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MOTIVE

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Motive

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LOVE SONG OF A COUGH DROP

[To be accompanied on the Chinese flute and wastebasket]

Oh, little cough drop—
Out of your waxed paper lining
And your little, square box:
You never knew what the world was like!
You just sat there,
 Clinging to all the others,
 Looking like all the others,
 Acting like all the others.
You weren't no different,
Little cough drop.

But your home could not hold you,
The lining which bore you
 could not contain you,
Could it?
Your labor pains was just a pair of sticky fingers,
That reached in and got you,
 Grabbed you,
 Clenched you, and
 Wrenched you

Out.
You couldn't stay there no more,
Little cough drop.

Scarcely had you time to breathe
 nature's life before
You were tossed into the
 Coarse,
 Raw,
 Croopy

Cavern.
Buffeted and billowed by a giant red tongue
Between rows and rows of stained teeth.
You didn't have no choice, did you,
Little cough drop?

And suddenly, what little life you had had,
The substance which was your
 very essence, began
 To fade,
 To disappear,
 To dissolve

Away.
You felt your little trademark sliding away
To help a being that you had never met,
Who cared nothing about you,
But still you helped,
Little cough drop.

And fiercely you knew that this was what had been
Planned for you.
This was the end for which you had been created,
This was the goal for which you had been born.
And you rejoiced,
 You exulted,
 You gloried
In that which you were doing.
Your purpose was your task,
Little cough drop.

You gave your little life,
You gave your little self,
You gave your very all
For to comfort and help him of whom you never knew.
Your very being dissipated,
Your whole self dissolved
For another.
You is gone,
Little cough drop.

But oh, little cough drop,
 Though you rejoiced,
 Though you exulted,
 Though you gloried,
Was not the price you paid for life greater than that
Which was paid for death?
Wasn't you appreciated,
Little cough drop?

Weep, little cough drop,
Weep with me,
For there is another little cough drop,
 Which is just like you
 Which will follow you
And you will be forgotten.
You ain't stopped the cough,
Little cough drop,
You wasn't relevant enough.

(wistfully: cough)

—JIM HUFFSTUTLER

renewal of the church

BY C. EBB MUNDEN III

THE Methodist Student Movement has published seven study papers for use at MSM Regional Leadership Training Conferences during the current year. Each paper is related to the 1962-63 theme of the National Student Christian Federation, "The Word, the World and the Sacrament," in its study of the Life and Mission of the Church. Thomas C. Oden, editor, has defined the purpose of these study papers as follows: "This series of study papers . . . is intended to describe six different manifestations of the renewal of the church in our time. Renewal means discovering new ways to lay hold of the faith of historic Christianity in our time and to fulfill the mission of the church to the world. This is one of the most exciting facts of our time. The church is coming into a new awareness of itself as mission. . . ." Complementing these six papers is a seventh study paper—"Six Bible Studies on the Crisis of the World and the Word of God" by Thomas C. Oden. The latter provides a theological context for the concrete manifestations of church renewal described in the other six papers. Editor Oden and the Methodist Student Movement are to be congratulated for providing the entire church with this stimulating basis for self-examination.

In surveying these manifestations of the renewal of the church in our time, one cannot fail to be struck by the fact that each of these centers of renewal has emerged out of the despair of the church as it is confronted by the truth of man's desperate need and by the impotence of the church in the face of this need.

Thus it would appear to be true that the renewed consciousness of the church as mission has emerged out of the claim laid upon the church by the desperate urgency of man's need for a new and different future. But certainly it is clear that this claim articulates in our time the age-old question of man, "What must I do to be saved?" The church hears this question on the college campus, in the factories, in the practical affairs of the professional man, in the sanctuary and classrooms of the local church, in the slums, in the study of the theologian and the pastor, in the bedrooms of suburbia. Because this question is articulated today in a different way from which the church has heard it before should not obscure the fact that the church today is confronted by the same question out of which it was born on the Day of Pentecost. If anything has changed, it is not the question which man asks, but the renewed urgency with which he is asking this same old question in our time.

In response to "what must I do to be saved?" the church has been wont to say, "Join the church." The church has equated the new future with the church in much the same way as Israel once equated the new future with the land of Canaan. But for a growing segment of the church this answer is no longer possible. This answer has been rendered impossible for many of us because we have recognized this question is being asked by men within the church as well as without the church. Indeed, many of us have recognized that the shallowness revealed by the response of the church to the need of the world has severed the lines of communication between the world and the church. With growing urgency the world is addressing its question to other saviours, and the church's invitation is falling on deaf ears.

In the face of this situation, many of us are grasping for new ways to revitalize the church as a live option for man in his predicament. We are urging people to do such old-fashioned things as to pray, and to study the Bible, and to worship, and to help their neighbors in need; and we are seeking new ways of doing these old things so as to make them more meaningful and relevant to this new day. Each of the centers of renewal described in the six study papers is an illustration of the church's attempt to take seriously the urgent need of man in our time. There is evidence here of a new daring, a new courage, and a new concern which cannot fail to stir the heart and faith of us all. But when such undertakings are offered as the answer to man's need of a new and different future, then the question must be asked whether this is really *the* answer for our time. Is our problem that we need new ways to revitalize the church or is our problem that we are the church? Are we at the point in the church today where we must try harder to do better what we are called to do? Or are we at the point where we must confess that we cannot do what we are called to do?

THERE seems to this reviewer to be a question implicit in each of the study papers under consideration which must be made explicit if there is to be any real renewal of the church in our time. Before the church can answer the question of the world, the church itself must ask the question, "What is God doing in our time?" Until we know the answer to this question we cannot know what we must do in order to serve God in our day. It is of course true that the church can only learn what God is doing now as it sees what is going on in the world in the light of the testimony of the Holy Scriptures, in the light of the Holy Spirit at work within the fellowship of men and women of honesty and concern, in the light of the Good News of God's love and faithfulness as it is expressed in the worship of the church through the preached word and the sacraments. But there is a difference—an important difference—between understanding these human undertakings as ways of waiting upon God to reveal to us what he is doing to make possible a new future for us now, and understanding these undertakings as ways by which we may renew the church in our time.

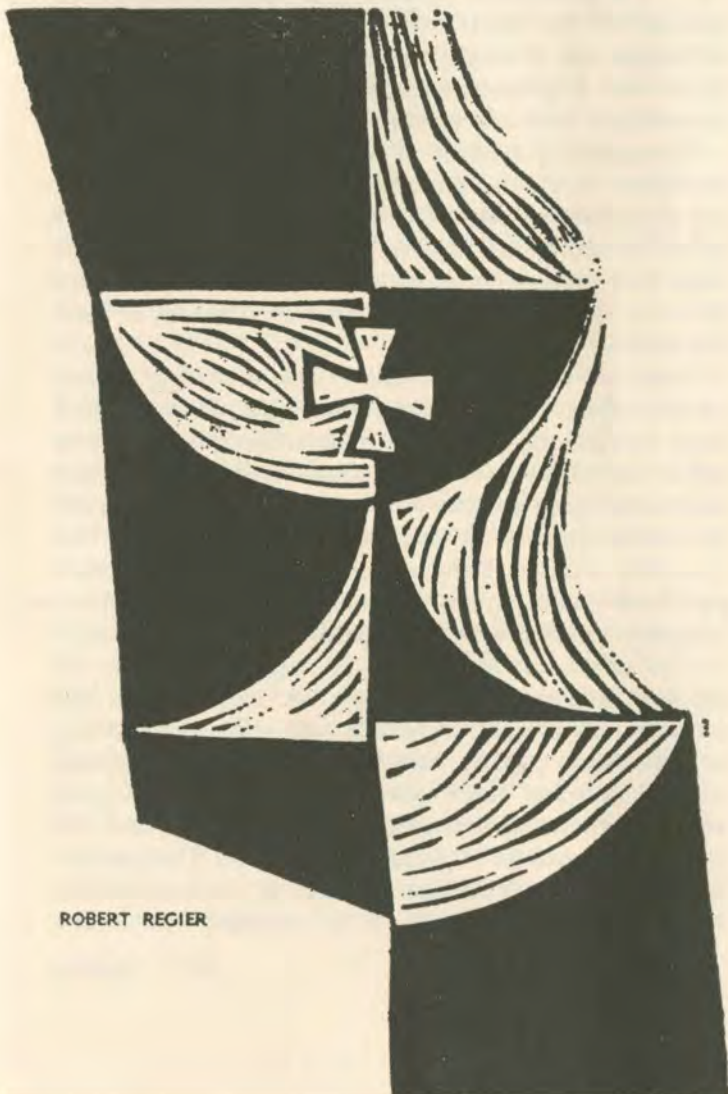
If the claim is made that the church can be renewed by new ways of fulfilling its mission, then evidence must be offered to demonstrate where this possibility concretely exists. If these study papers are understood to be such testimony, then I would submit that the

experience out of which they have emerged has been misunderstood. For these papers bear witness not so much to the renewal of the church as to the beginning of the end of the church as we have known it; these papers bear witness to the truth that the possibility of the renewal of the church does not exist apart from the reality of the church's impotence as we have experienced it in our time. In the light of this reality, it would seem to be true that the church today is at the point where we must confess that there is not a continuous line between where we are and the new future.

We must acknowledge the truth to which both our own experience and the Holy Scripture bear witness, that God alone can renew the church, and that God alone can save man. God alone can offer to the church the possibility of a new and different future, and God alone can offer to man the possibility of a new and different future. Only as we know this and surrender our pretensions to a knowledge and a life we do not possess and wait upon God to do what he alone can do and what he has given his Word to do, can we offer the mission of the church as the answer to the question of man. Only as the church acknowledges the truth that it can do nothing to save itself, except acknowledge this truth, can the church become the light of the world. Only as the church surrenders every confidence in itself and risks itself and its future in complete reliance upon what God will do, will the possibility then arise that the church may become the Word of God made flesh in our time.

There is involved here the whole question of where the church stands today. Does the church stand today, as it has often supposed, on the Easter side of the cross? Is its mission, then, to share the new life which it has been given, as we have assumed? Or has something happened—something of which we are now only gradually becoming aware? Does the church today stand before the cross? Is its mission, then, to die? Do we affirm the Easter faith in our time by insisting that God raised Jesus from the dead or by daring to risk ourselves in the confidence that God will raise us from the dead? Can we do the former without the latter?

THE possibility to which our own experience and the Holy Scripture and these study papers bear witness is that only as the church dies may it be born again, and only thus will the Word of God become sacramental in the life of the church for the world in our time. The best hope for the renewal of the church in our time lies in the fact that God is making it increasingly impossible for the church to avoid the truth about itself—the truth of our own need of God and the truth that we have no other alternative than to take God at his Word that he can bring life out of death. Renewal means letting God lay hold of us to make us new. These study papers bear meaningful witness to the faithfulness of God.



ROBERT REGIER

faith
within a
new
perspective

BY OTTO A. PIPER



OUR age is deeply perplexed by many uncertainties. We try hard to conceal from ourselves the seriousness of the crisis, even while we talk about it. What are our attempts to send a rocket to the moon, other than frightened endeavors to conceal our inability to cope with the present situation?

The growing interest in religion and the rapid and incessant numerical growth of religious communities are symptoms of the crisis in which we stand. In the midst of universal futility, people entertain a faint hope that perhaps religion—if nothing else—can save Western civilization, the capitalistic system, or at least the United States.

Modern Protestantism itself is experiencing a most vexing crisis. That modern man's perplexity should have invaded the realm of the Christian religion seems rather amazing when it is recalled that faith flourished and rallied people under its banner for action in earlier situations equally as confusing and perplexing. The Crusades and the Reformation are perhaps the most outstanding instances of such heroic faith. Why, then, does our modern faith waver and falter?

The answer probably lies in the subjectivism of modern religion. The reformers, in opposing the objectivization of religion which took place in the late Middle Ages, rightly adopted the Pauline emphasis upon a personal faith. For them the center of faith was formed by the awareness of God's activity and objective presence in Word and sacraments. The personal element of their religion centered in the individual's realization that the divine offer of grace was meant

motive



DAVE PETERS, UNIV. OF THE PACIFIC

their own position to be undermined successively by three historical movements: the advent of modern science, the spread of political imperialism, and the rise of communism.

MODERN science is based upon belief in the autonomy of man's reason. Man is therefore thought capable of adequately discerning every detail of this world as well as its governing laws, and thus able to subject nature to his plans. Christian rationalism, represented mainly by liberal theology and subsequently by the social gospel, shared this belief in man's sufficiency and thus directly helped to increase modern man's confusion. Conversely, the emotional type of Protestantism tried to dodge the problem by treating the advent of modern science as a purely worldly process which had nothing to do with religion. Both have noted now that science and technology, destined to be man's tools, have instead become his masters. By means of his scientific investigations and technological devices, modern man interferes with human life and nature far beyond his control. This is obvious not only in the application of nuclear fission to military purposes, but also in the manufacture of lethal drugs and the disregard for natural scenic beauty in the construction of highways, massive suburbs, and shopping centers. These affect everybody's life to such an extent that even emotional religion is unable to remain aloof any longer. Yet the only hope which such a religion can offer is the imminent end of history, at which moment believers are supposed to be saved from this world. This apocalypticism is a desperate attempt to conceal one's own inability to cope in a satisfactory way with an unmanageable situation. The moralistic Christian, in turn, seems to expect the situation to change if he will only protest more vehemently against A-bomb tests, or denounce the "immoral callousness" of the scientists.

The same intrinsic debilitation has taken place in Protestantism's attitude toward rising imperialism. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Protestants considered it their sacred duty to fight the mounting claims of the crowns of France and Spain. They were confident that they were not just defending their subjective interests and wishes, but rather the right of God's cause. But with the growing emphasis upon subjectivity, Protestants were inclined to leave the political arena and to live in conformity with the status quo.

Though moralistic-rationalistic Protestantism is eager to advocate all kinds of reforms and new institutions in social and international life, why doesn't dissatisfaction with present conditions induce such people to engage in any kind of militant opposition to these conditions? (Direct action, in which some predominantly Negro groups are engaged in the South, can hardly be considered an outburst of faith. Notwithstanding the participation of some religious leaders, it is largely a socioeconomic movement.)

for him, too; thus God took a personal interest in him.

With the advent of Pietism and Methodism, however, the perspective of faith changed radically. The reformers had enjoined people to trust exclusively in the grace of God, no matter how intense or weak their faith might be and how much or how little they excelled in good works. In the eighteenth century, Pietism and Methodism stressed intensity of religious emotions: especially the shame which people felt for their former sinfulness, and the joy they experienced over being "saved by the blood of Jesus." By the middle of that century, the rationalistic movement in turn began to invade the churches. It was as self-centered as the emotional type, though it differed in two points. The emphasis was shifted from religious emotions to an enthusiasm for moral goodness. In addition, rationalism substituted man's subjective conscience for the objective standards of conduct which the theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had invoked.

This development has continued in American Protestantism for the last two centuries without substantial change. Wherever Protestantism shows vitality and zeal, either it is of the emotional-revivalistic brand, or it poses as a religiously motivated moralism. This emphasis placed upon subjectivity seemingly led to a quickening of religious life so it was not immediately manifest that Protestantism was steadily and seriously weakening itself. By seeking the center of faith in one's own accomplishments rather than in what God was doing through Christ, Protestants had allowed

The weakness of Protestant subjectivity is nowhere more manifest than in its dealing with communism. Here we are confronted with a powerful movement which in the name of economic equality and human dignity is ferociously up in arms against the existing social and economic order. Although the overwhelming majority of Protestants reject the methods and the goal of communism, nevertheless many adopt a complacent attitude, and dislike the manner in which politicians attempt to enlist the aid of the churches in anticommunism campaigns. But those Protestants living behind the Iron Curtain who express sympathy with communism exhibit the same signs of uncertainty. They are either apologetic about their support of communism, or they are more than critical of what is traditionally considered essential in the Christian faith.

