though man cannot live by bread alone, it takes more than poetry, no matter how religious and compassionate, to satisfy an empty stomach. And Jorge, who said in "Distribution of Poetry" that "Life is a failure, I believe in the magic of God," felt all the more heavily the burden of his Christlike love for the destitute poor. Saddened at the moral and the physical changes that were taking place in his section of Brazil under the impact of an inequitable industrialization, Jorge saw that factories were destroying even the crude joy of the work in former days. Thus the poet who could fabricate distances to keep peddlers and bankers away from himself was unable to do the same for the peasants with regard to the social injustice which persecuted them. As he says in "Relative Poem":

*All men have their believers,  
O well-beloved:  
—those who preach love for their fellow man  
and those who preach his death.*

*But everything is small  
and fleeting in the world, O well-beloved.  
Only the outcry of the unhappy  
grows more immense every day!*

The **well-beloved** referred to in this little poem is one of the names Jorge used to symbolize poetry "purified in Christ." Indeed Jorge believed that one of his roles as a poet was to reconstitute poetry in Christ, because, as he says in "Goodbye to Poetry," this century is sick. The avarice which binds the spirit of man to things divorces him from God. So strong is materialism in the world that when the champion of mysticism, in Jorge's poem "Skyscraper," reaches the hundredth floor of an immense modern building, where all the aces of standardization are gathered, he becomes panic stricken:

*On the last floor he stopped:  
not even an angel.*



*Then he came down,  
down,  
down,  
and he crossed the asphalt  
terribly afraid  
of being run over by the automobiles  
of dying without a last confession.*

In "Ode on the Communion of Saints," the final poem of **Seamless Tunic**, Jorge de Lima abandoned the last semblance of verse and turned completely to a poetic prose that some Brazilian critics consider to be "as burning as lava." It was to be the style of **Annunciation and Encounter of Mira-Celi**, a volume of prose-poems that constitute the uncircumscribed mystery of wedding march, elegy, priestess, muse, mad woman, shepherd, bird. In this religious prose-poetry of liturgic sonority, Jorge admits that

*Few people will find the key to this mystery.  
And the eyes that pass through so many poems,  
which do not  
end and which change from moment to moment,  
will not understand the constant movement. . . .*

The movement of the **Mira-Celi** is Christocentric, cycling about the main themes of the Fall as the origin of human misery and sorrow, the humility of the sinner who cries over his spiritual mutilation, the anguish-producing limits of the temporal, and the awe induced by the mystery of the Trinity. In this volume, Jorge achieves an unprecedented interplay of images, uses adjectives with a new tonal quality, and unites contrasting words in that resolution of opposites which Coleridge saw as the essence of poetry. The essential conditions of **Mira-Celi**, those of ubiquity and transformation, show Jorge de Lima to be a twentieth-century kinsman of that unknown Anglo-Saxon genius who wrote "The Dream of the Rood."

In his **Book of Sonnets** (1949), Jorge returned to metrical discipline, with a polyphonic symbolism reminiscent of the work of Cruz e Sousa (1861-1898). Partially obscure at times because of their timeless and spaceless mystery, the sonnets show that the creative vision of their author had ceased to be Christocentric, that it had indeed expanded into the lyrically eccentric and esoteric. In an emphatic return to the temporal for subject matter, Jorge evokes in these sonnets his Portuguese and northeastern origins, his memories of childhood and everyday life. Suffering from long periods of anguish before and during their composition, the poet wrote many of his hundred sonnets in the brief span of ten days. Often rising at dawn, he would write two or three sonnets at a time.

The very speed with which Jorge wrote his sonnets is an indication of the self-hypnosis that helped him draw upon their dream-world origins. In a return to his earliest memories, where lay deeply ingrained in his mind the stories of the discovery, the conquest, and the Christianizing of Brazil, Jorge called forth from his subconscious the peace and grace of a profound religious faith. The creative approach that was to take him even further into the world of dreams in **Invention of Orpheus** is clearly demonstrated in the following sonnet:

*The cliff of sleep, like the rock of Esau,  
is shut so tight, is so filled with being  
that it achieves in life a tremendous fate,  
—that of sheltering an unpunished Oedipus.*

*Always in its belly is a fallen-asleep angel  
and a boy cuddled up in a well;  
the nocturnal dog barks, and his barking  
is the cry of the boy already drowned.*



*At night, sleeping Bluebeard throws  
seven pale princesses into the well,  
and the well swallows them most voraciously.*

*And it swallows indifferently the man who drowns himself,  
—seven stones tied around his neck—  
so that rock and sea are the same in its gulp.*

The entrance of Jorge de Lima into unconscious states of mind in **Invention of Orpheus** demanded from his poetry special symbols and laws. When he failed to supply them, the result was obscurity. Not an artificial obscurity, but a natural one inherent in the mystery attendant upon his attempt to reach unknown lands, to find—as he indicates in the opening stanza of the second poem in the volume—the island that nobody else had found:

*Nobody found the island  
because we all knew it.  
Even in the eyes there was  
a clear geography.*

With more varied cadences than in the sonnets, with echoes from Camoens and Dante, Jorge dissolved all logical, physical, spatial, and temporal connections within the structure of his last volume. In an attempt to identify himself with all created things, he destroyed every barrier of individuality. What he achieved in **Invention of Orpheus** is a lucid kind of delirium, in which the metaphysical atmosphere is far more Oriental than European.

Esoteric as it is, a book not recommended for the unprepared reader, **Invention of Orpheus** remains perhaps the most daring poetic adventure in modern Brazilian literature. As a cosmic vision of mysticism, this final volume from the pen of Jorge de Lima conveys, in the words of critic Carlos Dante de Moraes, the impression "of something plastic and airy, muddy and stellar, diffuse and gleaming, thick and winding, cannibalesque and spiritual, human and superhuman." It is, above all else, a work in which the author continually displays the simultaneous presence of many different identities, impulses, and voices in the soul of a poet:

*How many savage things I hide! I am a horse,  
I run upon my steppes, I run in myself,  
I feel my hoofs, I hear my whinnying,  
I fall headlong in the waters, I am a drove  
of wild boars; I am also tiger and underbrush;  
and birds and my flight and I go lost,  
perching in myself, perching in God and the devil.  
I am born a forest, I spread great plagues. . . .*

The Whitmanesque search for the universal self in these lines is typical of Jorge.

Unlike the great Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa, Jorge de Lima conducted his search for universal selfhood **with hope**. Accepting mystery in life, as well as in literature, the Brazilian poet did not care to write polemical or sociological verse. His poetry is constantly an overflowing of genius reduced to the simplicity of the automatic. Not always certain about what he wanted to say, Jorge lacked the technical control of Pessoa and was often content to let musical phrases and rhythmical sound-patterns convey the mystery, much in the manner of allowing African drumbeats to substitute for melody. Ever imminent in Jorge's work, the faith and the hope, however, produced a kind of messianic love that transcends all flaws of artistic execution. Nowhere in his work can such faith, such hope, such love be more clearly seen than in the little prose-poem "I Announce Consolation to You":

*I—The poor who possess only their poverty  
And nothing else;  
The dying who count on their end only  
And nothing else;*



*The weak who possess only their weakness  
And nothing else,  
Can walk on the waters of the sea.*

2—*Those who possess herds of machines,  
Those who are heavy with crimes and gold,  
Men of hatred or of pride;  
These will sink.*

3—*We will call the man whom war has almost devoured  
And to whom it has left only his knees on the ground.  
That man will run faster than light.*

4—*We will call the man who blew out the life that  
God gave him,  
And whom the evil of the earth has spoiled with its vices.  
That man, God will give him new life.*

5—*We will call the man who saw the first minute. And  
he died.*

6—*The man who wanted to smile and was born without lips.*

7—*These will be comforted.  
These will remain at the right hand.*

Perhaps only a mulatto from the northeast of Brazil, where social and economic injustices find partial relief and temporary comfort in a folk-mysticism of African origins, could write such beatitudes as these. At any rate, they spring from a soul unparalleled for simplicity in the entire range of modern Brazilian literature. If much of Jorge's northeastern poetry is filled with lyrical criticism, with social denunciations and complaints, his Christian poetry conveys such a spirit of sanguine hope as to deny the foreign accusation that the author was basically a doubter, a pessimist. Love is at heart an optimist, and Jorge de Lima, above all else, was the poet of love. Perhaps the best summary of his work and the finest tribute to its value are to be had in the following lines from Carlos Drummond de Andrade, published during the year of Jorge's death (1953) in the volume entitled **Planter of Air**:

*It was the Negress Fulô who was calling us  
from her black orchard. And it was bugles,  
psalms, fiery chariots, those murmurs  
of God to his chosen, it was*

*songs of laundresses beside the spring,  
it was the spring itself, it was nostalgic  
emanations from childhood and the future,  
it was a Portuguese cry broken in sugar cane.*

*It was a flowing of essences and it was shapes  
beyond the earthly color and around the man,  
it was the invention of love in the atomic age,*

*the mythic and moonlike consulting room  
(poetry before the light and after it),  
it was Jorge de Lima and it was his angels.*

As Carlos Drummond knows, Jorge de Lima was one of his own angels. He was the beautiful black angel of the Modernist Movement in Brazil.

Material for this article prepared while author was in Brazil on Social Science Research Council grant. Four poems—"Papa John," "The Words Will Resurrect," "I Announce Consolation to You," and "Christmas Poem"—reprinted by permission from *Modern Brazilian Poetry: An Anthology* by John Nist, Indiana University Press, 1962.



**PHIL TROYER**

**ANDERSON CARMICHAEL, JR.**

# **PHOTOGRAPHY ESSAYS**

One of the great masters of photography, Edward Steichen, has written: "Photography's continuing growth depends mainly on the seekings and probings of generation after generation to uncover the still dormant potentialities and resources of the medium, which in turn open new doors towards wider and wider horizons. The photographer's search for truth must be unending."<sup>1</sup>

This search for truth through the lens of a modern camera is being carried on by two interesting young photographers. Phil Troyer, a student at Cornell College in Mount Vernon, Iowa, has been in search of photographic abstractions in the familiar world around him. He says of his work: "My interest in photography is not in the usual subject matter that the average camera owner uses. I like to look and relook at things, ordinary things that usually we are so familiar with, that we no longer see the artistry in them."

