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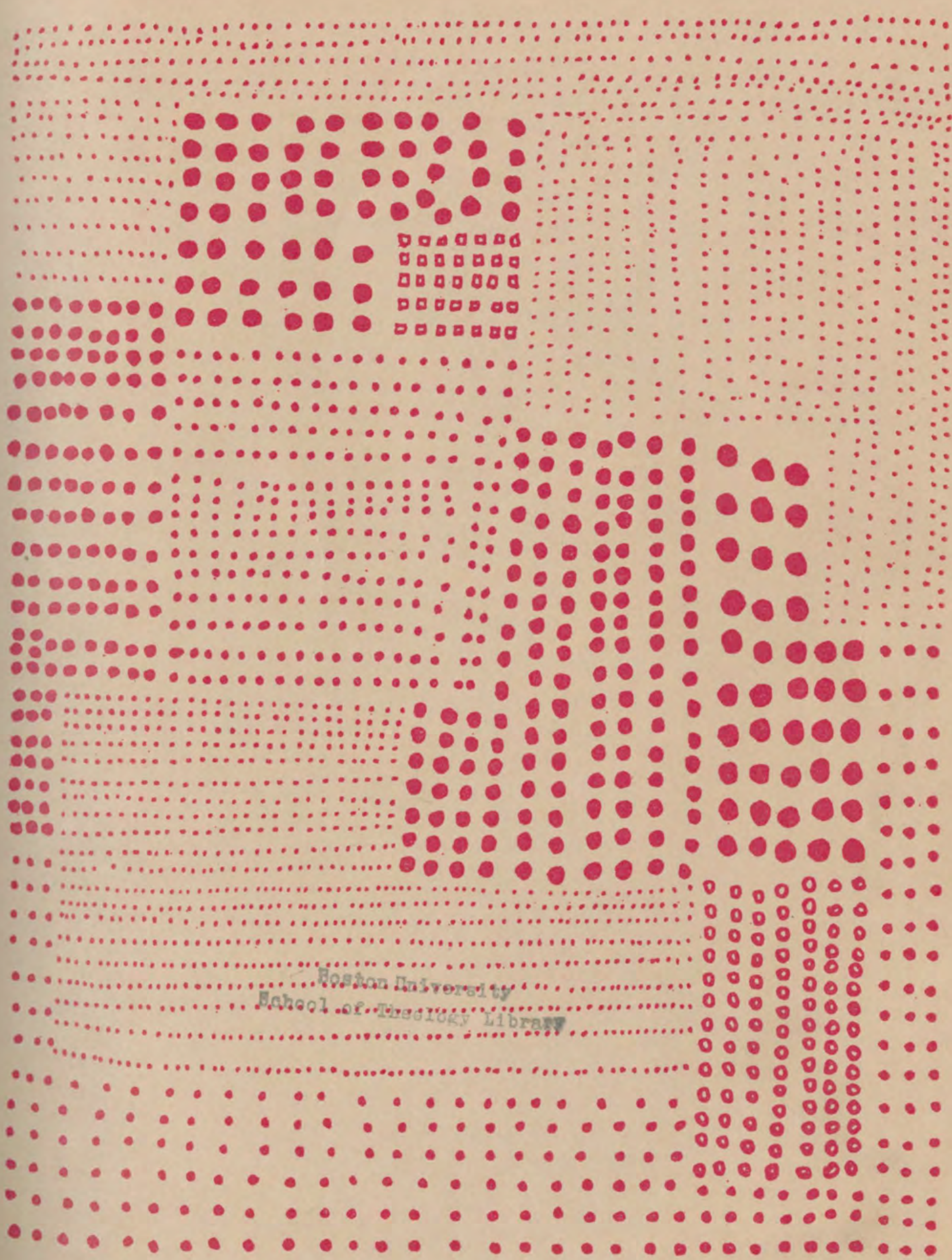

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NOVEMBER 1962 VOLUME XXIII / 2

CONTENTS:

1 **WIND AT MY HEART** (poem) by m. shumway

2 **STUDY IN COLOR** a dramatic sketch by malcolm boyd

5 **CLAIMING THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE:** a profile by edgar a. love

8 **THE STUDENT MOVEMENT MOVES** by ruth ann short

10 **THE HOLLOW MEN** by roger leed

11 **THE STUDENT AND RELIGIOUS COMMITMENT** by philip altbach

14 **LAWRENCE DURRELL:** the novelist as entertainer by david littlejohn

17 **". . . A NEW SONG"** new directions in music for worship by robert shaw

20 **RANDALL SHARP HAS BURNED HIS HARP** (poem) by james a. sparks

21 **WHAT IS WORSHIP?** by j. claude evans

25 **OTIS HUBAND, JR.: GRAPHICS** by margaret rigg

36 **THE SCOPE OF RELIGIOUS LANGUAGE:** a dialogue by charles jaekle and ruel tyson

40 **BARTH: THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE** by wilson yates

44 **LETTERS**

45 **FILM REVIEW BARABBAS** by robert steele

47 **ROUND THE CHERRY TREE** by warren kliewer

56 **CONTRIBUTORS**

COVER 3: BIRDS AND BUGS woodblock print jim crane

COVER 4: THE MAN IN A TREE by john somervill

ROUND THE CHERRY TREE By Warren Kliewer, a Christmas play for two characters, published as a special *motive* feature, pages 47-55. Reprints available at 30 cents each.

FRONT COVER ART: A MESSAGE, 1959, by MATHIAS GOERITZ (see contributors' column). The fascinating thing about this month's cover is its many possibilities of meaning. It could be, like pure musical form, an expression of (visual) relationships. It could perhaps be plowed fields seen from an airplane window. Or is it a message from a computer, a kind of machine-age message for nuclear man?

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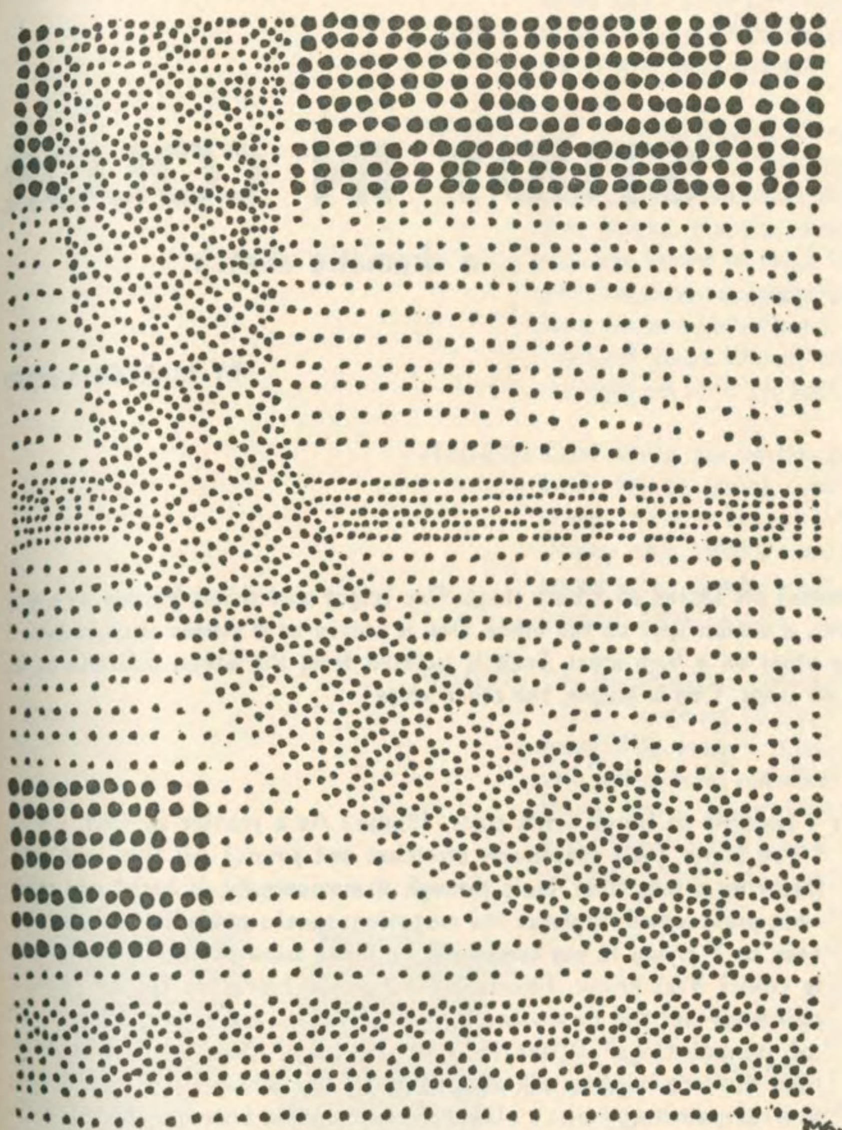
motive is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, an agency affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation through the National Student Christian Federation, published monthly, October through May, by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church; John O. Gross, general secretary. Copyright, 1962, by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.
Subscription rates: Single subscription, eight issues, $2. Group subscriptions of fifteen or more to one address, $1 each. Foreign subscriptions, $2.50. Single copy, 30 cents.
Address all communications to **motive**, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tennessee. Please accompany articles, stories, poems and art work submitted with return postage.
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tennessee, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1102, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.



MESSAGE 1959 MATHIAS GOERITZ

wind at my heart the gentle evening
through me, the drifting pulse, the
quiet tide of thought slipping from
the many-fingered days of strange
continents and ways not quite taken
with me; without rudeness the quiet night
ascends, the mirrored wide swift wind,
the gentle pulse concedes the separate
thought, the lingering argument is done,
and I return, even as the diapason tide
returns to sea. . . .

—M. SHUMWAY

STUDY IN COLOR

a dramatic sketch

BY MALCOLM BOYD

Two persons are seated on a bare stage. One bright spot shines harshly on one of the persons, a similar spot on the other. One is seated on a simple straight-backed chair, the other on a high stool. Each is isolated from the other, oblivious to his presence on stage. One is Negro, the other white.

WHITE: I become so bored with color. **(Pause.)** As a matter of fact, I wish I had some. **(Self-consciously stretches and yawns.)** All this race jazz. **(Picks up a magazine, leafs through it momentarily, is bored and somewhat preoccupied; replaces the magazine; speaks now with more earnestness, as if trying to say something, to make some point.)** I mean, what **is** color? You know, like being a human being. Is it like being a painting—all the time—walking around like a painting among a lot of nonpaintings? What IS a nonpainting? **(Shrugs.)** It's so complex that it's hard to talk about intelligibly. There isn't such a thing as a nonpainting, but. . . . **(Pause.)** I become so bored, so bored. With being just white. I want some color. I want some color. **(Thoughtfully.)** Actually, they say most of the world will be colored. **(Pause.)** Color is so beautiful, isn't it? Brown, black, yellow, red. And I'm just white all the time. Washed out. Pale. Pallid. Antiseptically clean. Dull. It's so damned boring. **(Picks up the magazine again and starts reading it.)**

NEGRO: Jesus. **(Pauses to light a cigarette; then speaks impatiently.)** Jesus Christ. **(Long pause.)** God. **(Drops cigarette on the floor, puts it out with shoe; another long pause.)**

WHITE: **(Tosses the magazine on the floor.)** Nigger. **(Long pause; he is reflecting on this word.)** Nigger. **(Then, with great deliberation and care.)** Negro. **(Pause.)** I wonder what it's like to be a Negro. What it's like to be a Nigger. Would I be different? Would I feel differently? **(Pause.)** I feel so black and blue, I feel so black and white, I feel so black. Coal black, tar black, dirty black, nigger black, ugly black. **(Pause; lights a cigarette.)** Black ivory, black velvet, black cloud, black eyes, black night, black sin. Black face. Black arms. Black chest. Black feet. Red lips. Brown lips. Black hair. White teeth.

NEGRO: Cleanse my sins, Lord, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. Cleanse my sins and I shall be whiter than white. Wash me in the blood of the lamb and I shall be white, wash me in the blood of the lamb and I shall be white. **(Pause.)** My blackness is hot, my blackness is hot, send a white angel so I can be cool under its wings, cool under its white, cool wings.

WHITE: **(He is telling a joke.)** They were all waiting at the Washington airport for God to arrive in a space ship. They were all waiting to see what God looked like. And then God got off the space ship and God, **she** was **Negro. (Laughs, almost gets out of control; is utterly carried away with the humor of this.)** SHE was NEGRO. God was a Nigger! **(Bends over, laughing raucously; gradually regains control; sits and thinks soberly for a moment.)** My God is a Nigger. I am a Nigger lover because I love my God. Jesus Christ. Nigger Christ. Christ Nigger. **(Pause.)** Oh hell, oh hell, oh hell, oh hell. **(Buries his face in his hands.)**

NEGRO: Coal white, tar white, dirty white, white white, ugly white. White ivory, white velvet, white cloud, white eyes. **(Laughs.)** White night. **(Finds this very funny.)** White sin. Oh, my God. **(Pause.)** White face. White hair. White teeth. **Black** teeth. **(Repeats this, laughs, breaks up completely.)** Black teeth, **black** teeth. **(Gradually regains composure, then sits quietly.)**

WHITE: **(He has remained holding his head in his hands; now he sits up.)** I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to experiment with color. Experiment: **(He opens a small briefcase and takes out mask which is painted with polka dots; examines it, holding it in his hands.)** This is pretty, I think. I'm so bored with white and this is red and yellow and green and blue and black and purple. I think I'll wear it. I think I'll wear a mask. Why not? I'm not really being dishonest, I'm still me; I'll still be me but it will be a change—it will give me a change. I wonder what my friends will say. I wonder if they'll know me? But I'll still be me, won't I? I'll still be me. **(Places mask over face and remains seated.)**

NEGRO: I am a colored man. A **colored** man. **(Picks up a book and reads it for a few moments, then puts it down.)** If I'm supposed to be colored, then I'm going to be colored. **(Opens briefcase, takes out mask which is brightly painted with stripes; examines it, then places it over his face.)**

An overhead light comes on replacing the two single spots. The two persons become conscious of each other for the first time; now they are together on the stage.

WHITE: Hello.
NEGRO: Hi.
WHITE: It's a nice day, isn't it?
NEGRO: Well, if you can call it a nice day when it's raining, then, sure, it's a nice day.
WHITE: I'm only trying to . . . make a conversation.
NEGRO: Why are you trying to do that?
WHITE: If you feel that way about it, then I won't try.
NEGRO: That's o.k. by me. **(They sit in silence.)** I'm

sorry. I'm just in a bad mood today. There's no use not talking. Here. Have a cigarette?

WHITE: Is it a filter? I only smoke filters.

NEGRO: No. It's not a filter.

WHITE: Then I'll smoke my own. Thanks. Thanks for offering me one anyway. But I get a sore throat when I don't smoke a filter. You know.

NEGRO: (**Pause.**) It's stopped raining.

WHITE: The weather bureau didn't say it would rain anyway. (**Sit in silence.**) I hope you don't mind my saying this. I hope you're not, well, self-conscious about it, but . . . well, you know, this is the first time I've really talked with a colored man.

NEGRO: What?

WHITE: I said I hope you're not offended. I didn't mean to offend you, but it's true. This is the first time I've really, well, **talked,** you know, with a colored man.

NEGRO: Well, actually. . . .

WHITE: I've wondered what it's like, what it must be like, to be colored. You know, in a white society. (**Flippantly.**) I hate all this prejudice. The root of prejudice surely is ignorance. I think the answer to everything is more education. And, I sure hate the South.

NEGRO: The South?

WHITE: Yes, all that race prejudice. All the discrimination. The race hate. Some of my best friends are southern whites but. . . .

NEGRO: You're . . . a northern **white?**

WHITE: No. I'm a western white. I just happen to be living in the north.

NEGRO: But . . . but you're a **white?**

WHITE: A white? Why, of course I'm a white. What made you ask a thing like that? Oh! This mask! (**Laughs.**) Well, I was just experimenting . . . with color.

NEGRO: You do have some beautiful colors.

WHITE: May I say that you are yourself one of the most, well, attractive colored persons I've ever seen? It embarrasses me a bit, even makes me angry, when I realize that I have all the advantages of being white, and I just wear this mask when I want to, but you're colored, you're colored all the time. You can't just take a mask off or put it on when you want to. It makes me really angry.

NEGRO: Why?

WHITE: It's so . . . it's so unjust.

NEGRO: I'm not colored. I'm black. (**Abruptly removes mask.**)

WHITE: Oh. (**Pause, then slowly removes his mask.**) I . . . I don't know what to say. (**Long pause.**) I thought you were colored and you're not colored, you're . . . black. You're only black. (**Long pause.**) You had . . . such nice colors. I liked them.

NEGRO: Don't you like my black?

WHITE: I didn't say I don't like your black. I jus said I liked your . . . colors. Why are you s touchy? About being black?

NEGRO: Who said I'm touchy about being black?

WHITE: I don't know, you just . . . seem to be touch about . . . being black, that's all. Why di did you wear a colored mask? Why didn' you wear a white mask? I'm sure you coul find one.

NEGRO: Why should I wear a white mask?

WHITE: Oh, I don't know. It's . . . a white culture after all, and it's easier being a . . . white man.

NEGRO: Is it?

WHITE: You're so touchy. (**Long pause.**) Well, since you don't want to be friends. . . .

NEGRO: I didn't say I don't want to be friends.

WHITE: (**Anger rising.**) You're so darned conscious of being a Nigger . . . (**abrupt pause**) of being a Negro . . . (**pause**) that you go around with all kinds of misconceptions about how other people feel . . . you . . . you judge everybody. . . just because some people are ignorant or prejudiced, you feel that . . . that . . . everybody. . . . (**Long pause.**) Well, I'm white and I thank God I am, do you hear me, I thank God I'm white, I thank God. . . .

The overhead light fades out. This leaves the two single spots, one on each of the persons. The two are no longer together on the stage; there is now no connection between the two. Each sits silently, then one, and then the other, picks up his briefcase and places his mask inside it.

WHITE: Who am I? (**Pause.**) I am white but what else . . . what else am I?

NEGRO: I am black. (**Pause.**) I am a man. (**Pause.**)

WHITE: I am . . . human. (**Pause.**) He is . . . human. We are . . . humans. (**Pause.**) What does it mean to be human? To be humans? What does it mean . . . to be human?

NEGRO: I am . . . a being. I am . . . a human being. (**Pause.**) He is . . . a being. He is . . . a human being. We are.

WHITE: I love myself. No. I hate myself, I detest myself. (**Pause.**) I hate him. No, I . . . I love . . . him. (**Pause.**) What is love?

NEGRO: I hate him. No, I . . . I love . . . him. (**Slowly stands.**) To be . . . to be is to love. (**Pause; he sits.**) Then I am . . . responsible for him.

WHITE: His . . . being . . . is my concern. (**Pause.**) His being is my being. We are not . . . different.

NEGRO: We are the same.

An overhead light fills the stage replacing the two spots. After a brief moment, the lights are extinguished.

CLAIMING THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE: a profile

BY EDGAR A. LOVE

THE ferment of social change and the application of the Christian gospel to the problems of human society sometimes churn up dramatic incidents—particularly if the race issue is involved, and the location is in the South.

The story of John Robert (Bob) Zellner is a case in point. Although it may be folly—perhaps even unjust—to focus on one individual among the thousands who have been active participants in the struggle for racial justice and understanding, it may still be valuable in understanding events even now taking shape. Bob Zellner's involvement in the work of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is, in many ways, typical—a sort of paradigm—of the role of the individual in the contemporary Southern Revolution.

Bob's family—a somewhat typical southern one—was educated at Bob Jones College, and held traditional "Bible Belt" religious and social concepts until their own religious convictions forced them to re-examine the mores of their society. When Bob was a small child, his parents came to an increasingly liberal position on social issues, especially the race question. The Zellner sons—Bob is the second of five boys—were raised to share the parents' convictions.

Like children of many Methodist families in the South, Bob entered a small denominational college—Huntingdon College in Montgomery, Alabama. As a student, he became interested in the Christian application of sociological methods to the problems of a biracial society. And because Huntingdon is in Montgomery, he had ample opportunity to put his convictions to the test.

In Bob's senior year—1960-61—one of his classes received an assignment to "study the race problem and present your idea of a solution in a paper." Bob and some other students were aware that they were living in a community which had attracted world-wide attention but a few years before as a result of the application of nonviolence (as a philosophy and as strategy) in the midst of racial tensions. Therefore, they were not content to go only to the library for their answers. Instead, they used the resources of their community and attended the annual workshop on nonviolence sponsored by the Montgomery Improvement Association, the organization that had led the Montgomery bus protest.