IS there any escape from this all-pervading perplexity which plagues modern Protestantism? Not directly, if we take seriously the complex nature of what in the New Testament is described as faith. How does faith originate? God did not visit us or reveal himself to us personally. Rather, the life of faith started in us as an imitation of those who told us about God and the gospel. Although there is no way of jumping this imitative stage of faith, we misinterpret those who guided us toward the spiritual life when we notice only their emotional attitude or moral conviction. While these are indispensable means by which they communicate their involvement in their religious views, these views are relevant to them because they are thereby affected in their very selfhood. But in his typical religious attitudes, modern man ignores the fact that he is a self. Of this loss of selfhood, the social conformity of modern man is adequate proof.

The biblical message, however, proclaims a God who takes our selfhood seriously. For in his grace, he condescends to the individual and takes an interest in him personally. This can be understood only by those who are willing to assume responsibility for their own predicament and who recognize they have wrongly identified themselves with hereditary and environmental influences. By discovering his true nature, the individual self becomes capable of asserting himself against the confusing world that modern science has opened to him, and against the perplexing situations into which imperialism and the social revolution have brought him.

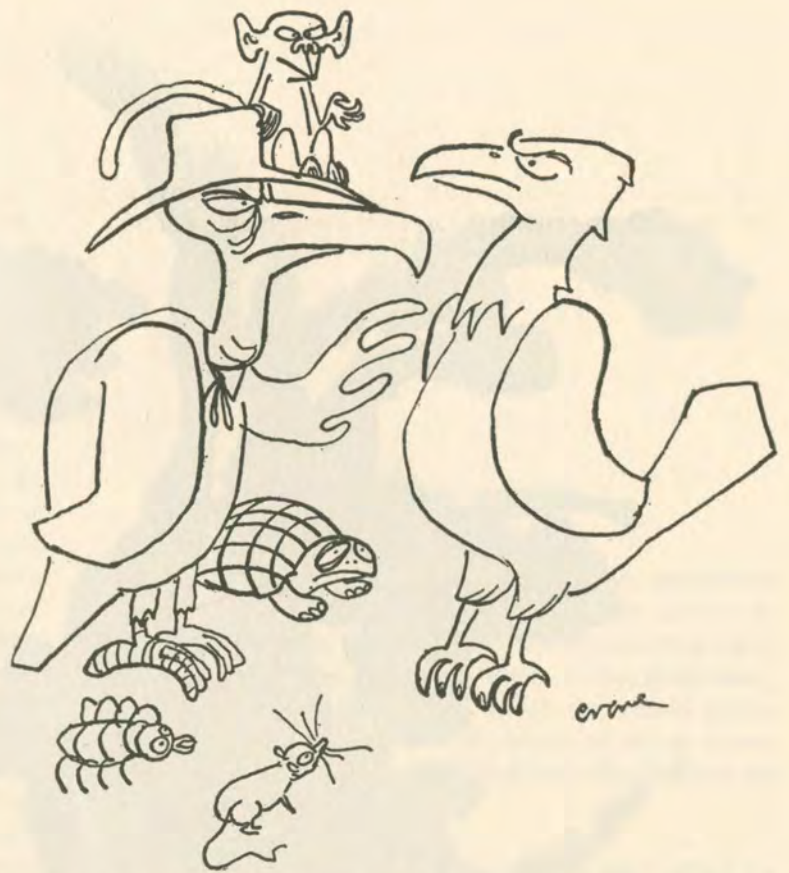
Nevertheless, this existential approach to faith would leave the Christian in the lurch if it were not supplemented by an appropriate experience of God's redemptive work. For the *kerygma*, in which Bultmann, for instance, wants to put all trust, comes to us as a human message. But for the fact that it announced to us a truth for which the primitive church vouchsafed—because this truth had been given to the church by men, to whom God had appeared himself in the Risen

One—the gospel would be but one of the world's many religions—though perhaps the profoundest one. But its unlimited claim can be apprehended only when we proceed beyond the theological statements of the *kerygma* to the divine realities thereby proclaimed. At first sight, this religious realism is even more confounding than the psychological types from which we started. For God, whom we thus encounter, is paradoxically the Creator of this world, and must thus be considered ultimately responsible for its condition. By the will of God, we live in a world in which life constantly devours all that lives, and where in turn Christ redeems people from a condition to which they find themselves inescapably tied by God's will. Can we deny that in this world death, disintegration, deception and sin are no less real than life, healing power, growth, truth and goodness? These are agonizing contradictions, for which our faith finds no solution, unless we realize that Christ is Lord, that is to say, superior to everything we find in this world. The gospel reveals the secrets of divine love and grace. That God does not approve of the actual conditions of this world is shown by his coming in Christ. Yet that event indicates also that he does not use coercion to make man conform to his will. Rather, he grants to the individual self the greatest possible freedom. Yet this gift is surpassed by his grace. In the person of Jesus, he identifies himself with mankind, and by raising him from the dead, he makes him the center of history.

In myopic perspective of our self-centeredness, we aim at permanent solutions and hope for immediate relief from all our ills. But Christ does not lift us out of history. Rather, he makes history meaningful by enabling us to work in it in a redemptive way. This is what is meant by justification by faith. What saves us and mankind, is not the intensity of our religious emotions, or the greatness and boldness of our social programs. It is rather the Christ who enters into our lives and renders us the agents of his redeeming grace, if and when we rely on his power. The tensions, contradictions and perplexities which life in history presents to us, will not vanish as long as human life on this earth goes on. There is no promise that history will come to a close; but life in a historical world appears in a new perspective to the Christian who realizes in his own life that God has a purpose for it and that through Christ he moves on toward his goal. What we contribute in the service of Christ to the realization of God's goal is infinitesimal and hardly perceptible to the human eye, unless we survey long periods of time. But Christ's presence is like the vital power that inheres in the grain of seed and enables it to transform dirt into plant and flower and fruit. It is this mystery of transformation, by which God establishes his realm over this world, that is apprehended in the experience of Christ's presence. He makes us joyously triumph in view of his final success and in spite of this world's painful confusion.



A MAN'S GOTTA BE SELF-RELIANT, SON, YA DON' SEE ME ASKIN FOR, NOR GETTIN' ANY PRIVILEGES AH' DON' DESERVE.



WHAT EVIDENCE CAN YOU GIVE THIS COMMITTEE OF YOUR LOYALTY?



AH ADMIT IT'S REGRETTABLE THAT UNFORTUNATE THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF ALABAMA REFLECT ON THE UNITED STATES. . . .



AH REALIZE THAT IT HURTS THE AMERICAN IMAGE WITH THE AFRO-ASIANS . . .



BUT! HAVE YOU CONSIDERED WHAT IT WOULD DO TO OUAH IMAGE IF WE DID INTEGRATE?




WHY, IT WOULD KILL US WITH MISSISSIPPI



DAY OF FEAR

BY TOM J. COFFMAN

OCTOBER 22. Monday morning, seven-thirty. We are students. Seven-forty-five classes are bad. If you get up early you can drink coffee and stay awake. If not, you stumble to class swollen-eyed and sleep at your desk. Some professors cast indignant eyes on the nodding heads and sagging eyes. A friend sits in the next chair and jabs you. Wake up. Your eyes jerk open, and you sit erect. But the lids are dense metal and go shut again against your will. Later you will joke about it over coffee at the student union. The one who slept will be mimicked, and he must grin slowly and make a sharp comeback. It is good fun, and makes the haze clear. Another day takes form.



On the East Coast warships cut the waters toward Cuba, but we do not yet know. Kennedy is frantically conferring with his higher-ups. We talk about Rayford's '47 Buick. Its latest name is "the green latrine." Then we try to decide if Sellen will give a history test this week. Scott says no. I say yes, and Rayford sticks to a defense of his car. By noon news bulletins hit our prairie state. More bulletins. They spell crisis, this time with capital letters. "Forbes and Richard Gebaur cancel all leaves . . . Kennedy to address nation at five . . . warships in Caribbean, report unconfirmed." The dit-di-di introduction to the newscasters grates the the nerves. By mid-afternoon our room is filled with fraternity brothers. Nat Cole sings over the radio, and we talk loudly. There is confused fear and babbled excitement. Those who study the newspapers review the history of the Cuban situation. They are suddenly experts and speak with an air of new-found importance. Then they are through, and everyone is an expert. Above the chatter someone barks cadence and gets a nervous laugh in response. "Dit-di-di-dit. Bulletin! Bulletin!" We are dumb-silent and stare at the radio as if it were human.

Monday, five o'clock. The official seal comes on the screen, and a voice says, ". . . the President of the United States." Cigarettes are lighted, and we hunch forward, nerves taut. No one sleeps in this class. The half hour passes, and we now know. With Cuba blockaded war is at our doorstep. The national anthem is played on TV, and Rayford's eyes are filled with tears. They are for everyone. He glances away, and I pretend not to see them.

Talk starts slow, then boils up. We'll show those Russians. Yeh, we'll show them with a nuclear war—so what? Kennedy has guts. He is a fool. We've got to take a stand somewhere. True, true. We are scared. As potential soldiers death stands as a possibility before us all, but at brief moments we are duped into the great drama. Our fathers' generation is one of heroes—it pushed the flag up at Iwo Jima and smashed the Germans in the Battle of the Bulge, all in bloody glory. War's savagery is beautifully simple and tempting. The books are complex, and the long study hours are often dull. But in this war there

can be no winner; steel helmets are no protection from the bombs. This we know, and each admits it. Then the blood runs cooler, and the insides feel half-filled with milk and sand. The little worries drop away, and yesterday is a refuge to which we would gladly return. Each has his personal dream of doing something, of being someone, and suddenly the dreams are very dear to us.

Smith and Macarty who have hated each other for two years now seem like friends. No one complains about the evening meal. We want to see our girlfriends, and some would like to see their parents. Probably a few pray inwardly. Most do not. It would be like begging for rain when there is drought. We talk until it no longer helps, and then we must try to sleep.

* * * * *

Tuesday comes. A Russian convoy is headed for Cuba. War seems certain. Wednesday. The ships have changed course, report unconfirmed. Thursday. U Thant, Kennedy, and Khrushchev make statements, two-week cool-off indicated.

We talk of the coming weekend, of professors and girls, and the football team. A scar is left on our nerves, and we are aware of the challenge to make world peace rather than commit its suicide. The answers are muddled.

Friday, seven-thirty. Seven-forty-five classes are bad. We go to Rayford's car swollen-eyed, gulping the crisp morning air. Someone will make a joke. We want to laugh.



POLISH WIDOWS BY ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

why are you so shy?

BY BARBARA CHAPIN

SO many people I admire have moved underground. Why? Who forced you off earth's surface? Why did you let them do it? I'm still up here in the sunshine, and I don't like to think it's because I lack backbone. Yet here I am! Did I miss something? Are things really so bad already?

Walking through these crisp, bright days, I think—what kind of blessing, promise, or reprieve is such weather? Is this to be our last season, therefore all beauty? Then follows amused moment: suppose, after all, we find that fall-out is good for us. Suppose it tranquilizes, changes the weather patterns, rains on us constant sun, brings about a world of listless, unconcerned people, relaxed, contented . . . or suppose, instead, it brings us clarity and inner peace with understanding. . . .

Would we welcome this?

"What," asked a young woman on a service project in South America, "could a person like myself do if there weren't so much need in the world?"

"Frankly," she continued, "I like trouble."

Lady, you are not alone. Who is sheltering who, from what?

For instance, now I can say, whether I am 90 or

19, "Well, might as well let that go. Who knows, we may all be gone tomorrow." Suppose, instead, I realize that tomorrow is up to me, the way it used to be before-the-bomb? Heaven forbid! I'll have to clean the cupboards, go to that PTA meeting, and do something about a new playground, because I can't go on telling myself it's all futile anyway.

A tomb, after all, has certain advantages. No decisions to make about where to go, what to do? You have no choice about who you are with—after all, who is there stays, so might as well accept each other.

But what if we want to make our own choices?

Well, then, we'll be delinquents. We can break out of our ghetto, and object. We can demand light and air and freedom to shout and sing and run. But this will upset a lot of politicians, and a lot of urban planners, and some of the investment firms, and if we stub our toes, as we very well may, it costs the insurance companies money\$\$ What is more difficult, we will use space where a fine new tomb (i.e., read office, apartment, auditorium) might otherwise be erected.

And speaking of space, what **is** the situation down there? Do you have enough room? Or, are you being

motive

pushed out already? All those people who enjoy catastrophe—you know, I mean, man, danger is exciting! They seem to get a charge out of going underground, closing the door, and imagining the end of the world. Are they changing the underground? Are they satisfied with starting fights on the surface, or are they starting fights down there too?

And what about the refugees: the people who lived in that crowded, clean, tiny three rooms with four viewless, but air-and-sun-allowing windows, to whom the builder said, "I'm sorry, but it's progress. This isn't much of a place anyway." Do you have room for them down there? for they disappeared up here. In their place stands that big, clean, air-conditioned building, mostly unrented. They had to go somewhere. Have you provided for them? What kind of company are they? Is there any danger that you'll get so busy taking care of them you won't have time to write and communicate with those of us left up here?

Because I for one need to hear what you say. It often gives me courage to be delinquent. It makes me recharge my questioning power, and reminds me to keep asking. Maybe you are nourishers, roots, for those still on the surface? If so, what should we send down to you to assure ourselves that you can keep on feeding us?

Have you fears of betrayal? "Forgive me for what I am about to do," says the man building his shelter with a lock to keep out neighbors. He is going under-

ground. How can you keep him from being fuzzed into the public image as part of you? Should you let him down?

I often think how startled Jonah must have been when the sailors took him up on his offer, and threw him overboard. I cannot help but think he may have expected them to forgive him for destroying them, after he had so bravely confessed that he was the cause of their danger.

At what point might you be forced up by those who once forced you under? When that point comes, how can we be sure you will be able to come back up into the light? And should we be ready to help? Or may we be under by then ourselves? It is all very confusing.

We have a great artist named Probst who is trying to do a resurrection. He says it is too painful to look at, because "this is how it was." Think what a person **would** look like after three days of incarceration. We turn away in embarrassment at the slightest sign of suffering. Who loves enough to look at the risen? Will we be too fearful to look at you when you do surface? Will you be too embarrassed to come back into the light of day?

Or, as Kierkegaard points out in his *Fear and Trembling* study of the near sacrifice of Isaac by his father Abraham, it took a man of unequalled stature to stop the sacrifice, once everything was set. People knew about it, and the decision had been made. At that point, says Kierkegaard, only the great can reverse himself and accept mercy.

At this moment, many brave people seem to feel the dangers that beset us are so grave we must speak carefully, or from places of protection. Will they—and we—be great enough when the time is offered us to accept mercy for civilization?



ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

revolution and the church

LATIN AMERICAN STYLE BY EUGENE L. STOCKWELL

THE key word is **revolution** throughout Latin America today. We have smiled for decades at the half-serious, half-farcical revolutions that seemed to be part of daily living in much of Latin America, as one group of generals displaced another group, with relatively minor effects upon the population at large. This "revolution habit" may not be entirely a thing of the past, but today "revolution" means something entirely different, and far more significant, in its impact.

Now "revolution" means a social upheaval, marked frequently by severe class struggle, which aims at a radical transformation of the balances of power in society and, hopefully, at new opportunity for those who for centuries have been oppressed, ignored, exploited. It has an immediate and pressing force about it. It is impatient, eager, often violent, sweeping. It is fanned by the Fidel Castro experience in Cuba, which to many Latin Americans means mainly that the revolution is a real possibility. "See," says a Latin American leader, "it has happened in Cuba. It can happen here as well!" And what is more, they want it to happen—not necessarily along the Cuban lines with the communist overtones Castro has accepted, but with radical changes which affect the very foundations of national and individual life.

This is not altogether new in Latin America. There have been similar revolutions before. The Mexican Revolution is one example; the Bolivian revolution of the past decade is another. With all their limitations, these are indicative that Latin American social revolutions need not necessarily be communist. But even these fall short of what present-day Latin Americans think of as real revolution.

Half the population of rapidly expanding Latin America (the continent has the highest population growth rate of any continent in the world today) is made up of persons under age twenty-three. Young people are at the very heart of the revolutionary forces in Latin America, and they are not willing to abide by the counsel of cautious elders who urge submission to gradualism, evolution and the like. They want their rightful place in the world now, today. They are impatient, in a hurry to take society into their own hands and remake it, presumably with greater elements of justice than existed heretofore.