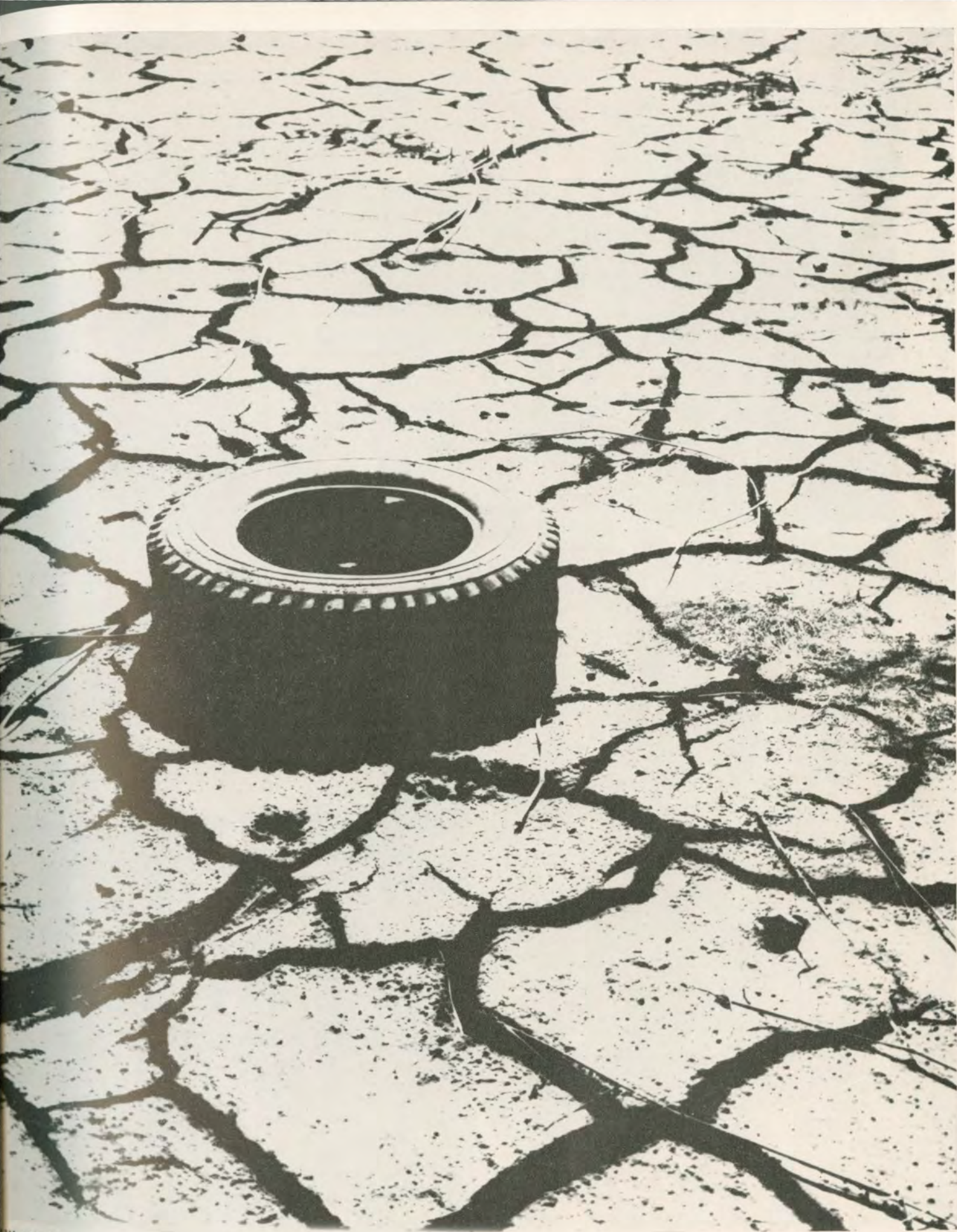
Anderson Carmichael, Jr., who recently graduated from the University of The South Sewanee, Tennessee, became interested in serious photographic art as recently as 1961. Often, attached to his photographs is a quotation from William Faulkner. But in general his work speaks for itself, conjuring up visions of the fading southern world—as Faulkner would say—people not just enduring but prevailing, while their way of life shifts and changes under them.

Both of these artists have a keen vision of life and bring to their art a sense of personal curiosity and understanding. It takes both. And it takes a growing sense of the universal aspects of personal involvement. These two photographers seem to be reaching steadily in that direction.

1. STEICHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART PUBLICATION, 1961, PAGE 9.

—MARGARET RIGG





PHIL TROYER  
October 1962



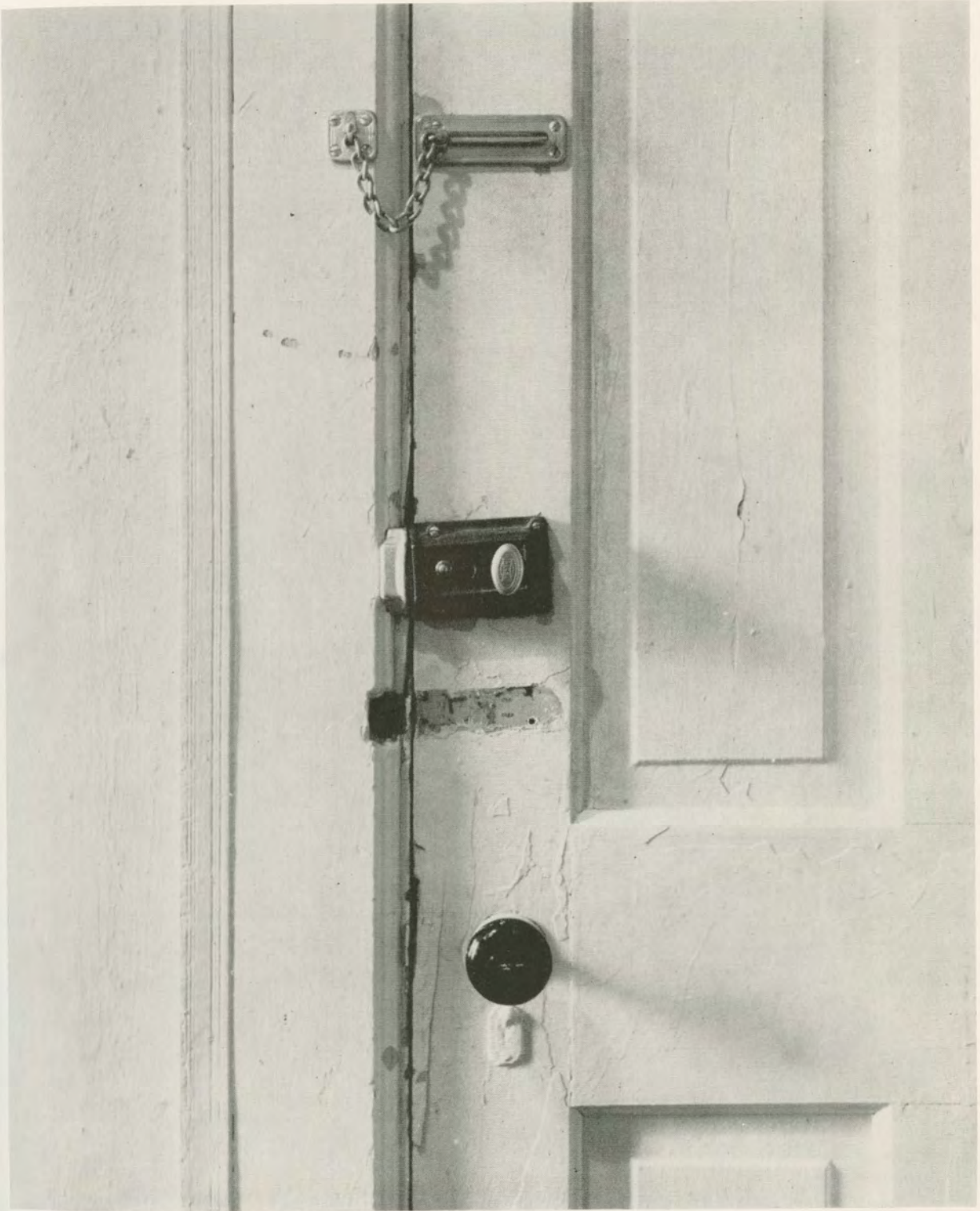


PHIL TROYER

PHIL TROYER







PHIL TROYER





MY FATHER

A. CARMICHAEL

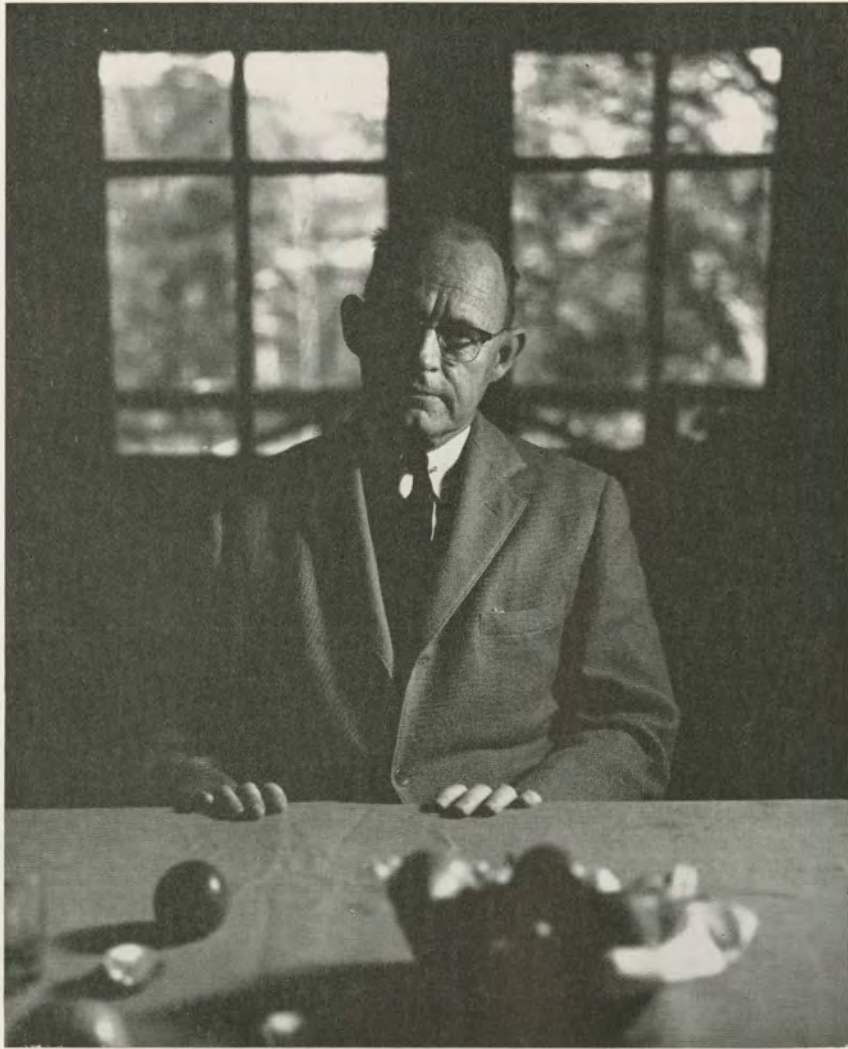




SHERWOOD, TENN.

A. CARMICHAEL





ANDREW LYTLE

A. CARMICHAEL

LONELY

A. CARMICHAEL







A. CARMICHAEL





NIGHT SESSION

A. CARMICHAEL

motive



# the frontier of american jazz

BY JOHN PARKER

THE elements of jazz can be found in the music of the American colonists as early as 1770, when William Billings jazzed up the psalm music of his day in *The New England Psalm Singer* and defied authority by arranging hymns in an unconventional manner, as he claimed in the preface. "More than twenty times as powerful as the old slow tunes, each part striving for mastery and victory." The tempos were faster; the rhythms were more pronounced; the bass moved in a freer, more vigorous line with counterpoint anticipating the exploratory bass lines of improvisatory nature. The harmonies were unusual, according to the accepted norms, and moved contrariwise to the patterns of the formal fugue. The ordered stately tread of English psalmody was changed over to more ragged rhythms, catering to a plebeian public that wanted music more spirited than sophisticated. Whether Billings defied the norms because of his limitations or his iconoclasm made little difference. He himself admitted, "For my own part, I don't think myself confined to any Rules. . . . I think it is best for every composer to be his own learner. . . . Nature lays the foundation. Nature must give the thought."

This music of the rebel colonists is clearly the formula developed more fully a century later by Buddy Bolden, Huddie Ledbetter, Blind Lemon Jefferson, King Oliver, and Jelly Roll Morton.

The New World began, though, by defiant denunciation of the mother country through an inversion of the Englishman's own airs. "Yankee Doodle" had been written by British soldiers to taunt the ragged rebels, but the subjects gloried in the celebration of their own inadequacies and used the tune forever as a paeon of their power. What had been mockery of their simple rusticity, "Mind the music and the step, and with the girls be handy," they accepted as a celebration of the simpler virtues and used as a symbol of their country charm.