Several Negro ministers in Alabama, including the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, who had succeeded Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., as president of the Montgomery Improvement Association, were defendents at this time in a libel suit by city officials—an outgrowth of an ad on which their names appeared in the **New York Times** seeking support for Dr. King who was under attack. Bob and some fellow students attended the trial of this suit and offered their friendship and support to the ministers. When the verdict was against the ministers and the courts confiscated Mr. Abernathy's car, the students took a collection of $22

among Huntingdon College students and sent it to Mr. Abernathy with a note saying: ". . . We are disappointed that the officials chose to resort to such petty harassment. . . . We would like to stand up for decency. . . . Any financial assistance we might be able to give will be nominal, but we wish to express our moral support with this small sum." This, along with several private interracial meetings, was about the extent of the students' activities, but it was enough to cause a major controversy at Huntingdon.

COLLEGE officials announced that it was the policy of the college that students who wished to remain in school should attend no meetings where Negroes were present. According to Bob's father, college officials later said verbally that the reason for this policy was that any other approach was "impractical and impossible" at that time. Several ministers in the Alabama-West Florida Conference (which supports Huntingdon College) protested the administration's policy. In an official document, it was noted that in seeking interracial contacts the students were only following the policies and recommendations of The Methodist Church, concluding:

We do not question the right of the administration of Huntingdon College to disagree with . . . the policy, directives, advice, and recommendations of The Methodist Church . . . (but) we question the rights of the institution to prohibit students from following these policies, advice, and recommendations if they so choose. . . .

This matter is still an issue in the Alabama-West Florida Conference.

Bob was graduated from Huntingdon with honors and spent the summer of 1961 in various interracial activities in order to study further the whole problem of racial conditions in a democratic society. More and more, he felt called to participate actively in the movement for integration.

The Southern Conference Education Fund, interested in seeing more white students participate in the historic movements being developed by southern Negro students, made a grant to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) for the employment of a field secretary to spend the 1961-62 school year in an attempt to present the viewpoint of this movement to southern white students. The leadership of the SNCC asked Bob to take this job, and he accepted.

On October 4, 1961, Bob was in McComb, Mississippi, for a staff meeting with fellow SNCC workers who were engaged in Negro voter registration activities. McComb is in southern Mississippi—a rural area where virtually no Negroes are registered to vote and, until the recent stirrings, there had never been a challenge to segregation. It was in McComb that Bob faced his "baptism of fire."

While the SNCC meeting was in session, over a hundred students from Burgland High School left their classes in protest because a fellow student, Brenda Travis, had been expelled from school for "sitting-in" at the local bus station. The Negro school administration was under pressure from the city government, and the students decided to march on City Hall in protest. They asked the SNCC members to go with them. Except for Bob, all were Negroes. They readily agreed to go. "How about it, Bob?" one of them asked.

Bob did not hesitate. He said he would go.

That afternoon he became the victim of an angry mob and was beaten under the eyes of the police. that night, he was thrown into an unheated jail cell and denied food and bedding. A Negro prisoner in an adjoining cell shared his supper with Bob and gave him a blanket.

After a few days, Bob and his associates were out on bail. They face four- to six-month jail sentences on convictions for breach of peace, which are on appeal.

In December, 1961, came Albany, Georgia, where students were also demonstrating and asked Bob's support. Again, along with the others, he went to jail.

HIS arrest in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, came on February 17, 1962. On that occasion, he and Charles (Chuck) McDew, chairman of the SNCC, went to the Baton Rouge jail to visit a friend, Dion Diamond, also a SNCC staff member who had been arrested several weeks before because of his part in student demonstrations against segregation there. Dion was under very high bond, and had to stay in jail.

Bob and Chuck arrived in Baton Rouge late in the afternoon of February 17. They learned at the jail that they could not visit Dion until the next visiting period, several days later; they could not stay that long. But they were also told that they could leave him a basket of fruit and books. They went to buy these, returned, and left them at the jail with a note. By this time, officials had apparently learned who they were. They were preparing to leave the jail and leave town when they were stopped by officials and arrested.

They had been in Louisiana two days—in Baton Rouge only a few hours. The charge was **criminal anarchy** against the state of Louisiana.

Bob has been fortunate in that, unlike many white students active in the protest movement, his parents share his convictions and have supported his actions consistently. In January, 1962, when Bob was refused admittance to the campus of his **alma mater**, Huntingdon College, because "his presence posed a potentially dangerous situation" in that his "views on racial matters differ from those of the student body," the Zellners issued the following statement to the press:

"Our son, John Robert Zellner, is currently involved in following his Christian conscience in the face of public disapproval. With other young students, Negro and white, he is active in seeking to motiv[illegible]

bring about a just, more democratic, and more Christian solution to the race problem—a problem his generation did not create.

"Our son's activities have landed him in jails, subjected him to mob violence, and have held him up to public and private scorn—none of which has yet broken his spirit. We, his parents, are proud of him for this. We doubt that any of his critics have paid such a price for the convictions they so vehemently hold.

"Many friends (and some others) have asked us for explanations and have indicated a desire, for one reason or another, to know why Bob is so engaged and what he hopes to accomplish by it. . . .

"Our son was reared in . . . The Methodist Church . . . he is an honor graduate of a Methodist college. . . ."

The parents' statement then quoted from the **Discipline** of The Methodist Church, including these passages:

OUR THEOLOGICAL BASIS: *The Methodist Church must view the perplexing times and problems which we face today in the light of the teachings of Jesus. . . . To be silent in the face of need, injustice, and exploitation is to deny him. . . . We stand for the equal rights of racial, cultural, and religious groups. . . . The right to choose a home, enter a school, secure employment, vote or join a church should not be limited by a person's race, culture, or religion. . . .*

RECOMMENDATIONS: *That Methodists in their homes, in their work, in their churches, and in their communities actively work to eliminate discrimination and enforced segregation on the basis of race, color, or national origin; that as a church we pursue a program of education and action to bring about Christian practices with respect to housing, open occupancy, schools, opportunity of employment, and community acceptance which . . . create a sense of belonging. . . .**

* DISCIPLINE of The Methodist Church, 1960, pgph. 2020-2026 passim (italics supplied).

The Zellners then continued:

"Not all Methodists share these beliefs. It is not required of them that they do. In our church those who differ are entirely free to do so. It is felt, however, that those who do hold such convictions and choose to act in accord should have the blessing of their church and the tolerant understanding of this membership. Bob has been taught these things and has made them his own. . . .

"Some have chided us, saying, 'But all this agitating and demonstrating is not the way to do it.' To this we answer:

"Send us an outline of your better way. Draw up a report on how long you have worked at it and the success you have had. We espouse no particular method or technique. Our concern is for getting the problem solved. Our generation has had (as several before it) a try at the problem and our success has been something less than phenomenal. We say let the young try it their way. They can hardly do worse than we—and they just might have what it will take to turn the trick! How do we know it won't work? It's never been tried before.

"Others have said, 'But we have had this problem a long time. It has never been solved. This younger generation isn't going to solve it either.' To this we answer:

"But look at the progress they have already made! And besides this, if we expect to keep praying the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' we had better keep working at the job.

"As long as our son, and others with him, are 'in there pitching,' we intend to stand by them, so help us God!"

This is the testimony of Bob's parents. A similar testimony, striking in its simple analysis, is that of Robert Moses, a young Negro working to promote voter registration in Mississippi:

"It has been said that few people know—or at least talk—about the bitterness and hatred which many southern Negroes feel toward whites. I've thought of the kids I've met here in McComb and some of the hatreds they have expressed toward whites and some of the folklore stemming from that hatred coupled with ignorance.

"At the same time I thought of the visible effect of Bob Zellner's appearance among us as a friend and co-worker: one girl talking of her white brother, when I had previously heard her say with bitterness, 'We don't associate with peckerwoods; another boy talking long after Bob had left of his laughter and good humor. . . . A new meaning I thought I detected in the phrase 'Black and white together' from our theme song. Little things, maybe, but very important, I feel. The kids here need more contact with people like him. . . ."

the student movement moves

BY RUTH ANN SHORT

THE only places where anything happens around here are the YMCA, Wesley Foundation, and the Christian Faith and Life Community," commented a University of Texas law student. Four hundred people crowd into the "Y" to protest segregated housing. D. H. Lawrence's poetry and Ingmar Bergman's plays can be heard in the coffee house at Wesley Foundation. At the Faith and Life Community a worship service centers around W. H. Auden's **For the Time Being.** The student's statement indicates the new role the total campus religious movement has assumed. The movement is emerging from its cloistered discussions of "ten easy ways to be a happy Christian" and is daring to engage in dialogue with the world.

Leading the campus is the movement whose theology is that of men such as Paul Tillich, Karl Barth, Reinhold and Richard Neibuhr, and Rudolph Bultmann. Such terms as "confrontation," "dialogue," "responsibility," "involvement," and "commitment" are the regular jargon of the campus religious organizations. This new vocabulary has replaced old terms to which many students are immune. Instead of being "saved" man is now reconciled; being in "sin" is estrangement. The dominant theme is that of commitment and responsibility. Responsibility for the world involves acknowledging a relationship with and responding to men, and the manifestation of responsibility is commitment. John Mackay in his book **The Balcony and the Road** defines the way of the road as participation in and commitment to the affairs of the world, where "thought has its birth in conflict and concern, where choices are made and decisions must be carried out." A campus minister neatly condensed the religious movement's understanding of itself when he said, "We are men of faith only in decision, that is, in choosing our course of action in a particular moment and a concrete situation. . . . Faith lives in decision and decision lives on the road."

To understand the emerging strategies of the religious movement it is necessary to know more about the students—both past and present—which this movement must confront.

The 1930's saw the social crusades based on a theology of man's ability to pull himself out of the mire of suffering and injustice. The postwar years shattered the philosophy of man's essential goodness, and campuses were filled with GI's who had seen the extent of man's inhumanity to man. The early 1950's were characterized by the "Silent Generation," those who had learned that the meaning of life was not found in two cars, an all-electric home in suburbia, a secure job, and a closet full of gray flannel suits. **Time** labeled the students of the late 1950's as the "No-Nonsense Kids." The campus responded to the Russians' technical advances with a new dedication to study, and once again acquiring a degree became more than the most convenient path to suburbia. The 1960's have become a day of concern, and this concern has usually been manifested in the campus religious movement. The crusades have returned but now they are based on a sense of man's responsibility for the world.

Despite this dominant concern for the contemporary situation, the campus today is still a two-headed body—a dichotomy of the apathetic and the committed.

Ken Hodges, past president of the National MSM, spoke to the charge of indifference when he said, "We are not grateful enough, responsible enough, not serious enough. We are silent and delinquent and inscrutable and we don't care a used cigarette filter about world conditions or citizenship or morality or democracy or organized religion. . . . Perhaps we can sum it up by saying that students today are other-directed."

DR. John Deschner described the other head. "I believe that the contemporary Christian student is not nearly so much concerned with apologetics as his father was; but he may be more concerned with compassion. . . . He is prepared to act when it is not understandable to prudent men why this student must act, especially when he can act in the name of what is personal and human."

For many students the religious centers have been a refuge from the world's disorder. But these organizations are now refusing to play the role of babysitter and are insisting that their members commit themselves to decisive action. The idea of a committed discipline might seem to scare these people away, but John Deschner suggests that "students today want that discipline and are ready to pay the price for it. That is how their world is affecting them."

Various student religious organizations are accepting the challenge of involving the apathetic student and—at the same time—are providing power structures within which the disciplined student can work.

motive

The situation at the University of Texas seems to exemplify the directions and trends of the movement as a whole.

The University of Texas YMCA-YWCA attempts to make students aware of their world and to provide them with a base for action. Its director says that the Y addresses itself to the issues of life such as integration, politics, disarmament, and capital punishment. This new image of the Y was set forth by its president. "We do not emphasize the Christian element as such. This is a culturally oriented group. The community is perhaps the most important idea." Here is the central concern of the total religious movement. Groups whose efforts in the past have been directed toward themselves are now addressing the problems of society, and they are rejecting the idea that they must carry pasteboard signs which say "I am a Christian." When a large southern newspaper headed a series of articles "University YM (?) A," it may unwittingly have been saying that if the student movement is to assume the role of the church **in** the world, then it may mean leaving the "C" out.

The campus religious foundations are experimenting with the nature of commitment. Discipline is intensified as people participate in a covenant for study, worship, and action. The Wesley Foundation at the University of Texas has instituted a program of study called the Guild of Lay Theologians in which the members commit themselves to attendance, preparation, and participation. The idea of committed groups is being extended to the entire program of that Foundation for 1962-1963. This pattern is also employed on many other campuses. To the contemporary student who recognizes practically no absolutes, commitment is a great risk. But to the Foundations this is the strategy which produces an effective mission to the campus.

A significant experiment in the area of commitment is the Christian Faith and Life Community in Austin, Texas. Each September more than one hundred students draw together for a year of covenanted work, study, and worship. They explore what it means to live together as a community of persons committed to a common purpose and responsible for one another. The primary task is the creation of articulate laymen, versed in the ways of contemporary society. Similar groups have been formed at Brown and Brandeis universities.

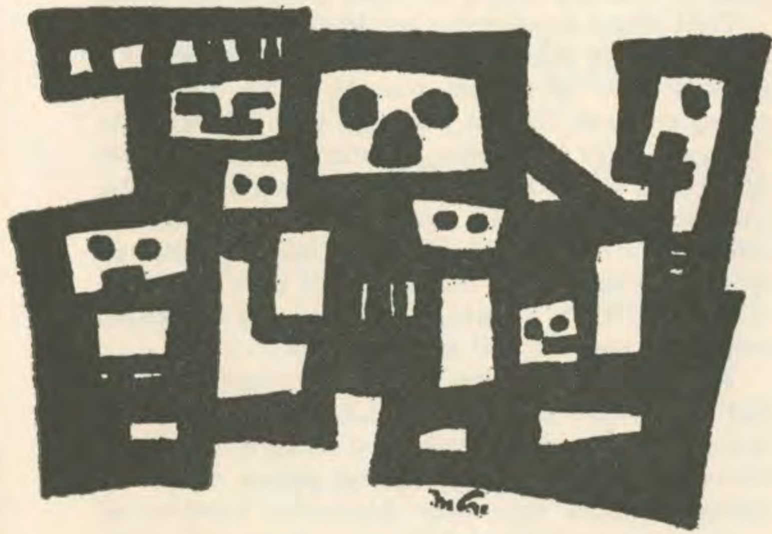
The campus religious movement also has its fundamentalist side evidenced by such groups as Intervarsity Christian Fellowship and Campus Crusade for Christ. Theirs is an image of Christ alongside society rather than Christ over against culture. They believe that man must withdraw from society, receive his salvation, and then return to exert influence as an individual on the structures of society. Here emphasis is placed on personal commitment rather than on covenant decision. The Texas director of the Campus Crusade for Christ says that his organization sees the contemporary student as a confused person because he "doesn't know the facts." The "facts" are that inner peace comes through personal acceptance of Jesus Christ; the source of these facts is the Bible.

The Campus Crusade has an old view of the college campus. Its strategy consists almost entirely of testimonials given by persons thought to be influential among students. Several years ago they attempted to "convert" Rice University athletes in the hope that the rest of the student body would follow. One day the Head Coach called a meeting of all the Protestant ministers on campus. The Campus Crusade people had made such inroads on the basketball team that they were faced with a serious problem: the Christians would not pass the ball to the pagans.

This example illustrates the fundamentalist strategy, but it does not help to explain why such a group can thrive on a university campus, the stronghold of intellectualism and agnosticism. These groups cannot be ignored because they draw impressive numbers of people who are imbued with astonishing zeal. Many who go are impressed by this zeal and are disillusioned by the lack of enthusiasm in other campus religious groups. For those grasping for finalities and definite answers, the Campus Crusade serves a distinct need. A Wesley Foundation director believes that the fundamentalist approach appeals to those in the physical sciences. He says that these are people whose work is bounded by definite laws. They gather data, form a theory based on these laws, then risk themselves on it. Their science carries over into the rest of their lives, and they want a faith which is equally as neat and rational. Another pastor says that when a person is deeply perplexed and confused, he turns to fundamentalism, which gives him all the answers in the palm of his hand. He can put this in his pocket and go home with inner peace and contentment. But this minister believes that such security is short-lived. Despite the unanswered questions as to their existence, the significance of the fundamentalist groups cannot be discounted.

Ken Hodges says, "We are an introspective generation. . . . We ask, 'Who are we?'. . . . All in all, there is the Whitman feeling of 'I celebrate myself,' without the pride and fervor of Whitman." The fundamentalist understands himself as a Christian because he "knows Jesus Christ" and as a person who must make personal evangelism his crusade. His counterpart in the campus religious movement understands himself as a Christian because his doubts are rooted in that tradition and as a person who sees the renewal of society through the church as an instrument of social reform. These two figures represent a movement which seeks to respond to a sick society out of concern which is personal and human.

the hollow men



BY ROGER LEED

THIS is the empty generation. Nationalism, communism, and nuclear war are familiar companions—we can lie with them. The vision of the new world is destroyed, and we can be literal as the fifties never could. No longer are students optimistic realists. We are realists, period. We know the precise dollar evaluation of our education, down to the penny—thanks to Seymour Harris. Our certainties are few but definite. We have confidence in ourselves, the dollar, the destructive capabilities of the Bomb, and the continuing imperfection of man and his societies. Also we continue to believe in science, although it, too, has become commonplace. Withal, some of us are a bit fearful. *Look* magazine reports a rise in church attendance. It is most probable that this is due more to the felt need for sanctuary than to a rediscovery of faith. The plain fact is that we have ceased to be attentive; we have lost interest in the spectacle. We have ceased to relate to the world, or even to our own society. We are more silent than the generation of the fifties—we are empty.

This is not to say that we are pessimistic. We are merely literal and confined. We deliberately confine ourselves, out of self-defense. Hope is not abandoned, it is ignored. We pride ourselves on having no illusions. We are distressingly successful in that endeavor. Perhaps our elders do not realize it, but we are the only ones adapted to living in this age.

Some have complained—and rightly so—of the pessimism of the adult liberals. The same men who excited the fever of the thirties have betrayed their trust. They have allowed liberalism to die. With it died the enthusiasm and idealism we might have inherited. The inheritence they leave is disillusionment and disengagement. We rejected this in favor of emptiness. It bears emphasis that emptiness is not negative—it is nonemotional. It involves no shattered hopes. It is safe.

We aren't "beat." Beats are no more than people who care about not caring. Nor are we angry. How can we be indignant? We have accepted the world on its own terms, we don't seek to impose our terms upon the world.

The idea abounds, even on the campus, that the right has risen, and that students are coming to be concerned about civil rights and peace. But the confluence of all the movements now stirring would hardly make a fair-sized rivulet compared to the number of students who remain inert. It may be that civil rights and peace will engender, in time, an attitude to replace the emptiness. On the other hand, the conservative wave demonstrates just how empty we have become.

The new conservatives deal in irrationality and absurd rantings. They are against the UN, the income tax, and government. The Young Americans for Freedom are virtually maniacal, and the posturings and belligerency it manifests confirm that it is mainly an unthinking response to the inconceivable pressures of the Space Age. This is not to depreciate conservatism, but merely to call attention to the fact that the YAF itself is an unintelligent response—attributable to the breakdown of ideology and the depressing sense of frustration we have acquired as the price of technological progress.

To a certain extent, the peace movement also deals in irrationality. It too, cannot define a proximate series of goals. YAF aspires to individual freedom; the peace movement to peace. Neither is very sure of the way-stations. The civil rights activists must count themselves fortunate to be exempt from this particular pitfall.

The left is still aimless. Even if it were not, it could not penetrate the insularity of the campus. Both the left and the right must perpetuate themselves, if they can, so that they be available when the student becomes once more receptive. But let them mark well the failures of the former students who allowed both traditions to wither.

We are empty because we are insulated. We are insulated by our geography, by our society, and by our occupation. We cannot appreciate poverty, disease nor hunger, because we have not experienced them. We are not desperate, though we may be frustrated. We are not restless or uncertain because we are prosperous and we know, barring the unforeseen, we will continue to be. We are not impassioned or idealistic or committed—we are empty.

motiv

the student and religious commitment

BY PHILIP ALTBACH

THE recent rise of political and social action among students has caused some people to question the motives of this activity and to look for the basis of their discontent manifested in the student peace movement, in the civil rights and sit-in struggles, and in the fight for civil liberties. Religious leaders have noticed that students no longer seem to take religion as their basis for meeting social issues. They have bemoaned the fact that the students who are involving themselves in the fight for a better society are usually not those from the campus religious fellowships or the churches. They are, rather, secularly oriented and militantly uninterested in questions of theology and are often hostile to the religious establishment.