Latin America's current revolution aims to fulfill the "rising expectations" of a great mass that has thus far been deprived of the minimal essentials for a decent life. The objectives are to redistribute land so that a small portion of the population does not control most of the land, and to eliminate hunger, illiteracy, disease and lack of opportunity.

The causes of this revolution in our time are complex and varied. The population explosion contributes pressures that some believe to be fundamental. The rapid industrialization of many areas of South and Central America creates centers where both the opportunities and deprivations of life are felt acutely. Modern mass communications blare forth the nature of the abundant material life that is at hand, and exploited men and women rise up to ask for their share in this. Rising levels of education give notice of illimitable horizons to conquer. Marxism sows its seed of confusion and hope and stirs men to meet a historical destiny that is offered as certain and impending.

WHAT has the church done to bring this about? How does the church face this revolutionary reality? What changes is the church contemplating to meet this hour?

The Christian church has been rudely shaken by the temper of the times. The Roman Catholic Church, which for four centuries has assumed it was the leader and guardian in all affairs spiritual south of the Rio Grande, feels itself threatened on all sides. The alliance of the Roman hierarchy with Latin American reactionaries and conservatives—repeated in country after country—places the church on the defensive against new revolutionaries. "Why," ask the latter, "did you not champion the rights of the underprivileged in the name of the Christ who came to serve and not be served? Why do you not ally yourselves now with the more progressive elements in society who fight for the dignity of man and justice for all?"

The Roman church is still strong and influential in Latin America, though not as much as one is led to believe. Exorbitant claims of 90 per cent of the population being Catholic are rebutted by responsible Catholic leaders themselves who aver that not over 20 per cent of the Latin American population maintains any close tie to the Roman church. The church controls great wealth, much property and countless schools, but it fails to recruit even a fraction of the many priests it needs to meet its opportunity, it has lost its schools in Cuba; it is frequently abandoned by the intelligentsia and it discredits itself by *de facto* alliances with some of the most backward and reactionary regimes in Latin America.

There are wise men in the Roman church who see the folly of this posture, and who speak out in the name of a liberal Catholic tradition that offers hope and justice. Some months ago, for example, the Bishop of Tacuarembó, in Uruguay, issued a pastoral letter setting forth his observations of the agonizing condi-



DRAWING AFTER 17TH C. PIETA BY CHARLES GROOMS

tions of human deprivation and injustice in his episcopal area. It was an able and moving document, speaking in the name of the highest meaning of the gospel, but what astounded Uruguay was that a high member of the hierarchy would and could write this way. It made headline news by saying what the Christian church should have been saying for four hundred years in Latin America. This new attitude of relevance, of renewed biblical study, of openness to twentieth-century currents of thought and need, is heartening. The question remains, however, whether the strength of this new understanding is great enough, and whether it comes in time to affect the revolution of our day in a really vital way.

On the part of Latin American Protestants—a small but growing minority—it would be presumptuous to claim credit for the present explosion of revolutionary forces. Yet there is no doubt but that in many ways the Protestant movement has contributed much to the present revolutionary clamor, often unwittingly. For more than a hundred years it has proclaimed throughout Latin America the dignity of the individual as a creature of God. It has given body to this preaching by an extensive educational enterprise which has not only imparted information but has incarnated an attitude of love and respect for human personality. It has engaged in medical and social work as expressions of Christian love. The YMCA and the YWCA have had their influence. Many government leaders throughout

Latin America, while generally not going so far as to enroll as members of Protestant churches, have been deeply affected by Protestant influence. There is an honorable and impressive witness to the faithfulness of many Protestants that is often silent and unseen, yet remains real and pervasive.

But the Protestant churches can ill afford to look to their laurels, if such they be. The present question is: what attitude do they take toward Latin America's revolutionary forces? Herein lies the expected diversity so common to Protestantism. Some reject the revolution because of its violent nature and rely on the revolutionary force of love. Some church leaders refuse to admit that the revolutionary forces are strong. (One distinguished church leader urged me to forget about these "minor" forces because, he said, "look how many people thronged the streets when Eisenhower came to our city. This proves most of our people are pro-American.") Some fear the revolutionary movement has already gone too far: we can only evangelize and preach and pray, and hope for the best in God's hands. But others are willing to say: "This is the moment we have been awaiting. We may not like much of what this revolution means and brings, but it is high time that it come, and that the great masses of Latin America rise up to claim their birthright, the birthright we preach as the abundant life—material, intellectual, spiritual—that our Lord proclaimed for all men.

Within the reappraisal of the role and nature of the church—an agonizing self-searching which itself may be one of the most heartening signs of the times in current Protestantism—there come to the forefront lines of thought and action which seem to indicate encouraging thrusts for the future.

First: "The revolution is a fact. We are in it. Let us help our people understand it and relate to it with all the resources available to the Christian church." This is the prophetic voice that calls for an accurate comprehension of the realities of the present. Latin American Protestantism has too long centered its attention on the individual as an entity apart from society. It has sought his personal salvation and his individual faith. This is now seen to be incomplete, whatever the great virtues of this attitude may have been. The Protestant must understand the society in which he lives, and must speak relevantly to it.

Latin American churches are awakening to their responsibility in this field. The nature of rapid social change is being studied intensively. Particular areas of immense need, such as northeastern Brazil, are catching the attention and concern of the church. In several countries the church is studying the nature of social revolution in order to speak out forcefully and in a relevant way concerning the Christian message for our time. The Methodist Church of Brazil has named one of its outstanding leaders, Prof. Almir dos Santos, to give full time to this challenging new task. The development of Christian cooperatives is receiving attention in several nations.

Second: "The key person in this new situation is the layman. Our pressing task is to train laymen for a revolutionary Christian witness in the society where he lives out his daily life."

Too often lay training has consisted of teaching a layman to speak in public, so that he might replace the preacher on Sunday, or teach a Sunday school class, or be a good committeeman in the inner life of the organized church. Now lay training is increasingly seen as equipping the layman—all laymen—with the basic Christian resources (sound biblical and theological understanding, comprehension of Christian ethics, knowledge of history and its meaning for today, etc.) so that he will go out to his place of life and work **to be** what by God's grace he can be if his abilities and powers are committed fully, and wisely, to his Lord. Latin America has known too much of clergy-dominated churches. The priesthood of **all** believers is a relatively new thing. Yet there is no question but that the fastest-growing churches in Latin America have managed, often in surprising and unconventional ways from the point of view of the historical churches, to give their laymen a deep sense of participation in a movement of ultimate meaning, a movement in which they are important and for which they must live faithfully in every walk of life.

LEGION NIGHT AT THE ARMORY

The businessman in the armory,
There for money, finds,
As he works the bolt on his gun,
Grief as distant as tea,
And Rome some distance behind.

The Red Owl man
Cares nothing for owls.
Television burns the world
With a blue light.
There is one terrible need!

We miss the voyage
To Zagreus, the dance of which the sea
Has died, the endless journey,
What no one is paid for,
Some form of devotion.

—ROBERT BLY

WET CHALK

In his dream
he wrote a lesson on a chipped
blackboard with new pink chalk.
Behind him
blank-faced children silently
misbehaved, dismissing knowledge
with absence in their eyes.

In the hall
someone was holding a clock
to the keyhole of the locked door
and with a screwdriver
turned the screw that made it
tick louder and faster. And it was night
outside. And everyone
wanted to go home.

With an urgency of desperation
his thoughts
were quicker than his hand,
and each brittle chalk stick
snapped
till he knew it was not worth saying.
And when his hands
made walls before his eyes
pink smudges turned irrevocably
ruby
along his rigid fingers.

—JOYCE ODAM
motive

Hieronimus bosch

BY VERNON L. BOBBITT

■ WHEN *motive* magazine asked me to prepare an illustrated article on "The Temptation of Saint Anthony" by Hieronymus Bosch, whose hellish triptych may now be seen in the National Museum of Ancient Art in Lisbon, Portugal, I questioned the significance of the meaning of the fifteenth-century masterpiece for twentieth-century college students.

A comparison between the nightmare temptations of Saint Anthony, a foe of evil, and the temptations which beset us today seemed logical. But, in spite of Freud and company, our age is so concerned with being intellectually and emotionally antiseptic and rational that the fantasies of Bosch appear out of place.

Yet, are the temptations which beset man essentially any different now than in the fifteenth century? Despite advances in so many aspects of life, has man really changed much in the last 300 years?

Saint Anthony was a fourth-century Christian.

The best account is found in the *Legend of the Saints*, or the *Golden Legend*, as it has come to be called, by Jacobus de Voragine, the Italian cleric who died in 1298 at the age of 70.

The entry for January 17 describes the life of Saint Anthony, as written by Athanasius. It may be condensed thus: "at 20 Anthony heard these words of Jesus read in the church: 'If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor.' Anthony, who was the orphan son of rich Christians, immediately sold all he had, gave the profit to the poor and went into the desert—Egypt in this case—to become a hermit.

There he underwent innumerable temptations by demons.

"Once when he was living in an Egyptian tomb, a swarm of demons maltreated him so dreadfully that one of his companions believed him dead, and bore him off on his shoulders (as shown by Bosch in the left panel). As he lay there, overcome by the pain of his wounds, the demons returned in the form of divers savage beasts, and began to tear at him with their teeth, their horns, and their claws. Then, a wondrous light filled the cave, and put the demons to flight; and Anthony was made whole at the same instant."

It is interesting to read the translation of William Caxton, the English fifteenth-century printer and scholar, in spite of his unfamiliar medieval spelling:

Anthony is in his cell and, after prayer, dares the Devil to do his worst to tempt him: "*And Incontinent was made a grete tempeste, that the hous was broken on al sydes/ And therin entred a innumerable multytude of devyles in divers formes/ Some in lykenesse of bulles. and other of lyons. of dragons, of wulves. of addres. of Serpentes & scorpyons. and the other in dyverse formes, as of liepardes/ tygres & beres. eche of hem cried after his nature.*"

But Anthony mocked them, and "*Wherefore our lord whyche levyth not his servauntes in dangeour. Seenge the vycorye of his goode knyghte saynt Anthonye/ came for to vysyte hym/ Descendynge as a lyghte in to his babytacyon? After whyche lyghte receyved. all his paynes and soores were heelyd!*"

Eventually a colony of monks grew up about him in solitude except for worship and meals. After a few years he went away to the desert near Thebes where he lived until his death at the age of 105, during the reign of Constantine who came to power in 340. This is the legend of the life of Saint Anthony.

■ And who was *Hieronymus Bosch*?

He is himself almost legendary, for we know little about his life. Bosch was born in Bois-le-Duc or s'Hertogenbosch, now in The Netherlands, and worked there from 1480 to 1516. It is presumed he was married, for in 1531 the inheritance of the widow of Jheronimus van Aaken, his family name, is recorded.

Although Bois-le-Duc was a prosperous community, it was not the center of great artistic activity. Even if there had been many artists working there, it is certain they would have been working in a style more similar to the popular style of Flanders as seen in the work of Hans Memling, Gerard David and Geertgen tot Sint Jans, which was not fantastic in conception, as was the work of Bosch. The only similarity is in the attention to detail, an obsession of all Flemish painters of the time. Bosch seems to have been a unique artist in his time. His world was a private one filled with devilish, hybrid creatures that cavort in unnatural situations over his canvasses.

That he chose bizarre methods for his homilies does not, however, lessen their effectiveness. His influence, in the depiction of weird fantasy, is seen in the work of Pieter Brueghel, the Elder, who was born about nine years after the death of Bosch in Flanders.

This Lisbon *Temptation*, among the several he did, was painted at the peak of Bosch's creative power when he had mastered his technique, and established his iconographical style.

Students may be fascinated by the diabolical aspects of the painting or by the imaginative power of the artist. They may marvel at the technique which he used, or they may wonder about the authenticity of the painting as it depicts the life of Saint Anthony in the light of medieval vision. They may compare the surrealist affiliations with artists of this bent in our own time, Dali for instance.

Or they may just recall a childhood Halloween experience when goblins, devils, ghosts, weird animals and fiendish people were about on dark, fall nights.

It is impossible to decipher the symbolism of all the figures in the painting. Scholars have searched among medieval manuscripts and engravings for clues to meanings. Many are obvious, many obscure. Bosch seemed to have studied many interpretations of most of the temptations known to man, and in his time sin in violent form was a preoccupation of the people, so that he could

depict them without fear of criticism as minutely and as forcefully as his avid brain prompted.

It is curious that today, when censorship is the concern of many people, we are able to look with the detachment of time at the representation of the major sins, at least in symbolical form. But why do we?

Only a casual glance at this painting is necessary to tell us that Bosch was serious and diligent in his approach to his art. We still respect these attributes. And we are absorbed in the unusual.

Do we think he was advertising temptation, since some parts may remind us of motion picture advertisements today? Bosch meant this to be a religious painting which would stir men's souls and set afire the passion for the Christian life. Notice there is a small crucifixion among the dark shadows of his cell in the central panel!

He also wanted to pay sincere tribute to Saint Anthony who mastered the temptations of life and found peace in solitude, thus becoming the father of Christian monasticism.

It is difficult to believe that this painting is the result of the recall of dreams. It is too precise and too premeditated. It would seem, rather, to be the result of a fertile imagination which was stimulated by the moods and beliefs of the times. Proverbs, sermons, astrology and religious cults were involved with the weird nature of life at that time.

And if you feel that these people are not to be found in our time, observe a line of people at check-out counters in a supermarket, or the faces of people at a prize fight, or tired old men playing "hot jazz," or the anguished faces of the TV horror actors, or the people at a bingo game or women under a hair drier at the beauty shop, or men in any Skid Row, or the very ill in a hospital being manipulated gently by ghostly figures in white or women in slacks and hair curlers playing bridge for a gaudy prize.

Bosch shows his concern for mankind by contrasting its evils with the reflective, withdrawn, dedicated saintliness of Anthony. The good is more effective because we see the bad. Light is often brighter because there is darkness.

Bosch seems to have given visual form to the significance summed up in Psalm 34:19: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

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THE TEMPTATION of SAINT ANTHONY

by **Jheronimus Bosch**

who worked in s'Hertogenbosch, Flanders, from 1480 to 1516

photographs: courtesy, National Museum of Ancient Art, Lisbon, Portugal,
and Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts



1. *Detail, the left wing:* At the bottom is a fantastic hybrid figure who intently plays a bagpipe despite the fact that his head has wings and his body is the rump of a horse with high boots on his feet and a jay on his tail. Bagpipes in the fifteenth century, and perhaps appropriately, were often considered demoniac expressions of hell. Above is a scorpion-tailed fish with a church tower on its back, propelled by wheels and grasshopper legs. The scorpion has always symbolized lust and the church tower connects it with a corrupt clergy. The fish eating another fish suggests the Flemish proverb, "The big fish eats the little fish."