The American people, through ignorance of convention or through desire for innovation, have consistently used music to their own advantage. "Dixie," originally the closing number of a New York minstrel show produced in 1859, became the battle cry of freedom in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. When northern troops passing through Baltimore fired shots, James Ryder Randall, professor of English literature at Pydras College in Louisiana, wrote a powerful poem, "My Mary-

land," which, adapted to the German song, "O Tannenbaum," has been an enduring tribute celebrating Confederate chivalry and courage. Through the years the inundation of songs extolling the South and the southern cause has gone far in reversing the surrender at Appomattox.

THE spirit of independence, voicing the celebration of courage, energy, and originality, was a part of pioneer life and frontier freedom. Every man was equal, and the snobbish songs of the aristocrat were out of touch with plain talk and common sense. In keeping with the Age of Reason, sophistication gave way to vigorous vitality. America, in moving westward, was moving further from the eastern parlor and rebelling against the musical stereotype of the English formal country garden. "Oh, I've come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee," sang the pioneer patriot. His wife celebrated the odyssey by singing, to the tune of "Weavily Wheat," "give me an hour and a peck of flour to bake a cake for Charlie," disregarding the reference to Prince Charlie in the original Jacobite ballad. And at night the wagoners would celebrate the vigor of life in a new land by figuring their own dances to old-time reels and English music hall tunes, "Skip to My Lou," "The Irish Washerwoman," and such.

*Round and round, Old Joe Clark,  
Round and round I say.  
Round and round, Old Joe Clark,  
Ain't got long to stay.*

The pioneer songs were primitive, celebrating the virtues of a transient life with robust courage and dedication.

*I am a rovin' gambler,  
I've gambled all around,  
Wherever I see a deck of cards,  
I lay my money down.*

The cowboy, a lowly man whose only friend was his horse and whose only home was the prairie or, at the end of life, the grave, was more stoical than dolorous. He attempted to transfer this *joie de vivre* to the cattle in his song of catharsis:

*Whoopee, ti yi yo, git along, little dogies!  
It's your misfortune and none of my own.  
Whoopee, ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,  
For you know Wyoming will be your new home!*



He regarded his terrible loneliness and unprofitable future with sardonic humor.

*There was bul-lud on the saddle—  
And bul-lud all around,  
An' a great big pud-dle  
Of bul-lud on the ground.*

*Oh, a cowboy lay in it,  
All covered with gore,  
An' he never will ride on  
Any broncos no more.*

*Oh, pity the cowboy  
All bul-luddy and red;  
Oh, a bronco fell on him  
An' mashed in his head.*

*There was bul-lud on the saddle—  
And bul-lud all around,  
An' a great big pud-dle  
Of bul-lud on the ground.*

In a manner much like the cowboy's, the Nebraska homesteader celebrated his lot by rationalizing about the novelty of living while the mice played shyly round him and the hungry coyote slunk through the grass.

*O when I left my eastern home, a bachelor so gay,  
To try and win my way to wealth and fame,  
I little thought that I'd come down to burning  
twisted hay  
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.  
My clothes are plastered o'er with dough,  
I'm looking like a fright,  
And everything is scattered round the room,  
But I wouldn't give the freedom that I have out  
in the West  
For the table of the Eastern man's old home.*

Of the many groups making up the melting pot of the New World, however, by far the largest non-European ethnic group in the United States has been the Negro. A census of 1790 shows that there were about 757,000 Negroes in the United States, almost 20 per cent of the entire population. The musical superiority of the Negro was recognized as early as 1800 by Thomas Jefferson. "In music the Negroes are more generally gifted than the whites, with accurate ears for tune and time, and they have been found capable of imagining a catch. The instrument proper to them is the banjer (corrupted by Negroes into 'banjo') which they brought hither from Africa, and which is the original of the guitar."

The catch which the Negroes were capable of imagining is a short secular song for several singers, with polyphonic and antiphonal structure typical of the music of the American Negro. The brevity of the catch is similar to the brief strains of melody used in the various cakewalks and sections of the early rags, undeveloped leitmotifs involving pleasant melodic lines and interesting rhythms. Jefferson wondered, however, about the limitation of the American Negroes:

"Whether they will be equal to the composition of a more extensive run of melody, or of complicated harmony, is yet to be proved." The problem of extending the catch was the same difficulty that confronted Scott Joplin some hundred years later in his efforts to extend the rag song to folk-opera. Jefferson proved to be right in his observation, at least in part; the rag per se was too slight for lengthy development. Taken out of its simple setting, its native charm proved too fragile for a full-length opera.

THE banjer to which Jefferson referred was originally a gourd instrument with a musical skin stretched across the open end, and with one to four strings in a neck or handle at the elongated end of the gourd. Joel Walker Sweeney, an Irishman, added the fifth string and many refinements; thus, the five-string banjo. America's national instrument was perfected in Appomattox, Virginia, in 1831. The instrument was originally played with bare fingers, the right-hand fingers plucking the strings, usually the thumb and first two fingers—sometimes three fingers and thumb. The pick, or tortoise shell, was used plectrum by players much later with a different effect and loss of tone. This tone quality of fingering the strings was particularly important in the early days of the recording industry when the piano did not record well but the banjo did; and Fred Van Eps, the all-time maestro, and Vess L. Ossman made many banjo records, first on Edison cylinders and later on disc records for every major recording company of the day. Many of these records were ragtime, but there were also marches, polkas, mazurkas, waltzes, and arrangements of the recognized classics.

Along with playing the banjo, the Negro often sang in an extraordinary manner. Fanny Kemble, an English actress and singer, was quick to notice the unusual sounds in her visit to America. In *Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation in 1838-39* she reported her impressions of the new sounds: "I told you formerly that I thought I could trace distinctly some popular national melody with which I was familiar in almost all their songs; but I have been quite at a loss to discover any such foundation for many that I have heard lately, and which appeared to me extraordinarily wild and unaccountable. The way in which the chorus strikes in with the burden, between each phrase of the melody changed by a single voice, is very curious and effective, especially with the rhythm of the rowlocks for accompaniment. The high voices all in unison and the admirable time and true accent with which their responses are made, always make me wish that some great musical composer could hear these semi-savage performances."

Her reference to the voices "all in unison" indicates that harmony was only incidental and accidental with each voice singing his part separately as he felt his individual need for expressing the melodic line with



unaccountable blue note or deviation from the lead. One of the lines of a song especially appealed to her—the lament of a slave sold from a northern tobacco field to a southern cotton farm, where the labor of hoeing the grass out of the crops was more severe: "Oh, my massa told me, there's no grass in Georgia." In such a concise statement of life as it is and not as should be can be seen an early example of the American blues.

THE American pioneer—waggoner, cowboy, farmer, slave—left us many lines about the unconquerable spirit of mankind. The motto adopted by the state of Kansas, "To the stars by hard ways," and the slogan of California, "The cowards never started and the weak ones died by the way," are apt memorials to the settler and frontiersman. His vocabulary, though, as well as his philosophy, is in the songs that he made up himself as he sang of the joy of living or of the courage of facing death. And when the railroads came as *avant-garde* for the machine, he sang of man's battle against the engine just as the cattleman had sung be-

fore of man's battle against nature. His heroes fought against nature, the engine, the machine, and institutionalized evils of all kind—John Henry, Casey Jones, Floyd Collins—even Jesse James and Pretty Boy Floyd. In building the railroads, John Henry, a legendary superman, died in showing his superiority to the steam drill and left a long stream of women disconsolately forever faithful. Later another railroad man Casey Jones died in the wreck of an Illinois Central train that crashed into a line of boxcars near Vaughan, Mississippi, leaving his wife according to the ballad to "another papa on the Frisco line." The tempo of the times showed decided changes (not necessarily for the better, by any means), and the music of the people clearly showed their shifting dispositions.

From "Yankee Doodle" to "Buffalo Gals" to "Casey Jones" to Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog," the songs celebrated the vicissitudes of life and as the Greek drama had served the Athenians offered catharsis to the way-faring American contemplating the trouble and difficulties that lay ahead.







**A**T age thirty-one, Odetta has achieved almost legendary fame in the folk singing world. She was introduced to the mass public, however, only recently in the release of the movie, "Sanctuary." Her performance in that movie was a truly electric one, and precipitated great popular interest in her career, beside meriting additional favorable criticism from her professional peers.

In a brief half-decade of performing as a folk singer she has established herself as one of the great folk artists in a field of artistic expression that was until quite recently a rather esoteric one.

To appreciate this response to Odetta, one has only to hear her sing. Unfortunately, a recording can scarcely do full justice to the power and force of her magnificent voice. The intensity, volume, and impact are startling. In contrast, she can also achieve a delicacy of sound and catch such haunting pathos and loneliness as to make one wonder if this is the same person singing.

At the time of the release of her first record in 1956, she was little known outside a small but devoted group of folk song enthusiasts. She had been singing folk songs in public only a few years. Since 1956, however, her career has been the proverbial "meteoric": seven albums, appearances at Town Hall, Carnegie Hall (one with Belafonte and one on her own), network television, and a movie. No folk festival is considered complete now without Odetta.



# ODETTA AND THE GOSPEL

BY JOHN J. MOOD

Odetta was born on the last day of 1930 in Birmingham, Alabama. When she was six, her family moved to California and she grew up there, studying for a career in classical music. She was almost twenty before folk music made any impact on her. But what an impact it was! She recalls, "It was a revelation that came to me with a whallop. The beauty and richness of these songs lay in their expression of truth."

Several years passed before her first public appearance—years which were spent in immersing herself in the techniques and spirit of the folk song. This included learning to play the guitar with the same uniqueness and mastery as her vocal artistry. As Odetta's introduction to the folk song world had been somewhat accidental, so was her first public appearance. Odetta was at "The Hungry i," a San Francisco folk singer hangout, when she was called from the audience to sing one song. The rest is history. She moved from the "Tin Angel" in San Francisco to the "Blue Angel" in New York, then to the "Turnabout Theatre" in Los Angeles and "The Gate of Horn" in Chicago. Belafonte has eulogized her as "the first lady of the folk song," a judgment few would care to question.

Both Odetta's career and artistry are fascinating in themselves. This is undisputed. But there is another dimension of her songs and her interpretation of these songs which is of more penetrating interest. This is the dimension of truth—and it is presented so com-

pellingly that we are forced to say that Odetta's artistry is raising questions about the nature of our existence which are similar to those raised by the biblical inquiry into existence.

**T**HE world is raising, through certain of its cultural forms, questions which traditionally were left for the church to raise—questions which relate to the very core of what and who we are. Perhaps these are being raised because "the center of spiritual vitality has shifted from the church to the world," as Bernard Scott has written. ("Protestant Postscript," see **motive**, March, 1961.) Whatever the reason, there is no question but that Odetta's statement in song is both an intriguing and urgent one. It is a statement of the Word.

This idea may sound strange at first; yet, on second thought, is it so very strange? Our Lord said, "I tell you, if these (the disciples) were silent, the very stones would cry out." (Luke 19:40, R.S.V.; cf. also Hab. 2:11, Matt. 3:9, and Luke 3:8.) Since we as the contemporary disciples **are** frequently silent, the conclusion is inescapable: stones have been and are being raised up to preach his Word. And this includes stones outside the church.

To admit that Odetta and artists like her can and do proclaim the Word of Life is hard for us. It is hard because it means that we, his disciples, are silent, and



we do not like to admit that. It is hard because we have assumed that we Christians have ownership of the Word. We forget that the Word of Life belongs **only** to the Final Reality, who sends the rain as He wills, whose Spirit blows where He wills.