A number of observers have noted that the student who is doing the protesting and taking the moral stand these days also is not interested in the ideological considerations of the political movement. They are concerned with protesting a specific injustice or working for a concrete cause, be it the eradication of racial discrimination in the South (or the North), the halting of nuclear weapons testing, or the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. If anything, the present crop of concerned students is motivated by vague emotional feelings or "enlightened self-interest," rather than a desire for service or responsibility to a higher force.

Why is it that the student is alienated from one of the traditional sources of inspiration for social action, that of religious concern? Religious leaders have questioned the motivation of the student movement. They have, however, been unable to make any real impact on the majority of the students involved in the movement in recent years. Much of the student activity of the thirties and before was based on a religious commitment. The Y.M.C.A. was once one of the most important vehicles of social action among students. Thousands of students were involved in various social struggles from a specifically religious viewpoint. Their action in one or another organization was motivated by a commitment to a broader ideology, that of the church. Jewish students, also, participated in politics from a Jewish standpoint and committed themselves to act in keeping with the best traditions of the Prophets. Today, the "Y" movement is a shadow of its former self, and in very few instances is there any real grass-roots social action. Many Jewish students participate in the student movement and work actively for one cause or another, but very seldom as Jews, just as Christian students work actively, but seldom with any Christian identification. One of the serious consequences of this trend toward "noncommitment" among students in terms of social action is that a particular individual, having no real belief in any broader set of principles, will wander in and out of the student movement and be unwilling to make any extensive contribution. This is one of the reasons for the dismal failure of the civil rights movement in the North, where students supported the southern sit-ins for a time and then almost totally withdrew from the struggle. In addition, the collapse of the civil liberties movement among students, which so vigorously opposed the Un-American Activities Committee for a while, is another indication of the lack of broader basis and dedication in the student movement.

The challenge to the church is clear. If religion is to take an active part in the lives of concerned students, it must be made relevant to them. At the present time, the failure of the religious institutions of the United States to present the students with a meaningful program is obvious. Despite the church's expenditure of large sums of money on staff and facilities, students are turning in ever increasing numbers to small organizations with much commitment but meager resources. The Protestant fellowships, the Hillel foundations, the Newman clubs apparently have not been

inspiring commitment in the students. Even with professional staff, campus religious groups have not been meeting the needs of today's "concerned students."

The rejection of modern religion has meant a break with traditional ways and values. While it is true that some students have always "rebelled" against religion during their college careers, the development of an entire movement of social concern and protest much of which rejects the religious establishment is a new phenomenon in American student life. The cause for this development is complex yet can be seen with only a superficial look at American society. The fact that American religious institutions have ceased to play a vital role in society and no longer offer goals with which concerned and responsible individuals can identify has made them irrelevant to many students. Where religion is not a real force in the life of the individual, it will not motivate him and will not be a major factor in his world view.

An example of the importance of Christian motivation in one segment of the student movement will serve as a contrast with the mainstream. The sit-in movement will serve as a contrast to the mainstream. The sit-in movement in the deep South found its stimulus in the Christian concern of students at a number of small and otherwise benighted denominational colleges. Although they are perhaps the last place that the trained social analyst would look for a grass-roots movement for social change, these schools provided a basis for civil rights activity that was felt throughout the nation. Why did these students act? According to their leaders, one of the main reasons for their action was a realization that segregation and Christianity were incompatible. Many of the students who suffered beatings and jail sentences stated that their mainstay throughout these tribulations was their Christian witness coupled with a faith in nonviolence as taught by Jesus and Gandhi. Perhaps the reason that the Negro students in the South were motivated by religious principles to move toward justice is because only among the Negro minority is religion still an important factor in everyday life. The church is not only a means of social mobility and communication, but is also a mainstay of community life. This is not true of American society in general.

The nature of American religious life has played an important, if negative role in shaping the ideology of the college student. The move toward secularism among concerned students and the religious and social apathy of those students who nominally identify with the religious groups on campus are indicative of the present situation. Students who instinctively "want to do something" are often repelled by the hypocrisy of churches which engage in segregation, while preaching equality. Stress on fund-raising and building programs rather than on feeding the poor and helping the needy is hardly in keeping with the teachings of Jesus or the tradition of the Old Testament prophets. The moral teachings which are inherent in both Christianity and Judaism no longer seem meaningful to those in charge of the nation's religious establishments. Organized religion seems to be concerned with the more mundane matters of social programs and seeing that seats are filled for services. The church has increasingly identified itself with the middle class to such a degree that it is difficult for sensitive young people to see that the values of the middle class cannot wholly fit into an ethical system consistent with the teachings of their religion.

The problem is clear. Ministers and others may bemoan the fact that fewer and fewer dedicated people are interested in religious activity, yet this trend will continue until some real changes are made in the religious institutions of this country. A recent symposium in **Commentary** magazine, a serious Jewish periodical, showed that a majority of the young Jewish intellectuals who participated in a discussion of the relevance of Judaism in America thought that the Jewish religion and community was similar to the broader middle-class community in its outlook and goals and the more thoughtful among them expressed no desire to identify with this community. This same fact is shown in the relative inactivity of the "Y" movement and the usually distinctly secular orientation of liberal students.

Why, one might ask, is the trend away from religious social action to be regretted? Can't such activity be carried on by nonreligious groups just as well? The present trend is alarming for two reasons. In the first place, it means that the churches are losing their vitality and appeal to concerned young people and that many of them are not being exposed to what used to be called the Social Gospel. Middle-class students often have never heard of some of the social problems facing the urban lower class, and are not overly disturbed about the possibility of nuclear war or the situation in Asia and Africa. True, their attitude is generally that of their parents and teachers, yet it is unfortunate that the religious institutions have abdicated their role as a focus of concern and a "gadfly" to a materialistic and conformist world.

The second reason why the decreasing religious concern for social issues among students and young people is unfortunate is because the present student movement lacks the perspective that the religious student community could bring to it. In order to be a participant in any social struggle, one must have some reason for action. One of the most compelling reasons for such participation is Christian concern. However, one of motive

the hallmarks of the present student movement is the fact that students participating in it have no real ideological or moral reason for doing so, and often their action is of short duration and often not clearly thought through. The pacifist who is involved in the nonviolent struggle for peace or civil rights has the conviction to act consistently and effectively. The religiously motivated students who started the sit-ins in the South had the courage to face beatings and jail sentences. Many of the students who have participated in social action movements have not had this background of deep concern for human rights and dignity and, therefore, do not participate fully in the struggle. This has sapped the energy of the movement in some instances and has meant its collapse in others.

Because religion no longer offers a challenge to young people, they have had to seek challenge and vision elsewhere. Many have found it in the liberal student movement. Others have given up trying and have been "lost" (or beat) in terms of moral or religious responsibility. The restoration of religious concern to the movement and the revitalization of the churches themselves are difficult and far-reaching problems. Indeed, they seem overwhelming in the light of present trends in both religious and secular life. It is quite true that those students who are concerned with the problems of the day are but a small minority.

It has always been a fact that a prosperous and contented society has little use for the disruptor who tries to improve things. It is also true that society has had little use for the great teachers of mankind; men like Moses, Buddha, Jesus. It is a paradox that this role of religion has been turned inside out. Instead of preaching the prophetic vision to the nations, it is part of the entrenched and respectable system. It is no wonder that students have been deserting religion and looking for vision in other areas.

What is the answer? It is clearly a revolutionary change in the religious institutions in this country. Ministers, rabbis, and educators must again preach and act, not soothe. They must be willing to risk as much as the sit-in students in the South risked in their actions. Only when students feel that the church is again the church will they be able to identify with it. Until that time, one of the most potent forces for justice and peace will remain without meaning for large numbers of concerned and active students.

I LEARNED QUICKLY THAT ON THIS CAMPUS, TO BE CONSIDERED REALLY *GROWN UP* . . .

. . . I'D HAVE TO LEARN TO SMOKE . . .

. . . AND DRINK, OF COURSE,

. . . AND MAKE TIME WITH THE BIG BOYS.

WELL, NOW THAT I'M CONSIDERED *REALLY* GROWN UP . . .

. . . I SORT OF WONDER IF IT WAS WORTH IT.

LAWRENCE DURRELL: the novelist as entertainer

BY DAVID LITTLEJOHN

THE first critic to claim that "The Novel is Dead" was probably writing shortly after the publication of **Don Quixote** in 1605. The status of the novel as, at least potentially, a work of art has seemed a little uncertain ever since: it has always appeared overready to drift into the realms of inconsequence, the relative transcience of mere entertainment. That the novel **could** represent something more, something as serious and ambitious as any other form of art, was not militantly established as "doctrine" until Henry James, who could write with three centuries of novels already on the shelves behind him.

Since James, the distinction between "The Novel as Art" and "The Novel as Entertainment" has perhaps been too firmly drawn. "Serious fiction," at one extreme, tends to become in our day the property of graduate seminars and literary coteries. For example, the hyperrefined and perversely stylized work of the French "Anti-Novelists," which caused so much perfervid debate among professional intellectuals, has gone almost totally unnoticed by even the educated American public. Only when two of the leading practitioners, Marguerite Duras and Alain Robbe-Grillet, ventured to write movie screenplays as well (**Hiroshima Mon Amour** and **Last Year at Marienbad**) did this movement—now ten years old—achieve anything like public recognition in this country. And even that recognition was primarily a reaction of total mystification, even annoyance, which only accentuates the increasing gap in our day between "art" and "entertainment."

This is not to suggest, of course, that the public is to blame. Modern novelists of the serious, post-Jamesian tradition, like modern artists in other fields, seem almost willfully to maintain this obscuring distance, to speak in what must remain for many—and again, I stress, for many of the willing and prepared—a wholly bewildering tongue. If the novel, the serious novel, is "dying" once again, for the first time the novelists themselves seem to be trying to kill it off. If they do not, like Samuel Beckett and the Anti-Novelists, strip it barren of every recognizable element of traditional fiction—plot, characterization, motivation, even movement—many, like the "activist" group of Bellow, Malamud, Updike and company, often alienate themselves and their "antiheroes" from any active response short of disgust by the sordid and pointless tastelessness of their fictional worlds.

To those who can live in this rarefied air, such writers can provide an experience of stunning, if numbing, effectiveness, and of unquestionable contemporary relevance. The case for an existentialist **Absurdité** as a root human condition, however violently one may personally reject it, is surely no less effectively made in the novels of Samuel Beckett than in the essays of Albert Camus. But for every thousand who have read Camus, scarcely one will have read—will ever read—the novels of Beckett. And with reason: they are as nearly unreadable as any major work of fiction since **Finnegans Wake.**

It is this situation, in particular, that has made the appearance among us of the four novels of Lawrence Durrell so satisfying, so promising an event. Almost every favorable critic—and I am convinced now that one must be something of a romanticist himself to appreciate such truly masterful romanticism—noted the refreshing "corrective" quality of the novels of the Alexandria Quartet. "One Vote for the Sun," was the way Gerald Sykes entitled his essay. It was good, it was healthy for us to be so winningly reconvinced that mortal existence need not, after all, be only one long Dark Night of the Soul; and to be reminded that one and the same work of fiction could be both high art and high entertainment. No European novelist since Dickens has so effectively bridged the gap between newsmagazine and literary quarterly, between bridge club and faculty club. The French have already made him something of a classic: partly, there is no doubt, as a respite from their own increasingly overcerebral works of fiction in recent years (Durrell half the time sounds as if he were being translated out of French anyway).

DURRELL'S success in bridging the gap—despite the hesitancy of many intellectuals in the face of his extraordinary popular success—is unquestionable. He has been accepted as a worthy subject for academic discussion in the journals and reviews; just this year a symposium of critical essays on Durrell was published by a university press.* If nothing else, Durrell's experiments in narrative technique and the structure of fiction can no more be dismissed by the serious student than Faulkner's or Andre Gide's. As to his public esteem, the many months of best-seller ranking, both here and abroad, the even more telling pres-

* Moore, H. T., ed. The World of Lawrence Durrell, Southern Illinois University Press. 1962. $4.50.

DRAWING
By CHARLES GROOMS

ence of the paperback editions on every grocery-store rack, bear eloquent witness.

How has he managed to do it? The elements which have contributed distinctly either to Durrell's critical or his popular success may be distinguished readily enough; the very things, in many cases, that delight one audience are likely to be those that dismay or disgust another. The "common reader" may well find himself lost in the intricate narrative maze, the rich game of authors and letters and books within books, the rambling and purposefully discontinuous "spots of time" that so enchant the professional **littérateur.** More likely, he may be bored silly by the Gallic Gnosticism, the vitalist-philosophy pieced together out of Pursewarden's (and everyone else's) maddeningly cryptic aphorisms on the nature of love and perception —however much ponderous discussion it has occasioned in the Parisian reviews. Conversely, the exotic, hyperromantic escapism that is assuredly responsible for much of Durrell's popular prestige, the richly indulgent sensuality—all, in fact, that his "Alexandria" has come to mean—is regarded in many university circles as trivial grandstanding, a sort of bastard mixture of Norman Douglas and Henry Miller.

Neither is wholly unjust. Pursewarden's amateur philosophizing and the elaborate structural orchestration are sometimes taken far too seriously, and Alexandria often does become an excuse for gratuitous self-indulgence. But, what is far more important, both critics and common readers are likely to agree on the single source of the greatest and most lasting satisfactions in the Alexandria Quartet: the awesome fertility of Durrell's creative imagination, his ability to create, out of nothing, as it were, scene after scene of the most extraordinary intensity. The vast gallery of minor characters has been, for sheer fecundity of invention, equalled by no European writer since Dickens. The presence of the ugly, tormented Narouz must impress itself ineradicably on the consciousness of every reader; Joshua Scobie is, quite clearly, a classic of English comic art. Anyone, particularly those who have ever tried to write, to invent, to "create life," will be wonderstruck by the altogether preternatural energy of Durrell's creative imagination. The full, original vitality of scene after scene, each wrought of an English so rich and so sensitive as to seem totally new, continues undiminished throughout the four novels, however much other elements of artistry and craft may decline in the latter two. Anyone who has read the Quartet has but to run his memory over these narratives and visions, the Scobie tales, the fantasies of the Native Quarter, the Carnival, the Duckshoot at Mareotis, the Fishdrive in **Mountolive,** Narouz gone mad, the desert horses, Clea's underwater world, the drunken British ambassador lost in the House of Child Prostitutes—there are dozens more—to see if, even in retrospect, the intensity of imagination is any whit diminished. And let anyone who has **not** yet read the books only be prepared: the experience of such scenes as these can, to the sympathetic reader, be almost overpowering.

And now Nessim gave a single sweet sob out there on the balcony—the noise that a bamboo stem makes when it is plucked from the stalk. And like the formal opening bars of some great symphony this small sob was echoed below in the darkness, passed from lip to lip, heart to heart. Their sobs lighted one another—as candles take a light from one another—an orchestral fulfilment of the precious theme of sorrow, and a long quivering ragged moan came up out of the empty well to climb upwards towards the darkening sky, a long hushing sigh which mingled with the hushing of the rain upon Lake Mareotis. The death of Narouz had begun to be borne. . . .

Death had brought the women into their kingdom, and made them free to deliver each her inheritance of sorrow. They crept forward in a body, gathering speed as they mounted the staircase, their faces rapt and transfigured now as they uttered the first terrible screaming. Their fingers were turned into hooks now, tearing at their own flesh, their breasts, their cheeks, with a lustful abandon as

they moved swiftly up the staircase. They were uttering that curious and thrilling ululation which is called the zagreet, *their tongues rippling on their palates like mandolines. An ear-splitting chorus of tongue-trills in various keys. . . .*

. . . The women were dancing now as they circled the body, striking their breasts and howling, but dancing in the long slow measured figures of a dance recaptured from long-forgotten friezes upon the tombs of the ancient world. They moved and swayed, quivering from throat to ankles, and they twisted and turned calling upon the dead man to rise. "Rise, my despair! Rise, my death! Rise, my golden one, my death, my camel, my protector! O beloved body full of seed, arise!" And then came the ghastly ululation torn from their throats, the bitter tears streaming from their torn minds. Round and round they moved, hypnotized by their own lamentations, infecting the whole house with their sorrow, while from the dark courtyard below came the deeper, darker hum of their menfolk sobbing as they touched hands in consolation. . . . And as each entered the gate of the house she set up a long shivering cry, like an orgasm, that stirred the griefs of the other mourners anew, so that they responded from every corner of the house—the low sobbing notes gradually swelling into a blood-curdling and sustained tongue-trill that pierced the nerves. . . .

That a novel, a series of novels, affords such a sequence of visions, events, descriptions, and personalities of such striking and unparalleled originality, is not, of itself, a necessary claim to the highest possible regard. A novel may also **say** something, lead somewhere; and, for all of Durrell's pretensions to philosophic significance, one cannot rank the Alexandria Quartet with works that truly fuse imaginative with philosophic vision, in the manner of a Dostoevsky or Faulkner; or, most recently, of a Katherine Anne Porter. But as I first noted, the direction of seriousness, of "content," of late has been pushed too often beyond the reach of even the educated reading public. An imagination such as Durrell's is still a sublime and matchless gift, the one indispensable, inexplicable element of the creative act, which may surely yet be indulged for itself alone. In other times, so prodigious a faculty would have been worshiped as Inspiration, and it even now seems—the verbal brilliance alone is uncanny—to partake of something, to have access to some treasury other than natural. Durrell has in effect expanded our universe by the dimensions of his Alexandrian vision: the world of our experience is that much larger, that much richer for his gift.

The comparison with Dickens holds true in other respects than this, the most essential. I have written elsewhere—quite a number in fact have written—of Durrell's achievements as an artist; but I would like here to make a claim, a rather unusual claim, for Durrell as an Entertainer—as the Dickens of our day. Entertainment, if not perhaps worthy of the same respect as high art, can surely still be at best one of the finer, more rewarding of crafts; surely our lives are, if not richer, at least more pleasant, more bearable for the singers and musicians, the comedians and cartoonists, the columnists and light novelists possessed of real vigor and honest ability. The pervasive and captivating **humor** of the Alexandria Quartet, in fact—at its high comic best in Scobie, but strongly present in almost every page—all but shatters any more serious pretensions the books may have had. Durrell, unfortunately for him, fortunately for us, cannot stop laughing, even at himself; he will even interrupt a paragraph of particularly lush Alexandrines to chuckle sagely to himself, "Fine writing!"

Wilkie Collins, a fellow novelist and close friend of Dickens', established as his formula for the successful novel equal portions of humor, pathos, and suspense—"Make 'em laugh, make 'em weep, make 'em wait." It worked for Collins, it worked for Dickens; it is still working for Durrell. Like a true Victorian novelist a hundred years after his time, Durrell manages to jam a little of everything into his fiction: high comedy, low comedy, melodrama, mystery, horror, sentimentality, pathos, romanticism, exoticism, supernaturalism, foreign intrigue, grotesquerie and ghoulishness, sex and sensuality; when one considers the abundance of his offering, his popularity ceases to surprise. This is scarcely a "modern" way to write a novel—Henry James disdained such "great baggy monsters" —but it is a timeless, unfailing way to entertain. Episodes like the Duckshoot or the building of the summer villa at Aboukir are suffused with a warm, almost Tolstoyan sense of human affirmation; the story of the Virtuous Samira could bring a reader near to tears. But we also have Da Capo's fantastic experiments in witchcraft from beyond the grave, Nessim's psychotic fantasies—or, again, Pursewarden's excellent dirty poems. It is this abundance, this largesse, this richness not only of imagination but of **kind** of imagination, this uncommonly vast variety that so distinguishes Durrell from less generous entertainers, to say nothing of more "serious" novelists who make no pretense at "entertainment" at all.

Durrell is hardly likely to start a trend, a movement back to some sort of neo-Victorian novel. The ruling spirit of serious fiction in our time is likely to continue to partake of the fragmentation and bleak devaluation of so much contemporary thought, and maintain its distance, for reasons both substantive and technical, from the "common reader." Durrell's achievement is likely to remain unique, quite simply because such fertility of fancy cannot be learned or inherited; one must simply wait for it, be grateful when it comes, and accept it, delight in it, for precisely what it is. We do wrong, I think, to try to make Durrell into something more than, something different from, an Olympian Entertainer; but we do far greater wrong to deny the high and uncommon value of such a title.

"... A NEW SONG"

new directions in music for worship

BY ROBERT SHAW

THE church has been historically, and is by its essence and purpose, the natural home of the arts. Yet few of us would deny that—with only isolated exceptions the church has become in our time the repository, preserver, and protector of the aesthetically flaccid, maudlin, soporific, secondhand and third-rate.