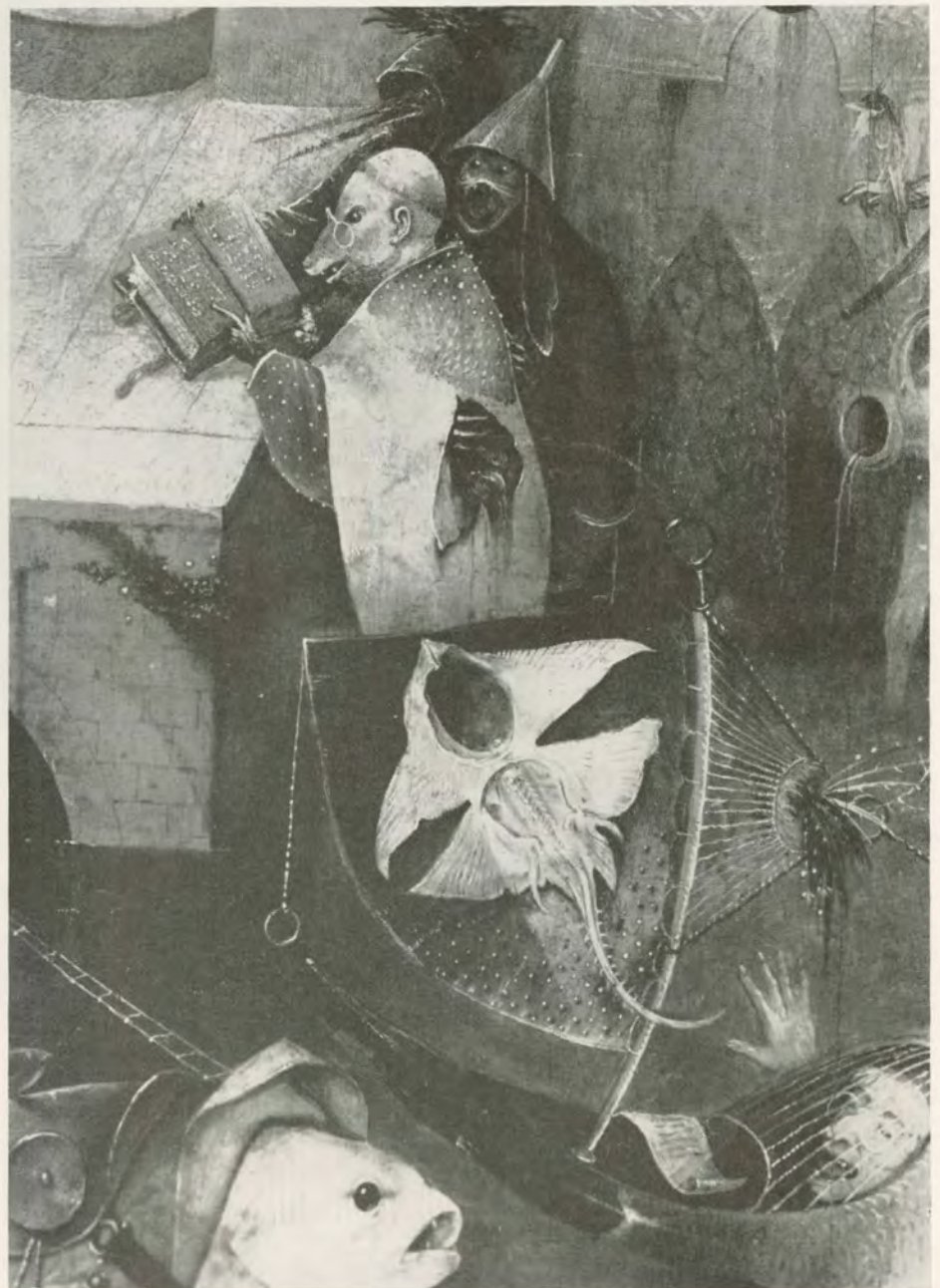
2. *Detail, the left wing:* The Bordello, or the Man Rooted in Sin. A house of prostitution has ensnared a man while one of the women looks from a window. The sinister trio at the lower right is made up of a monk, satirizing monkish sins; a stag-headed man; and an evil man with a clerical mitre on his head denoting heresy.



3. *Detail, the left wing:* Under the bridge animal-headed men watch a cleric who leers at them after reading an ominous document. A funnel-hatted bird on skates approaches. The letters on the note in his beak have been identified with Sloth, one of the major sins. The skates refer to a fifteenth-century Dutch phrase, "sliding into sin," and Bosch undoubtedly meant to advocate man's will to choose the good and resist the devil, as had Saint Anthony.



4. *Detail, the central panel:* According to Cuttler, the group of people behind Anthony were inspired by Florentine astrological engravings of the fifteenth century. The pig-snouted figure is a conjurer whose gullible victim presides over a gaming table. Immediately behind Anthony a temptress in a gown with a lizard-shaped tail offers a cup of wine to the figures opposite Anthony. Deceit, trickery and avarice are thus depicted.



5. *Detail, the central panel:* This is sometimes called the Black Mass. A rodent-faced priest reads from a book while two other demons listen. The priest's torn robe reveals a skeleton; thus it becomes a denunciation of a dead clergy. Below, there is a frantic man in a caged boat with a sail onto which is fastened a dried fish, perhaps suggesting a dessicated attitude toward Christ on the part of the clergy.

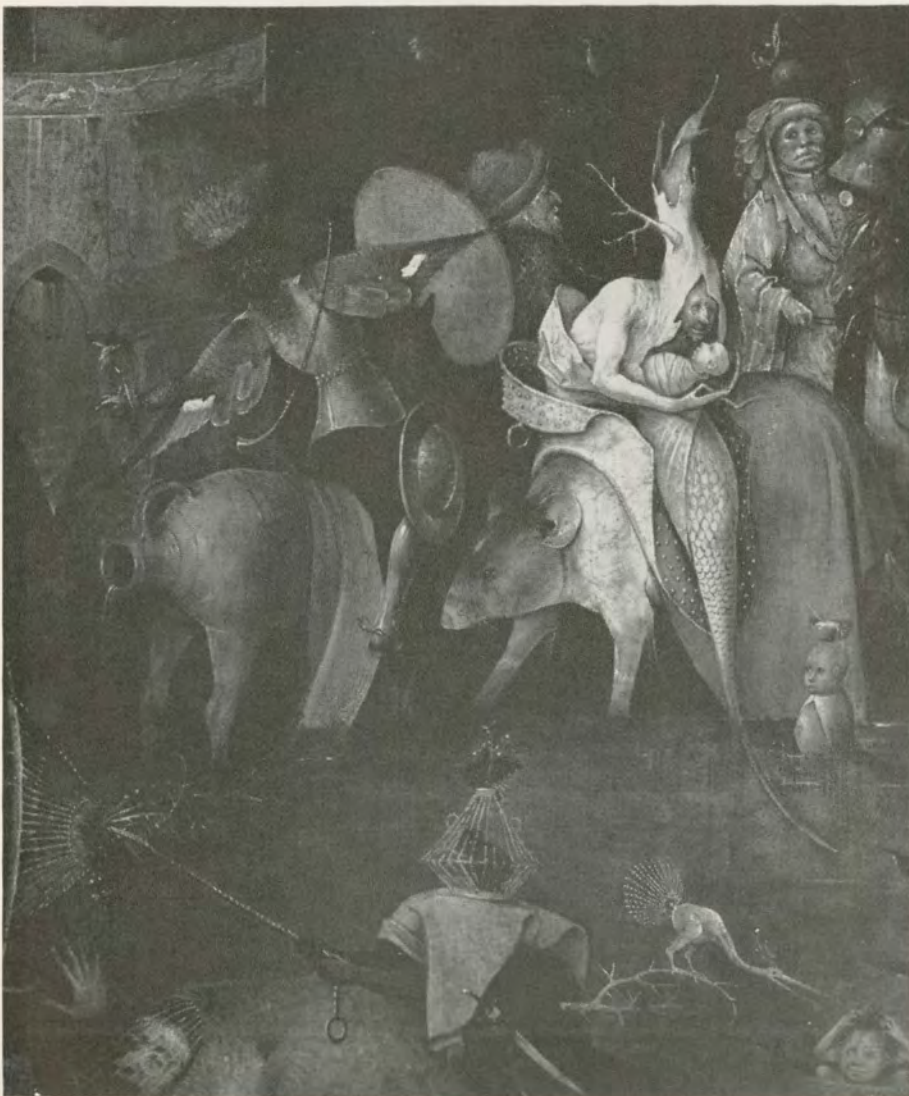
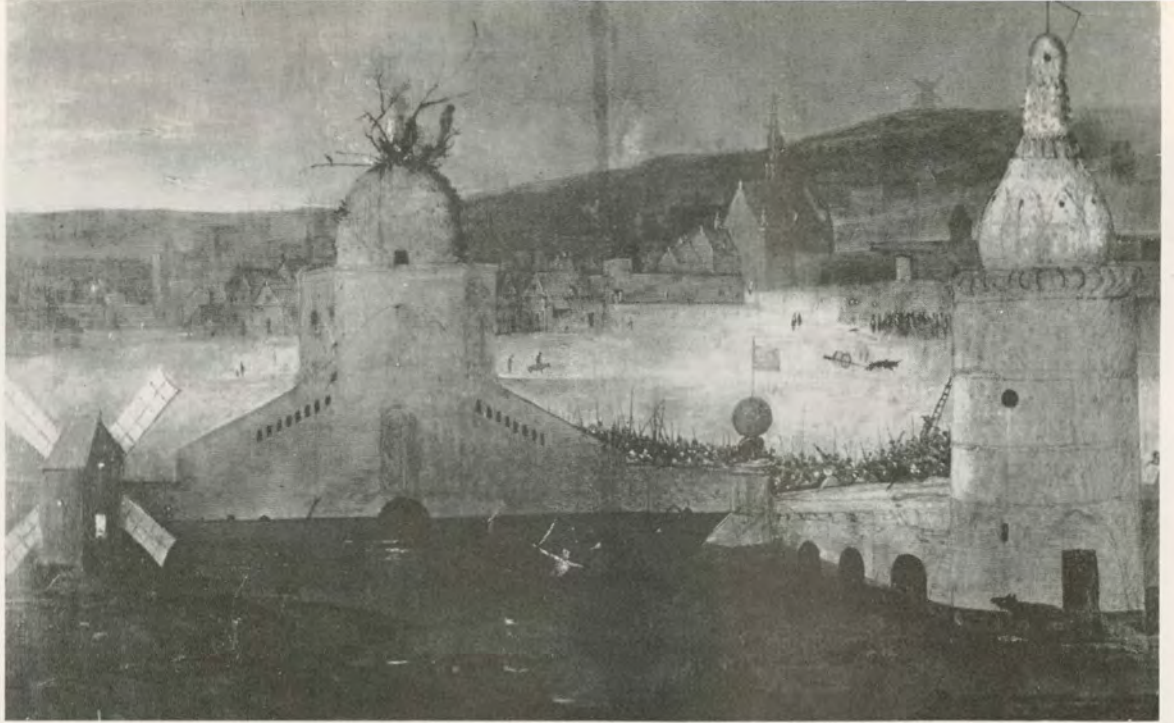


6. *The triptych open.* Left wing: Anthony, unconscious, is carried by two of his brother monks toward a path which leads to his cell. Various figures and animals surround him. Central panel: A kneeling Anthony, his face turned toward the viewer, blesses us while his body faces the figures of Christ on the wall of his cell. Right wing: Many temptations to indulge in riotous pleasures surround Anthony, who is shown in a dark cape, as he reflects the sad state of the world.



carried across a bridge by a layman
his cell. Reminders of his tortured
the evil forces, raises his hand in
the cross almost lost in the shadows
his living surround Anthony in the

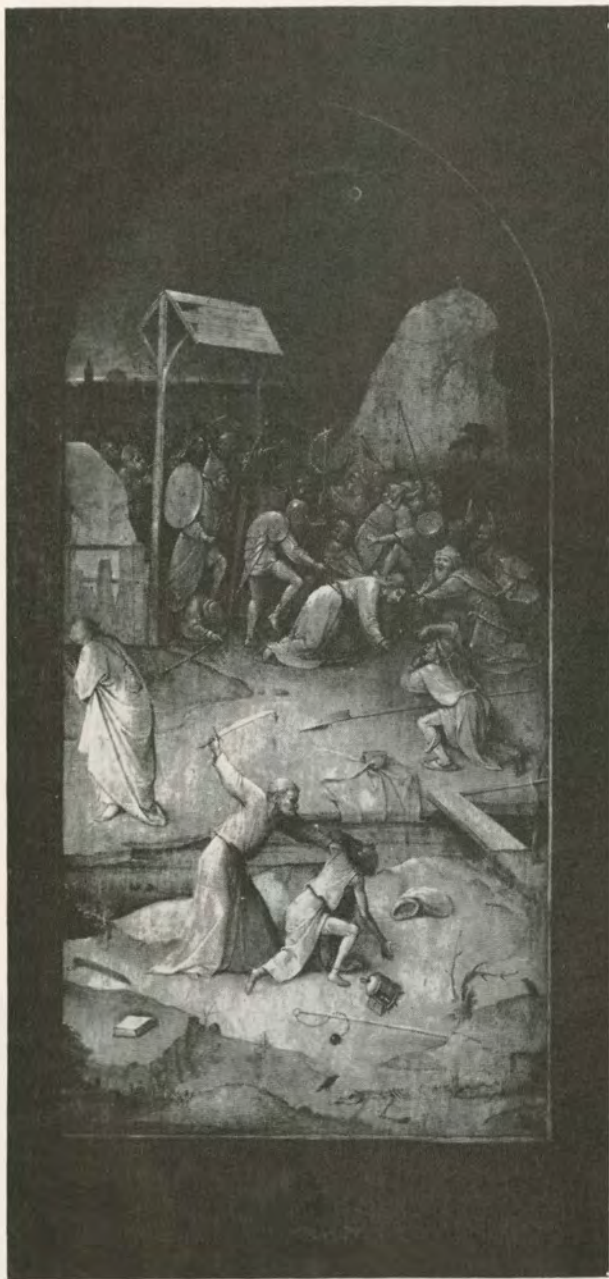
7. *Detail, the right wing:* A milling crowd from the town above watches a lone man in the water who fights a dragon with a sword, as if fighting to save himself from sin. Atop the tower a pile of brush has been set afire, suggesting destruction.



8. *Detail, the central panel:* A demented mother with a tree stump head holds her child as she rides on a rat. She has a fish's tail indicating she is a mermaid, who was considered devilish. Cuttler calls this an "anti-Flight into Egypt," or an "anti-Adoration of the Magi," from the life of Christ.

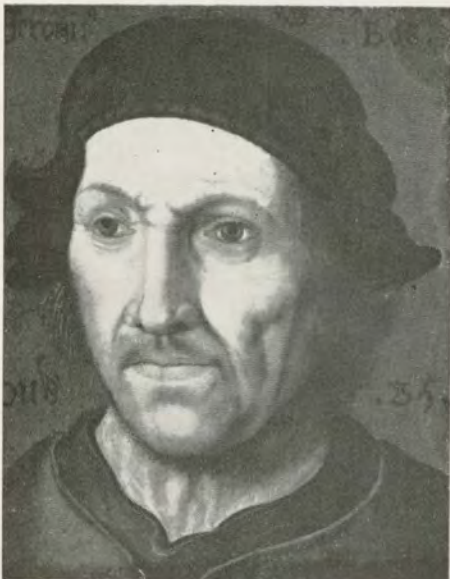


9. *Detail, the central panel:* A Florentine bridge here becomes a prison over the water into which nude figures jump. A monk casually serves at table above, and from the tower at right a sad lady observes the capricious and doom-destined world.



10. *Left, the back of the left wing:* The arrest of Christ and the preparations for the Crucifixion are depicted in *grisaille*, a popular medieval manner of painting the back of altar panel wings in grey, thus resembling stone.

11. *Right, the back of the right panel:* The triptych culminates in Christ carrying his cross to Calvary to be crucified. Thus, after the contemplation of Saint Anthony on this earth, the triptych is closed and we are left to ponder the sacrifice of Christ for the sins of the world.



12. *Portrait* presumed to be of Bosch in 1485. Courtesy, the Amherst College Museum, Amherst, Massachusetts.

where do we go from here?

in campus integration

BY JOSEPH R. WASHINGTON, JR.

EACH year there is an increase in the number of Negro students who matriculate in colleges and universities from Maine to California. Chaplains, directors of religious activities, YMCA-YWCA staff and campus ministers, student religious leaders all are eager to include Negro students in the communities of learning and faith. But the increase in Negro students generally has not resulted in any comparable increase in participation in the religious organizations or activities.

Why this predicament? First, there has not been a consistent authentic welcome extended. This "mission within a mission" has seldom received high priority. Though extraordinary effort is occasionally exerted to engage Negro students, this is often met with apathy or hostility. So, we resolve to try again next year. Such approaches lack continuity and perseverance, and the lack of openness is pervasive, infectious and immediately perceived. The history of Negro and white relations—particularly in Protestantism—leaves the Negro with a sense of suspicion toward whites even where there is deliberate, genuine attempt to overcome this psychological barrier. The Negro yet requires special cultivation to overcome his historical disrepair.

Second, the Negro has been cautious to involve himself in groups which desire to "pepper their salt" as a symbol of their liberality. This spurious approach is understandably rejected by the majority of Negroes who do not wish to be conspicuous preys of subtle exploitation. However, the Negro is often not willing to face reality and see that the price of belonging means the inevitable recognition of some less-than-noble motives. Since he cannot jump out of his skin he might as well enjoy its advantages, while tolerating its disadvantages. But this caveat is worth consideration by those whose interest in the Negro is for purposes other than an authentic human relationship.