With this as a possibility, how does Odetta in her singing bear witness to the Word? One pointed example of prophetic preaching in her repertoire is the terrifying "God's Gonna Cut You Down":

*1st Chorus: You may run on for a long time; run on for a long time.*

*You may run on for a long time, but let me tell you, God Almighty's gonna cut you down!*

*2nd Chorus: Go tell that long time liar. Go tell that midnight rider. Tell the gambler, rambler, backbiter. Tell 'em God Almighty's gonna cut 'em down!*

*Verse: Stop, God Almighty, let me tell you the news.*

*I had been wet with the midnight dews.*

*Now I been down on my bended knees*

*Talkin' to the man from Galilee.*

*My God spoke; spoke so sweet*

*I thought I heard the shuffle of angels' feet.*

*He put one hand on my head.*

*Great God Almighty, let me tell you what he said.*

*2nd Chorus:*

*Verse: You may throw a rock wit' your hands;*

*Workin' in the dark against your fellow man.*

*But sure as God made the day and the night,*

*What you do in the dark will be brought to light.*

*You may run and hide, slip and slide,*

*Try to take the mote from your neighbor's eyes.*

*But sure as there's the rich and the poor,*

*You're gonna reap, my brother, just what you sow.*

*1st Chorus:*

*Verse: Some people go to church just to signify.*

*Try to make a date with the neighbor's wife.*

*But, neighbor, let me tell you, just as sure as you're born*

*You'd better leave that woman, yes, leave her alone.*

*Cause one of these days, you just mark my word,*

*You'll think the brother has gone to work.*

*You'll walk up knock on the door.*

*That's all, brother, you'll knock no more.*

This is sung a cappella by Odetta in a voice as fearsome as we imagine that of Amos or John the Baptist to have been. The content of what is communicated—through the words and the style of presentation—is evident and likewise prophetic. Note, however, that the judgment that "God's gonna cut you down" is made both universally and concretely: universally through such lines as "What you do in the dark will be brought to light," and concretely by naming such as the liar, gambler, rambler, backbiter (a good Methodist term!), and by describing vividly the "midnight rider." Also—and somewhat surprisingly—there is the sudden realization that comes to the listener that these words are spoken in the name of "the man from Galilee," who "spoke so sweet I thought I heard the shuffle of angels' feet." We are reminded of Jesus' fierce and uncompromising denunciation of the church people of his day: "Woe to you . . . hypocrites! for you cleanse the outside of the cup and of the plate, but . . .

within they are full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." (Matt. 23:25, 27, R.S.V.)

What a needed word for our full churches! Filled with those who wear the thin and desperate veneer of beautiful respectability; full all too often because "some people go to church just to signify."

The writer of Hebrews reminds us, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (Heb. 10:31.) "For the word of God is living and active sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the division of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intentions of the heart." (Heb. 4:12, R.S.V.)

There is also the awareness of the demonic in Odetta's chilling and ironic rendition of "Shame and Scandal," which tells of a family to whom "the evil came, in a voodoo flame." Another level of the reality of sin is powerfully depicted.

Still another is the emptiness, the futility, the "up againstness," as is hauntingly expressed in "Hound Dog":

*Chorus 1: Hound dog, bay at the moon.*

*Chorus 2: Lift up your long skinny head and bay at the moon. Hound dog, bay at the moon.*

*Verse: God did forsake us and it gives me much pain. Now he's forgotten how to make it to rain.*

*Chorus 1:*

*Verse: My well's gone dry. Chickens won't lay. Fish they stopped bitin' last Saturday.*

*Chorus 1 & 2:*

*Verse: Oh, the bread's gone weevily; sorghum's gone bad. Kinfolks done et the little I had.*

*Chorus 1:*

*Verse: Rotten potato in an old tow-sack.*

*Pain in my belly. Pain in my back.*

*Chorus 1 & 2:*

This is sung in the authentic blues manner, evoking a deep-felt pathos. The combination of the prosaic, immediate, earthy expressions of despair, with the hypnotic tune and the powerful expression with which it is sung, touches a similar chord in the heart of even the most sophisticated.

During the early part of her career, Odetta sang in a violence of hate and anger and frustration. Through the years, however, this has become balanced by an element of compassion. A song that, in a different and unexpected way, proclaims the turning point is one well known in one version or another far beyond the folk song circle: "The Rock Island Line."

The bulk of that song is the chorus, repeated five times:

*Oh, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road,  
Well, the Rock Island Line is the Road to ride,  
Oh, yes, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road,  
And if you want to ride it, you got to ride it like you find it;  
Get your ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line.*

This is sung with an infectious exuberance as a duet



with Odetta and another folk singer, Larry Mohr, a banjo strummer.

On the surface this appears to be simply one among scores of railroad songs, although admittedly sung with more depth and gusto than usual. But suddenly we are struck with the verses. "If I could, well I certainly would, stand on the rock where Moses stood"—that rock was Christ, and this verse is a judgment on us all who do not say "If" but rather presumptuously "We do." And where did Moses stand? "On the Red Sea shore, and he was a smotin' that water with a two-by-four." Thus is proclaimed a power greater than you and I. And finally the third verse: "One of these nights about twelve o'clock well, this old world is agoin' to reel and rock"—a reference to a personal and universal eschaton, which all too often we try to ignore as long as possible. "To think that even the most conservative of man is capable of the radicalism of dying!" exclaimed Kafka.

As we see these verses in the context of the chorus itself, we discover even more meaning. The chorus could be paralleled to the gospel something like this: "The Rock Island Line is a mighty **good** road". . . . "And God saw everything that he had made, and be-

hold, it was very **good.**" (Gen. 1:31.) Or, "The Rock Island Line is the road to ride". . . to live means to "freely eat of every tree of the garden." (Gen. 2:16.) Or, "If you want to ride it, you got to ride it like you find it" . . . "of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall die." (Gen. 2:17.) What does all this mean? Both versions are saying that to live is to accept, embrace life as it comes to one. To live is to accept God's judgment on creation that it is good. To die is to distinguish between good and evil. This is the greatest good news ever heard: that one can indeed live life as he finds it. "For everything created by God is good, and nothing is to be rejected if it is received with thanksgiving; for then it is consecrated by the word of God and prayer." (1 Tim. 4:4.)

**H**ERE indeed is an offering of the genuine possibility of genuine life!—in the guise of the Garden of Eden story and in the guise of a railroad song.

Odetta further explicates this in selections as diverse as work songs ("Payday at Coal Creek," "The Mule-skinner Blues," "Drivin' on Bald Mountain"), children's song ("The Car-Car Song"), songs of whimsical pathos ("The Bald-Headed Woman"), startling Christmas carols ("Poor Little Jesus") and many others.

Perhaps the greatest proclamation of this possibility of life is in the "Spiritual Trilogy," composed of "Oh, Freedom," "Come and Go With Me," and "I'm On My Way." They are sung consecutively in a steady crescendo which reaches a tremendous climax of affirmation. "Oh, Freedom" exalts the freedom of life, so precious that "before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave." Then comes the thrilling invitation "Come and go with me to that land where I'm bound." And finally the overwhelming affirmation, "I'm on my way and I won't turn back!" This includes asking my brother, "Won't you go with me?" And since the world has been given back as a great gift, it includes asking permission of those to whom one is responsible: "Gonna ask my cap'n, 'Won't you let me go?' " But "if he says 'No,' gonna go anyhow," because nothing can keep one from life. If one is ever placed in the position where he is forced to choose between life and even his own family, the imperative is clear: "If any one comes to me and does not hate his own father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, and even his own life, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14:26.)

On and on we could go, listening to these and many other songs by Odetta, and examining the content of what is communicated through the words and style. But all **our** words are inadequate. Let us, for once, take the cotton out of our ears, and hear the Word in whatever form it is preached—or sung.

**A HOLY  
HOLY  
A HOLY**



# THE CAT

BY JUANITA BASS



## THE CAT

*The Cat in soft toe pads  
Prowls alleys,  
Sits fences,  
And eats from holy garbage cans that  
Hold the useless refuse of centuries  
Of useless thought.*

*Thoughts outworn have worn their  
Colors thin scraping against the cold steel plates  
And concrete rivers of this country—  
Which is not of Thee.*

*Even the Cat can no longer stand to  
Bare his claws toward the immovable  
Walls of tin which surround and  
Encase even the glimmers of hope  
Locked up here.*

*The Cat wears Dr. Scholl's toe pads now,  
And treads only the paths allotted to  
Him by the denizens of  
Dirty churches and other depositories of filth.*

*The Cat feeds in the junk heap, and  
Only feeds there to maintain himself,  
Not by choice. The cat sips the  
Foam from stagnant pools below the  
Concrete round pools of a million  
Disposal systems that carry the only  
Worth-while products of our Age to  
A terrible and shocking conclusion.*

*Oh well, the Cat must feed somewhere.*

—JAMES H. CLEMMEN



**M**AN like the Cat, goes quietly about the business of living, taking the paths he is supposed to take and using society as his map. The Cat—or man—finds little that penetrates the walls or bounds of this society. He is unable to break through these boundaries because of the coercive forces of the society of which he is a part. He finds himself feeding on the froth of life and refusing to look into what society has classified as dregs. It is here that he feeds because there seems to be no other place.

In the scientific age and its ensuing industrial and technological, economic and sociological revolutions, man finds himself in a peculiar position. He and his skills are no longer needed except in relatively few positions. Man and his individuality has been replaced by the machine and its impersonality. Man has found himself tossed out on the sea of machines to sink or swim, to conform or become the outcast. In this context man must find meaning to and usefulness in life.

In the man-created world of big business, man has lost his uniqueness. He finds himself a cog in the vast machine and must sometimes face the fact that the cog which he has become is an expendable one. He finds that as a cog, he must conform to the laws and principles which keep the machine in operation. There is no room for individual expression and one's own creativity and ideology.

As a result of the mobility and impermanence of society, man is reluctant to enter into a direct relationship with others. His desire is to protect himself, and submerge his vulnerable traits. As the judge-penitent in *The Fall* expresses it, "But do you know why we are always more just and generous toward the dead? The reason is simple. With them there is no obligation." Man sees other men as people, not as persons with whom he must directly relate. He does not wish to contribute to and participate in the uniqueness of other persons. Again to use the words of the judge-penitent, "For me to live happily, it was essential for the creatures I chose not to live at all."

**I**n order for man to advance in the world which he has created (and advance he must in order to measure up to the standards which society has set for him) he finds he has to use people as steppingstones to reach his goal. This process involves a manipulation of those who stand in positions which help or hinder him in the attainment and fulfillment of his aim. In order to do this, man has created a pattern into which other men must fit. It is necessary to see others as objective quantifiable data, but in this very process man molds himself, manipulating his own personality to fit the mold of his society. He sells his personality for a price. Almost inevitably he is faced with a time when he

loses his "sales value." Such is the case with Willy Loman in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. Death as a salesman for Willy came when he realized that he was caught at his own game, when Biff stripped him of his false self-conception in the hotel room and discovered Willy for what he really was: a man who sold his being to get ahead in society's rat race through life. Man's three fundamental problems were made reality for Willy: guilt, meaninglessness, and death (to use the terms of Paul Tillich). Stripped of his false personality, he is unable to cope with the situation. We see the broken framework of the meaningless existence of a man unable to return to "life" as he knew it, and yet unable to **become**.

The judge-penitent also expresses this same sort of meaninglessness, guilt, and death. Near the beginning of his recitation, he says, "I have a good hearty laugh and an energetic handshake, and those are trump cards." But at the end of his monologue, he says, "O young woman, throw yourself into the water again so that I may a second time have the chance of saving both of us!" With his next breath, however, he expresses the futility of this desire.