Music, painting, sculpture, drama, the dance, architecture, within really a very few generations, have found a new and more stimulating habitat and audience in the concert hall, museum, the theater and the suspension bridge. Professional religion, occasionally by the perversion of truth, but probably in sum more by intellectual poverty, has found the area of its concern with man constantly shrinking, until at present and from the outside it would be possible to say for Christianity that its entire concern is with a theoretical particle of man's being susceptible to what is called "salvation"—an hypothesis of reward or punishment, **post mortem.** Into this area of being, it is generally felt, none of man's intellectual, aesthetic, or even—sometimes—social sensibilities can carry him. At best they are useless, and at worst harmful.

I cannot subscribe to this position. For I believe that the arts are the daily evidence of the creative spirit at work among men, and perhaps the most sensitive link between the areas ascribed "human" and "divine." Art's processes begin with the recognition of isolated minute factors of existence and value—this hue, that tone, that stress, this shape—the is-ness, distinctness, self-ness of minutiae that not all of us attend to with equal intensity; they continue with the selection of certain of the matters and the rejection of others; and ultimately show the ability to pattern, to relate, even to set that pattern in motion—in time (as in music) and in space (as in painting or architecture).

For I believe that truth and beauty are not natural antagonists. It demands a perversion of one to spend his life in persecution of the other. Nor are they mutually exclusive. Were beauty only skin deep, then Beethoven's **Missa Solemnis** were for skin divers.

If a man is to be an entire, whole man; if he is to be admonished to love the Lord with all his heart, soul and mind, then the church is obliged to represent in its service of worship a God worthy of such absolute love. In far too many services of worship it would appear that if a man desired to participate without embarrassment it were better that he checked one of the articles or areas of his sensitivity at the door before entering.

What then may be appropriate attitudes and standards as we consider the relationship of the arts—music, in this particular instance—to worship? For me there are three productive rules of order. The first is that nothing but the best is good enough. If one comes saying that one man's **St. Matthew Passion** is another's "Old Rugged Cross," then one may only reply that that is unfortunately the other's loss, for there can be no doubt about which music serves God more nobly or ascribes to him the greater glory. There are, after all, standards in the construction of music just as there are standards in the building of apartment houses or dams. Good is not served by enshrining the mediocre. Five thousand young people are not proved irredeemable by chanting "Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling" in Madison Square Garden, but had they been asked intellectually and technically to match the **Dona Nobis Pacem**—the prayer for inner and outer peace—of Beethoven's **Missa Solemnis,** they would have had a religious experience of vastly greater rigor and depth.

The second axiom is that the church—even the worship service—ought to be the home of that which is original, even exploratory. It is above all the church's responsibility to meet and nourish the creative spirit in man, to discover and hail the ancient vitality in a brand new vessel. The church's attention should not be entirely upon the "as it was in the beginning," but

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also upon the "is now" and upon what "shall be."

Which leads to the third and final premise, perhaps also representing a "liberalism" that not all will wish to share. For myself, however, nothing which has quickened men to a new awareness of the beautiful or a reappraisal of the truth should be thought foreign to worship. Whenever the Word has been made flesh —in a Palestrina mass, a Bach cantata, a Gregorian or Buddhist chant, a prayer of Gandhi, a poem of Blake or Dickinson, a Negro spiritual, a Mormon hymn— these all attest to man's hunger for God. They should be made welcome in the church.

What is proposed here is literally the reverse of the recent century's trend to secularization whereby man's creative produce—his art, speculation, and inquiry— becomes isolated from his religious thinking and habits. What I propose is the religious accreditation of his intelligence, taste, and senses.

ONE of the most hopeful and productive new directions in music for worship is the growing regard for, and familiarity with, the musical materials of the past. The new direction is the backward look— precisely because of the great reservoir there of creativity and originality.

Originality, properly understood, is "something which has origins" in a culture, a style, a responsible technique, a faith. Let us examine some of these original values—some of the values of originality. Think of Malotte's all-too-familiar setting of the Lord's Prayer. It simply must be said that this contemporary disposable chalice of instant piousity has no business in any place of worship. It cannot for long convince anyone who has to sing it—how much less the One whom it concerns. Its slick commercial sentimentality proposes anesthesia for sensitivity, the pompous power of perfumed pablum for the diet of truth. It cannot compare, for example, to the originality, humility, reverence, and taste in a Gregorian **Paternoster.** I was raised in a church where Latin was not allowed to be sung—but whose standard architecture was the Greco-Roman stucco false front. How much better had we been exposed to some originality and integrity in our musical Lord's Prayer—and a little of the same in our architecture.

Let's juxtapose mentally a couple of textual ideas. We've just considered the values of looking backward. There were a good many hymns of my youth that made a similar claim, like "Give Me that Old-Time Religion" and "The Old-Fashioned Meeting." Compare these from whatever standpoint—intellectuality, motivation or sheer human exuberance—with the opening moments of J. S. Bach's motet no. 1. By craftsmanship or by faith, one of these must be a more worthy act of worship. The motet was recently performed by an eight-voice choir with four recorders, four stringed instruments, and a harpsichord in a moderately sized, moderately budgeted middle-eastern church service.

KING DAVID SERIGRAPH JIM CRANE

"Give Me that Old-Time Religion" vs. Bach's 250-year-old "Sing unto the Lord a New Song"? There can be no doubt as to which of these musical expressions more surely ennobles man and glorifies God.

Think, too, of congregational hymns. The recent settings of the old gospel hymn "Stand up, stand up for Jesus" are gauche enough, though certainly they are not the familiar tune of my heedless, headless youth. It was a good deal after college—and through musical, not religious channels—that I became aware that there were in existence, particularly in the southern states, magnificent hymn tunes which nobody—and everybody—had written: tunes using old modes, ancient scales—folk-hymns, whose melodic proportions and poignancy any composer would be privileged to own. If the people—the folk—have the capacity to create and worship with such lovely music as "What Wondrous Love?", what are they doing with "Love Lifted Me" or "Rescue the Perishing" or "Stand Up For Jesus"? Perhaps the common people are not so common—or so distinguished—as they once were.

Compare not only two classes of music, but two styles of performance and two very different sounds. One is the sound I remember from "Youth For Christ" conventions and crusades, the vibrating twang of the

electronic "organ." Compare that sound with even a fairly simple and unspectacular baroque pipe organ work, such as the chorale prelude on "How Brightly Shines the Morning Star" of Buxtehude. The blessed assurance is that there has been a significant renaissance of the fine organ building in our country almost within the present generation, and instruments of quality, scholarship, and integrity are available as never before—in many sizes to fit any budget.

THE church, historically, has been the home and inspiration of the arts—and even the sciences. But by its recent intellectual poverty and inhospitality generations of creative minds in the arts and sciences have had to find their home and their audiences in concert halls, theaters, literary reviews or the learned societies and academies. The church musician of our day is a choral conductor or organist, often both—but only very rarely a composer. Those men who are primarily interested not in the performance of music but in its creation, write for the concert hall (of whatever proportion), and only rarely for the service of worship. These creative minds are far more available for producing new music for the worship service than the churches are available to them, and churches who manifest interest and competence in the Lord's "new song" find themselves with an abundance of materials.

Within even the past few decades there has emerged a literature of vocal and orchestral concert music which textually and philosophically is in tune with the church's proper and stated concern. Some of this music is actually performable in a worship service by normal church forces. More importantly, the music displays a variety of creative musical language which is available to churches in works of reduced and appropriate dimension and instrumentation.

We should also be wise, in passing, not to limit the locale of worship to one particular building with certain given occupants. Beethoven's **Missa Solemnis,** Bach's B-minor **Mass,** Verdi's **Requiem,** and Handel's **Messiah** were never intended for liturgical use. They were written for festive occasions, political or memorial in origin. Their natural habitat is the public—or concert-hall rather than the sanctuary, where they can be saved from editorial vivisection.

Igor Stravinsky's **Symphony of Psalms** is felt by many to be among the very few really great symphonic works of our century. It **is** the "new song" the psalmist enjoins; and others of his works, including a **Mass** and short motets, are capable of performance in church worship situations.

Francis Poulenc's **Gloria** achieved notable recognition and acclaim this season in its first American performance. It is undoubtedly a work of great beauty and vitality. And there have been available for years a number of motets and choruses of equal sensitivity and vitality, such as Poulenc's own **Mass in G.**

Lukas Foss, young American composer of German descent, who won this year's New York Critics Award with his **Time Cycle** for soprano solo and orchestra, for years has dealt with scriptural texts and with texts of this century's poets and philosophers inquiring into eternal truths—the meaning of death, for instance, in his cantata on texts by Rainer Maria Rilke. **Time Cycle** is challenging listening, a creative mind at work. Foss's **Psalms** are not quite so "advanced" or "far out"—but they are still invigorating, and enormously to be preferred to the soporific sanctimonious stuff which flushes into our ears on most Sunday mornings.

And the list of works specifically for performance in an actual worship service is by no means small. Ernest Bloch's **Sacred Service** is **the** great contemporary festival work in the Hebrew tradition. Although it was written for instrumental grandeur, I have frequently been surprised how moving this work can be when performed in a temple or church with only organ accompaniment. Or there is Benjamin Britten's **Rejoice in the Lamb,** most effective in the rhythmic vigor of its varieties of praise to God. Or the **Psalms** of Charles Ives. Written half a century ago by that all-American, self-taught, inventive genius, they are completely possible of performance by serious amateur church singers, and are still "new song."

FINALLY, we should examine in the name of worship music which is frankly and unredeemably experimental and exploratory. Many people will sincerely doubt that this music has any possible future contribution to public worship, but it is important that we know what is being attempted.

One of the most provocative of the new experiments is that of utilizing jazz in the service of worship. As an hypothesis it has to face the conjecture, at least, that native environment qualifies and is an expression of inherent purpose and product. That is to say (in the form of a question), does an art form born in the saloon and the brothel carry within itself inescapably a purpose and vocabulary foreign to the service of worship? On the other hand, historically, the greatest masters of religious music have taken secular folk melodies and worked them into and through the fabric of their music, yet their music has not been tainted, but secure in technique and aspiration. Also on the side of jazz is the fact that in our time it is substantially the sole expression of group improvisation, and thus might offer to worship an ideal this-here-and-now creative instant. And add to that the fact that jazz improvisation may have derived from the Negro spiritual, in its creative momentum and undoubted religious experience.

Be sure of this: that the barroom and the brothel are no longer the principal abode of this music. Jazz is now emphatically a concert-hall phenomenon. It is serious, studious, and well mannered, and a rigorous

musical discipline. It involves top-flight minds and top-flight technicians. Whether or not it belongs in the sanctuary on Sunday morning, these people and their talent belong somewhere in the church. There are far greater vulgarities promulgated from the pulpit and the choir loft today than could be heard from a Gunther Schuller, a Dave Brubeck, or the Modern Jazz Quartet. I know of some instances around the country where improvisatory jazz has been used as a background to readings—some scriptural, and some from what certain ministers would call the "contemporary scriptures." And there is an entire service of liturgical jazz composed by Ed Summerlin after the Methodist order for Morning Prayer.

There is another fascinating exploration: What is the eventual contribution of electronic music to the service of worship? This is composed music—performed by the composer. Out of the electronic devices the composer actually creates his own sounds.

The simplest example of this sort of sound is the static squeal of a radio set. Occasionally one also utilizes a recording of some natural or mechanical sound—a bird's song, the shriek of an automobile brake—plus the fracture, or speed variation, of these sounds. Thus music need no longer depend on a body of trained performers. The entire world of audibility is a potential for fractioning, selection, and reorganization into a pattern of sound through time—undoubtedly a process of personal creativity.

In 1961, the Seventh Quadrennial MSM Conference commissioned Bulent Arel to write electronic music for their service of worship at the conference in Urbana, Illinois. Arel, born in Istanbul, Turkey, has been musical director of Radio Ankara. A distinguished teacher and composer in traditional styles, he is presently affiliated with the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center.

One of the best-known "electronic composers" is Vladimir Ussachevsky, born in China, educated in the United States at Pomona College, Eastman School of Music, and Columbia University. A first-class traditional composer and musician, his more recent years have been given to research and composition in electronic forms. Ussachevsky has written a major religious work called **Creation.** The work uses two excerpts from ancient creation stories, the Akkadian **Encoma Elish** found inscribed on tablets in Mesopotamian excavations, and Ovid's **Metamorphoses.** Reciting voices are used along with electronic sound and electronic manipulation. A portion of the text reads:

> though there was both land and
> sea and air, no one could tread the land,
> or swim that sea; and the air was dark.
> No form of things remained the same;
> all objects were at odds, for within one body
> cold things strove with hot, and moist with dry,
> soft things with hard, things having weight with
> weightless things. . . .

These are certainly the fringes—but still perhaps the future materials of music for church worship.

Let me repeat our necessary principles as we undertake an appraisal of music for worship. ***Only the best is good enough.*** The almighty is not served by mediocrity. ***The church ought to be the home of the creative and the original***—of whatever generation. And, ***nothing which leads man to a fresh awareness of the good, the beautiful, or the dynamic, ought to be thought foreign to worship.***

RANDALL SHARP HAS BURNED HIS HARP

Randall Sharp has burned his harp,
Has turned out a lark from the nearby tree,
Has late unwired his telephone,
And is not as known as he used to be.

Unlordly he, that once mistook
A spring day for the sight of GOD,
Does now but minister a nod
From o'er the edge of some GREAT BOOK

Which sits enthroned upon his mind
As he on straight-backed chair seems crowned.
What pedagogue holds Randall rapt
And does his disposition warp?

Some there are who will insist
He seeks the image of a harp.

—JAMES A. SPARKS

WHAT IS WORSHIP?

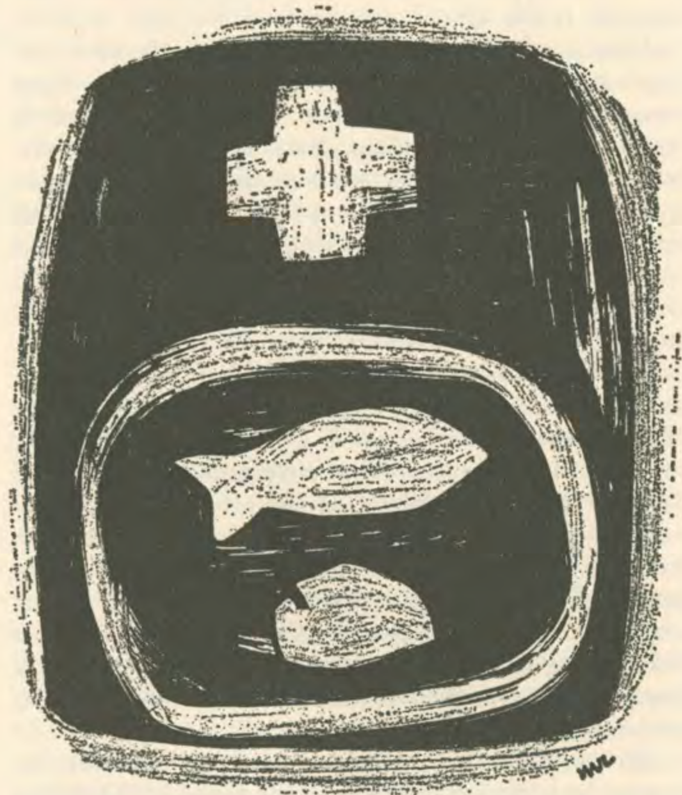
BY J. CLAUDE EVANS

WORSHIP is not to be divided into "liturgical" worship versus "nonliturgical" worship, however often we do this in our ordinary conversation. There is no such thing as a nonliturgical service of worship. The word "liturgy" comes from a Greek word meaning to observe public duties at one's own cost. Worship, therefore, is the discharging of our common duties to God. We do this together at our own cost. Since more than one person is involved, we must have some kind of form or order in discharging these duties.

For example, some people say they do not like read prayers. The minister reads the same old ancient words, and they leave us cold. These people prefer free prayers where the minister prays spontaneously. These are supposedly warm and meaningful. But just how spontaneous are the prayers of ministers who use free prayer? I remember more than one minister in my childhood whose prayers were always about the same, once the first few words were out. One of the saintliest of them had a sentence "iron sharpeneth iron, and the spirit of a man sharpens the spirit of his brother in fellowship and love." Over and over again I have heard this sentence, yet I never grew tired of it. But there was nothing "free" about his praying. It followed a set pattern time after time after time, just as do prayers we read.

It is the same with rural and small-town churches. Some of you are accustomed to small-town churches where the order of service is simple, and the hymns learned and sung depend almost wholly on what the pianist can play. You go to a large city church and you are likely to find a more elaborate ritual, with songs you have never sung before. Yet both are liturgical services. You really have no choice here, that is, to choose between a liturgical service and a nonliturgical service. The only choice you have is between good liturgy and bad liturgy, and this is another matter.

Bad liturgy exists both in small and large churches, in so-called high-churches as well as in low-churches. The "liturgical revival" that is going on in every church in America sometimes becomes comical. There's the story of the high-church Episcopalian rector who wanted to do everything as Rome did, so he went to Mass one day and watched the priest carrying the incense pot down the aisle. Just before the priest arrived at the altar, he stumbled and fell. And for years the Episcopal priest in his own high-church observance of the Eucharist would stumble and fall at the same exact spot in his own services. He wanted to be correct liturgically, and ended up with bad liturgy. Or there was the Lutheran minister who tied a rope around his waist and called it the sursum cord. And in Methodist churches almost numberless you can find the choir wearing stoles, the symbol of ministerial ordination, instead of the minister. You see, there is good liturgy and bad liturgy!



Worship is not entertainment; it has no place for spectators only (especially in Protestantism). Yet how often we fall into that trap. We attend the church with the most entertaining minister. And ministers vie with one another on being able to intersperse enough jokes in the sermon to bring you back the next Sunday. Even our use of vestments, especially on the choir, tends to make the worship service a performance, much like a play or a musical recital, to which you go to be entertained.

REAL worship is just the opposite of this. Kierkegaard has reminded us of the true position of the people who are worshiping. We are not sitting in church watching God. We are rather in church acting out our own relationship to God, and God is watching us. We are not the audience. God is the audience. The question as to whether you enjoyed the service or not is irrelevant. The real question is whether or not you are sincere in acting out in real life your penitence, your praise and thanksgiving, your hearing of the Word, and your dedication of yourself and your possessions to his will.

Here is where symbolism can go astray. Symbols are important in worship. Everything we do can have meaning. But when we make the symbol an end in itself, and become anxious about each step the minister takes, or each direction his hands move, we have missed the point. Many so-called symbolic steps had no such meanings in the beginning, but were read into the movements later. Luther was scornful of such matters, and called those who made symbolism an end in itself "chancel prancers."

Worship is not a matter of feeling, or some kind of subjective experience, though most of us have at one time or another so believed. Our fathers could have an "experience" in a revival simply by their hand of fellowship to the minister at the altar, but this now appalls us. We have brought all kinds of gimmicks into the worship services—especially those for young people. We have used voice choirs, off-stage voices, elaborate scenery ranging all the way from a whole lake for a Galilean service to a whole mountain as a backdrop for a white-painted cross. The intention was to produce a feeling of worship in the worshiper.

But worship is not some psychological state or trance or a pleasant "tickle in the tummy." Christian worship is a public duty, a liturgy, that we must participate in whether we feel like it or not, and there will be times when we won't get any feeling of elation or peace of mind out of it. This does not mean that worship must be emotionless. It cannot be and be worship, for emotion is a part of selfhood, and the whole self participates in worship. Emotion is a part of worship, but the goal of worship is not an emotional state.

Worship is not correct doctrine. Worship is not simply a certain set of theological ideas which, if presented correctly, involve us in worship. Rather, this involves us in worship of idols, ideas made into idols. And we do this constantly. Many seminary students are too preoccupied with looking at sermons to see if the minister is a Christian existentialist. When they find such, you can literally see them have a religious experience right in church. They have found a true believer who transports them into a beatific vision of self-congratulation. They are not worshiping. They are simply pleased with themselves. It can be the same with a neo-orthodox preacher, or a liberal preacher, or a fundamentalist. We all like to hear what we already believe.

Though theologically stimulating, this is not Christian worship. Worship does not involve us primarily with ideas, but with a Person. Worship deals not so much with abstractions, as with concrete human and divine relationships. To substitute ideas for the transcendent God is to worship another idol. No wonder Luther said that man was a veritable idol factory. We find them even in our worship.

Doctrine and liturgy are interdependent, though in the early church, it was liturgy that determined the doctrine. The coming of Jesus Christ, as the Son of God, was a shock to most of his followers. They had expected a military ruler, and found him meek and mild. They expected a great ruler of the nation, a King, but he rejected any kingly temporal rule. They expected a victorious heavenly figure, but he turned out to be a man whose mission ended on a criminal's cross. Yet, when it finally broke through who Jesus Christ really was, the liturgy of confession, praise, thanksgiving, offering, dedication, and intercession evolved naturally. From the liturgy of praise to Jesus as Lord came the doctrine of the Incarnation, Atonement, Last Judgment and Second Coming, and the kingdom of God.