Third, the increase in the percentage of Negro students in academic communities has not been accompanied by comparable efforts to employ Negroes on the faculty and staff. Especially is this true of religious leadership on the campus. This missing link distorts the image of the Negro and wreaks havoc

with the Negro student who is thereby robbed of the basic support he needs.

Fourth, it has been suggested that the Negro minority prefers its monistic fellowship of color even while pursuing education in a pluralistic environment. But this observation is usually accompanied by little experience of what occurs when white Americans find themselves in a minority. Of course this description can be empirically verified on campus after campus where "birds of a feather flock together." Negroes do seek each other out and often limit their fraternization to this in-group. Certainly this was the case in the large Midwestern state university I attended as an undergraduate and the pattern did not vary in the large Eastern private university where I served for four years as an associate Protestant chaplain. One would expect, though not applaud, this to occur in commuting situations where Negroes leave the campus to move again in a restricted sphere. But the chasm between white and Negro students who live in dorms cannot be attributed to fear of miscegenation. Here the custom of avoidance rears its ubiquitous head of rigidity and discloses an illiberal preference for the precollege certainty to the frustrating rhythm of uncertainty.

Obviously, there are other factors which might be isolated in response to this enigma. However, the basis for this enigma—the underlying and cogent factors—has not been given adequate consideration.

THE new mood of religious awareness prevails in the majority of campus centers across the country. These dynamic centers are becoming forces not only for the integration of faith and education but for the renewal of the church and the rediscovery of the theological perspectives and heritages of the various communions. Contemporary relevance is rooted in the past and reshaped to meet the emerging needs of the present. This movement is not parochial but ecumenical. That is, the contributions of Augustine, Aquinas, Luther, Calvin and Wesley belong to the whole community of believers and not just to the Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians or Methodists. Whatever else campus religious communities are about, the study of

Tillich, Barth, the Niebuhrs, Brentano, D'Arcy and Bultmann is not peripheral but central.

Subsequently, those who are involved in these peer groups have a sense of theological history—attunement to the critical understanding of faith and culture and their points of tension. There is something thrilling about the discovery of a salient theological heritage.

Here is where mainstream white Protestant students and their Negro counterparts have dissimilar roots. Negro Protestants have no illustrious theological roots which are deep enough to withstand the eroding sands of time. Since we have come to accept the stricture that it is meaningless to speak in terms of other than Negro and white Protestants in our time, a brief historical summary may bring this oft-ignored dilemma into focus.

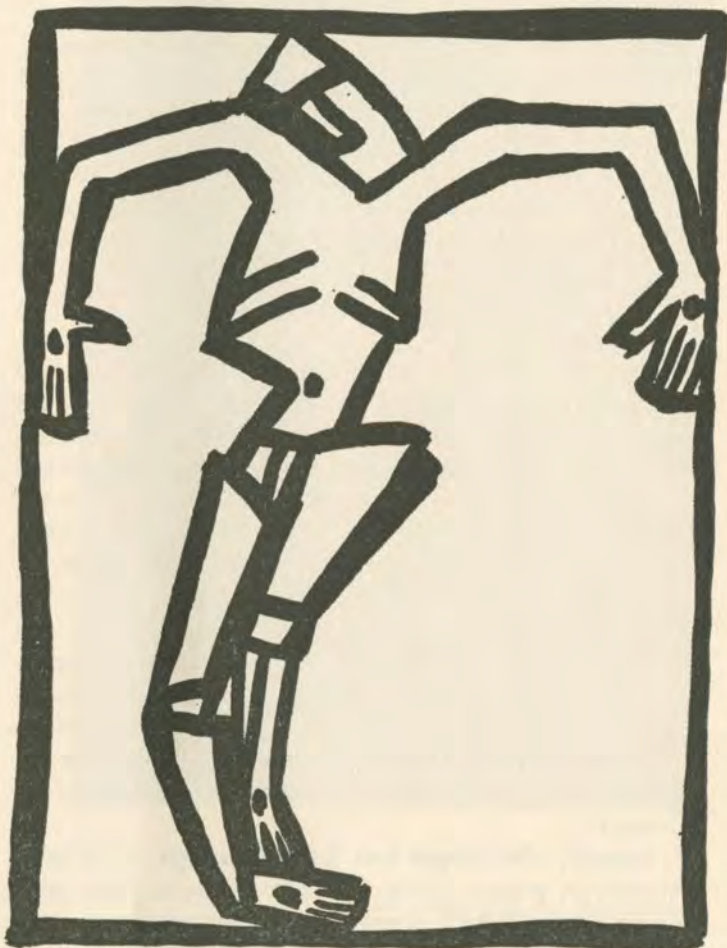
In the period between 1619 and 1830 Protestant missionaries were deeply involved in providing slaves with the Good News. The widespread opposition, on the part of the masters, to this mission was based on the sound and valid premise that a knowledge of Christianity would mean openness to the Christian doctrine of freedom. That is, the Christian doctrine or theological tenet of freedom was not only rightly considered dangerous in the minds of the slaves but indispensable to a full understanding of the Christian faith. In their enthusiasm to reach the soul of the Negro, the missionaries chose to exclude theology and place emphasis upon the gospel as a simple story. However zealous and well meaning, the initial and pervasive error of Protestantism was a theological one, and one from which the Negro is yet recovering.

The decision to reach the souls of the Negroes by making theology expendable enabled the missionaries to insure the masters of the plantation that their slaves would be more disciplined and ingratiating. The way around the theological indispensables, particularly that of freedom, was the requirement that slaves admitted to the sacrament of baptism take an oath that they were engaging in this act for the health of their souls, exclusive of any intentions to shirk their fundamental responsibility: obedience to their masters in this world.

Sundays and weekday evenings the missionaries taught the slaves simple catechisms and equated the gospel with the current morality codes. In this way, the Christian faith was not only expendable but its reality obscured. This much is incontrovertible, the slaves looked forward to these occasions as a welcome diversion from the deadening routine—and many Negroes have never overcome the equation of religion with diversion.

It is widely believed that beyond the missionaries' zeal to bring salvation to the slaves, the simplicity of their teachings was due to the illiteracy, as well as the inability of slaves to achieve in the critical domain. This half truth fails to pinpoint the fact that

the critical interpretation of the faith was ruled out a priori, by and large. Nor does it account for the fact that there were slaves whose introduction to the Christian faith and history resulted in their becoming extremely competent as well as devout adherents. The truth is, Protestantism has always been so pressed by other concerns that it has never provided the time, energy and money necessary to provide the Negro with an adequate religious education and introduction to



SUFFERING SERVANT

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Protestantism. This much is certain: the Negro was never introduced to the critical dimensions of faith, nor creatively aligned to the tradition espoused by his teachers.

Moreover, the fact that Baptists and Methodists made the greatest impact upon slaves simply means that their reliance upon enthusiasm was an expedient approach. It is clear that the Episcopalians and Presbyterians were more insistent upon introducing the slaves to the more systematic teachings of their communions and were less successful, numerically speak-

motive

ing. Yet, both of these tactics and their results amount to an admission that limited provisions were allocated by all Protestants for the propagation of the gospel among the slaves.

Poverty of historical perspective, the absence of a critical interpretation of faith, the ignorance of a specific tradition, and an inclination to religion born of diversion—all were part of the equation of the gospel with the codes of obedience and morality. Thus, when the socioeconomic forces, following the first quarter of the nineteenth century, resulted in the severance of Negro congregations from mainstream Protestantism, Negroes were cut off from communication with mainline Protestantism. An inclination toward religion without a direction in faith continues to be the plight of the Negro, as effective as if this accident were from design. So effective was the technique of memorizing scriptural and catechetical prescriptions that the Negro's comprehension of the faith has never been affected by theological presuppositions. The caste system in religion put the lid on the psychological identity with the European and American heritage of Protestantism. The religion of Protestant expression was accepted without its source and authority, this side of the early Christian community.

THUS the elimination of Negro and white Protestants participating together in the life of the church meant the loss of identification with the white man's historical ties. By this means of omission, Negro religious bodies became the instruments for salvation, moral guidance and social protest. There was no way out of slavery or second-class citizenship through the Christian faith conspicuously stripped of its inherent prophetic edge—an unknown history to the Negro.

Consequently, Negroes are not generally prepared to communicate with their peers of the same denominational name. Indeed, if Protestantism involves identification with the Reformers and their post-Reformation interpreters, it is not accurate to refer to some Negro denominations as Protestant, in this historical and theological sense. The fact that Negroes form congregations called by the identical denominational nomenclature for historically white churches admits an extrinsic rather than intrinsic relationship.

The lack of theology or the critical understanding of the Christian faith is a serious defect which has been neglected at an extraordinarily high cost. It may well be that the distinctive fact permeating Negro congregations is allegiance to something like color, as distinguished from the basic nature of the church.

This necessarily brief background indicates the complexity and nature of the very limited participation of Negroes in the religious centers of college campuses. The otherworldly emphasis provided by the missionaries shaped the eschatological theme in many of the

spirituals. So, when the Negro looks for the theological basis of his belief he is finally pushed to these spirituals—a provocative though not well-rounded theology, without the elements so necessary for a continuing reformation. Cut off from the mainstream of Protestantism by socioeconomic factors, the Negro student does not readily identify with the European tradition kept alive by his peers through proud kinship and other intellectual ties.

What the white Protestant student and his advisors need is this awareness. What the Negro student needs is an experience. Perhaps for the first time in his life, the college community provides an opportunity for the Negro student to be involved in an authentic relationship with mainline Protestantism. It may well be that an inclusive Protestantism is on the way to being an inclusive church, but if it is to be there is no more natural starting point than the campus where the future leaders of both races are involved in a common goal.

Since in fact his historical as well as theological past begins with 1619 and is restricted to the environs of America, a way must be found to attune the Negro to the European heritage wherein lie the roots of his particular persuasion, no less than that of his white peers. However unsympathetic he may be to this seemingly irrelevant and certainly unknown history it is essential for his life within the church and his participation in its renewal.

What makes the college-trained Negro so vital is the knowledge that it is he who is increasingly turning away from the religious background of his parents because these congregations are often directed by fundamentals other than a relevant existence and the search for meaning. At least his white peers, often in the same predicament, stand under the corrective judgment of theology—a far more significant means of renewal and direction than is often acknowledged. Normally Protestant, the Negro now tends toward Roman Catholicism or no religion because he does not find guidelines in the faith of his fathers, nor acceptance in the mainstream of Protestantism.

Students may begin by urging their campus staff, ministers and other responsible persons consistently to seek out and bring to the campus some of the young Negro leadership, particularly within the Protestant tradition. It is extremely likely that Negro students will not really become responsible members of campus religious communities until their white peers use their powers of protest and insist that they no longer be robbed of the experience of involvement with a qualified Negro leader in the daily grind and their Negro peers be symbolically represented in the life of the community.

THE COLLEAGUES OF MR. CHIPS

BY SAMUEL SANDMEL

FOR the tenth, or hundredth time, Jim Drummond glanced through the thirty pages of the article he had written. The envelope in which to send it off to the editor of the *Journal of Philology and Linguistics* was addressed and stamped, and all that Jim needed to do was to insert the manuscript, seal the envelope, and then mail it. It was certainly the prudent thing to do. Professor Hotchkiss, the department chairman, had made that clear. But something inside him was deterring Jim.

He tried vaguely to trace the long way back to the beginning. He recalled clearly the interview in Dean Simpson's office, where Dr. Hotchkiss had taken him, after Hotchkiss and he had talked conclusively about Jim's coming in September to Wilson University on a two-year appointment as an instructor in English.

Dean Simpson was a grey-haired man, quick of speech, and exuberant in manner. He leaned back in his chair and said, "I am certainly delighted that you'll be with us, Dr. Drummond." Jim wasn't really a doctor as yet; that would not come for another six weeks, when Travers University would have its commencement exercise.

Dr. Hotchkiss spoke in his usual quiet way. "I've told him that we are offering him a wonderful opportunity here." He turned to Simpson. "Dr. Drummond—your first name is Jim, isn't it?—is a specialist in the early history of the English language."

"This is a wonderful place to begin an academic career," said Simpson. "And the future is very bright. Provided that a man produces. There is nothing more important to a university than a faculty dedicated to productive scholarship." He leaned forward and smiled. "We have no room at Wilson for a Mr. Chips." Dr. Hotchkiss nodded his head. "Young man," Simpson went on, "we want you to write and to publish." Again Hotchkiss nodded his head.

The dean's secretary came in to say that someone was waiting. Dean Simpson stood up, and extended his hand. Jim took it; he was conscious of the strength of Simpson's grip. He was also aware that he had said hardly anything.

As they left the imposing administration building and headed

for a quonset hut, Jim said, "What did Dean Simpson mean by Mr. Chips?"

"Oh, he's a character in a winsome little book by James Hilton. A teacher, though an ignorant man. One of these character molders, and not a scholar at all. We want scholars, not campus characters."

Hotchkiss led him into a small waiting room. A man a little older than Jim was waiting there. He looked up belligerently, as though he might speak out against any usurpation of his turn. But Hotchkiss ignored him and pushed straight into Turner's inner office. Hotchkiss introduced Jim to Turner, wished Jim good luck, and said that he was sorry that he was busy, but he had an important essay to work on. Promptly Dr. Hotchkiss departed.

Turner asked Jim to sit down, the while beginning to finger some cards in a file box. "Are you married?" he asked. Jim said yes. "Children?"

"We have a baby boy, six weeks old."

"Then a two-bedroom place would do you." There was a loud knock at the door, and the man who had been waiting stood in the doorway, obviously angry.

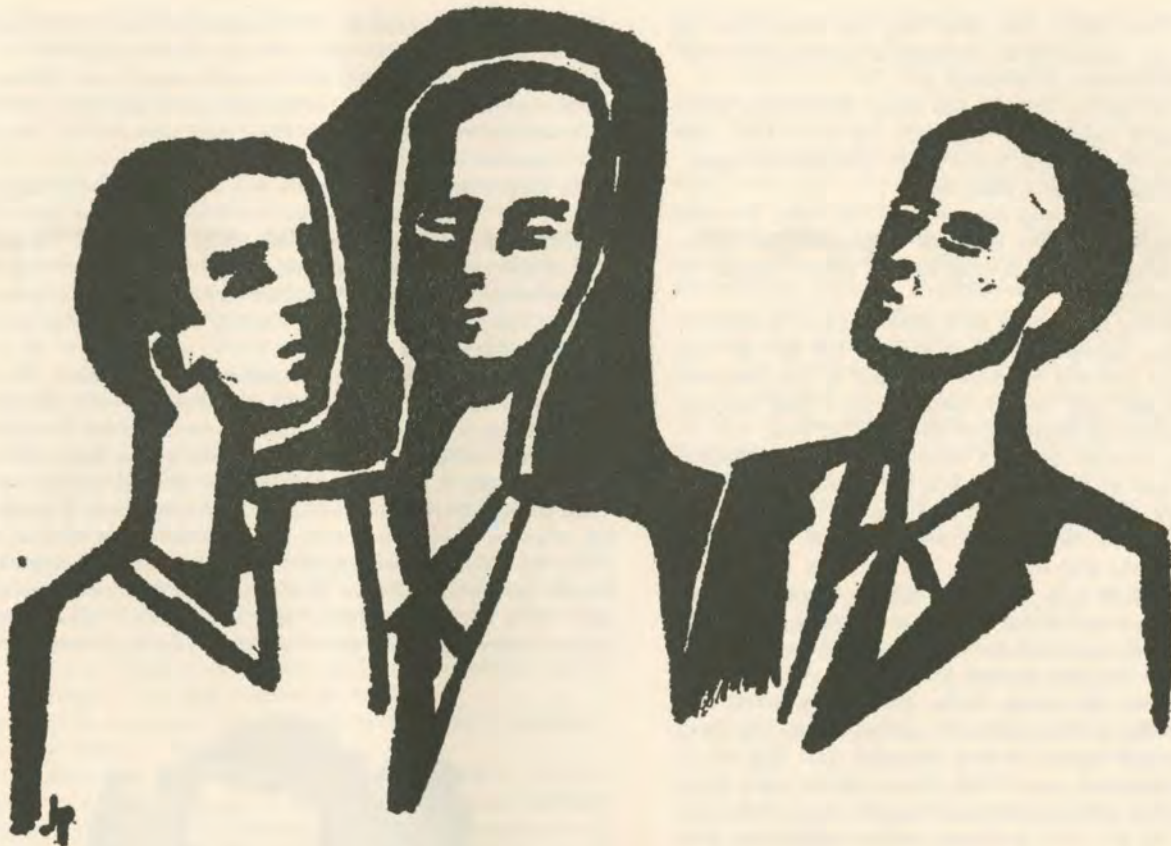
"Are you or are you not going to see me?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dr. Blossom," said Turner, though his tone of voice carried little apology in it. "I'll be with you in a few—" Turner snapped his fingers. "Say, come in. This is Dr.—what's your name?"