Man finds that his patterns for success and fulfillment, which would seem to render God useless, are not always valid. Sebastian, in Tennessee Williams' *Suddenly Last Summer*, witnessed something akin to society's pressures of conformity and tendencies toward manipulation. In this scene, Sebastian saw the newly hatched sea turtles attempting to live in their habitat, while the birds swooped down and prevented them from being sea turtles.

Yet it was in this act that Sebastian saw God. The only image he gained was of a savage God. The God which Sebastian saw seems to be the same God which many today are glimpsing. In the case of the judge-penitent, Camus almost seems to be saying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He is not able to say, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." This too seems to be the plight of Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*.

**M**AN today pushes theological thought aside, because this requires a subjective rather than an objective approach, and our society does not encourage man to be subjective. Society denies in large part man's prerogative to be unique, to develop selfhood. So man faces his guilt, his meaninglessness, and his death as a being forsaken by his god—the world and society which he helped to create.

At times the church itself has been caught up in the same society. Within this context, contemporary man must be addressed. Until he receives the Word, the Cat must feed somewhere.



# KNOWLEDGE VERSUS UNDERSTANDING

BY W. PAUL JONES



**T**HE problem within our colleges today centers around the failure to distinguish clearly in the student's mind between "knowledge" and "understanding." A person with knowledge is one who knows the "facts," who has memorized dates and graphs and definitions, whose mind is a well-ordered filing cabinet. An education which goes no further is bankrupt. It's like teaching a surgeon how to sharpen his instruments without teaching him where and when and how and why to cut. Understanding, on the other hand, comes when the person makes this knowledge part of himself—he understands the meaning of the vast information that he has learned because he has united it in himself, united it so that he can say "yes" and "no" to what he hears and sees. Above all, he knows where he stands in all this morass of so-called knowledge. The one important reason why the student is failing is that professors have not made it clear that there is a vital difference between knowledge and understanding.

There is another way of saying the same thing. One

must come to distinguish between "truth as such" and "truth for me." Professors provide you with truth as such by the bucketsful, but the student after quantity of knowledge, makes truth as such his only goal. Yet knowledge must be a **means** for finding **yourself** for making up your own mind, for becoming committed to truths as you **see** them, for becoming a person who knows clearly where he stands.

This point is not hard to illustrate. At the end of a seminar several months ago, I was talking to a student about the most fundamental of all questions, "Who is man?" That is, is man an animal, more than an animal, is he social, is he "evil," is he inclined toward the good? When I asked the student what **he** thought, I received one of the most honest answers I ever heard. "To be truthful," he said, "it depends on the hour of the day that I'm asked."

There's no more important question than the one I asked. On it rests one's personal morality, his choice of vocation, his understanding of the meaning of life. And yet this student had no unifying answer, for all his



had learned from college was how to shift gears without stripping them. From the hours of nine to ten he was a psychologist and answered the question one way, from ten to eleven he was a sociologist and answered it another, from eleven to twelve an economist, from twelve to one a hungry human being, from one to two a historian, from two to three a philosopher. What education produced in this student and countless others like him was a chameleon who changed skins at the chiming of the tower bell. Or more clearly, college created a multiple schizophrenic, a split personality fractured according to the semester plan. It's excellent to see the various dimensions of the world, but when we lose the wholeness of the world by letting these various dimensions make us cross-eyed, we have gained in knowledge but not in understanding.

The problem goes ever deeper. The specialization of knowledge has departmentalized the university and thus departmentalized the student's mind. But within each department there is a condition that further stimulates loss of conviction and commitment to anything. Let me illustrate. If there is a field that would seem by definition to require involvement and commitment, it would be the field of religion. But recently I talked to a brilliant graduate from a leading seminary who said this: "The training I received was excellent, but there was one thing wrong. I can tell you what anyone in the history of religion believed about anything, but if you ask me what I believe about anything, I simply cannot say."

FOR four years as students you learn to repeat what Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Sartre, Camus and Spinoza thought, until you are tempted to forget entirely that the real purpose is to find out what **you** think. The problem isn't that professors will present so many sides of every issue that it will be difficult to decide—this is a good thing. The problem is that in being given various perspectives, students think that knowing all the pros and cons of everything is the only way to operate. You may come to believe with so many of your fellow students that any display of emotion is immature, that any show of firm conviction is narrow-minded, that any dynamic action based on commitment to the truth as you see it is unbecoming to the sophisticated, educated individual.

Kierkegaard once said that one of the greatest threats to mankind is the professor. He is the man who is a dabbler in truth, the academic dilettante, knowing every side of every issue yet trying none, knowing all things about everything but giving himself to none of them. Whether or not this is fair to the professor and to the college, I have a haunting feeling that it speaks a great deal of truth about the college student of today.

Typical students look upon college as a means to something else—a good job, a husband, social status. A few students do get to their senior year and realize

that their attitude toward college is questionable—they come to see that for four years their concern should have been to discover for themselves an answer to the one question, "Who am I, and what ought I to do?" But often for these it is too late, and so they too will take their places silently in a mass society of hollow men. They too will join the largest church in town (not to worship, but because after all one ought to believe something, and besides it's good for business). They will display their flags on Independence Day, not because they're dedicated to the truth of democracy, but because they suppose "It's as good a way of life as any." They will choose a business or profession because of material advantages and fringe benefits, assuming with all the rest that material gain is the mark of a meaningful life (after all, isn't this the way everyone else lives?).

Yet what of those who come to see early the meaning of the college experience and the lifetime opportunity that it presents?

These students will be confronting the same kind of dilemma in which the college itself is involved—the struggle to preserve its own integrity as an institution of learning while at the same time standing in judgment on the culture which both determines and rejects the value standards and objectives to which it is committed. This cultural tension is one which individuals, as well as institutions, must expect in even more frequent intensity as self-consciousness emerges from the struggle to understand one's sources of being.

I suggest that if only **one** of you enters upon his present college year with a thirsty and vigorous determination to discover himself, to work out personally valid answers to the important questions about life, to become a whole and vital person—if only one of you does this, the college of which you are now a part, and the community, later, will never be the same.





# WHERE LIES OUR FUTURE ?

BY HELEN OWEN

**B**ENEATH the slanting rays of the Indian sun, Rama's slender figure moves gracefully under the heavy load of mud in the basket on her head. Three more steps and then up two more to where the basket will be lifted to the head of another girl. It is late, but Rama and a hundred and fifty others from her village work on, for they are building something important—a well. It is the kind of well that everyone said could not be built. At least, that is what they said before the engineer came.

The engineer was full of plans and enthusiasm. He had persuaded a private American agency working in the area on a supervised credit project to loan them money. It would require a lot just to pay the villagers enough for a meager livelihood during the construction period.

One well was completed and then another. The once-dry fields around the village are now lush and green. Yet the villagers work on. Today the people of this village—who had lived largely by what they could beg or steal on the streets of New Delhi—are busy with plans for a system of modern cooperative markets in that same city where they can sell the surplus food their land produces.

In another village a thousand miles away, Belappa rests against the wall of his mud hut, his eyes moving indifferently over the barren fields around him. It is not yet midday, but there is nothing for him to do. Already the meager crop of millet has been harvested and stored in the earthen jars in the hut. His small piece of land yielded almost three bags of grain this year. It will be enough for a simple meal each day for the family, and if they are careful, there will be some left for the baby's breakfast. It is not much, but it is all that they have ever had.

From where Belappa sits he can see the broad banks of the new government canal that passes through his land. The official from the Block Development Office has told him that the water is there for him to use and that it will cost him nothing for the first three years. Somewhere, he feels sure, there is a catch to it. Gov-

ernment men are not to be trusted. He has also heard that at the experiment station where they use irrigation and fertilizer, the ragi stands straight and tall and yields seven times that of his dry fields. But then, what would be the use? It would be difficult to hire someone he could trust to take it to the market and, certainly it is beneath his dignity to take it himself. The water flows on, unused.

The stories of Rama and Belappa are not told to imply that dams for flood control, irrigation and power, new roads, steel mills or other large government projects are not an integral part of the development of the country. To achieve the level of industrialization necessary even to keep up with their growing population, most developing countries must do all these things. Large amounts of foreign capital from government sources and increased private investment are desperately needed. However, even the most ardent advocates of foreign aid do not feel that we should try to support completely or indefinitely the economy of another country. There are, of course, some areas where temporary relief measures are still necessary. At times emergency military situations have started a flurry of somewhat indiscriminate spending, but the fundamental aim of our foreign aid has always been to give the kind of assistance that will help other nations help themselves. That test will be increasingly applied in the future.

Perhaps what we have not realized to the fullest extent is that to help themselves these nations must depend more than anything else upon one particular resource—the cooperation and the industry of their people. If they fail to achieve this in a voluntary way, then when they face national disaster as a result of increasing populations, they may well turn in desperation to the methods of communism. Thus, it is important to find the key to the difference between Rama and a Belappa.

Part of the difference is in getting our aid to the common man, and to involve him in this process of helping himself. The needs are so great that it looks like a staggering job, and there is great urgency in meeting these needs. But we don't need to feel that all has to be done overnight. To the man living at or near the subsistence level, the amount of progress is not nearly as important as the fact that he realizes for the first time that he can do something about his situation. And what is sometimes more important, he realizes that there are reasons why he should try.

**T**O supply some kind of catalyst to start the process of self-help is very important. It is not easy. It is not done by government decree. It will take the dedicated efforts of a host of people—indigenous and foreign, government and private.

Such efforts will require people like the village leader who had the patience to teach cooperation and fair play on the ball field before tackling a community







marketing problem, or the skilled co-op leader in Vietnam who has been able to teach others (over 4,000 in 85 centers) the skills of organization and communication necessary to work effectively with the illiterate but intelligent farmers. It takes the kind of government official who can actually hook up and use the new plow he delivers, or the young politician who with his own hands will show a tribe of aborigines how to plant their first crops.

For years there have been many groups working at this very thing—churches through their mission programs, voluntary agencies of all kinds, cooperative groups, and government programs. There are success stories wherever you want to look for them. Fortunately, our government personnel through the Agency for International Development (AID) are looking for successful methods now as they are eager to copy successful techniques and to explore new approaches. They are anxious to cooperate with and work through the groups that already have worth-while programs.

One of the big obstacles is the lack of adequate personnel. Until recently it has not seemed practical for many to undertake the specific kind of preparation necessary (including language study and skills study) when there has been no assurance of jobs. The new five-year commitment made by Congress has been a step in the right direction, but, if AID is to really meet the challenges placed before it, there will have to be a more enthusiastic vote of confidence from the American people. A vote is needed to show that we recognize the seriousness of the situation and to indicate our willingness to support the program. Whether our motivation is merely the political necessity of showing that there is an economic-political alternative to communism, or whether to show that Christians can react no differently than others to human needs, this support is important.

**T**HIS is not a plea for Congress to vote another billion or so while the rest of us go blithely on our individual ways. It is the responsibility, as well as the privilege, of each citizen to know how and why this money is spent. The need is for more tolerance and understanding of the problems involved.

This is a new and untried field. There have been some mistakes in the past, and there may be more in the future as we pioneer in helping to meet the problems posed by the most complex combination of revolutionary forces ever experienced by man. Objective study and constructive criticism are needed. Irresponsible charges or even wisecracks from an uninformed public are not.

Americans have always believed in supporting the men at the front. In a very real sense our front lines today are in the rice paddies of India, the classrooms of Africa, or the fishing villages of Central America.

Anywhere that men are struggling to rise from the stagnation of the past—there our future is being decided, too.