Our liturgy should teach and preach. But it does this only when it witnesses to the coming of God into the world in the person of his Son Jesus Christ. As Dr. Albert C. Outler has said, "Any congregation that regularly sings the **Te Deum** in its worship services hears the gospel whether or not the minister is preaching it."

SO much for what worship is not. Now, what **is** worship?

In 1 Samuel 10:1-7, Saul, having been anointed as king-designate, is told to journey toward Gibeathelohim, meaning "hill of God." On the way, he will meet three men "going up to God." Worship is "going up to God." For the ancient Israelites, God dwelled in the high places, so "going up to God" could be interpreted literally. Already the transcendent nature of God was being made known to the Israelites. The figurative meaning is also implicit. When we worship, we are acknowledging a relationship to God. Worship is "putting ourselves in the presence of the holy," says Fred Gealy. Worship is all of us together "going up to God."

We put ourselves in the presence of God because we belong to him. That's who we are. We come from him—and we go to him. This God we worship is a particular God. He is not just any god, or an idol. He is the God who created us. We did not create ourselves. Yet this God transcends us. He never was created; he always was. He never will die; he always will be. He transcends his creation, which has a certain beginning and a certain ending in time. So worship motive

is falling down in awe and wonder before this almighty, transcendent, and holy God—who nevertheless is our Creator.

But this God is a God of absolute righteousness. He not only is righteous, but he demands righteousness from his creation. So we feel repelled by him, and withdraw from him. We are a people of unclean lips; our righteousness is as filthy rags compared to God. If we wish to worship, our first act is to fall on our knees in repentance and in prayer for pardon. This is who we are: sinners in the sight of God who must repent if we are to have any relationship with him.

But there is more. This God whom Christians worship is not just a Creator, whom we cannot know except in his majestic transcendence. He is also a God who discloses himself to us within history. He is at work in history, choosing, punishing, redeeming, chastising, blessing, cursing, saving, and judging. This we see in the events in the Old Testament, as well as in events today. And, in the fullness of time, this God disclosed himself to us in human form in the person of his Son Jesus Christ. So the God we worship is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. We know he loves us absolutely, even to death upon the cross.

Therefore, worship is the joyful re-enactment of our salvation where we hear again the Word of God in Jesus Christ. We can repent because we already know our forgiveness is possible. We can praise, because we can see the praiseworthy God in Jesus Christ. We can listen again to the story of the Word of God, for this is the Word that gives meaning and purpose to our lives. We can dedicate ourselves, our souls and bodies (that is, our religious life and our money) to obedience to this Word. This is the Word that is Jesus Christ—that is God—that is meant for us. So we gather together regularly as a community to celebrate this Word that has come, this Word that is coming, this Word that will come from God. We are like the dead man, the only son of a widow at Nain, in the New Testament. We come from the world into the church as dead men, and we go out made alive again by the voice and the touch of the Word.

This is what worship is all about. We come into church guilty as hell; we go out saints meant for heaven.

Yet this is dangerously close to anthropomorphism—making God into man, so that his holiness and transcendence are lost. The Protestant answer to this legitimate question is the priesthood of believers. We worship God and listen for his Word to us. But his Word to us always comes through our neighbor. We administer to one another God's love, God's forgiveness, God's mercy. So we worship together. We must worship together to hear this Word anew. For the Word comes through our neighbor who has been set aside by us as a preacher, or a lay reader, or as a Sunday school teacher. This is where Protestants can join with Catholics in saying there is no salvation outside the church. For it is through the church that we hear the Word of God, and go back into the world to live obediently to this Word we have heard in the church through our neighbor.

In the light of this theology, Protestant Christians approach orders of worship. One order that is growing in usage in Methodism is an adaptation of the order in the **Proposed Revisions for the Book of Worship** authorized by the 1960 General Conference. It is divided into five acts, or three acts with a prologue and an epilogue.

First, there is the service of preparation which includes the opening voluntary, the call to worship and invocation, and the opening hymn. These are almost self-explanatory except to those who use the organ music as a time to catch up on the latest gossip with their neighbor in the pew. The "prelude" has been changed to "opening voluntary" to get away from the idea that worship begins when the ministers enter and the first hymn is sung. Worship begins when you walk into the sanctuary with the symbols of worship all about you: the altar, the cross, the reredos, the center aisle as the road of life, the spoken word and the written word (the pulpit and the lectern) on each side of the road of life as the Christian makes his way to the center of human existence, the cross of Jesus Christ, which is the heart of God.

No sooner do we recognize that we are in God's presence, than we have to repent. This is the second act, the service of confession, announced by the versicle—"O Lord, show thy mercy upon us." Here we are: finite humanity, with a certain beginning in time and a certain ending to come in time. Here we are: sinful humanity having lived all week as if we were the center of the universe, when the truth of the matter is that God is the center of reality. So we must repent. And we join together in corporate confession followed by our personal and silent prayers of confession. Then the minister, representing each one of us, prays for pardon. We make this prayer our prayer by joining together in the "Amen." Implicit in this prayer is the faith that forgiveness is available to all. That is why

some churches title this act "Assurance of Forgiveness."

Automatically, there follows the third act, the service of praise and witness, or, as it is often called, the service of the Word. This Word has already come to us in our assurance of forgiveness. We walked into the sanctuary as unforgiven sinners, now we are forgiven sinners. This is the Word God has spoken to us in Jesus Christ. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." So we celebrate this joyful Word that forgives us, this Word that brings us life, this Word that gives sight to the blind, life to the dead, hope to the despairing.

We celebrate it first in praise to God. The versicle announces the beginning of this section, "O Lord, open thou our lips." We leap to our feet, like students at a football game, to express our praise to God. The Psalter is used responsively, for many of the Psalms are "praise" Psalms, whereas the responsive readings in the back of our present hymnal are a collection of several Scripture passages supposedly under a common theme. Many churches are finding the Psalter far more suitable for this step in the worship order. Then the **Gloria Patri,** an ancient chant which seems modern to us for most of us use it regularly in our own churches. Then comes the Creed (the traditional Word), followed by the Old Testament and New Testament lessons (the ancient Word). The lessons are separated by an anthem which takes the place of the musical interlude, or gradual, when in the early church, the deacon walked from the Old Testament scroll to the New Testament scroll. Then comes the prayer of thanksgiving for the Word made flesh and the sermon, which is the ancient Word made relevant to our day.

Act four begins after the sermon. It is the response of the people to the Word made present in this day. We respond in dedication, offering, and intercession. We dedicate ourselves, our whole selves including our money, to the service of the Word. And because each one dedicates himself, we all belong to a community of those who also dedicate themselves. And as a community of forgiven sinners, who administer to one another God's love and God's forgiveness (his Word!), we can pray for others.

Act five, or the epilogue, is the final hymn which symbolizes our corporate wholeness, ready for the benediction and closing voluntary when we go out into the world obedient to God in the various vocations in which he has placed us. This means that we prepare ourselves once again for our vocation as students or as faculty to be academically, socially, and personally responsible within the structures of society. We are **in** the world, but not **of** the world. For we have heard a Word, confessed our sins, accepted forgiveness, grappled with the meaning of the Word for our day, and dedicated ourselves in obedience to the living of this Word.

IF I WORSHIP YOU, LORD, WILL YOU GIVE ME PEACE OF MIND?

. . . AND FAME, AND SUCCESS IN BUSINESS, AND INSURE THE CONTINENTAL GREATNESS OF MY COUNTRY?

. . . AND GIVE A PERSONAL, WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF IMMORTALITY FOR ME AND ALL MY FAMILY?

OH—I MUST WORSHIP YOU "BECAUSE YOU ARE GOD?"

. . . WHAT KIND OF A DEAL IS THAT?

OTIS HUBAND, JR. GRAPHICS

the formulation of life forces

BY MARGARET RIGG

THE first thing Otis Huband said about his work was, "It would be difficult, if not impossible, for me to say exactly why I work in the way I do. **I have been influenced by everything."** On the surface, that statement seems quite generalized and obvious. But, in fact, it refers to the depths of creative power in the imagination which enable the artist to transform his inner awareness and outer experiences into life-giving visual symbols. This ability to be "influenced by everything," to deny nothing as material for the expression of vital life principles, and to listen to the "inner dialogue," is part of the basic equipment of the artist. Without that no amount of good taste, discipline, or hard work will add up to significant art.

This inner dialogue, this "everything," is made up not just of the rational, the logical and whatever an age understands as the "beautiful," but must also include the irrational, the illogical and the grotesque. Even in ages when art has been most lacking in greatness, a single artist has towered above the age in his singular ability to represent, grotesquely as well as beautifully, irrationally as well as rationally, the fundamental image of man in the universe. The mighty artists were not the hundred who painted neatly what a good moral sense allowed. The mighty artists dealt with the healing and the demonic alike, with the life-giving and the poisonous together, which spring from lively sources of fully human imagination. We have only to think of Rembrandt, Goya, Michelangelo, Bosch, Bruegal in an otherwise morally suffocating series of centuries. And, today, we can trace the same thing in the public revolt against a suffering Christ on the cross in favor of a fair Christ who forever walks in flowered fields with happy and well-scrubbed Anglo-Saxon children. The preferred artist today is the one who deletes the blood and gore, removes reference to the distorted, and ignores any implications of the irrational. We are essentially an age out of touch with the whole material of our nature and needs as human beings.

But if we **were** in touch . . . would not the chaotic, the demonic, and the ugliness itself swallow up all else? We dread to picture pain and horror and all the dark powers for fear that once out of the box they will eat up what little light there is in us. Yet these dark powers, or the images and symbolizations of them, are in the realm of fundamental ideas, and there is a central human need for expressing such ideas. It is peculiarly a human quality to symbolize great conceptions: evil, goodness, life, death, joy, sorrow, beauty, ugliness. As the philosopher Susanne K. Langer points out, "The central aim is to symbolize a Presence, to aid in the formulation of a religious universe."

In just that respect it is impressive to stand among the ancient Mayan ruins in Mexico and see how the religious impulse runs through every building, city plan and symbolic figure. A Presence is evoked and given impressive and imaginative form. Man is able, through art, to see what he fears in his imaginings and his nightmares. He faces, through the visual forms, the symbols, those Dark Powers that take away life, health or peace. And he is then able to contemplate those states of his existence and meet them at the emotional insight level. The visual formulations of what we fear or take joy in present us with the ongoing myths of our inner lives.

These myths can be both life-giving and life-defining for us. Through painting, a "language of feeling," we are presented with an artistic, symbolic formulation of a feeling, mood or emotion, rather than with a direct self-expression. Mere self-expression is not art. A child can have a tantrum, which is direct self-expression, but hardly art. A painting of sorrow in no way means that the artist was suffering **when he painted that picture.** It does mean that the artist during some times of suffering drew sensitive and life-

defining impressions and later, at another time and in another mood altogether (in the clear light of distance), was able to formulate his many impressions and discoveries **about** suffering and to visually present them for the consideration of others. So, expressionistic as a style may be, the essential role of art is **to formalize** (to give formulation) the emotions or events pictured rather than to simply express them. Likewise, utter sincerity and pure passion are not enough to produce art. Nor sensitivity and ability to "feel" all emotions. The artist must have precise and well-disciplined powers of symbolizing, of finding significant forms for representing emotion, of formulation.

IT is powerful **formulation of feeling, not powerful feeling,** which allows the onlooker to **conceive of** that emotion or state of being, and allows life-giving meaning to flow through the forms and enter the understanding of the onlooker. Art is not intended to throw us into the **same** emotional state that is pictured, while we look at it. **It is intended to give us access to thoughtful consideration of the emotion.**

This implies an objectivity as well as a subjectivity in our approach. But it is an objectivity already built into the work of art in its formulation. In other words, we are not asked to steel ourselves upon entering a museum and force objectivity from ourselves as we stand in front of paintings. Part of that is accomplished for us by the artist. It is done by means of style—a departure from absolute copying of nature—and color and structure of subject matter, etc. These and the way they are handled by the artist supply a "psychological distance." However, many people say that a painting depicting brutality makes them shrink in horror. The psychological distance is nowhere apparent to them. Yet the same people, every day, look almost unflinchingly at front-page newspaper photographs of death and violence. What is the difference? The difference is that in the newspaper photos we are being manipulated simply and directly to feel what was felt by the victims—**and no more.** In a work of art which **formulates** (e.g., violence) by means of significant forms **we are not asked to feel this violence at once,** but asked to consider the emotion **represented** before us visually. The formulation (rather than mere reproduction) of violence in a painting lets us conceive of that state of being without having to enter immediately that state ourselves or to shrink in horror as if we are actually seeing the event.

If we do shrink it may be because we have confused the symbolic, or implicit, with the explicit conception of reality. It may also be due to the sharpened insight which the artistic formulation affords us into the meaning of that emotion for us. It has been lifted from the explicit (newspaper shock photo) to the implicit; it has been **distanced** from us artistically but also it is given a life-defining impact which is far more powerful than any number of on-the-spot newspaper photos. In this sense our century will be marked in history more by Pablo Picasso's pictorial formulation of war in his GUERNICA (1937), than by the documentary photographs of the thousands of victims of Nazi extermination camps. Even though we shrink and turn pale at the sight of these documentaries such as the ones used in JUDGMENT AT NUREMBURG, it is Picasso's GUERNICA which really allows us to contemplate the massive horror, and through the symbolic forms to have it conveyed to our understanding.

What the painting does that the documentary does not do is to let us comprehend, grasp, realize in our understanding that which is being visually formulated. The artist is after more than sudden sympathy. And though the artist rarely tells us what to conclude while looking it is safe to say he has contrived with his tools, materials and talent to let us connect emotions and areas of our lives which have not before been so much as introduced to one another. The artist, perhaps, is one of the very first to sense ultimate relationships, to want to formulate them with life-defining symbols, and pass them on to anyone who has eyes to see.

SO it is that moments in our public and private history are lifted by artists and given ultimate dimensions and formulations. This is what I take to be the case of Otis Huband and the otherwise uncomprehensible works of art he has formulated in wood cuts. Mr. Huband writes:

"I remember the photographs of Dachau, Buchenwald, Auschwitz, etc., printed in the newspapers during the end of World War II. It is amazing and frightening how many have forgotten or failed to realize the implications of these and other equally horrendous times and places. It is not the guilt of the Nazis alone. It is the guilt of this century.

"It seems to me that man's ability to adapt himself to any situation has done him as much or perhaps more harm than it has good. We are eagerly turning the majority of our science and finances to the ultimate goal of global annihilation.

motive

"Contemporary man seems eager to flee from the dangers and responsibilities of individual identity. This to me is as much a threat to mankind as a global nuclear war, since the results are much the same."

Mr. Huband makes his forms attend to the ultimates he is concerned with. All the involved philosophizing about art, **formulations** versus **self-expression,** implicit versus explicit, the irrational, ugly and grotesque simply explain, or attempt to explain in a complicated way what Mr. Huband says so directly:

"For me art involves integrity, because I am deeply involved in the human situation and my destiny is tied to it. I have strong feelings and opinions about the human situation. I feel dishonest if I make no comment or take no notice of it in my work. I do not deal with beauty in the usual sense of the word. I deal with ugliness, insanity, and dignity. Clipper ships, red milk and pastoral scenes seem to me a flight from reality and responsibility. I am not looking for a way of escape. But, understandably, people don't like to be reminded, they want the warts taken off their portraits. I do not expect my art to ever be popular, nor do I ever expect to be able to make a living from it. Why should I if I will not make what people want?

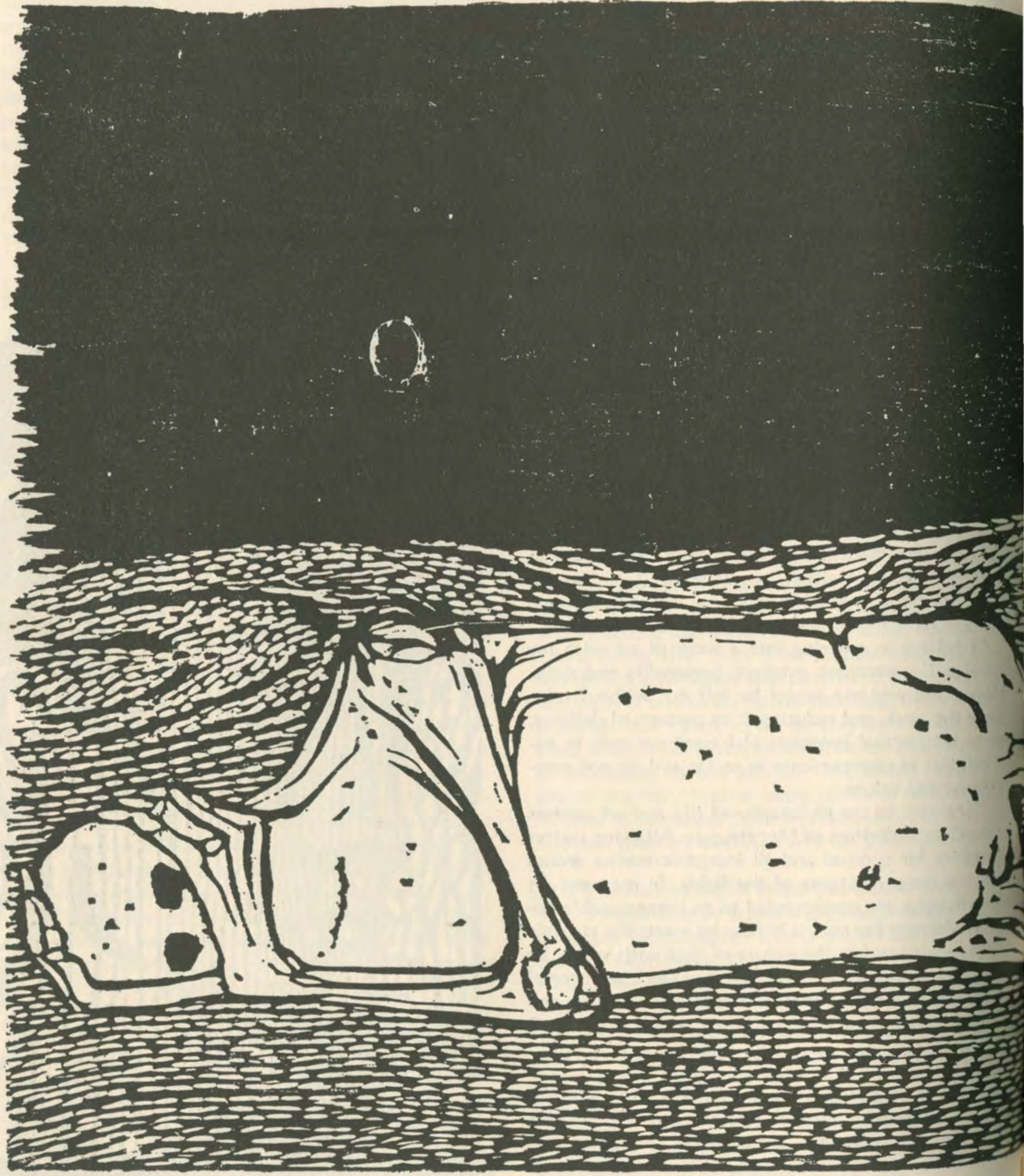
"Although there is a strong current of mystical or subconscious compulsion in my work it is filtered, disciplined and ordered through my awareness of and concern with the formal and plastic basis of art.

"I believe in entering into a work of art with my 'total self'—emotions, intellect, personality and skills. How could any one aspect be left out without crippling the work and reducing it to perceptual delights, or an intellectual gymnastics? I want not only to express, but to communicate in so far as I do not compromise my values.

"The care to my philosophy of life and art centers around my definition of life: struggle. All living matter struggles for survival and all inorganic matter erodes like the resigned stones of the fields. In man and art the struggles are compounded to an immeasurable degree. Meaning for man is in how he meets the struggle with dignity and in the nature of that with which he struggles. I make the struggle in my work an integral part of the work, for that is in reality the essence and the meaning of its giving a force which makes it a reality."

And Otis Huband's written words are, along with the best of philosophy, more or less approximations of his best visual formulations. His concerns and preoccupations are before us, inviting us to attend to them that we may comprehend, grasp and realize them in our total understanding. Here they are, indicating and articulating the "subtle complexes of feeling," as Susanne Langer says, "that language cannot even name, let alone set forth."