"Drummond," said Jim. Blossom came in and shook Jim's hand.

Turner said, "If I can get the three-bedroom place that Mrs. Stoddard is in for you, Dr. Blossom, I could give your two-bedroom place to Dr. Drummond." Blossom seemed a little mollified, though the antagonism in his manner did not entirely disappear. Turner outlined what was involved in moving the widow of a professor out of a university house, and Blossom made it clear, though truculently, that he did not want to be getting something at the expense of and disadvantage to a widow. Turner reassured him: "She doesn't plan to stay on after the summer. Why don't you show your house to Dr. Drummond and see if he wants it?"

"All right," said Blossom.



Turner said, "It's four-thirty. Drop back in the morning and tell me if you like it. I have other places in my file, but they don't belong to the university and the rent would be lots higher."

So Jim got into Blossom's old car and they drove off. Blossom mentioned that he was an assistant professor of economics. He mentioned his alma mater and he asked Jim what Jim's was. Blossom pushed in the dashboard cigarette lighter and pulled out a package, offering one to Jim, but Jim declined it.

Blossom said, "Did those pirates offer you an instructorship or an assistant professorship?"

"Instructorship."

Blossom said, "You've got your union card, haven't you?"

"Union card?" asked Jim.

"Ph.D. You're Dr. Drummond, aren't you."

"I've earned it, but it won't be awarded until June."

"But for all practical purposes you're a Ph.D., and they offered you a damn instructorship, and you've taken it." Blossom extended his hand. "Shake, fellow sucker. They did the same damn thing to me."

Jim was puzzled. "Did I do wrong to take it?"

Blossom said, "It depends on how badly they need you or want you. If you had said that you want to go home and talk to your wife about the offer, and want to weigh it against a couple of other offers, they would have given you an assistant professorship."

Jim said, "But I don't have other offers. And my wife leaves to me decisions about negotiations—"

"Hell, you didn't negotiate. You only got hooked," said Blossom. "Just like me. It took me three years to get the assistant professorship I could have gotten right away if I had played hard to get." They turned down a side street of small but respectable houses. "That's us, the last one."

Blossom put on the brakes and Jim got out of the car. He did not care much for Blossom, though the way the two little children playing the grass stood up and rushed to him made Jim soften his judgment a little. And when Blossom picked them both up

Jim wondered if maybe Blossom was a decent person who had a grievance.

Blossom carried the children into the house. In the living room—a mused and dirty room—Mrs. Blossom was smoking and giving a bottle to a baby. She was red-haired and almost good-looking. Blossom said, "This is Dr.—what's your first name?"

"James. Jim."

"Jim Drummond. This is my wife Beth. I'm Tom. Jim's here to look at the dump. Turner is threatening to give us the Stoddard place."

Beth turned up her nose. "It's only bigger, not better. This place is a mess, Jim, the way I keep it, and it's a mess when I get it cleaned up." She set the bottle down and put the baby over her shoulder. "Fix us a drink, Tom, while I finish the baby."

Tom let the older children down to the floor and shooed them outside. "Do you care for Bourbon? That's all we have."

"Fine," said Jim.

"Do you have a family?" asked Beth.

"Yes. A boy, six weeks old."

"Oh. Our baby is a girl. She's ten weeks."

Tom came in with the whiskey. "Did Lefty Simpson give you his line about Mr. Chips?"

"Yes," said Jim.

"The same crap he handed me," said Blossom. He passed the glass to Jim. "You're all signed up and all that?"

"Yes," said Jim. In a little over an hour, when the telephone rates would go down, he would phone Elise and tell her he had taken the job.

Tom said, "I'll bet that not one of the high brass asked you if you can teach, if you like to teach, if you think you're a good teacher."

Jim smiled. "You win the bet. I got an earful about productive scholarship."

Tom laughed. "Three or four articles a year—is that what they said?"

"Yes. And a book every three or four years."

Tom nodded. "They don't care what crap you write, just so you publish. And the committee on promotions doesn't read what you've written; the bastards only weigh it."

They finished their drinks and Jim was shown around the small house. The bedrooms were small, especially the one which had the double bed and the crib. The rooms might have looked bigger, certainly better, if the beds had been made.

But the house would do, and the rent was not high, and the expectation of moving from the pinch of a graduate fellowship at Travers to an attractive salary—\$3600—at Wilson made the house seem almost inviting.

Tom kept on talking about what were either his own grievances or general grievances against the administration, but Jim did not listen. Mostly these plaintive remarks were out of his ken and experience; and as the hour moved nearer to six o'clock he was becoming more and more impatient to telephone to Elise.

Another couple dropped in for a drink—Walter and Thelma Pierpont. Walter was in philosophy—also an assistant professor. Unlike Tom, Walter seemed cheerful and ebullient, and Thelma was almost mouse-like in her shyness and reticence. There was another round of drinks and another set of questions about alma maters and places of Ph.D.'s, and from Walter the question of whether or not it was true that the eminent philosopher at Travers, Cushman, was really the personal skunk that everyone said he was. "I never met him or had any contact with him," said Jim.

The Pierponts drove him down to the hotel. They asked him if he wanted to come to their place for dinner, if he was free; it wasn't exactly an invitation, so that Jim said, "I'd like to—" Then Walter interrupted to say, "Well, if you can get away from Hotchkiss and that frump he's married to, call us up and we'll come get you." So Jim said goodbye, without disclosing that Hotchkiss and the frump had not invited him for the evening—in fact, nobody had.

Jim called Elise and she seemed to be overjoyed that he had the job; and the baby was fine. So he went to a movie that night; and he was in bed at an unaccustomed nine-thirty. Strange not to have more notes to check and double-check; strange not to have three pages to redo so as to satisfy Dr. Dichter.

He still felt mixed emotions about Dr. Dichter. Certainly he could not complain, as other graduate students did, that he had insufficient guidance from his dissertation referee. If anything, Jim felt that he had had too much. And he had to admit to himself that the principal basis of his hostilities toward Dr. Dichter was the unmerciful lacing which Dr. Dichter had given him when he had turned in the first draft of his dissertation. The thickness of Dr. Dichter's accent had added a special quality of mortification for Dichter had said, "Your English iss abominable. On your seminar reports, when dey vere written, dey were bad; but diss in the dissertation is atrocious." And Dichter had gone on and on. Oh, towards the end he had tried to soften things. "Trummond, you are de best lengwich student I ever had, but you can't write. You can't write at all."

Jim had no defense. "I didn't think it was so bad."

"De scholarship in it iss fine. Fine. Ven you speak in seminar you are clear; you are organized. Ven you turn to paper some demon gets in de vay. Did you take courses in writing at college?"

Jim remembered the interview with his faculty adviser at the end of his freshman year. A Mr. Tillman in economics. "If you take my advice, Drummond, sign up for courses with solid content. This stuff called creative writing and this stuff called speech is a lot of hooley." Tillman had lowered his voice. "I know the men who teach these sections; every one of them is a frustrated author. Not one of them has anything to say. Then how are they going to teach you how to write? If you want to write, write. But don't fool away your time with that kind of stuff."

SO Jim had taken content courses, not courses in what Tillman had called trivial skills for trivial people. And since he was majoring in language and literature, he was seldom confronted

with the need to prepare a written paper and he wasn't at all sure that he could do it even now with any adeptness at all.

But now his dissertation was in and accepted, and Dichter had gotten his name before Hotchkiss and now he had a job. Now he would be making a living. Now that they had a baby, that was important.

He tossed in bed for a while but sleep would not come. He got up and dressed and looked for a restaurant. It was full of students and it was noisy, just like the restaurants in Traversville. He had some scrambled eggs and some milk. From the next booth he overheard some students discussing their teachers. Partly they were critical; partly they were appreciative. Just as he had been as an undergraduate.

Except that he had always wanted to be a teacher. He never really knew why. Three divergent reasons often went through his mind. Maybe it was because when he was an older Boy Scout, it had been so much fun working with new young boys who came into the troop. It had brought him such a good feeling to show these younger boys things which he knew, and even a better feeling when he saw them absorb and then use what he had shown them. Or, maybe it was because he had idolized his high school English teacher, Dr. Defoe, so much. Defoe had told him, usually after class, but once or twice right in class, that Jim had an unusually keen mind and uncanny gift of associating related elements.



But, maybe, it was his reaction away from his father. For Mr. Drummond, a kindly but dull man, was a druggist, and he kept the drugstore open seven days a week, morning, noon, and night, and Jim had to help out after school and in the evenings and on weekends. He had noticed that high school teachers worked only five days a week, and only until three or three-thirty. Jim went to college, expecting to become a high school teacher, but instead, he decided to go on and get a Ph.D. and become a college teacher.

Was it, he asked himself, because a college teacher was confined to even fewer hours than a high school teacher? Wasn't it in his first year that he saw his botany instructor playing tennis at one-thirty in the afternoon?

He finished the eggs and the milk and he went back to the hotel. Sleep did not come immediately; but the triumph of having a job—even if he might have become an assistant professor instead of merely an instructor—made it pleasant expectant sleeplessness. Before departing for Wilson he had gone to see Dr.

Dichter, hoping to be briefed on what to do when he would be with Dr. Hotchkiss. But Dr. Dichter had a manuscript pad before him, and six open books piled uncertainly one on the other, and Dr. Dichter had said little more than that Hotchkiss was a good scholar and Wilson was a fine university. Dichter had shaken his hand and wished him well, and Jim knew that he was sincere. But of specific guidance in the three-minute interview, he had had none. Jobs seemed scarce, especially at first-rate universities, and as Jim walked away from Dr. Dichter's office, his conclusion was that the item of prime importance was to get the Wilson appointment. The question of what kind of appointment it was seemed secondary, even unimportant.

Now he had the job. That much was good and fine. So, he finally fell asleep. When morning came Jim went to Mr. Turner's office to tell him that he would take the Blossom house. Then he flew home.

Dichter was pleased about the position. But Dichter too thought that as a man with a Ph.D. he should have had an assistant professorship. "Why did you take it? Why didn't you say you had to come back and consult me?"

All that Jim could say was, "I thought that I ought to take it."

Dichter spoke some ugly words in German. "It is not you I am scolding," he said. "I trusted Hotchkiss to do de right ting. Dis I vill remember." There was another flood of German, this time a brief one. "How much do dey allow you for moving dere?"

Jim squirmed. "That didn't come up at all."

Now Dichter exploded. "Dis iss too much! Here I intervene! Here I come into de picture!"

A few days later, there came to Jim a letter from Dr. Hotchkiss, brief, cold, and to the point, that Wilson University normally allowed an instructor several hundred dollars for moving expenses, and that item had not been specified because it was always understood.

When September came, and Jim and Elise and the baby were settled, and when Jim had attended the orientation meetings for new faculty, he was exhilarated. His teaching schedule was made out tentatively: three three-hour courses in freshman English, and one three-hour course for sophomores. In none of these courses was Jim's speciality, the origin and growth of the English language, to appear, but Dr. Hotchkiss had said that the tentative schedule was always limited initially to the required courses and that electives were added after registration.

When he went to meet his first class he found a note on the desk in the small office which he shared with three other new instructors: Dr. Hotchkiss wanted to see him. Something about the note worried him, and when he stood before his first class for the first time he felt apprehensive and his voice was hard to control. There were thirty boys and girls in the class, and if there was anything which they had in common, it was their indifference to him. He announced the name of the textbook prescribed for all the freshman courses, and then he began to lecture on the scope of the course: a survey of English literature. He found that he had to keep referring to his notes; he found that some students were busily writing as he spoke, but others simply stared at him or else stared out of the window. When the tower bells marked the end of the class, the students either rushed out or shuffled out, but none of them said anything to Jim. He had a feeling of having been ineffective, but he did not know in just what way. He knew that he would have to prepare his lectures carefully hereafter.

There was an hour's wait before his next class, so he headed for Henry Hall and Dr. Hotchkiss' office. To his surprise, his reception was relatively warm, and Hotchkiss even invited him and Elise for dinner on Saturday evening. Jim thought that this was the item, but it wasn't. Hotchkiss said: "Jim, we find that we've underestimated the registration. We have to ask you to take another section of freshman English." Even before Jim could answer, Hotchkiss went on, "I know that this will keep you from giving your elective in Old English—Dr. Dichter has written that you're brilliant in these things—but our instructional needs come first. I'll be writing to Dichter and telling him why we have to do this.

But I want you to understand that I know how important it is for a man to be teaching in his speciality."

It occurred to Jim that he ought to say something more than just an acquiescent yes, that he ought to protest a little. So he said, "Will I be able to teach Old English the second semester?"

"I can't promise you that you will," said Hotchkiss. "But surely next year. And I appreciate very much your spirit in helping us out in this difficulty."

The teaching load, then, was fifteen hours a week, and not too badly spaced, except that the sophomore course came in the afternoon on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and therefore all mornings and three afternoons were broken up by classes.

They were invited to a party on Friday night, at the Pierpont's, where Jim learned that most instructors at Wilson taught fifteen hours, and that the common consensus was that to give four sections of the same course was a rather light assignment, for it meant that the lectures could be repeated. "Actually," said Walter Pierpont, "you're teaching two courses. The extra sessions of freshman English don't require extra time in the preparation of lectures. It's a lighter load than teaching three courses for nine hours."

On Saturday night he discovered why Mrs. Hotchkiss was universally disliked. She kept interrupting her husband, she presided in the parlor as though she were a lecturer, and she directed her remarks in the form of mandatory advice to young wives on how to further their husbands' careers. Hotchkiss managed to get in the announcement that the English Club met once a month and that a paper was expected from each new member; and he commented that at the department meeting he would elaborate on his decision to have written exams required in freshman and sophomore classes every two weeks.

When they got home, Elise said, "This was awfully dull, Jim."

He nodded. And he found that something was bothering him, but just what it was he could not determine.

Two weeks later he found that his entire weekend was going to be consumed with grading papers. They had made a date with the Blossoms for Sunday night, and he was not finished when it was time to go. He knew that when they got home he would have to stay up until two and finish them.

At two in the morning he began to record in the standard notebook the grades which he had given. It was only then that he noticed that he had given very few A's, and that most of the grades were C's and D's. And there were some F's.

When he gave the papers back on Monday and Tuesday, he found that indifference was disappearing. In each section two or three students stopped at his desk to tell him that they thought that they had done better than the grade given. He smiled and said, "These are honest grades." But it was uncomfortable to feel the hostility directed at him by the unsuccessful.

There was not a home football game on Saturday afternoon, so a meeting of the English department was set. It began at two; it lasted until five. Beyond the routine business, Hotchkiss was proud to announce that through his efforts the Research Grants Board had earmarked thirty thousand dollars to his department as a publication fund. "You people who have not published your doctoral dissertations can now prepare them for publication. I urge you to get at them as quickly as possible."

Jim would have liked to begin that very weekend, but the Blossoms were to come that evening, so he could not begin until the next morning. Elise liked to go to church; Jim could not go with her, but would baby-sit and grade papers while she was away. He made good progress in the morning and in the early afternoon, but then he realized that he had not yet finished preparing his lectures for Monday. He had to set aside the papers and to review the material he was to lecture on. Some of the students the next day seemed disappointed that he did not have their papers to return, and some even seemed indignant. After his afternoon class he had the dilemma of whether to finish grading the papers or begin on his next set of lectures on Wednesday and



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Thursday. In point of fact he did neither, for at his office he was visited by a freshman named Stephen Kilpatrick.