For most of us this means understanding and study, writing to legislators, voting, paying taxes, etc. But for some it will mean a call to active service. The college campus is the training as well as the deciding ground for such choices. Whether this service be through the Peace Corps, private industry, church missions, or one of many other ways, the opportunities for rendering significant service demand our attention.





# LONDON: 1540 A. D.

BY JAY CLAIBORNE

OXFORD College announced today that the soccer coach, Philologus Toxophilus, received word during the last seconds of the game with East London Weaver's Institute that he had been relieved of his duties as head coach. With cries of "Kill that blinkin' goalie" ringing in his ears, Phil walked to the Edward IV field house for the last time.

When asked about the decision, he said, "I think the officials have made a mistake, but that is their business, and I know that they have the best interest of the university at heart."

Observers noted that "Phoo Phoo Phil" signs were written in Latin script on the college sidewalks, and on the east wing of the Chaucer Library the ivy had been trained to read "Prithee, Philologus, FLEE!"

Soccer has had a few upsets in the last two years at Oxford. (The team has lost every game played.) Soccer is big business at the school, and unless a winning team can be produced, the university will have to abandon its plan to purchase Stonehenge for conversion into a fine arts center. Friends of the university expressed regret over this possibility as the ivy has already been planted.

There is talk of replacing Phil with a young scholar, Roger Ascham of Cambridge, who has a degree in the Classic Plagiarists and Poets of the early English Renaissance. Ascham may do some teaching on the side, if the schedule—and his wife—will permit it.

Oxford has not won a conference title since the days of Simon Dekker, the knight. During the high point of Dekker's career, the team played in the House of Orange Bowl.

It is also rumored that Ascham may tutor Anne Boleyn. All agree that it would be a definite advantage for the school to be able to list the Queen on the alumna list. However, this is a long shot since Henry VIII keeps remarrying.

It is encouraging to note that Oxford is going to continue to stress soccer. The university president frequently emphasizes that "We don't **stress** sports at Oxford—we just want to have a winning team."



# summer

**Y**ESTERDAY, I met Holden Caulfield. I've known him for years, of course; everyone in my generation knows Holden and feels violently for or against him, but I hadn't expected to see him or talk with him.

True to the unwritten code among travelers, we spent some time talking and walking together but didn't exchange names—but it was Holden, all right, and he hasn't changed much in the last twenty years.

Probably, it wasn't so strange that we encountered one another because the streets here in Madrid were about as uncrowded as they ever are—it was during the long "lunch hour" and hot, and I was walking up the Avenida de José Antonio, making my way by map and by foot from the Prado back to my hotel. I had stopped to admire some of the ever-present statuettes of Don Quixote in a shop window

when a voice said, "I know you're an American; I can tell by the label on your sneakers." I turned and smiled and said hello, and we walked on up the slope together—stopping, finally, for a coke—most uncontinental but refreshing—and he talked about Spain.

He doesn't really like Spain—it isn't all "true"; it's a little phony. But he wants to like it, and that's what hurts. It should be all sun and bulls and smiles and history—and some of it's modern and commercial and not strictly forthright.

He'd read his Hemingway and gone to the bullfights, but he sat in the middle of a group of American servicemen and none of them understood much about the fight but the blood and the excitement. The bulls were fairly brave—one was really good—but the medieval raiment of the picadors was just a bit shabby, and even the gaudy decorations on

the lances couldn't conceal the blood. Maybe he'd read his Hemingway too well because he kept talking about the horses—the blindfolds seemed just too much for him—though none of them were really hurt last Sunday.

What's he doing here? Bumming around Europe—with plenty of money to bail him out if the bumming gets too rough. Looking for—something. No, he didn't say what; I doubt that he could have, and certainly didn't ask.

In the fall, he'll go back to his junior year in a small college in Pennsylvania, one of the few which would allow him to matriculate because of a very spotty high school record. He plans to spend a lot of hours deciding which major to choose—time is short and people keep asking him; I did—but nothing interests him enough to make him want to



# search

BY JANE A. SCHNABEL

work at it for life—"Whatever **that** is," he said.

In the evening, he was going to take the package night club tour—but he wasn't going to like that either, I thought, and I think he thought that, too.

He was very little older than when I first heard of him—and almost as vulnerable, and just as lonely. Unlike the Lost Generation, he can't seem to find a place, even away from home. And I had nothing to say to him because I couldn't tell him what I was thinking—that he isn't alone and that I've met too many kids like him—and had nothing to say to them either. So instead I gathered up my touristy purse and camera, said thanks for the coke and goodbye and walked on up the street. Even more slowly—because he and the other kids I had come away to forget were walking with me—and it was kind of depressing.



OTIS HUBAND



# the cult of rebellion

BY DON VAN DE VEER

*How wonderful it is to be enlightened, to be freed from the shackles of parental authority, from the legalism of the church, nay, to be free even of religion! No longer do I bow down to the literal demands of the "Holy Bible," a Hebrew myth. Sweet rebellion, the truth has set me free. I now am the master of my fate, no longer under the control of the superstitions and dogmas of the stuff called religion.*

*Away with the hypocrites!  
get thee behind me, saint!  
praise be to college,  
and praise be to knowledge,  
which has caused me to rebel.*

*I thank Rebellion that I am not like those proud slaves of religion. Haven't they read Nietzsche's Good News?*

*Such is the picture of the rebel, the campus Joe who is pious about his impioussness,  
religious about his irreligion,  
and freed from true freedom.*

**T**O be a rebel on campus is to be WITH IT. After all to rebel is TO BE DIFFERENT. (And to BE DIFFERENT is GREAT because everyone is doing it!) After all, no one believes that jazz any more which was his parents' bread and butter. The gospel of rebellion (they won't like that phrase) is a prevalent one in college circles, and to rebel is good and necessary in view of the great amount of cheap moralism that is passed off as religion, and the Cosmic Santa that is passed off as God.

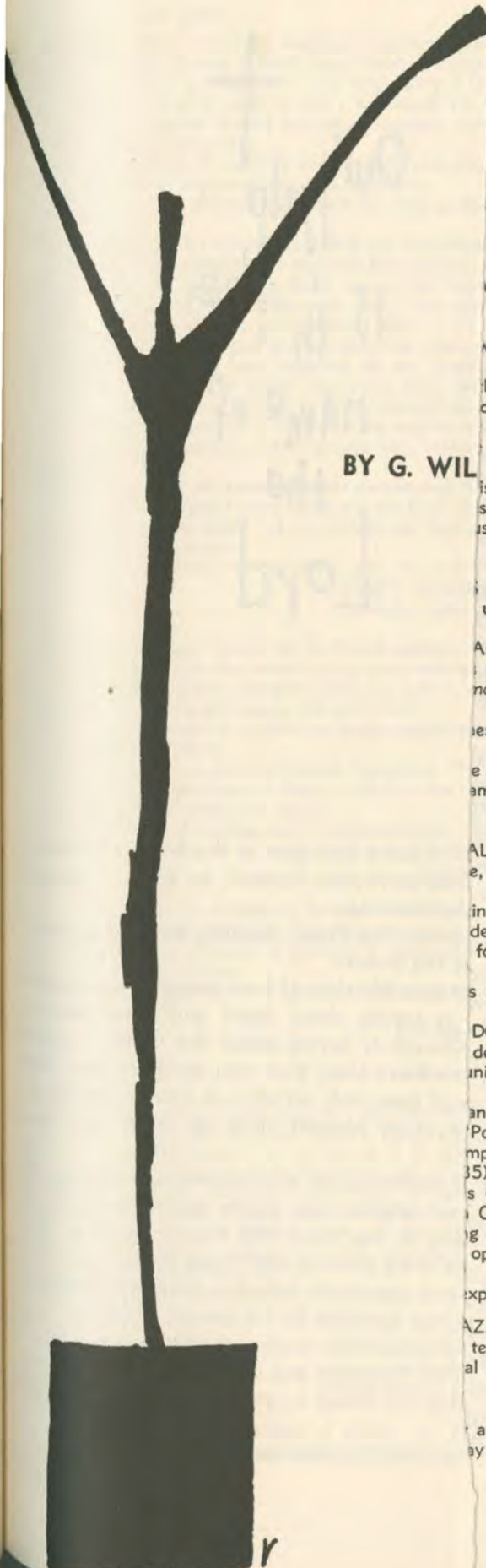
However, there is much "rebellionism," or pseudo-rebellion. The cult of rebellion is often, in reality, disguised conformity and false freedom. Mere disagreement with former authorities (parents, church, etc.) may or may not be legitimate. This rebellion may be only an assertion of independence, a cutting of the apron strings, a smashing of the mold into which Mom and Dad always tried to cram "their little boy." It may be an assertion of autonomy of mind where one, first beginning to think for himself, realizes that Sunday school didn't answer **all** the questions!

Thus, the sophomore begins to have an image of himself as a "rebel," fearless and independent, and bitter. As the self-image crystallizes and becomes rigid, all thoughts and beliefs must conform to this "rebel-image." Nothing can smell of orthodoxy. Anything in the realm of traditional thought is ruled out as a possible belief or conviction. He feels threatened by anything that would give reason for another to label him as orthodox. He is in agreement with that against which he has "rebelled." He rejects the good with the bad, the truth with the error. He kicks out the Bible with literalism, and kills God along with the Heavenly Policeman. In a real sense he has lost his freedom; in the process of violent "rebellion" he cannot choose and distinguish the worth while, the real. He reacts instead of responding. He must conform to the rebel image and eliminate whatever doesn't fit. His "new freedom" is a new type of slavery. In morals he confuses license with liberty, and in human relations, independence with interdependence.

But one day the rebel must grow up. The mature student rebels against rebellion-for-its-own-sake. And this is when decisions may be made in real freedom.







BY G. WIL

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students. Its contents are timely and geared to the contemporary issues of our time. It offers modern art, poetry, and excellent editorials.

If it doesn't "take at first," one need not become discouraged. It is the kind of magazine, perhaps, which has to "grow" on you. For those who complain mainly about its "way-out" art, poetry, and covers, perhaps, this is a signal to go to the library and read more about modern and contemporary art. Get other books on modern poetry and see how closely those in *motive* parallel what you find.

If one just can't "get" the editorials and news articles, maybe it means that he has been reading on a level much too low. He should sincerely endeavor to improve his reading habits. He should improve the content of his reading. He should raise the intellectual level of his comprehension.

Students today, for the most part, are a serious-minded group of individuals. They have been jet-propelled into a world of confusion, not of their own making, but which they are forced to inherit. Through no choice of their own, problems of momentous import are theirs to face. It naturally follows that literature geared to the minds of such people is different. It has to be.

We would certainly advise reading *motive* regularly to keep well informed. What other motive do we need!

NETTIE ALICE GREEN  
Central Christian Advocate  
new orleans, louisiana

In many articles printed in *motive*, the subject is freedom. This you say quite rightly is the message of Christ. It appears to me, however, that the Christian church (any one you care to choose) is the antithesis of freedom. Christ encouraged us to live with more direction than the free verdict of the heart (or God, call it what you will) and thus refused the three temptations in the desert. The Christian church has incorporated just these three temptations—mystery, miracle, and authority—and made that their basis for spiritual control.

And indeed, this is a most effective means of gaining the souls of weak slavish men, who far out-number the free moral agents. For most men freedom is too great burden to bear and they are looking for someone, quickly, to whom they can give their freedom in exchange for peace (unconsciousness of the human predicament). This they find in the Christian church, where the spirit of nonexistence and vicarious atonement abounds.

For myself, I chose the burden of the knowledge of good and evil (though I often do evil), I prefer that to the nonexistence inherent in the stock answers offered by the Christian church. If at some time I give up my freedom it will not be to these petty mouthings issued from oak-paneled church offices, perverting the spirit of Christianity. There is more worth in a strand of a woman's hair, than in all your attempts at pandering and seduction of the weak.