DREAMING 1959



DREAMING OF BUCHENWALD

11½" x 21½"   1962

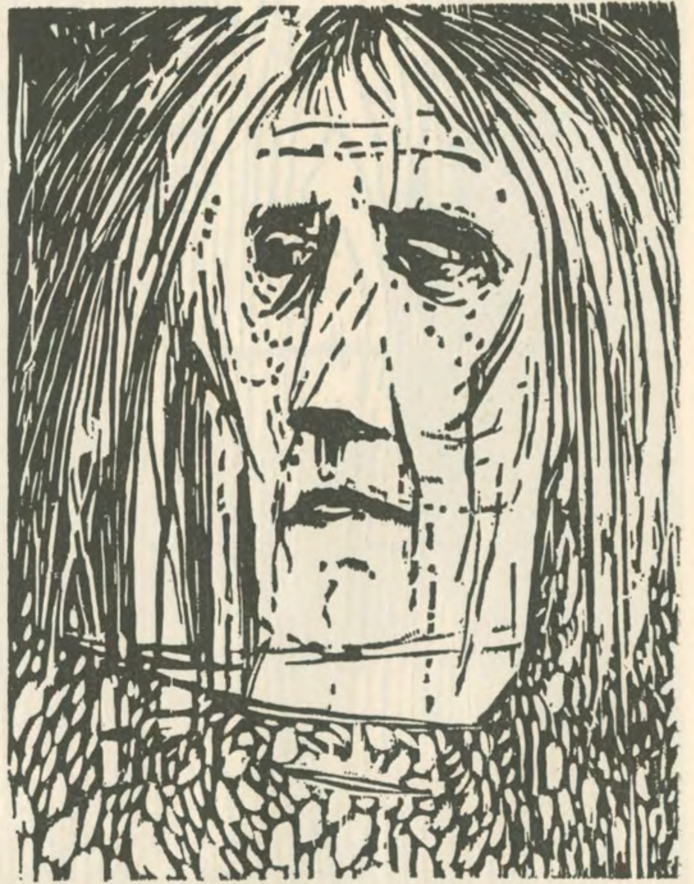
DESCENT FROM THE CROSS 11½" x 17" 1962

THE COUNCIL 1962

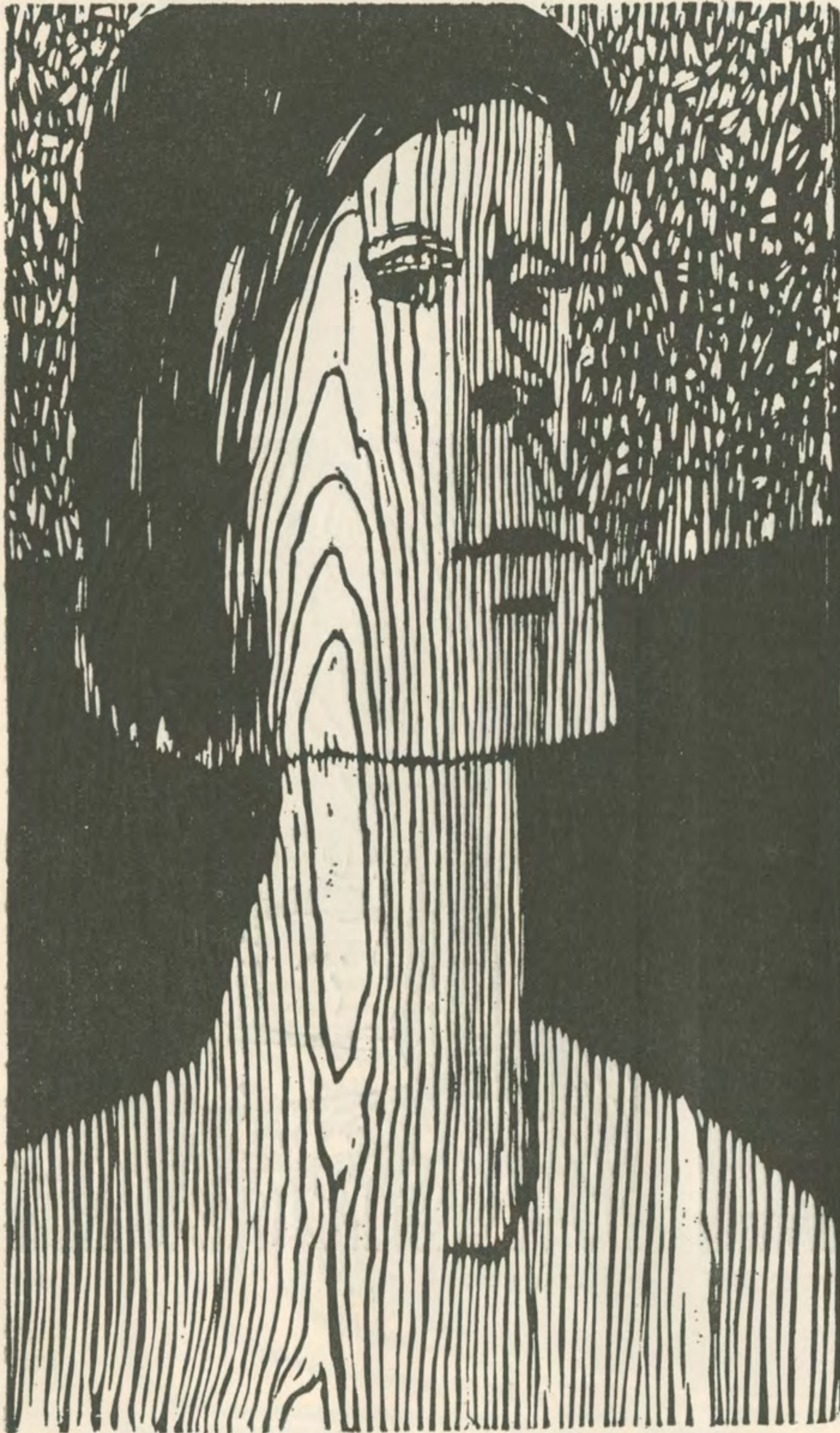
THE MYTHICAL LANDSCAPE 1962

THE STREAM AND THE ROCK 1962

THE CALL 1962



MEDIEVAL HEAD 1961



HEAD 1961

IN THE FOREST 1959

THE RIGHTEOUS IN THEIR ARK OF CERTITUDE 1962

THE SCOPE OF RELIGIOUS LANGUAGE:

a dialogue

BY CHARLES JAEKLE and RUEL TYSON

motive *invited two professors to capture some of the contemporary conversations about the meaning of faith, the church, ultimate meanings, symbols, and related topics in the form of a dialogue. What follows is the result; the setting is a professor's office in a theological seminary. The professor ("THEOLOG") is greeting a new acquaintance ("SOCIO"), a professor of sociology from the university.*

The positions taken in this dialogue are purely functional, and do **not** *reflect the personal views of the authors of the dialogue. Both authors are cooperatively responsible for the entire conversation, and readers should not assume that any single comment taken out of context necessarily reflects the position of that person.*

THEOLOG: I am glad we have some time to continue the discussion we began after church. We were talking about conviviality and churchgoing.

SOCIO: Yes, I was thinking what a useful contribution religious institutions make by bringing folks together, especially since our existence is becoming more mobile every day . . . the repeated moves of families of military, corporations, academic people, and clergymen. . . .

THEOLOG: Well—it's not so new—recall the nomadic journey of the children of Israel in search of the Promised Land. . . .

SOCIO: Exactly. The Israelites were in the wilderness a long time before they finally arrived at the land of promise—a kind of oasis you might say, a plentiful home at the end of the journey. Most of our churches are just like that. In a rapidly changing and disjointed society they bring together all "sorts and conditions," as we say. In the services and activities of the church people are nourished in mind, refreshed in soul, and introduced to some nice people. I don't mean to imply that our country is a desert or wilderness, but churches at their best often provide restful oases for much-traveled families. The churches take over when the moving van departs.

THEOLOG: Yes . . . I suppose I could agree with you on an empirical basis. There is a need for a sense of continuity amid so many disjunctions. And there is an evident lack of a familiar place—ancestral hearth and the home town. The churches, especially the very old ones, do hold out a province protected from change, a place of reasonable order. . . . Yet, if these are accurate descriptions, I am very uncomfortable about all this: the church as an oasis, yes. But I hope it continues on its pilgrimage.

SOCIO: Speaking of a sense of place, I must confess something to you. The first time I saw you in church, I tried to persuade you that churchgoing and its many activities are very good things for you and your family. Little did I realize that you were a clergyman. Really. Then you should wear your clerical garb more often. Then you wouldn't be a case of mistaken identity.

T: I suppose I should. Though there are times when I don't wish to be publicly identified with the church . . . it's so busy, yet it is at such ease in Zion. . . (pause) Did I hear you say recently that you do not believe in God?

S: Yes, I don't believe in what I understand religious folk to mean by the term "god." Also, I do not myself make distinctions between sociological questions and theological questions, or rather I try to understand theological questions in less mysterious ways. Theological statements are vacuous. I am an empiricist, though perhaps a soft one.

T: A "soft" empiricist? What do you mean?

S: Something very simple really. I said I was a "soft empiricist" since I recognize the limitations of my point of view. I acknowledge domains of mystery, and I try to maintain an openness for the discovery of new truth.

T: This is very interesting. You are an intelligent, decent fellow, who attends church regularly, takes responsibilities for the church's welfare. You even try to persuade newcomers to return to church regularly! Yet you say you are a nonbeliever. I can't decide whether I find this comic, ironical, sad, or dishonest. You are an enigma to me!

S: I don't feel I'm unique at all. In fact, my views are widely shared. Remember, I said I was a nonbeliever in the god which people allude to with their religious language. However, I do believe in the goodness of religion, and, of course, god-talk is a large part of religious activity. I accept this. Religious language is a many-valued affair. It carries the moral values of the groups which use it, it reminds us of our responsibilities, it shores up our aspirations and induces us to perform our duties more faithfully; it reminds us of "our station and its duties." Besides all this, it is laden with sentiment (not to speak of gross sentimentalities) which, in its repeated use, makes for social cohesion. Religion as a language and as ritual serves as a powerful enforcement of civil order, social continuity, and the values in our common life. Edmund Burke said that civilization depends on two principles: the spirit of religion and the spirit of the gentleman.

T: Then, for you, the language of religion is translated into talk about moral values, decent manners, social forces or sentiments which maintain the social order? Yet you also join in with the god-talk, as you put it.

S: That's right. When you mentioned religion as a language, don't forget that such talk is deeply connected with the "religious affections." As a matter of fact, religious talk is an odd combination of personal emotions, such as joy and despair, and our sense of being a part of the social realm; "we are," as we say, "members one of another." As for the god-talk, I understand this to be an authority reference for the religious group, much like a credit reference we provide our creditors to convince them that we are sound risks. God-talk serves as a very good credit reference, but I cannot accord such talk metaphysical status.

T: I'm beginning to understand your translations a bit more.

S: Good. Don't all individuals make their own translations—of the creeds they say on Sunday, of the strange and archaic statements their preachers make from the pulpit? I suppose translations are not very different, except I'm willing to talk openly about them. I translate the traditional talk into things we all understand, sensible and useful things: moral values, group life and its needs, personal emotional needs and expressions, and the requirements for an orderly consensus in a transient society. But it's also important to keep the traditional ways of saying these things, for they are hallowed by ancient usage and a great deal of sentiment is invested in such usage.

T: You see religion as a stabilizing force, as a kind of cement for the shifting social order. If religious groups were to become completely successful, religion then would finally be just a sustaining force for the ways things happened to be in any given society. If religious groups were to perform their tasks well, then religion would be the pious liturgy of society, celebrating its own beliefs and values. In fact, such a society would be worshiping itself as the source of all being and virtue. A closed society indeed! No nomadic openness to radical change! No visions! No crooked staffs raised by a prophet's hairy arm! Just the straight standards of tribal heraldry!

S: I don't know about crooked staffs and hairy arms, but I am willing to call my view a vision, with this difference: this **vision** is well on the way to becoming **fact.** Of course I'm quite willing to allow for the evident fact of change, but if change is to be for the good of society, it must be properly ordered change. The churches are well-worn cushions which absorb many otherwise disorderly rebellions. The churches give support to our democratic way of life and enhance democracy's capacity to manage change in the face of new problems and opportunities. Indeed, unless we have stability and unity, the American democratic system can't work either to allow vertical social and economic mobility or the orderly correction of social injustice.

T: You seem to believe that the churches are coterminous with the societies in which they exist; that social processes need the support of religious emotion and ritual and that the churches always deliver these supports. But being faithful to Jesus Christ isn't necessarily synonymous with being a "good citizen," a "good family man" or even a "good churchman." I can conceive that I might have to act immorally, as this is understood in a given society, in the name of Jesus Christ. There are times in faithful obedience to the God of Jesus Christ I might have to divorce myself from our culturally married churches. But I deny your view of religion as solely a psychological and civic utility. I refuse to make service to Jesus Christ and service to the church identical. I deny this vigorously!

S: My, you **are** becoming enthusiastic! Granted—there **may be** situations in which human life is persistently robbed of its dignity by injustice. There may be situa-

tions in which the procedures, like laws and courts, are broken down or no longer accredited. In such situations one may have to rebel against these procedures and practices. But does not our government, supported indirectly but powerfully by our churches, provide for orderly resolutions of injustices?

T: I would have to give a general assent to your questions. But so often, yes, **quite** often, views like yours are used to justify the churches' unconcern for meeting the injustices which still affect our communities. The middle-of-the-roader seldom worries about soft shoulders.

S: I see you, too, are making helpful modifications. But I am still concerned about the damage inflicted on the good cloth of our social fabric by enthusiasts—whether or not you are to be included in this group. For, you see, these types of critics are always infatuated by abstractions: like some universal principle of justice; like attempts to reinstate some lost past believed to be better than the present; like attempts to hurry on some utopian vision. Enthusiasm and abstractions seem to go together. Passion and abstraction in the same person or group spell danger for the existing order.

T: But Jesus was such a person! He was an enthusiast; and he did threaten and question radically how things were in his own time: and for me, as his follower, I must do the same.

S: I agree that Jesus was an enthusiast; all founders, especially of religions, have to be revolutionaries. Fortunately, we don't have to perform that task. He did it! If we want to maintain successfully the institution which bears his name **and** all the good—personal and social—which the churches produce, we must cultivate orderly growth and change. Remember: inheritors are different from founders!

T: But in final terms I must confess that my loyalty to the Founder will not allow me to submerge his demands for ultimate loyalty to God with **any** needs for institutional maintenance—church or civil.

S: There you go again! Talking about something way out. You leave me right at that point. You leave me right here in the present with political, social and church responsibilities to exercise. You ought to visit our annual congregational meeting. We discuss the budget, and on the surface you might think that this was just housekeeping, but it is not. We provide not only for physical upkeep of the plant but also for our staff to help troubled persons and to encourage civic responsibilities. We are all working in our church toward making our town a more decent place to live in—a hard job in this era of rapid social change. Think how radical reformers would disrupt all this. Planning is what we need, and this take prudence, not enthusiasm. Now what more could you ask?

T: I have to say that I do ask for more, though this gets more difficult each time.

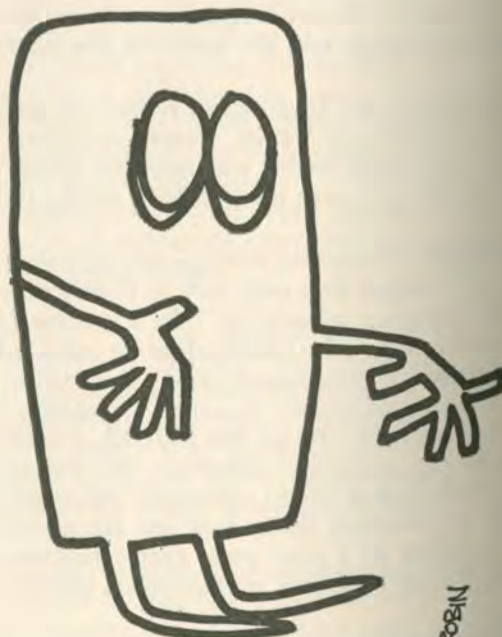
S: Tell me—is there a social problem of such magnitude that you really despair of solving with our inheritance and through our processes of democratic self-correction?

T: No. But there **might** be.

S: So things look pretty workable and stable to you too?

T: Yes . . . maybe even more than I had realized. But your position still concerns me. You always translate—perhaps domesticate is a better word—the dynamic of the Christian gospel—which has both a yea **and a nay** for human culture—into expressions of citizen morality. You also seem to want to use this dynamic, which you soften by calling an "inheritance," to justify how we happen to do things here. Now I would want to acknowledge the contribution of the Christian heritage, to use your terms, to our American life (though I do not see how some apologists can connect so closely modern democratic practice and theory with Christian faith). Nevertheless, I must deny the identification of Christian faith, or being a Christian, with the American faith, or being an American. I often serve Jesus Christ through the social processes of the society in which I happn to be, but I never complete my service to him in these lesser loyalties.

S: Perhaps you are saying to me that unless I maintain an openness toward the possibilities of reform or even revolution I will be tied unnecessarily to a rigid orthodoxy of my own in the name of stability. I might miss significant new discoveries in morals, politics, art, or religion. And this would be an odd position for my kind of open-ended empiricism.



I JUST FALL FOR ANY OL' DOCTRINE

T: Perhaps we both, from our respective standpoints, have a stake in a newness that may be beyond all present actualities and foreseeable possibilities.

S: And I agree with what you have just said. I always marvel that from such exchanges as ours enriched self-recognitions occur. Forgive the reminder, but notice one thing: our present position in relation to each other has been reached without god-talk, at least from my side.

T: Yes, that is true. Now perhaps at this point we are open to raising questions of a different sort. I mean questions other than sociological, psychological or political observations **about** the multiple functions of religion; I mean questions about final meanings which we could call "religious" questions. We can leave aside the god-talk, though; I don't have an investment in any privileged kind of language, especially when we attempt to talk about domains of mystery (which is another way of saying "final meanings").

S: Are you asking me to stop being a sort of empirical sociologist? How can I do that?

T: I am only asking you to be what you indicated you were: a "soft" empiricist who recognizes both the limitations of his method and the existence of blurred areas of possibly crucial importance. Like the sources of novelties, the newness, the unforeseeable possibilities we spoke about before. It seems to me if you try to cast talk about mystery or final meanings in coin of empirical-sociological discourse you are very likely to get shortchanged. For instance, if we tried to grasp what has occurred between ourselves—you referred to "enriched self-recognition"—in sociological language alone, we would miss distinctive features.

S: You are saying to me that our remarks about our mutual stakes in the possibilities of newness, like our own newly given self-knowledge, demand that I attend to a different sort of problem than the sociological view of religion . . . even of my own "religion"?

T: Yes, though there may be important connections between your analysis of the functions which churches have in respect to society and this new quest for final meanings. For instance, perhaps during your participation in your church you have received some hints as to ways of talking about or understanding these lively but elusive final meanings.

S: First I would have to say that I might not have been looking for these helps. Nevertheless, I must say that in all my years as a nonbelieving churchgoer, I've never experienced or had suggested to me anything like what I take you to mean by final meanings. I have never had the kind of conversation with ministers or with church folk such as we are having now. I said, you recall, that though I make my own translations of the creeds, sermons, prayers, I suspected others of doing the same. But I have never heard any candid discussion about this. Perhaps these things are too explosive to investigate openly in churches. . . . You know, it strikes me suddenly that it may well be the genius of religious bodies to foster ignorance about such questions! Perhaps if church folk did engage in these kinds of painful self-examinations they would not be able to be effective producers of social and psychological goods. Do you see, it is not only the findings of my person as a sociologist that these things are true of the churches, but my personal judgment as well.

T: I get the feeling that in making the rather odd translations—odd at least to orthodox understanding—you were in that way seeking to make contact with something real; something hard, rather than the softness you thought you discerned in all this talk.

S: As I reflect about all this, you may be right; though I still think that empirical sociologists can well grasp the totality of the ongoing processes of such groups with our analytic tools.

T: The fact that the sociologist **is** so successful in these matters suggests that the churches see themselves as a garden, the Promised Land attained, the oasis which we spoke about earlier. Perhaps you—as a questioner of some seriousness after final meanings—are saying to me—a clergyman—that the church is no longer on a pilgrimage. Perhaps it has stopped at a number of oases to ease itself . . . that it enjoys the cool of the shade.

S: That is a terrible kind of comment, you know, especially for me at this particular time. For previously I wanted, I think, the church to be a kind of serviceable garden for the busy community. And I still know what great services it renders being just this. Yet, when I look honestly at my new self-recognition, I want to be on the move, to join up in a new sense of "join," **if** I am sure there resides in some parts of the church a deadly seriousness about seeking final meanings.

T: I know. It is a cruel position. One in which I am caught too.