Steve was pimply and his voice had not yet finished changing. He was a nervous, fidgety boy, and unused to the pipe he was smoking and almost unable to manage the cigarettes which he lit in between. Courteously, even humbly, he explained his mission to Jim. "I just can't follow your lectures at all. They're way over my head."

"I'm sorry," said Jim.

"I'd like to talk over your lecture this morning with you, if you've got time."

"I'll take time," said Jim.

Steve pulled out his notebook. He began to read what he had written and Jim could see that Steve had grasped not one single idea, but had recorded only random sentences, as if a tape recorder with a faulty head had done its job only for ten seconds every two or three minutes.

Whatever negative reaction Jim began with towards Steve changed to sympathy, for Steve was neither surly nor hostile, but only a boy of limited ability who needed help. Only when one of the men who shared the office came in about five-thirty did Jim realize that he had consumed the entire afternoon, and that he had neither graded the papers nor prepared for his coming classes.

That evening Dr. Hotchkiss telephoned him to say that he was putting Jim down for the November meeting of the English Club.

Jim stayed up until three, preparing his lectures and finishing the paper grading.

On Tuesday morning he found a note that there would be a special faculty meeting at three-thirty that afternoon. Dean Simpson presided; Jim was among twenty-five new faculty who were introduced and who were formally admitted by their colleagues into good standing as faculty members. Simpson welcomed them all and then went on to explain on any roll-call vote only associate professors voted, but on voice votes, everything voted. Moreover, instructors and assistant professors were not only welcome to participate in the discussion of items on the agenda, but their views, indeed, were earnestly solicited. Dean Simpson kept looking at his watch. He kept staring around the room. "I am awaiting the arrival of the President," he said, "at whose instance I have called this meeting."

The President arrived fifteen minutes later. He arose on Simpson's introduction and spoke briefly. He welcomed home the old faculty and he greeted the new faculty. Then he explained what was on his mind. Alumni, whom he disregarded entirely in football matters, had been communicating with him about what might be described as the spirit of things at Wilson, this in an unflinching constructive and solicitous manner. Since the age was one of

great confusions and perplexities, many of the alumni had felt that a classroom relationship between professor and student was insufficient, and that Wilson was not meeting its full responsibility to its students in adhering too rigidly to an academic shaping of the relationships. While the university had a counseling service, namely, a Dean of Men and a Dean of Women, and while it had a chaplain and other ministers and a rabbi and a priest available, the fact was that more personal contact and more counseling were needed. The President had sought and gotten a contribution of twenty thousand dollars to study the counseling needs at Wilson, and he hoped that the university would be able to implement whatever results and recommendations would come out of the study. But meanwhile, much as he hated to add to the burden of the faculty, he felt impelled to ask the faculty to assume some temporary responsibility for a counseling program. "I don't mean the adviser system for registration; I mean a situation in which faculty are in relatively close contact with the students whom they teach."

The President turned the chair back to Dean Simpson for the faculty to discuss the matter. The first to arise was George Thwait of the history department, who was always the first to attack the administration. "Does the President have in mind some plan by which I can be in close contact with the two hundred enrolled in my sophomore history class?"

This President smiled blandly. "I must leave these matters to the proved wisdom of my faculty," he said.

Dr. Hotchkiss arose to praise the President for his insight and daring, and he proposed that the faculty appoint a committee to work out some plan and report back to the faculty. Someone else proposed that the faculty adopt the President's plan in principle and then appoint a committee to work out the details. Philip Trolheim in economics arose to ask how someone as busy as he could possibly take on more work, and the President replied that he could not spell out the plan, he could only confront the faculty with the need. Others, mostly full professors, arose to express their fear that an unbearable burden would be put on the faculty, and it began to look as though the President's proposal would be turned down by the faculty—which would have put the President to the trouble of implementing it through deans and involuntary assignments. Fortunately for the President, Tom Blossom asked for the floor. He denied that the faculty were responsible for anything more than to teach; he declared that he had never understood why a chaplain was foisted onto an academic community, and if a chaplain could not cope with the spiritual needs of the university, then the university ought to get a chaplain who could, and finally, he declared that the way to handle the problem, if it was a problem, was through the admissions office. If the admissions office would admit only competent, matured students, instead of large numbers

of the incompetent offspring of the rich alumni, the whole problem would not arise.

The discussion was promptly closed, and the faculty voted overwhelmingly to adopt some kind of counseling program.

Three weeks later Jim learned by letter that he was the adviser to twelve students. He learned, too, that assistant professors advised eight, associates three, and full professors none. The recommending committee had consisted of eight professors and three associates.

Jim did not resent the obligation. Ever since the afternoon with Steve Kilpatrick he had found himself faced with the issue that in his own mind he was teaching not a course but groups of human beings, and that these people were quite as important as the content which he was trying to convey. He found that only six of his advisees were in his class, and the other six needed to be contacted in some way. Secretarial help, he learned, was available only for associate and full professors, so he wrote out by hand his invitations for students to visit his office or his home.

But students, classes, papers, and a little time devoted to Elise and the baby were keeping him busy. It was the first of November, and he was to be on the program at the English Club. He had had no time to prepare a paper, or indeed, to consider what kind of paper to prepare. He wanted to ask Dr. Hotchkiss what to do, but somehow or other he kept seeing in his mind not the vision of the quiet retiring man but the formidable features of Mrs. Hotchkiss. Instead of Hotchkiss, he went to see Venturi, who had given the October paper. "What I read is a chapter from a book I'm working on. I wouldn't write a special paper if I were you. Isn't there something in your doctoral dissertation you can use?"

The idea appealed to Jim, but it also made him uneasy that as yet he had not acted on Hotchkiss' invitation to prepare the dissertation for publication. He must get to that; maybe he could put in some time during the Christmas vacation.

He leafed through his bound dissertation. A chapter that dealt with the gradual desuetude of inflected subjunctives in the Elizabethan period seemed to be a cohesive unit. Besides, it was in this chapter that he had expressed the hypothesis which Dichter had liked, that the subjunctive inflections, as in Shakespeare, were purely a literary device and that in point of fact that subjunctive had already disappeared from the spoken language. This would be his paper.

JIM had by now gotten into a routine. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday after his afternoon class he spent the remainder of the time with those students who were advisees or who did poorly on his exams; others he saw on Tuesday or Thursday evenings. Friday night he spent at the library in the periodical room.

The periodical room was the pride of Wilson's librarian. Not only was the collection complete, but the display and filing racks were out in the open, arranged by the Dewey decimal system—topically, that is—and two whole tiers were devoted to English. That is, to professorial journals. There was the periodical of the national organization and of each of the regional sections; and almost every university seemed bent on publishing a quarterly. Philological journals were in a separate adjoining tier. On Friday nights Jim found that he could do little more than handle the table of contents of a few of the journals. For such things as the *Yale Review*, the *Sewanee Review*, and the like, he found no time at all.

And when he went from the periodical room to the lobby he passed the bulletin board where there were displayed the dust jackets of the recently acquired novels. Jim had not read a novel since coming to Wilson: there hadn't been time. The thought occurred to him that he was not only not reading novels, but he was not reading anything at all not directly associated with his teaching. It would be different next year, when his courses would have already been prepared and a year's experience in teaching them would lie behind him.

The night before the meeting of the English Club, Jim had an

accumulation of two sets of ungraded papers before him, but he realized that it was more important at that moment to go over what he was going to read the next night, because he had to put his best foot forward. The baby was in bed and Elise was listening to the radio and lamenting that they could not afford a television set. Jim had put in about a half hour when the doorbell rang. It was Steve Kilpatrick with a student whom Steve introduced as Jeff Wilmer. "I was telling Jeff," said Steve, "how you discussed taking notes with me, and how you've helped me get on the beam, and I told him that I was sure that you would be glad to see him too."

"Sure," said Jim. He ushered them in, glancing anxiously at the manuscript open on his desk. When they were seated, Jim said, "I imagine that you've talked to your faculty adviser."

"Yes," said Jeff. "Every time I've been to see Dr. Linville, he tells me to come back next week."

He was a diffident boy and shy, but he could be abruptly assertive.

For two hours Jim talked with Jeff. When the boys left, after thanking Jim profusely, Jim felt very good. But when he returned to the manuscript, he felt very tired and sleepy. He got Elise to fix him some coffee and he worked until two-thirty. Three times she called him to come to bed, and the third time she even became angry.

The baby woke him up at six, and bleary eyed he returned to the manuscript. It was in pretty good shape, but he himself wasn't. He dragged himself through his two morning classes, and he lay down after lunch before his third class. He fell asleep, but only until he sneezed himself awake. He thought of cutting the afternoon class, but he remembered that two advisees were due to come in after the class, so over Elise's protests he went off. At supper time he was sneezing hard, so much so that the babysitter, Mrs. Dingle, volunteered the suggestion that he go to bed. But Elise had gotten all dressed up, and it wasn't right to disappoint people and ruin the program.

As he stood nervously before the group to read, he had the feeling that the paper was neither very good nor of any great importance. Several times during it he sneezed, and once he had a spell of coughing. When it was over, the applause was polite, and in the discussion there were compliments paid to him. The retired professor of Old English, Lester Whitman, paid Jim the dubious compliment of calling the paper interesting and of saying that Jim had been unduly influenced by Dr. Dichter's overemphasis on the distinction between spoken and written English, and that Jim's theory did not hold water. Whitman then went on to speak for twenty minutes on the general character of the relationship between the written language and the spoken, with frequent citations from Homer, *Beowulf*, and *The Song of Roland*. When Whitman was through, Hotchkiss called on Jim to reply, but Jim had sneezed through some of Whitman's most telling points; moreover, he did not feel up to answering, so he simply said that it was very gracious of Whitman to have given his effort so much attention and he felt benefited by it and would certainly consider Whitman's comments when he came to prepare the paper for publication. Hotchkiss congratulated him privately, more for his skill in handling Whitman than for the paper itself. "You didn't read it as though you were fully familiar with it," said Hotchkiss. "That must be because of your cold."

Others too spoke pleasantly to him. Mrs. Hotchkiss, though, took him and Elise aside. "You fell down, young man," she said. "You were lethargic, and you were hard to follow. I'm disappointed."

Jim was quite ill the next day; it was necessary to call the doctor. Elise forgot to phone the Dean's office to say that Jim could not meet his classes, and at ten-forty the office phoned to say that some students were wondering what was what.

He could not go to the library. On Friday night, he sat up to correct the accumulated papers. Again the doorbell rang, and again it was Jeff, this time alone. Elsie tried to shoo him away,

but Jim said that he could stay a half hour. It stretched out to about an hour and a quarter.

He taught his Saturday morning classes, and during the afternoon and evening, and all day Sunday, morning and afternoon and evening, he graded papers, and he finally finished. But he was not really prepared for his lecture on Monday; he knew the material, of course, but he had not thought through a segment planned and integrated for the class hour. He could hear the students shuffle their feet, and he finally dismissed them about eight minutes early.

In the lunchroom he ran into Hotchkiss who told him that his paper had shown considerable merit, and he hoped that Jim was getting ready to publish it. "It's part of my dissertation," said Jim. "I hope to get that ready over Christmas to submit to you for publication."

Hotchkiss clucked his tongue. "Why didn't you speak to me after the department meeting? I've already overcommitted our money." He looked at Jim most disapprovingly. "You shouldn't let something so important await our chance meeting."

When he told Elise about it, she lit into him. "Hotchkiss is right. You should have spoken to him that very night."

"I haven't forgotten about it," he said. "It's been on my mind."

"You should have spoken to him," she said.

Hotchkiss summoned him to his office early in December. "I want you to read your paper on the subjunctive at the national meeting of the Society of Professors of Literature in Chicago. The meeting is right after Christmas."

Jim started to say that he and Elise had planned to go to his father's home for Christmas, but he did not want to cross Hotchkiss. It was impractical to take Elise and the baby to his home, go to Chicago and return home; so they stayed at Wilson over Christmas, and Mr. Drummond came there.

At Chicago, Dr. Prelinger of Northwestern, who customarily attacked every young scholar, began to tear Jim's paper to shreds. Dr. Dichter arose to interrupt; he shook his fist at Prelinger and called him a dogmatic bore. Dichter was forced to sit down; later, when he was granted the floor, he called Jim's paper one of the most brilliant ever presented to the society.

But still later that day Dichter told him privately that he had not found the paper much improved over the version he remembered from the dissertation and that Jim should not have been content merely to read a paper in some old form. But a more cutting criticism was still to come. "Hotchkiss tells me dat you are frittering your time away wid students."

Jim became indignant. "That isn't true."

"Hotchkiss told me that it iss true."

"We all have advisees and I've only done what I'm supposed to do."

"Hotchkiss told me dat somebody complained dat you were advising his advisee. Is dat true?"

Jim tried to think. Jeff. "Well, there was one student who sought me out—"

"You're not dere to pamper de students. You're dere to teach and to become a finished scholar. De devil wid de students. Iss more dan one out of ten better dan a dummkoph?"

That night Hotchkiss called him to his room. "Don't mind Prelinger," said Hotchkiss. "He's an unhappy man. He has a sadistic streak in him."

Jim said, "Dr. Hotchkiss, did you tell Dr. Dichter that I was frittering my time away with students?"

"Not at all," said Hotchkiss smoothly. "I made the comment that you were taking this advisership much too seriously. This is my judgment, you know. And I have hesitated to mention it to you, but Jerry Linville did speak to me about your advising one of his advisees. You must really learn how to protect yourself from students, Jim. Strategy is the way to do it. Do you recall the afternoon when the President broached the matter? I didn't make the mistake that that upstart Blossom made of opposing the President. I merely suggested what amounted to an oblique way of killing it; of adopting it and of having a committee kill it."

Jim looked straight at him. "Are you telling me not to do a conscientious job with my advisees?"

Hotchkiss returned his look though some expression, either of distaste or of contempt, seemed to have suffused his face. "Of course not. What I am telling you is that you can do a conscientious job without its interfering with your scholarly progress. Have you written anything this year? If so, I don't know about it. And have you been doing any reading? I published quite an important paper in the *Idaho Studies in English Literature*, and I dare say that you are one of the few, or even the only one in the department, who hasn't read it, for you alone have abstained from commenting on it."

Jim flushed. He was too angry to realize that Hotchkiss had been petty and that Hotchkiss was aware of it and that Hotchkiss was now trying to appease him by going on to say that the first year was always a difficult year. In the midst of Hotchkiss' glib apology Jim excused himself, and Hotchkiss changed from the offender to the offended.

IN February Steve and Jeff visited him with their report cards. Steve had pulled through with all B's, but Jeff had gotten an A in English. "I owe it to you," said Jeff. Then Steve said, "At the beginning of the term it was hard to follow your lectures. That still happens every once in a while. But, gee, some of your lectures are really terrific."

The compliment almost overwhelmed Jim. He wanted to ask for more details, but he thought that it might be unbecoming. Besides, he thought he understood. Those lectures for which he had felt completely prepared had gone beautifully. Twice—or was it three times?—a couple of students had started to clap their hands. The hand clapping had not spread, for most of the students were hurrying out to their next class. But Jim had come to know the difference between a class which he made listless and disinterested and one which he had stirred.

Yes, his lectures needed preparing. And some of the literature he was speaking about needed his rereading. And his perspectives would be all the broader if he would take the time to read some books which he had somehow missed.

But there wasn't enough time for rereading and for more reading. And he knew that he had to do some writing. In March he found a couple of evenings to work on revising the dissertation for publication, though he had no idea as to how it would be published, for surely no commercial publisher would be the slightest bit interested. He spoke to Hotchkiss, who told him coldly that in October he should raise the matter again, because there might be some more money available in the new year. Three days later the baby got sick and spent a month in the hospital and Jim found that his small amount of accumulated money was all gone, and he owed two doctors a good sum of money. He had thought that he would spend the summer in rewriting his dissertation, but Dichter offered him a job teaching summer school, and Elise insisted that they should get out of debt immediately. He wrote to Dichter accepting the appointment.

In April there was a series of faculty meetings at which a committee which had spent four years in studying the curriculum was ready to report. The report was accepted the second week in April, and the curricular changes were to be introduced for freshmen in the fall. The work in freshman English was to be altered completely.