I will stick to my vile freedom, recognizing that "No signs from heaven came today, To add to what the heart doth say." (Unless of course you care to make up your own signs, which I choose not to accept.)

RICHARD SCHOONOVER  
san diego, california

Cf. *motive*, May, 1962, p. 36 to wit the following:

**prayer plea (revised)**

by a crotchety professor on a hot Monday in a stuffy classroom with students "taking a final"

From attenders who concentrate on deodorant, playtex, and pablum dribble;

From critics whose lofty vision but includes dog-eared hymnals (donated) and gummed folding chairs;

From academicians who would want perfection to be measured by performance of ministers at baptisms, acolytes at candles, and Sunday school escapees standing at attention on the curbstones;

From "professional" churchmen who remain outside the grueling grind of suburbia Christianity and churchmanship;

From All who would cleverly caricature Sunday worship as fashioned by commercial gimmicks and public relations junk —that once caused One to tell a story about the Pharisee and the tax-gatherer,

Dear God, deliver us!

WILLIAM JOHN McCUTCHEON  
dean of the chapel  
beloit college



# the cult of

BY DON VAN

*How wonderful it is to be enlightened, to be freed from the shackles of parental authority, from the legalism of the church, nay, to be free even of religion! No longer do I bow down to the literal demands of the "Holy Bible," a Hebrew myth. Sweet rebellion, the truth has set me free. I now am the master of my fate, no longer under the control of the superstitions and dogmas of the stuff called religion.*

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*Such is the picture of the rebel, the campus Joe who is pious about his impiousness,  
religious about his irreligion,  
and freed from true freedom.*



**T**O be a rebel to rebel is GREAT no one believes' bread and won't like the circles, and to the great amount as religion, and God.

However, the rebellion. The disguised conformity with form may or may not only an assertion apron strings, and Dad always be an assertion beginning to school didn't

Thus, the hermit burst into tears at the Priest's kindness himself as a had controlled himself, he said, "Only so bitter. As that bothers me—." rigid, all the smiled the Priest, bending forward in eagerness "rebel-image" the answer.

thing in the not possible that, if I no longer listen to what as a possible is crying about itself and listen only by anything Church is saying about the world, I might him as orthodox, even more aloof than you say I am now from which he has of men, into which—as you graciously rebad, the truth—God himself took up flesh and war with literalis

Policeman. In another word, except a snort of disgust, the process ned angrily and strode down the hill, his and distinguishing in the wind like the wings of a black instead of the went down to his house, he felt that even image and had apparently failed to convert the Hermit freedom" is was justified by his sincere attempt.

fuses licenshile, back at the cave, the Hermit was taking independenn his fireplace and showering them upon his student reb this is whe be merciful unto me, a sinner!"

Our help  
is in the  
name of  
the  
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# letters . . .

## To the unmerciful editor:

Why so depressing? Why does every picture, poem, cartoon, short story have to take a black, ugly, morbid, distorted view of mankind? . . . But you tell me I must face reality. I must face the facts and see life as it really is. Am I to believe this is life in its entirety? If I were to believe this your magazine would motivate me into hopeless depression.

For I was hungry for answers and you gave me questions.  
I was thirsty for hope and you gave me a gun.  
I was a stranger and you welcomed me with gruesome tales of the world.  
I was naked so you carved a statue of me and called it "youth."  
I was sick and in prison and you sent me a motive.

Jesus shocked the people and didn't always tell them what they wanted to hear. But he also consoled them. And said have faith, believe, follow me. And spoke of eternal life!

Why, Mr. Editor, do you give us darkness when we seek the light? The gospel has been referred to as "good news from heaven." *motive* might be called "bad news from earth."

As a college student I want to read stimulating, controversial articles. I want to keep up to date with the fads in art and poetry. But I also want it presented in a realistic way. *motive* only represents a part.

College years are not necessarily the stereotyped, blissful, happy years, since life's biggest discussions are made at this time. Yes, we want to find the truth. But please help us. Give us hope. Not just unanswered questions.

Jesus was a positive thinker. Why can't you be?  
JANET STUBBS  
michigan state university

*motive* has become one of my leading magazines. Aside from a few art journals, it is the leader. Enjoy your articles very much, even though I sometimes disagree with the author. *motive* to me is thought provoking and keeps one ever alert.

Bravo to the poetry—it reaches my inner consciousness, or whatever you wish to call it.

The art feature is a pleasure to look forward to. The illustrations art work is tops. Sometimes it seems to follow the same style too much but now I'm asking too much.

Keep up the good reading and I'll keep thinking.  
A. DALE TODD  
eugene, oregon

Congratulations for publishing an excellent magazine. It is obvious that a great deal of care was taken and insight demonstrated in selecting art and articles to produce a magazine for the contemporary college student.

I frequently recommend the magazine to students and faculty members.

BYRON DOENGES  
assistant dean  
indiana university

I have just finished reading the May, '62, *motive*, and am interested in comparing the article by Professor Ramsey ("Porcupines in Winter," pp. 6-11) with the one by Will D. Campbell ("The Starting Place in Christian Race Relations," pp. 31-35).

Dr. Ramsey never mentioned either God or Jesus Christ. Mr. Campbell's article was a noble plea for starting with God.

Could that be why Dr. Ramsey came out defending the world's way (in international relations) and Mr. Campbell opposing the world's way (in race relations)?

Which way do Christians follow, the right or the expedient?

LOWELL B. HAZZARD  
professor of old testament  
wesley theological seminary  
washington, d.c.

We are not sold on every issue of *motive*, but by and large, it is one of the most complete magazines available today for college

October 1962

students. Its contents are timely and geared to the contemporary issues of our time. It offers modern art, poetry, and excellent editorials.

If it doesn't "take at first," one need not become discouraged. It is the kind of magazine, perhaps, which has to "grow" on you. For those who complain mainly about its "way-out" art, poetry, and covers, perhaps, this is a signal to go to the library and read more about modern and contemporary art. Get other books on modern poetry and see how closely those in *motive* parallel what you find.

If one just can't "get" the editorials and news articles, maybe it means that he has been reading on a level much too low. He should sincerely endeavor to improve his reading habits. He should improve the content of his reading. He should raise the intellectual level of his comprehension.

Students today, for the most part, are a serious-minded group of individuals. They have been jet-propelled into a world of confusion, not of their own making, but which they are forced to inherit. Through no choice of their own, problems of momentous import are theirs to face. It naturally follows that literature geared to the minds of such people is different. It has to be.

We would certainly advise reading *motive* regularly to keep well informed. What other motive do we need!

NETTIE ALICE GREEN  
Central Christian Advocate  
new orleans, louisiana

In many articles printed in *motive*, the subject is freedom. This you say quite rightly is the message of Christ. It appears to me, however, that the Christian church (any one you care to choose) is the antithesis of freedom. Christ encouraged us to live with more direction than the free verdict of the heart (or God, call it what you will) and thus refused the three temptations in the desert. The Christian church has incorporated just these three temptations—mystery, miracle, and authority—and made that their basis for spiritual control.

And indeed, this is a most effective means of gaining the souls of weak slavish men, who far out-number the free moral agents. For most men freedom is too great burden to bear and they are looking for someone, quickly, to whom they can give their freedom in exchange for peace (unconsciousness of the human predicament). This they find in the Christian church, where the spirit of nonexistence and vicarious atonement abounds.

For myself, I chose the burden of the knowledge of good and evil (though I often do evil), I prefer that to the nonexistence inherent in the stock answers offered by the Christian church. If at some time I give up my freedom it will not be to these petty mouthings issued from oak-paneled church offices, perverting the spirit of Christianity. There is more worth in a strand of a woman's hair, than in all your attempts at pandering and seduction of the weak.

I will stick to my vile freedom, recognizing that "No signs from heaven came today, To add to what the heart doth say." (Unless of course you care to make up your own signs, which I choose not to accept.)

RICHARD SCHOONOVER  
san diego, california

Cf. *motive*, May, 1962, p. 36 to wit the following:  
**prayer plea (revised)**  
by a crotchety professor on a hot Monday in a stuffy classroom with students "taking a final"

- From attenders who concentrate on deodorant, playtex, and pabulum dribble;
  - From critics whose lofty vision but includes dog-eared hymnals (donated) and gummed folding chairs;
  - From academicians who would want perfection to be measured by performance of ministers at baptisms, acolytes at candles, and Sunday school escapees standing at attention on the curbstones;
  - From "professional" churchmen who remain outside the grueling grind of suburbia Christianity and churchmanship;
  - From All who would cleverly caricature Sunday worship as fashioned by commercial gimmicks and public relations junk—that once caused One to tell a story about the Pharisee and the tax-gatherer,
- Dear God, deliver us!

WILLIAM JOHN McCUTCHEON  
dean of the chapel  
beloit college



# Film Review

BY ROBERT STEELE

*Viridiana*. Written and directed by Luis Bunuel; Jose F. Aguayo, director of photography; Francisco Canet, set director; R. Munoz Suay, executive producer. A Kingsley International Release. Starring Francisco Rabal (Jorge), Silvia Pinal (Viridiana), Fernando Rey (Don Jaime).

THE minute *Los Olivados* (*The Young and the Damned*), written and directed by Luis Bunuel, was over the man sitting beside me took hold of my arm and began bombarding me with his outraged feelings. A woman was with him sitting on his other side, but he turned to me, a stranger. This is the only time I have been so accosted when attending a film in New York City. The gist of his caustic speech was that life is not like this, that there was something being done to help juvenile delinquents, that this film showed nothing but evil. I replied that probably Bunuel knew this and was grateful for what was being done, but he was presenting sordidness and depravity in such a way that his concern would hook members of the audience who heretofore had been unknowing or unconcerned. The man explained he was a Y.M.C.A. executive, and that Bunuel was monstrously unfair not to show the other side. From the beginning of his film career, with his first two films, *Un Chien Andalou* (1928) and *L'Age d'Or* (1930), Bunuel has made people angry. The former brought tear-gas bombs and was confiscated by the police. The latter made him the *bete noire* of the Roman Catholic Church and cost him his job at the Museum of Modern Art Film Library where he became early game for the Red hunters—even though he was not known to be a communist.

Bunuel says about *Viridiana*, which won the Grand Prize at the 1961 Cannes Film Festival, and its premiere at the Paris Theater in New York City and is now moving out over the nation, the film ". . . follows closely my personal traditions in film making since I made *L'Age d'Or* thirty years ago. . . . I have always refused to make concessions and I have fought for the principles which were dear to me. . . . We do not live in the best of all possible worlds. I would like to continue to make films which, apart from entertaining the audience, convey to people the absolute certainty of this idea. In making such films I believe that my intentions are highly constructive. . . . How is it possible

to hope for improvement in the audience—and consequently in the producers—when consistently we are told in films, including even the most insipid comedies that our social institutions, our concepts of country, religion, love, etc., are—while perhaps imperfect—unique and necessary? The true 'opium of the audience is conformity.

"In none of the traditional arts exists such a wide gap between the possibilities of what can be done and the facts of what is being done, as in the cinema. Motion pictures act directly upon the spectator. To the spectator persons and things on the screen become concrete. In the darkness they isolate him from his usual psychic atmosphere. Because of this the cinema is capable of stirring the spectator as perhaps no other art can. But as no other art can, it is also capable of stupefying him. The great majority of today's films seem to have exactly that purpose. They thrive in an intellectual and moral vacuum. They imitate the novel. Films repeat over and over the same stories.