S: But don't you see that now the terms of the translation question have shifted with a painful wrench? Now the question is: as a person in search of final meanings, for a community of sensitivity to this domain, for creative novelties (which concern me personally), am I being dishonest by remaining in an institution which seems to be insulated from such concerns? Perhaps its highly conventionalized language closes its members to this lively openness.

T: Yes. . . . There you have a novel twist indeed. That is a decision perhaps which I, too, must face. It is rather like facing an uncharted or poorly mapped wilderness.

BARTH:

the man and his message

BY WILSON YATES

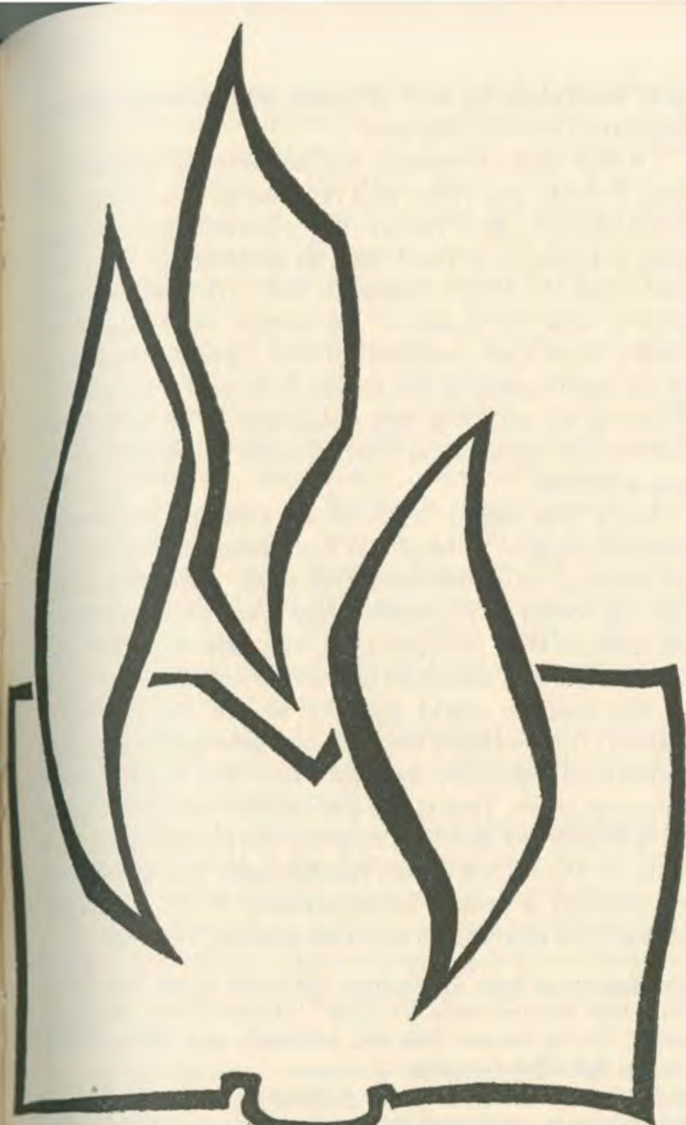
ON Monday, April 21, of this past Spring over 2,000 persons crowded into Rockefeller Chapel at the University of Chicago. The group included Catholics and Jews, Protestants of every shade, professional men and professors, students and housewives, politicians, philosophers, scientists and theologians. They had all come to hear an elderly, retired professor from Basel, Switzerland—a man who ostensibly had come to America to visit his grandchildren and while here to deliver a series of lectures at the University of Chicago and Princeton Theological Seminary.

It is hard to say where the history of Karl Barth's visit to the American scene really began. Perhaps it should be dated with the 1918 publication of his theological work **A Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans,** that launched a career which has dominated the theological scene ever since. Written within hearing distance of World War I artillery, it marked the end of one chapter in theology and the beginning of another. Barth's book depicted through Paul's Epistle the hopeless plight of mankind and brought to bear on the Christian community the fact of God's transcendence, God's "wholly otherness"; a dimension which nineteenth-century liberalism, with its doctrine of God's immanence, had failed to consider. He insisted in this powerful work on the absolute need to recognize the infinite distance that exists between God and man and the impossibility of ever bridging that gap by efforts of the human intellect or will. Man should realize that God stands in judgment on all such human efforts which are doomed to end in idolatrous attempts to capture, define and categorize God. The only hope of truly bridging the gap, such that man might know God, is for man to realize his inability to do it himself. Then, in this realization, man is free to turn to Christ, the revealer of God's Word, and hear the promise and hope that are the content of that revelation. Only then —by faith in Christ—can man know God so that the "wholly otherness" becomes the divine presence and God's judgment becomes mercy, the broken relationship a reconciled one. As a result of this work, the streams of theological thought were sharply challenged and the current of Barth's thought prevailed.

In 1932, he began his great work **Church Dogmatics** which asserted and maintained the Christocentric focus of his theology. This book centered on the power and victory of Christ, on the hope that is realized by faith in Christ. In the lectures Barth delivered in Chicago, one never lost a sense of this pervasive focus. One theologian has called his evangelical theology "a theology of the Word." This is true, as the sketch of his lectures will show, but it must be remembered that the Word finds its culmination in Christ, that Christ is the Word made flesh—the hope of reconciliation made a living actuality.

Politically, Barth was known for his staunch refusal to accept Hitler's totalitarian regime. By 1935, after a series of run-ins with Nazi officials, he was considered "an unhealthy influence" in the Führer's new Germany and was forced to leave. It was then that he accepted the professorship of theology at Basel, Switzerland.

After the war his influence increased even more as students from all over the world wore a path to his Basel doorstep. Many of them were American students who later returned to the states to interpret, defend and attack Barth's position. Two figures on the American theological scene, Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich, played major roles in this interpretation of Barth's theology. Unfortunately, both made Barth a theological strawman for their own position. This in itself might have been passed off as little more than an acceptable part of theological gamesmanship, except for the fact that many students limited their knowledge of Barth's thought to that which they read through the critical eyes of these and others who took



THE WORD OF GOD AND THE WORD OF MAN

issue with Barth. But this, too, has passed as merely one chapter in Barth's introduction to America, as his works have been translated into English and are now being read and studied. His recent visit should give cause and encouragement to American students to look again at what Jaroslav Pelikan, professor of doctrine at Yale University has called "a living Church Father" and his work.

Barth's series of lectures was entitled "An Introduction to Evangelical Theology." In the first lecture he defined evangelical theology, drawing a clear distinction between it and other theologies—a distinction which is basic to Barth's whole approach to the theological task. All world views, he explained, presuppose and interpret a divinity of some sort—by that fact they are theologies. But they are all theologies which begin, first, with man, and then move toward God. They attempt to prove God or make God a logical necessity of their systems, of the structures which they themselves, have created. This type of theology includes the various forms of natural theology and lies at the heart of the several philosophical explanations of God.

In contrast to these theologies, Barth sees evangelical theology as that "free science which intends to apprehend, understand and speak of the God of the gospel." For Barth this means that evangelical theology is subject to the Word of God which the gospel proclaims. And if it is subject to the Word, then, it is in fact called into being by the Word, for without the Word there would be no cause for such a theology. There would be nothing for the theologian to hear and nothing to whch he could respond. In its subjection to the Word, theology is also made a free science. For ultimately it depends solely on the Word and thereby remains independent of the forces and demands of secular disciplines and sciences.

Thus the distinction for Barth is sharply drawn. While natural theology approaches the divine-human relationship from the direction of man to God, seeking to understand and define God by its own principles and systems, evangelical theology approaches it from the direction of God to man. It presupposes the Word and by so doing presupposes that God has revealed himself on the human scene through his Word, that he has called man to respond in faith to this Word, and to seek its saving message.

To Barth this "God of the gospel" is no lonely, absolute and detached figure, a prisoner to his own majesty and power. Rather, he is a God who has revealed himself as man's God—as a God who has come to man as his "father, brother and friend." He is not a God of an eternal judging NO before whom man must tremble and flee. To the contrary, he is revealed in his Word as a faithful loving God reaching down and speaking his saving Word to man. Barth never tires of emphasizing this reconciling and loving character of the Word.

This is seen concretely in the biblical record of the Word which unfolds in the drama of the Old and New Testaments. Here God's relationship to man is shown in his covenant with Israel. This history of Israel is, itself, a history of God's faithful and reconciling acts. The tragedy it reveals is in man's response to the relationship. For man, as the second partner in the covenant, persists in being both an unfaithful and unholy partner.

However, this history of God's faithfulness and man's unfaithfulness does not end in God's final rejection of Israel. Instead, it points beyond the broken bonds to Jesus Christ whom God sends and in whom God finds a human partner who does maintain a fidelity to the covenant. As a result of this fidelity the old

covenant is fulfilled and a new covenant is created—a new covenant of faithfulness. God himself has come to join with man in realizing the full unity of true man and true God—making the Word become flesh. And through this unity he fulfills the old relationship and calls man to a new relationship of faithfulness and obedience. Thus, God's act through Christ is a reconciling and saving act—an act indicative of God's true spirit.

This covenant made with Israel and fulfilled in Jesus Christ expresses the Word of God. For Barth one is not complete without the other. The work of Christ is pointed to by the history of Israel, and the covenant with Israel is completed in Jesus Christ. The history of Israel points unrelentingly to man's unfaithfulness, yet God's act in Jesus Christ offers the possibility that this unfaithfulness might become faithfulness, this broken relationship might become whole.

BARTH turned next in his lectures to a discussion of the biblical witnesses of this Word. These witnesses are those prophetic men of the Old Testament and the Apostolic men of the New Testament. In discussing them he said:

> The prophets and apostles . . . became and were viewers of his deeds, done in their time and hearers of his Word, spoken in it; they were determined, elected, and separated from this cause not by themselves but by God who acts and speaks, and they were commanded and empowered to speak of what they had seen and heard.

These witnesses were the direct recipients of the Word. Their witness, admittedly, is not without limitation and errors for, indeed, they were human. Nevertheless, their witness is **the** witness. It is the primary and authoritative witness and only through it can we confront the Word of God in all its fullness and demand, its promise and hope. Thus evangelical theology must turn to this primary witness for its own knowledge of the Word and its demand. It must let the biblical witnesses stand over it and instruct it in that of which it is the authority—the saving Word of God.

In discussing evangelical theology and its relationship to the Word, Barth does not set theology apart from the church. Theology must exist in the community of believers as an expression of that community. (Barth prefers to use "community of believers" rather than "church" in order to emphasize the idea of a hearing and responding body of persons and de-emphasize the idea of a static set of dogma.)

The community represents, as does its theology, a secondary witness to the Word. It recognized this by its early canonization of the biblical witnesses giving credence to them as the genuine and authoritative witness to the Word. For Barth this suggests that the continuing witness of the community down through history must not assume for itself the primary authority of the Word. Its witness has value—it is a witness—and theology must take it into consideration, but it is only secondary to that ultimate and primary witness expressed in the Scriptures.

In this role of witness the community is called to hear in faith the Word and respond to it with its own proclamation. But before the community can make such a response it must seek to understand the Word and what the Word means to faith. This search is no simple task. It involves the whole community and means that each member of the community insofar as he participates in the search is in fact a theologian. There is no escaping this obligation if he fulfills the demand to understand that primary witness God has made to him.

Since this search involves an attempt to properly understand and think about the Word, it also involves an attempt to understand and think about the truth, for the Word is the truth. When we understand this we realize that this search is not one imposed from the outside as a detached and empirical quest, as much of the modern world sees the search for the truth. Rather, it is imposed because one belongs to the community of believers and by faith has accepted the Word as truth. This is the presupposition of the quest. It is the Word that has created the community. It is faith in the Word which has brought the community to attempt a proper understanding of it. Barth discussed this distinction in a very pointed manner:

> The question of truth is, therefore, not stated in the usual terms: "Is it then true that there is a God?" "Is Jesus Christ actually our Lord?" This is the way fools ask, admittedly such fools as we all are, for it is a habit of being.
> In theology the question of truth is stated on another level: "Does the community understand the Word properly as the truth? Does the community think through the Word painstakingly and speak of it in clear concepts? Is it in a position to render its secondary testimony with responsibility and good conscience?"

In this quest theology plays its most vital role. For the community in its own testimony to the Word may go astray, such that theology is needed to determine whether the community has understood properly what it has heard. And since it is the role of the community to witness to what it has heard by speaking, in turn, to the world, it is of utmost seriousness that what it has heard be understood. The theologians, therefore, must constantly question whether the community in its witness is truly and genuinely proclaiming the true Word of God. In this role theology searches the unfolding procession of events in the Scriptures, realizing that the prophetic and apostolic witness offers the fullest expressions of God's Word, and it is here, too, that theology listens to the confessional and creedal elements of the historical church and its fathers, realizing that these fathers were engaged in much the same task.

BARTH'S final lecture dealt with theology and the Holy Spirit. He began by explaining that theology's propositions may well seem to hang in mid-air without foundation and support. It may seem to have no ex-

ternal authentication, and, in fact, this is the case, yet it is also theology's glory! For its authentication comes internally from the Word, and it comes through the power and control of the Holy Spirit. This Spirit of God is the power of God to reveal his Word where and how he chooses. It makes possible Christianity and makes its existence a continuing actuality in history. Thus theology, when led by the Spirit, is truly free to proclaim his Word. Indeed, it is only free when it is led by the Spirit, for otherwise it will seek its authentication in external foundations such as the secular disciplines of "historicism, rationalism, moralism, romanticism, dogmatism, or intellectualism."

In this discussion of the Spirit, Barth warned that theology should avoid assuming that the Spirit can move and work only through theology. To the contrary, the Spirit is free to blow where it will and theology will do well to cry daily **Veni Creator Spiritus** (Come, O come, thou Spirit of Life), and submit to the Spirit's cleansing power.

And so, Barth ended the fifth and last of his lectures as a beautiful and powerful proclamation of what constitutes the theological task.

In addition to the lectures two panel discussions were held. Several of Barth's answers may be of value here in illuminating this summary of his lectures.

He reasserted a long-held stand that philosophy had nothing to contribute to theology beyond methods and forms of thinking and speaking. He emphatically stated:

> **The work of theology is necessarily independent of that of philosophy. From the very beginning of my work, one of my primary intentions was theology over philosophy. What was the reason for this?**
>
> **Philosophy deals with man and his possibilities and actions, including religion. Philosophy asks man questions and works out answers to them.**
>
> **Theology deals with God in his encounter with man, with man responding to God's approval.**

In another answer, Barth insisted that "the Bible being a human instrument is bound by temporal use of nature, history and ideas" such that it will have its "tensions, contradictions and errors." Nevertheless, it remains the true and fitting instrument to point man to God.

To a question calling for a definition of the "power and principalities," he listed as a sampler such powers as "any ruling ideology, sport, tradition, fashion, religion in all its forms, the unconscious within us, also reason and sex." However, all these are dimensions of creation and are good in themselves. It is only as fallen creatures that we have given them unwarranted power and control over us. When Christ is Lord, man is freed from their grasp and once again is able to maintain a rightful dominion over them.

This answer becomes particularly relevant to Barth's understanding of Christian ethics with its emphasis on man's freedom in Christ. Man is not made free by secular ideologies. This being true, it is not for the Christian to align himself unequivocally with the prevailing political structures. His primary loyalty is to Christ. On the other hand, he is not to shun the political issues of his day, nor is he to prejudge them by the given ideological principles of the ruling society either. He is to take each issue in its own situation, realizing that God is Sovereign and that all situations stand under his judgment, and respond, though it may mean going "against the stream," in terms of one's ultimate loyalty to Christ.

At the end of the second evening's panel, Barth made an appeal to American theologians to develop **a theology of freedom.** In a summary statement he said, "I would look at the statue in the New York harbor. That lady needs certainly a little, or a good bit, of demobilization. Nevertheless, perhaps she may be also interpreted and understood as a symbol of the true theology of freedom, the only real human freedom which is the gift of the Son. Will such a specific American theology one day arise? I hope so."

On this note Barth sounded the spirit of his visit. He did not come to this country to make of us Barthians. He came as a theologian to speak of theology. He came to give his own thinking that it might stimulate our thinking on the never-ending concern for the ultimate problems of human destiny.

I ENJOYED YOUR TALK, MR. AMOS, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR MORE OF WHAT'S RIGHT WITH ISRAEL.

LETTERS

For God's sake (really) send to me a year of **motive** . . . I have been without it several years now and asked my dad to send me a copy—one of my old ones. This he did, and now I must subscribe.

I get mad when I think of those who used to say to me, wisely shaking their heads and smiling piously, "You will come back." (Back to the fold, back to Christendom, back to Jesus, etc.) I get mad when I think of being smothered among the rest of the sheep. But I guess I am "coming back around" to the fold, but certainly on my own terms, and somewhat modified after having spent several years "out" in "the world." Can't explain it all. Maybe it's just infantile retrogression. Anyway, my faith in The Methodist Church has been renewed because of **motive,** and because of the kind of people who read it. They are all old MYF'ers like me.

Because you present a magazine which appeals to confused, thinking, searching twentieth-century young people, I am happy to know that one can still be a Christian without wearing intellectual blindfolders and emotional strait jackets. I would like to see a Norman Malierish hip Christianity evolve. I can't adequately explain all I feel, and how much I have learned on my excursion in the "outside" world, but surely most of you have been through a similar experience.

—JOHN ROBERT WESTBROOK, JR.
public information office
uss yorktown

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We enjoy **motive** very much, and give a copy to our students each month. The **Orientation** issue has arrived . . . and I have a feeling that something was lacking in it . . . . No article appears in **Orientation** dealing with the personal spiritual life of the student. We pastors seek to lead teen-age youth into a personal faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior and a day-by-day commitment that brings inner spiritual rebirth and power.

I would like to read an article geared to the freshman mind (he's still a teen-ager) as he meets the changed life on a campus that would show him definite steps by which he can keep this faith as a growing mind in the midst of scholarship, questions, doubts, and all that your **Orientation** rightfully prepares him for.

How do we help this committed Christian on the campus for the first time? What are some of the basic disciplines he must follow to keep this faith in a maturing atmosphere? To me, this is very vital in ALL his relationships on the campus. I fear our loss is right here. The teen-ager loses his personal faith and wanders in a confused state unable to have any spiritual moorings to guide him in his oriented life.

Since Aldersgate Year is coming up, can't we have an issue or two of **motive** given over to the above needs put simply and yet intellectually?

—FRED VOGELL
pastor, fifth avenue-state street church
troy, new york

Unfortunately, I could not understand the point of Shiner's article, "Secular Man." (May, 1962, p. 16) However, several of his statements left little doubt in my mind that he believes man is now a mature being who exercises complete control over nature and is perfectly qualified, independent of God, to "make his own decisions, write his own laws, create his own world." I want to say that I believe man is a creature of God whose chief end is to glorify God and whose only hope is through complete submission to God's will as revealed in our daily lives. Certainly world history since the Renaissance, when man began to regard "himself no longer a child of God but a mature man," has not spoken very well of man's ability to control his destiny in a mature way. And just as equally certain, today's world situation doesn't show many signs of being created by men who have "come of age." Furthermore, I don't know what Mr. Shiner means by the word "church" which he uses so often throughout the article, but from his description of all the church does or tries to do, it definitely is not The Methodist Church I belong to.

Finally, I thought it most interesting that Mr. Shiner spoke so negatively of religion, even to the extent of saying Christ is also the end of religion, yet he is a college faculty member of a department of religion. Again, it appears Mr. Shiner declined to define what he meant by a word used often throughout his article.

—GEORGE E. ELLIOTT
state college, pennsylvania

film review

BARABBAS

BY ROBERT STEELE

BARABBAS has everything except the ingredients of a good film. Much of the time one suspects he could be seeing the "out takes" of **King of Kings, Ben Hur, Spartacus, The Vikings.** Of course, he is not. The same old stuff has just been dished out by way of some different faces and new trivia. Something new is the presentation of the trial of Jesus as the "hook." We get the same old sawing on the violins that stamps the film as another would-be religious blockbuster. Then the trial of Jesus, ending with the swelling question, "Who shall it be?" Then come the titles, and we can be pretty sure by the end of them that the mob will win with its yell for Anthony Quinn—Dino De Laurentiis, producer, says Quinn was destined for the role of Barabbas.

Names tailing the titles get punctuated by thunderous music; then the mob of extras in a single voice cry "Barabbas"! The timing of this cry is like a cheer for a football hero.

With the biblical excuse out of the way the film launches into the banal hokum, sadism, hootchy-kootchy dance, rape, legs of Silvana Mangano, blood and bathos of the pre-DeMille, run of DeMille, and post-DeMille million dollar extravanganzas. (Fittingly, the premiere was at the DeMille Theater in New York City. Going into the theater one passes a plaque on the wall toasting DeMille for the magic he brought to the film. Superstition, sentimentality, and insincerity ought to be added to the magic.)

This film is an insult to an audience and should be laughed out of existence. Its depravity, however, is too depressing for laughter. One feels too many talented persons have sold themselves for a pot of money to accept their sellout lightly. Par Lagerkvist, a Nobel Prize winner, who wrote the novel upon which the film supposedly is based, may be somewhat exonerated. The publisher of the novel in the United States said in the foyer after the film that it was a wicked waste of money and had little resemblance to the novel. If Lagerkvist is a naive man, he may not have known what would happen to his novel. Christopher Fry, who has made a name as a writer of Christian drama, did the screenplay. His career as a playwright has been stalemated for a few years, so I suppose he says he has to live. He evidently has decided to live on big money rather than by way of his work. Sometimes his writing sounds like the usual Sunday school pageant. Other times—because of its contemporary colloquialisms—it sounds worse: "Come on, get on the move," is spoken to Barabbas. "Hey, where are you going? Wait for me." Christopher Fry, being the author of the screenplay, is the guiltiest of the culprits perpetrating this calamity.

The collusion of Anthony Quinn is especially sad. The morning of my **Barabbas** assignation, I attended a press showing of his newest film, **Requiem for a Heavyweight.** He proves in this, as he has already done in Fellini's **La Strada** and **Becket** on the stage, that he is

a great actor. Usually, it is hard to tell whether an actor in films is good, or whether he merely is being directed to live a character by a gifted director. Anthony Quinn can act when he is given a chance. The essence of **Requiem** is his being put in a bind in which he loses his self-respect and integrity by following his laudable career as a boxer with a clown act that passes for wrestling. His humiliation at the end of the film echoes the great performance of Emil Jannings in **The Blue Angel,** when he, too, knowingly lets himself be made a fool. Certainly Quinn knew he was being the fool as he went through the paces of Barabbas. The absurdity of what he goes through, looking younger with more bounce as the blood and deaths mount makes of him a debauched clown rather than a man or actor in this film.

Silvana Mangano is the wife of the producer De Laurentiis, so perhaps she obeys her husband. Arthur Kennedy, another intelligent actor, may have also wanted the money and have known that he would not be noticed and would be quickly forgotten. This kind of film so overlays actors with stereotypes that in a year or two some yokel will bet ten dollars that it was Charlton Heston and not Kennedy who played Pontius Pilate. Katy Jurado, a Mexican actress (according to the program is "the volatile, warm-blooded mistress of Barabbas"), is limited by her appearance and Spanish accent in the number of parts she gets. Her accent and Latin look could not matter in this babble of tongues: Vittorio Gassman has excellent British speech; Jack Palance, the growl of a Hollywood gangster; Ernest Borgnine sounds like Marty; Harry Andrews could have stepped out of a Shakespearean role; Arthur Kennedy and Quinn are all-American in speech.

Lenses are yet to be made long enough to shoot the miles of extras—28,500 including gladiators, soldiers, slaves, and elephants! A set—claimed to be the largest ever constructed—with one hundred multistoried buildings, some of them three-dimensional on steep, winding streets, was built in the studio in Rome. The sets, covering thirteen acres of Jerusalem, are impressive and authentic looking. The costumes are the Renaissance mishmash of every other Bible picture and the bad pictures used to teach Sunday school lessons. Renaissance costumes against Palestinian settings seem in tune with combinations of painters like Hofmann and Sallman. A variation in the formula from Hollywoodized biblical dress is peasant dress on women that looks Mexican except for the baring of right shoulders.

One improvement is having Jesus with black rather than brown, wavy hair. Also rather than being a shadow or a voice from nowhere, we **see** him in a long shot. It does not matter that he is a nonentity and one never gets to look at him, because his part is over as soon as the credits have been run through. The film is in Technicolor of the best post-card hues, and the screen size, called Technirama, is the biggest I have ever seen. The television screen can never be large enough to threaten the size of this one! Make-up does wonders in making a person look as if he has been pounded to death in one shot; then in the next shaved, cleaned up, and even romantic-looking. Silvana Mangano's eyebrows are neatly plucked. Since no one ever heard of Rachel as being the first Christian martyr, and the program says Mangano's "acting ability and classic beauty are perfect for the key role of Rachel," probably it is not important whether Rachel looks as if she stepped out of Max Factor's or not. Her lipstick and eyeshadow are discreetly applied to give her a Christian reserve look to contrast with Katy Jurado's sexy lip and eye make-up.

One learns from the film that Peter did make it to Rome, and he conducted in Latin Mass-like services in the catacombs. Nude statues in the coliseum wore fig leaves. Early Christians half-way crossed themselves. Roman men by the scores would make excellent models for our physical-culture magazines. Barabbas, because he was the first man for whom Jesus gave his life, had a charmed life, and no matter how many fights, stabbings, explosions, fires, etc., he went through nothing could lay him asunder until the big event came—his crucifixion along with the millions of others. Jesus said we were supposed to love one another—the disc-jockey vernacular of the film is departed from when arguments take place about whether there is a God and whether Jesus bolted out of a tomb on Easter morning (when you see the heaviness of that stone you know the escape was a miracle). In the end Barabbas was a very good man. Torvald, champion gladiator who hated Barabbas but to whom Barabbas gave his comeuppance, was a very bad man. The catacombs were lighted by Kleig lights, so one could get around without candles. Romans and Jews had blue as well as black eyes. The crucifixion took place during an eclipse of the sun, because the program says, "Barabbas **had** to start filming on the morning of February 15, 1961. For this was the only time in a life span that it would be possible to capture the breathtaking eclipse of the sun exactly as it had happened nearly twenty centuries ago."

The ticket-order blanks proferred as we left the theater made it clear that for $3, Monday through Thursday, one could get orchestra or loge seats, except on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and holidays when the tickets would be $3.50. One is promised, "A perfect theater party attraction!"

This review was requested by **motive** and space for it may be justified since atrociously bad films are not nightmares but facts. Next month the good and interesting films, **War Hunt, The Girl with the Golden Eyes, Shoot the Piano Player,** etc., will be discussed.

ROUND THE CHERRY TREE

BY WARREN KLIEWER

a Christmas play for two characters

ROUND THE CHERRY TREE

BY WARREN KLIEWER

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PRODUCTION NOTE:

The music of "The Cherry Tree Carol" can be found in *The Oxford Book of Carols.* Original music for the dances would be most satisfactory, but if the director does not have new music composed for the production, he may wish to try the following selections from Stravinsky's *l'Histoire du Soldat Suite:* as an overture use "The Devil's Dance"; for the interludes in Mary's dance use "Soldier at the Brook" as the first interlude, "Ragtime" as the second, "Pastorale" as the third, and a repetition of the conclusion of "Soldier at the Brook" as the finale; Mary's second dance begins while the Angel sings and could conclude with "Chorale." The director may also wish to play the last half of "Triumphal March of the Devil" as background music for the final dialogue of Joseph and the Angel. Time it so that the drum solo ends just before the line: "Neither will they."

WARREN KLIEWER is an assistant professor of English at Earlham College. He is a frequent contributor to literary and religious periodicals, and is drama editior of *Mennonite Life.* He admits to being "a Quaker, married to a Lutheran, the author of at least one Jewish poem, a contributor to the *Christian Century*—hence a real, live ecumaniac."

ROUND THE CHERRY TREE

BY WARREN KLIEWER

When the curtain opens we see the ANGEL descending from heaven; that is, she is coming down from the flies on a rope. She wears a uniform which resembles that of an airline hostess, and she carries a huge knapsack or foot locker. As she descends, she gestures upward toward the celestial workmen operating the rope.

ANGEL. A little lower. Lower yet. That's good.
(*She takes off the flying harness.*)
Okay, it's loose. Now you can pull it back.
(*She begins to carry the pack to stage right but stops to catch her breath. She speaks to the audience.*)
You'd think that you could carry out the will
Of God with less equipment, wouldn't you?
You know how much that pack weighs?
Fifty pounds.
At least. It feels like lead.
(*She kicks it.*)
I've carried it
All the way down from heaven. Oooophl
(*She picks it up again.*)
Up you go.
(*She continues to the down right corner of the stage, then unpacks and sets up the equipment, talking as she works. First she takes out a folding campstool.*)
The chair. Let's see, now. That goes here, I guess. I've got to get that leg fixed one of these days.
(*She takes out the tree, that is, an umbrella and a folding Christmas tree stand.*)
The cherry tree. I'll put it in . . . the middle.
The music.
(*She takes a ukulele out, sits down on the campstool, and begins to tune it.*)
What did you expect, a harp?
(*When the tuning is completed, she gets the music stand out, sets it up, and places a book of folk songs on it. She takes off her shoe and and rubs her foot.*)
How these mortals can stand on their feet
All day I'll never know. Without wings yet.
(*She puts the shoe back on, then gets the thermos and the sandwich out of the pack, takes a drink, and then takes a bite of the sandwich.*)
Egg salad! What do they think this is, Friday
Or something?
(*To the audience.*)
Those cooks up there are so afraid
Of offending someone that the only kind
Of meat they'll let me have is kosher mutton.
No beef. No pork. And I can't stomach seafood.
(*She takes a spiteful bite and gulps some coffee. Then, after glancing to the left, she gestures toward the wings and tries to speak to the audience but only mumbles because her mouth is full. She swallows, takes another drink of coffee, and swallows again.*)
Excuse me, please.

(*She swallows again.*)
I meant to say they're coming.
Joseph and Mary, that is. Everything ready?
(*She glances around to check her equipment, then begins to sing.*)

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard good,
Where was cherries and berries
So red as any blood.

(*Enter MARY and JOSEPH dancing. MARY is dressed in a leotard and a full skirt; JOSEPH, an "old man" in the words of the carol, is dressed in a costume which suggests that he is a working man. This should be a solo dance for MARY with accompaniment by JOSEPH.*)

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard green,
Where was berries and cherries
As thick as might be seen.

(*Instrumental interlude, during which the dance continues.*)

O then bespoke Mary,
With words so meek and mild,
"Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
For I am with child."

O then bespoke Joseph,
With answer most unkind,
"Let him pluck thee a cherry,

That brought thee now with
child."

O then bespoke the baby
Within his mother's womb—
"Bow down then the tallest tree
For my mother to have some."

(Instrumental interlude, during which the dance continues. The ANGEL glances over to the tree and notices that she forgot to put out the cherries. She rummages in her pack and finds the paper bag of cherries, then runs over to hang a bunch of cherries on the umbrella and runs back to her campstool.)

Then bowed down the highest tree,
Unto his mother's hand,
Then she cried, "See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command."

O then bespake Joseph—
I have done Mary wrong;
But now cheer up, my dearest,
And do not be cast down.

"O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

(The dancing continues during the third instrumental interlude, and the instruments accompany the next stanza of the carol for the finale of the dance.)

Then Mary plucked a cherry,
As red as any blood;
Then Mary she went homewards
All with her heavy load.

(Exit MARY dancing.)

JOSEPH. I'm still not sure you're telling me the truth.
Mary! Come back.

ANGEL. Poor guy.
(Turning to audience.) Well, what would you think?
An old man with a beautiful young wife.
I mean, you know, babies don't just happen:
You don't just pick them off a cherry tree.
Figure it out.
(While speaking, she packs up the umbrella and Christmas tree stand.)

JOSEPH. *(Crossing right.)*
Mary, wait for me.
I want to talk to you.
(He bumps into the ANGEL, who has gotten off her stool and knelt to examine the defective leg.)
Oh, pardon me.

ANGEL. Think nothing of it. It was my fault, I'm sure.
(She rises. In apologizing she manages to appear so clumsy that she blocks JOSEPH's attempts to exit.)

JOSEPH. Excuse . . . I'm in a hurry.

ANGEL. Hey, look at that.
A saw and hammer. Are you a carpenter?

JOSEPH. *(Trying desperately to escape.)*
Why, yes, I am . . .

ANGEL. How lucky can you get?
My chair . . . the leg is . . . come with me.
I'll show you.
(She drags him over to the stool. JOSEPH is preoccupied and does not listen to her.)
You see, this leg's unstable. When I sit
Far forward, it's all right.
(She demonstrates.)
But when I lean
A little farther back, the whole thing starts
To rock and creak as if about to break.
(She raises her voice.)
It's as upsetting as being jealous.

JOSEPH. *(Breaking out of his reverie.)*
What?
What did you say?

ANGEL. *(Pointing.)*
The leg.
(Pause.)
What did you think
I said?

JOSEPH. Oh, I don't . . . .

ANGEL. Were you paying attention?
(JOSEPH is embarrassed.)
Since you're a carpenter, would you mind?

(*She points at the leg again.*)
(*JOSEPH reluctantly sits down next to the chair and begins to examine it. She stands back.*)

ANGEL. You married?

JOSEPH. This'll cost you quite a bit.

ANGEL. Was that your wife I saw you with before?

JOSEPH. You know how expensive wages are these days.

ANGEL. (*To audience.*)
Not mine.
(*To JOSEPH.*)
She's pretty, your wife is, don't you think?

JOSEPH. The parts will come to at least eleven dollars.

ANGEL. I bet your wife's had lots and lots of boyfriends.

JOSEPH. (*Vehemently.*)
And labor, thirty dollars. Cash.
(*He glares at her.*)

ANGEL. You're lucky,
A man of your age, to have a wife like that.

JOSEPH. Besides a fifty-dollar nuisance fee.

ANGEL. Mister, where I come from we have to save
Our money. All you need to do is nail it.
What would that cost?

JOSEPH. Union scale?

ANGEL. Of course.

JOSEPH. (*He sits on his hammer.*)
Don't have a hammer.

ANGEL. How much?

JOSEPH. (*Grumbling.*)
Fifty cents.
(*She smiles and shrugs her shoulders. He begins to work.*)

ANGEL. Do you like folk music?

JOSEPH. No.

ANGEL. All right with you
If I sing to amuse myself?

JOSEPH. Just keep it quiet.

ANGEL. (*Singing.*)

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing:
"This night there shall be born
On earth our heavenly King;

(*During the first stanza JOSEPH has continued to hammer—on the beat. Now he stops to listen.*)

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As wear the babies all.

"He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks upon the mould.

"He neither shall be christened
In white wine nor red,
But with fair spring water
As we were christenèd."

JOSEPH. Who are you? Where'd that song come from?

ANGEL. A book.
(*She sings the first stanza of this section again.*)

JOSEPH. (*To himself.*)
"As Joseph was a-walking he heard an angel . . . ."
(*To the ANGEL.*)

An angel? Show me your credentials, lady.
(The ANGEL takes her folding credential case out of her pocket and holds it out for him.)
Who signed this? I can't read the signature.

ANGEL. Well, really!
(Pointing at the signature.)
That's a G, you know.

JOSEPH. Oh.
You might have told me. I was awfully rude.

ANGEL. That's true. Now then, let's talk about your problem.
(She takes an alarm clock and a folding cot out of her pack and sets them up, then pulls a pad and pencil out of her pocket.)
I'll just get things set up. Won't take a minute. Couch here. And pad. And pencil.
(She sits on the stool, gesturing toward the cot.)
Care to stretch out?
(He lies down. She adopts a Viennese accent.)
Now, Meester Choseph, you were saying zat
You have been having zese feelings of chealousy—
Zese overpowering feelings. Ist zat correct?

JOSEPH. Why naturally. How else could you explain it?
My wife and I were married three months ago.
She's just about to have a baby. Now!
I've tried to think of some excuse for her,
Some reason why it had to happen this way,
Some way to blame myself.

ANGEL. I see. I see.
But I perceive zat you are very righteous.

JOSEPH. Of course I am.

ANGEL. You cannot blame yourself?

JOSEPH. We're married in name only.

ANGEL. I see. I see.
(She makes a note on her pad.)

JOSEPH. I've tried to think if there is something in me
That's driven her to find some . . . some other man . . .
Some younger man.

ANGEL. Some younger man? I see.
(She makes a note.)

JOSEPH. If so, I don't know who this man could be.

ANGEL. I see.

JOSEPH. Perhaps it might be one of the
Apprentices that work in the carpenter shop.

ANGEL. Apprentices? How old are zey?

JOSEPH. Sixteen.

ANGEL. Sixteen?

JOSEPH. Impossible. They're much too young.

ANGEL. Zu young?
(She makes a note.)
Your wife is—how old?

JOSEPH. *(Horrified at the new realization.)*
Seventeen.

ANGEL. I see.
(She makes a note.)
Und, Meester Choseph, you are sure
Zat zis inscrutable situation must
Be cause by somezing natural—zat is,
By some unnatural lust.

JOSEPH. Unless . . . unless . . .
That song you sang . . . about . . . "This night there shall . . ."

ANGEL. "Zis night zere shall be born our heavenly Kink."

JOSEPH. Our heavenly King. I don't quite understand.
What does it mean? Our heaven . . . My wife? My King?

ANGEL. Und zat ist your conclusion?

JOSEPH. I don't know.
(The alarm clock rings.)

ANGEL. Ze time ist up, I'm sorry.
(Extending her hand.)
Fifty dollars.

JOSEPH. Hold it! How about my fifty cents?

ANGEL. *(Back to her normal voice.)*
I'll call it square if you help me pack my bag.
Okay?

JOSEPH. Someone is losing on this deal.
I think it's me.

ANGEL. *(Packing quickly and efficiently.)*
The cot goes first. The clock
Goes next. And next we pack the music stand.
Otherwise we'll never get everything in.
The thermos bottle. . . .

JOSEPH. Wait a minute. Stop.
Don't go away. You're leaving me in anguish.

ANGEL. *(To the audience.)*
He's in anguish.
(To JOSEPH.)
Would you like to hear
The rest of the song?

JOSEPH. Please.

ANGEL. *(To the audience.)*
Now he likes folk songs.
(She very quickly tunes the ukulele again and sings. MARY enters and dances solo.)

Then Mary took her young son,
And set him on her knee:
Saying, "My dear son, tell me,
Tell how this world shall be."

"O I shall be as dead, mother,
As stones are in the wall;
O the stones in the streets, mother,
Shall sorrow for me all.

"On Easter-day, dear mother,
My rising up shall be;
O the sun and the moon, mother,
Shall both arise with me."

(Instrumental music for the continuation and conclusion of the dance. While MARY holds the tableau, the ANGEL finishes packing.)

JOSEPH. But how can I know?

ANGEL. You can't. You must believe.

JOSEPH. I can't unless I *know*.

ANGEL. No, never.

JOSEPH. Belief
Is nonsense if it doesn't fit the facts.

ANGEL. The facts are nonsense if you don't believe.
(She whistles and the rope comes down.)
Here, help me with this harness. You must believe.

JOSEPH. I can't. I must know.

ANGEL. *(Shaking his hand.)*
Never.

JOSEPH. Never know?

ANGEL. *(Gesturing toward the audience.)*
Neither will they.
(To the audience.)
You think it's hard for you
To believe. Just look at this poor guy. Good-bye.
(She goes back to heaven.)

CURTAIN

ADDITIONAL SCRIPTS:

Additional copies of this script may be ordered from MOTIVE, P.O. Box 871, NASHVILLE 2, TENNESSEE. Single copies are 30 cents each, or four for $1, postpaid. CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER.

MEISJE EN WIJUDRUIF　　WOODCUT　　HANS ORLOWSKI

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ART CONTRIBUTORS

MATHIAS GOERITZ, well-known sculptor, architect, professor and painter, contributes in the spirit of art as a service, art as a plastic prayer—rather than art as a means for glorifying the individual artist. Mr. Goeritz, born in Germany, now lives in Mexico.

JEAN PENLAND, a designer of book jackets for Abingdon Press, lives in Nashville.

MARGARET RIGG, art editor of this magazine, is also interested in the renewal of art as a service.

JIM CRANE, having just completed his M.F.A. degree in painting, has returned to his teaching at Wisconsin State College in River Falls, Wisconsin.

OTIS HUBAND, JR., the artist featured this month, was born in 1933 in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and now makes his home at Virginia Beach, Va. He attended Richmond Professional Institute of the College of William and Mary where he received both his B.F.A. (in painting), and M.F.A., in 1961 (in graphics). He has exhibited widely in Virginia, California, and Kansas. He teaches art at Princess Anne High School at Virginia Beach.

CHARLES GROOMS, a Nashville artist who is now painting and exhibiting in New York City.

ROBIN JENSEN, cartoonist, is now represented in many church magazines. He lives in Miamisburg, Ohio.

HANS ORLOWSKI, a famous graphic artist known throughout Europe, was born in 1894. He lives in S.W. Berlin and continues to create his expressive and sensitive wood cuts. **motive** is honored to present his generous contributions.