". . . *Viridiana* was a little-known saint who lived in the period of St. Francis of Assisi. The story is born of this situation: a young woman, drugged by an old man, is at his mercy, whereas in other circumstances he could never be able to hold her in his arms. I thought that this woman had to be pure, and so I made her a novice preparing to take her final vows.

"I know that I have been criticized for having shown a knife in the shape of a crucifix. One finds them everywhere in Spain." (The film was made in Spain and Bunuel says the film is very Spanish.) "I didn't invent them. I am also reproached for my cruelty. Where is it in the film? The novice proves her humanity. The old man, a complicated human being, is capable of kindness toward human beings and even toward a lowly bee whose life he does not hesitate to rescue.

"In reality, *Viridiana* is a picture of black humor, without doubt corrosive, but unplanned and spontaneous, in which I express certain erotic and religious obsessions of my childhood. I belong to a very Catholic family and from the age of eight to fifteen, I was brought up by Jesuits. Religious education and surrealism have left their marks all through my life. I



think **Viridiana** has in it most of the themes which are closest to me and which are my most cherished interests." \*

**Viridiana** has been hailed as Bunuel's most important work. However, one is inclined to feel that none of his work has been unimportant. He is one of the greatest artists the cinema has produced. The film is an indictment of the harm that can come to us by refusing to think, by blindly conforming, by substituting pious bric-a-brac for piety, by being moral prigs when the best of us is not very good. The film can be accepted as a horror movie making visible the religious insight that persons must become completely and totally human before they can become saints. Human beingness is the way to saintliness.

**B**ECAUSE the film was banned in Spain and has been condemned by the Pope, its reception—beginning with its premiere at Cannes—has been a stormy one. It is inconceivable for the film not to demand religious and philosophical inquiry of any thoughtful person. Bunuel has said, "It was not my intention to blaspheme, but of course, Pope John XXIII knows more than I do about these things. . . . I don't see why people complain. My heroine is more of a virgin at the denouement than she was at the start." He reminds us of the timeliness of Voltaire and Dostoevski when he says, "If Christ came back, they'd crucify him all over again. You can be relatively Christian, but to try to be absolutely Christian is an attempt doomed to

\* "Out of a Cinema Credo" New York Times, March 18, 1962.

failure from the start. I'm sure that if Christ came back the high priests and the Church would condemn him." The film might be labeled as anti-Christian or Christian, religious or anti-religious depending upon what a viewer takes to the film and what he takes away. (What happens to the mind and the spirit after a film is the best measure of the depth and stature of a film. The film maker or artist working in any art form is great to the extent that he confronts and even confounds us with questions and experience which coerce us to look at ourselves and our insides and to come clean as to who and what we are and are not.) The thinking person might sit down before **Viridiana** as a Christian idealist and walk out of the theater being a Christian mystic, realist, or existentialist. The insights made concretely visible in the film are of such spiritual and cinematic power that any viewer is bound to be shaken.

**Viridiana** needs to be seen several times to be appreciated and justifiably loved or hated. It reveals exceptional integrity and sincerity. It is the most moral film of recent times, although many viewers are bound to damn it as the most immoral film of the decade. It makes Fellini's works—great as they are—seem like Sunday school lessons: people who **do** such and such things are bad, and here you can see it with your own eyes. Bunuel turns on the godliness, agnosticism, atheism, Christianity, rationality, and irrationality of the viewer with a stranglehold to squeeze out of the viewer answers to the questions, Who are you? What do you live by that is not built upon rock?

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FACE WOODCUT MIAMI GROSS



# CONTRIBUTORS

Poets for this issue include **EVA MORGAN** (Mrs. Richard) who teaches history and English in a private secondary school in New York City; **JAMES H. CLEMMER** from Dickson, Tennessee, who is a M.A. candidate at the University of Tennessee; and **ROSALIE STALEY**, a junior at Centre College where she is majoring in art.

**MARION DORO** is just back from two years in Nairobi, Kenya, on a Ford Grant spent studying the African political situation. She is a graduate of Florida State University, and received her Ph.D. in political science from the University of Pennsylvania.

**KIRTLEY F. MATHER** is an eminent geologist and professor emeritus of Harvard University. A distinguished teacher, he was professor of geology at Harvard from 1927 to 1954. Author, lecturer, scientist, and lay theologian, Dr. Mather is a respected elder in the pursuit of knowledge and understanding.

**JAMES W. GARDNER, JR.**, has just completed three provocative and controversial years as a member of the faculty of the University of Pacific, Stockton, California. Born in Cuba of missionary parents, he is a graduate of Emory University and the University of North Carolina (M.A. in English). He's now back at Chapel Hill completing Ph.D. and teaching descriptive linguistics on WUNC-TV.

**JOHN NIST** is visiting professor of English at the University of Arizona. He has just completed an interesting year in Brazil on a Social Science Research Council Grant. His anthology of **MODERN BRAZILIAN POETRY** was published this summer by Indiana University Press.

**JOHN PARKER** is beginning his first year as professor of English at Methodist College in Fayetteville, North Carolina. Prior to that he had been on the faculty of Kentucky Wesleyan College. He has recorded for Riverside, Paramount, London, Audiophile, Concert and Discs. His dissertation on American popular music will be published soon.

**JOHN J. MOOD** is the pastor of the Methodist church in Frenchtown, New Jersey. He is also doing graduate study at Drew University, and has degrees from Southwestern University and Perkins School of Theology, both in Texas.

**JUANITA BASS** is a graduate of the University of Tennessee and B.D. student at Vanderbilt Divinity School. She also works as a full-time secretary in the Methodist Board of Education in Nashville. She plans to enter the campus ministry.

**W. PAUL JONES** is an assistant professor in the department of religion, Princeton. A graduate of Mount Union College in Ohio, he received the B.D., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees from Yale. Special interests include religion and literature.

**HELEN OWEN** has traveled widely with husband Ferris, who is owner of the Owen Potato Farm in Newark, Ohio, a director of Nationwide Insurance Company, and a former director of the Ohio Farm Bureau from 1952-61. Ferris has been a frequent traveler to both Russia and India under the auspices of the U.S. State Department, and Helen has been an observant partner in several of these jaunts.

**JAY CLAIBORNE** just graduated from Southern Methodist University with an English major, and now is in medical school. A native of Lamesa, Texas, he served as president of the Wesley Foundation at SMU. This article appeared earlier in **Perspective**, a weekly publication of the Wesley Foundation.

**JANE A. SCHNABEL** is an assistant professor of English at West Virginia Wesleyan College. She is a graduate of Hanover College and the University of Illinois.

**DON VAN DeVEER** has completed his first year at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. He is a graduate of Wake Forest College.

**C. WILLIAM JONES** is the pastor of a Methodist church in Grand Prairie, Texas. A graduate of Perkins School of Theology, he has acted in numerous student and youth conference dramas, and is a delightful impersonator of everything from Snoopy to JFK.

**BOB STEELE** is *motive's* regular film critic. He is a member of the faculty of Boston University's school of public relations and communications.

**MARY SCHNITTKER** is spending her junior year abroad as a student in Beirut, Lebanon. She has completed two years at Culver-Stockton College in Missouri as an English major, editor of the college newspaper, high-point student in her class, and player in the string ensemble. Home town is Fooseland, Illinois.

## ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE INCLUDE:

**E. LINDLEY MURRAY**, student artist from Gastonia, North Carolina; **T. T. BLADE**, a recent graduate of St. Cloud State College in Minnesota; **JEAN PENLAND**, Nashville, Tennessee, artist who designs book jackets for Abingdon Press; **ROBERT HANRAHAN** teaches art at Eastern Washington State College in Cheney; **JIM CRANE**, a *motive* regular, teaches at Wisconsin State College in River Falls; **MIMI GROSS**, a New York artist, recently returned from traveling and sketching in North Africa, the Middle East, and Europe; **MARGARET RIGG**, art editor of *motive*; **RCB** (Robert Charles Brown) runs Crucifixion Press in Uncasville, Connecticut, and is temporarily on the West Coast; **OTIS HUBAND, JR.** teaches art in Richmond, Virginia, and as a graphic has produced a series of woodblock prints; **JOHN MAAKESTAD** teaches art at Eastern Washington State College in Cheney; **ART HEADLEY** is a graduate of Dakota Wesleyan College, Mitchell, S. D.





DANCING PROPHET

ROBERT O. HODGELL



# the fall

A: Eve . . . E-e-e-eve, where ar-r-r-re you?

D: Like hi.

A: Oh! I don't believe I recall your name.

D: I'm a serpent, man.

A: Wait a minute. Now I remember. I thought I named you "snake." Yeah, snake. What is this insubordination?

D: Sna-a-a-ke. Ugh! I don't like it. Serpent is more Frenchy.

A: More what?

D: Like sex, man. You dig?

A: You seen Eve?

D: Yeah, she's drinking her supper.

A: Drinking?

D: Metrecal. It's a liquid diet plan—900 calories per day—all measured out—no fuss, no worry—three flavors, chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch. She's getting fat.

A: I don't understand.

D: You know—thickening waist, spare tire around the midriff. Like large, man.

A: I hadn't noticed.

D: What are you, man, platonic or something?

A: He hasn't been born yet. I'm a God fan myself.

D: God? Good lord, man, you aren't with it.

A: Why? I like him.

D: Look, since when did *that* have anything to do with the price of eggs? The question is: Is he a Kennedy?

A: God? I don't think he has a last name.

D: It's a cinch he's not a Kennedy. Wise up, man. You gotta consider the image. You gotta be like learned. You gotta read the right books, know the right people.

A: I don't know any people.

D: See what I mean! Leave it to me. Now, next thing is, you must look the part . . . uphold the image. All right, let's see one of your suits.

A: I don't need any.

D: I don't need any, he says! Like man, do you want to stay here forever? You know, it's not warm everywhere in the world.

A: It's not?

D: Wouldn't you like to go on a skiing week end in Switzerland?

A: I guess so. If God thinks it's okay.

D: Why keep dragging him along? I don't like him.

A: He's a nice fellow. You should get to know him.

D: Look, buster, we are on like speaking terms. So don't bug me. Now, do you shave?

A: Well . . .

D: Use deodorant?

Talc?

Vitalis?

Man, and you're asking why *Eve's* not around.

Now, do you *like* Eve? Does she send you? Fire you up?

A: Eve is my companion and I love her.

D: But are you *compatible*? What sex problems do you have?

A: We never thought about it.

D: We?! Well, maybe *you* should do a little thinking on your own. You don't talk about it *together*, do you?

A: No, we don't have time to talk about . . .

D: Look, man, this is an important phase of life. It *is* life. Maybe it's about time you started trying to work a few things out. It's not always money that breaks up a marriage.

A: What's money?

D: That's what you can buy things with. Anything.

A: Is there something I don't have?

D: You don't have a television set.

A: Would I like one?

D: Man, it would complete your life. Good for boring hours, educational, entertaining. . . .

A: I'd rather talk to Eve.

D: Wait till she gets wrinkled, deaf, and has false teeth. Then we'll see.

A: We'll see.

D: Okay, I give up.

A: You do?

D: Yep. You've got real possibilities.

A: I do?

D: Right. You're a good boy. I mean seriously. Clean-cut, honest, dependable, hard-working. Good.

A: Do you really think so?

D: Do I *think* so? Man, I could spot you in a crowd. You'll be a leader, and yet, well, modest and sincere as well.

A: Gosh, serpent (you don't mind if I call you serpent, do you?), I really think you're flattering me. I *do* try, though.

D: Sure, you try! And you do a damned good job, if I do admit it myself. I bet God is happy with you.

A: Well. . . .

D: Say, Adam, you know that tree . . . ?

—MARY SCHNITTKER