In September Jim found himself with a new freshman course to prepare and a course in Old English to work up, and only the sophomore course to repeat. Then Elise announced that she was pregnant. Her first pregnancy had been an easy one; now, though, she was often nauseated and more often just needed to be on her back. Elise had never been a complainer and Jim knew that it would be unfair of him to complain about the amount of household work he had to do.

He did not speak to Hotchkiss in October because he was no further along.

Moreover, his new crop of twelve advisees was only in theory a

supplanting of his old ones, for several of the old continued to come to see him. And Steve and Jeff even brought him more students. Jim realized that it was in his own interest not to consume precious time on men to whom he had no responsibility. Moreover, when he talked it over with Blossom and with Pierpont, they only laughed at him. Blossom said, "To hell with the students; you think of yourself first." Pierpont said, "To be frank about it, the word is getting around that Hotchkiss is displeased because you haven't announced some program of publication."

He spent a sleepless night. He wondered if his willingness to lend a hand to students was some unconscious wish to avoid the drudgery involved in scholarship. Not that the zest was gone. But

to leave the house. By accident he sat next to Dean Simpson; the paper was by a graduate student who had brought a seminar paper dealing with the influence of the *Book of Tobit* on writers in the post-Elizabethan period, and Jim recognized that the paper was replete with errors. But what difference does it make? he kept asking himself.

Simpson shook hands with him when the paper was over. "Are you working on anything?" asked the Dean.

Jim mumbled something about the subjunctive mood, and Simpson nodded his head approvingly.

Elise was not fit to travel at Christmas time, and besides, the annual meeting of the society was scheduled to be held at Wilson



RCB

to return to his dissertation was a task of unrelieved agony and boredom. And the suspicion was born in him that even if his dissertation were polished to a high gloss of perfection, it wasn't really a very important thing. What difference did it really make if the subjunctive mood had the history he had supposed, or if it had one akin to Whitman's view, or to Prelinger's? Under the spell of Dichter's guidance he had never ever raised the question of why scholarship, or what scholarship. The unnaturally deferred question now began to strike him hard, and it upset him so that the more he confronted the matter, the more he was persuaded that scholarship—at least the facet of it in his own ken—was of little importance. It was at best a hobby, of the kind that in other people resulted in collecting coins or in building and rebuilding a hi-fi set.

He tried to focus the issue more sharply. Scholarship included medical research, and certainly there was relevancy to that. And less directly but with some relevancy, history had some lessons to teach, or at least some clarity to furnish; or philosophy contributed to the broadening of a person's spirit. But what the hell good did it do anybody to know that the subjunctive mood had fallen into disuse three hundred years ago, not one hundred years ago?

Wasn't the kind of thing he did in freshman English more important? There he was helping students to understand literature, and literature was a matter of ideas important to men. And if men needed literature because it was important, then men must be important, and if men were important, why was the faculty so scornful of advisees?

He could not settle the issue, and he awoke with a splitting headache. A couple of aspirins relieved him, but the headache returned late in the afternoon when he came home from the grocery and had to get down on the floor with the baby—until it was time for him to cook supper.

He missed the October meeting of the English Club because Elise wasn't well; and he got to the November meeting late because the baby had taken to incessant crying whenever Jim started

College. Hotchkiss put Jim in charge of housing the incoming faculty. He wanted Dr. Dichter to stay at their place, but there really wasn't room, and Elise wasn't up to it. The vacation came and went, and the dissertation still wasn't rewritten.

Jeff Wilmer brightened their Christmas by sending them a crate of Florida oranges, and Jeff's father visited Wilson in January and brought Elise a scarf. "You've meant a lot to my boy," said Mr. Wilmer. "I am certainly grateful to you for the interest you've taken in him."

Thereafter Jeff came around even oftener. Sometimes he babysat. When he did, though, he stayed on endlessly talking over both real and imaginary problems with Jim. His girl, Muriel, was transferring to Wilson in February.

Jeff brought Muriel to the house promptly. She was big and raw-boned, while Jeff was only of medium height and small. Jim did not care for her, and Elise quickly took a dislike to her. Elise said, "She's not right for Jeff."

Two nights later Walter Pierpont phoned. As usual, Walter seemed to have a line on everything which was happening around the college. "Jim, old boy, I don't like to worry you. But I think Hotchkiss is very much dissatisfied. He thinks you're not much of a bet for future scholarships."

Jim lowered his voice so that Elise would not hear and become upset. "What does it mean?"

"You'd better get down on your southern side and get something ready for publication. Otherwise they won't keep you on."

Jim told Elise that he had forgotten something at the library. Once out of the house, he phoned Tom Blossom who met him downtown. Tom nodded his head. "Walter's told me. What's wrong, Jim? How come you're not publishing?"

"I don't really know," said Jim. "I guess it's because I don't use my time right. The students—"

"Cut out the damn students," said Tom.

"But it's not that alone. I teach fifteen hours. There are papers to grade. Three of my courses are first-time, and they take a lot of work. There's just never a real stretch of time—"

Tom nodded. "The bastards demand that an instructor publish, and the only way he can is to have the time. So they give practically no work to a professor and they overload an instructor and they say, 'Publish.'"

"Then what do you do?" asked Jim.

"You've got to publish. Don't prepare so well for your classes, and turn the students away, and sit on your rear end and write."

Jim stayed up that night working on the dissertation again. It was painful to him. But he worked through most of the introduction and made notes about fresh material he would have to look up and about old material he would have to recheck.

He tried to work the next night, but Jeff came to see him, obviously upset. Muriel had been giving other boys dates, and Jeff was intensely jealous. It occurred to Jim that maybe Jeff needed some psychiatric guidance, but by eleven Jeff was pretty well calmed down.

The biennial Sparks Lectures were the next week—three nights in a row—and they were under the English department. The lecturer was a Britisher named Dickinson. The first two nights, Hotchkiss glowed with pride. The third night the lecturer attacked what he called the Germanic-American tradition of as-dry-as-dust scholarship, calculated to kill literary appreciation, and practiced by petty minds who committed mayhem on literature. The lecturer picked three stereotyped figures, one of whom might have been Dichter, a second Whitman, and the third Hotchkiss. His satire was brilliant, and his sarcasm was cutting, and the faculty present so relished the patent way in which Hotchkiss fitted the third stereotype that the hall rocked with their laughter.

Jim was not amused. He did not mind the attack on the Hotchkisses. But what he had heard strengthened his own suspicion that scholarship, of the kind he was committed to, was of no real worth.

Two days later Hotchkiss, in need of a whipping boy, summoned Jim to his office. Outwardly he was kindness itself. "I just want to assure you of my deep personal interest in you. I don't want you to fall by the wayside through missing the opportunities before you. I earnestly hope that you will be able before April to tell me that you are publishing, for I want to recommend you for another two years."

"I've been working," said Jim. "I'm getting my dissertation in shape."

"You didn't come to see me in October."

"I didn't get enough done this summer."

"H'm. Maybe you ought to publish some part of it in a journal. Maybe the part you read in Chicago last year."

"If you think I should."

"My goodness, man! You've got to publish something!" Jim had never heard Hotchkiss quite so explosive.

That night, when he finished preparing for the next morning's lecture, he turned not to the introduction but to the chapter on the subjunctive. He read it and reread it, and then he thought that he saw the rearrangement it needed to be a published article.

He worked throughout March, neglecting his classes and only skimming through the papers he was grading. Jeff had begun to come around every night at eleven, and to drink a cup of coffee with Jim. Elise was usually asleep; or if not, they sat in the bedroom while Jeff unburdened himself about Muriel to both of them. Things were not going badly; he and Muriel had the understanding that she was going to be doing some dating, but she was still Jeff's girl.

Toward's the middle of March, Jim finished the rough draft of the revised article. He planned to begin to type it that night, but Jeff came early. He had taken Muriel to dinner and they had had a quarrel. Muriel had been dating a man on the basketball team, and Jeff hadn't liked it. The man was—well, he didn't respect girls.

The baby got sick the next night, and Jim could do no typing. The paper ran thirty pages, and it would cost almost eighteen dollars to have it typed, and they could not afford the money.

Elise tried to get up to attend to the baby, but she vomited, and after Jim cleaned up, Elise began to cry and to say that she was a real burden.

THE last week in March began, and the paper was still not typed. Jim had his strategy all set: On March 31st, he would walk into Hotchkiss' office and announce that he had sent off the paper. But there were still some pages to be done, and some papers had to be graded, and some minimum preparation for class had to be done.

On March 28th he finished the draft. He began to reread it, and he saw both typographical errors and places for small changes. On the night of the 29th he rewrote a few sections; there were about eight pages which needed to be typed.



He had just sat down to the typewriter the next night, the 30th, when Jeff walked in without knocking. "I've just got to see you!" he said. Elise was awake, so Jim suggested that they go into her room. "No, I've got to see you alone," said Jeff. "Please close the door."

Jim said to himself that this was getting to be too much. But he closed the door. As soon as it was shut, he heard an angry outburst from Jeff. "That guy's been—Muriel's been going down for him! She admitted it tonight." Then Jeff buried his head in his arms and began to weep.

Jim talked to him, but Jeff remained incoherent. Jim tried to get him to walk over to the infirmary and get a sedative, but Jeff only wanted to sit and cry. Then Jim said firmly, "Jeff, I've just got to finish a job tonight."

Jeff sobbed back at him, "I'll just sit here; you go on and work."

"I need it quiet, Jeff. You go on back to your room and come see me tomorrow." Jeff's response was a new flood of tears. "Damn it!" said Jim. "I've just got to get this job done and you've got to go home. Stand up and be a man, Jeff."

Jeff doubled his fists and he glared at Jim. "Don't you dare say that to me, you bastard—"

"Now, Jeff—"

"That's what Dr. Linville's said to me." Jeff began to cry again. "What'll I do, Dr. Drummond?"

"I can't talk to you tonight, Jeff. Come back tomorrow."

"But—"

"Come back tomorrow," said Jim, firmly.

"There won't be a tomorrow," said Jeff. He got up and walked out. Jim shook his head; Jeff had such a melodramatic side to him. Jim turned to the typewriter.

An hour later Jeff jumped to his death from his fourth-floor dormitory room. Jim read about it in the morning paper.

He did not go to his classes that last day of March. He did not go to Mr. Hotchkiss' office. The baby cried, but he let Elise stumble to him. She fixed Jim his meals, but he did not eat.

He sat at his desk, fingering the manuscript. All day he sat there, fingering it. All evening he sat there, as if in a stupor.

Elise went to bed about ten.

At eleven the baby began to cry.

Jim stood up. He took a step to the baby, and then he turned back to his desk. He picked up the manuscript, divided it into two even piles, and carefully tore each pile into shreds. Then he went in to pick up the baby.

film reviews

BY ROBERT STEELE

A NEW film has come out of Japan. Called **The Island**, it is so exquisite I wonder if ever before I have seen anything comparable to it. I think of Dovzhenko's **Earth**, Satyajit Ray's **Pather Panchali**, and Robert Flaherty's **Man of Aran**. These films have something in common with **The Island**, but by comparison, they have been left wanting.

"Exquisite" means "carefully selected, choice, exact in operation, accurate, carefully wrought, surpassing quality, highly accomplished, perfected, keenly appreciative, discriminating, fastidious, pleasing by reason of beauty, delicacy, excellence, keen, intense, refined, rare, matchless, perfect." How wonderful it is to discover an exquisite film! One comes away from **The Island** glad he is alive, exhilarated because he has been in the presence of classic drama in its purest form, and awed because he has experienced a cinematic tone poem which celebrates the dignity of man. When a film can do this, one may be sure he has met an art object and has had an aesthetic experience.

The "story" of the film could be told in a few sentences. It will not be told here. That process can be left to the reviewers and critics who think the story is important and evidently do not have another way to fill their columns. Because a film is **cinema** and neither narrative nor play nor problem, it is an act of barbarism to have the effrontery to think one can translate a **good** film in words. One cannot **tell** the music of Arnold Schoenberg or the dance of Sybil Shearer. Because Kaneto Shindo is a film artist only the "moving image" (literal translation of the Greek "cinema") directly experienced and perceived can convey his intention.

Probably, the film will not overwork women at box offices, and customers will not wear out aisle carpets. The queue at Radio City Music Hall, waiting to see the robot rockettes, extended a block along Fiftieth Street under the marquee of the Guild where **The Island** is showing. Audiences attending the three screenings of **The Island** at which I was present were small. But does this really matter? One only wishes Shindo's work could bring him enough money so that if he has any more films in him, he might continue to work. Most of the audience seemed silent and moved. I felt we came out of the theater changed and somewhat better human beings. For ninety minutes life had been affirmed before us. One of the crowd pouring out of the Music Hall, I'll wager, had no more to think about or to feel than his craving for a cigarette or thirst for a drink; then dinner and a look at the newspaper to see what else he might use to enable him to put in

another two hours, a week, a year, so his whole lifetime might continue as an undisturbed vegetation.

After seeing **The Island**, one woman said it was repetitious. True, it was. It had to be to achieve what it set out to do, but she missed seeing or enjoying the subtle differences that made each repeated act unique. The usually fine critic, Dwight MacDonald, after praising the film, admits he was a little bored. Persons will say the absence of dialogue in the film is too "tricky." The film moves slowly. Moments do seem endless. One sits there and waits and waits, but the quality of his observation is being sharpened. The pace of the film, the spaces for thought, and the long, long silences do make it unacceptable to many. But who has the time for or interest in a film geared for entertaining everybody? Is there any doubt about our having individual ceilings which stunt our capacity for aesthetic experience? All grandma can think about when standing before Niagara Falls is that she's thirsty. We are sorry she cannot feel awe or sense beauty, but that's grandma.

The Island is a superb film because it is potentially a transforming experience for the viewer. Never again can one believe that Buddhism or Shintoism is so peculiar a way of life that five million babies can die as the result of a famine in China or an earthquake in Japan, and somehow, the death of a child doesn't hurt a mother there as it hurts one here. If one has ever doubted the endurance of mankind, his ability to encompass stoicism, his capacity if necessary to slave in order to provide, he can learn it unforgettably from this film. The cast is made up of a mother, father, and two sons, but one has the feeling they are far more and far bigger than one family. They reveal something universal about the nature of man and his capacity and willingness to suffer in order to survive. Because of the invisibility of the cinematography (which is so beautiful and unobtrusive one does not see it, but all the time it is doing its work to entrench the import of the subject matter), the majestic performance of the mother, the complete credibility of the acting, and the naturalness and authenticity of the content, one finds it hard to realize he is seeing another film—another product of fabrication. The actors are unbelievable as actors. They are peasants who were doing what they were doing before the film was shot and are doing the same today. Yet the mother and father are actors. Nobuko Otowa (mother) and Taiji Tonoyama (father) are renowned for work in the Japanese theater. While one may go away feeling he has seen documentary footage, a second look will reveal the technical artistry of the film: its composition and shots of distant landscapes like Japanese paintings, its rhythmical editing, its penetrating music, and its delicacy in handling light and shadow.

The film does what all art should do. It gives us more of reality than we get from reality itself. The creation gives us the quintessence of reality. It is a

new and fresh reality which helps us, perhaps for the first time, become aware of reality in our daily existence. The perceptual and technical capabilities of the artist enable us to see, feel, and understand more than we can find for ourselves. Shindo by his pointing, selecting, pruning, organizing, and heightening of reality, gives me **the** reality of the life of a family.


While we may feel life is hell for the participants in the film, while we may be unable to keep from wondering why they don't rebel, run away, or commit suicide, or do **anything** to escape from their burdensome existence, there is beauty and some health in their lives. In order to grow their food on an island, in a country where land is scarce and precious, they spend their days carrying heavy barrels of water from the mainland to the top of their island where each plant is watered. The thirst of the land as it sucks up the water makes one glad that because of man's toil the soil is able to drink. The scantiness of the rainfall and the absence of a Point-Four program with labor-saving technology have left these peasants to manage as their fathers did before them in order to grow their food. But their proximity to nature, their being a family that lives together because they must work together, their awareness of the awesome skies under which they live, their enjoyment of baths at the end of a day's labor and of the feel of the rich soil as it slips through fingers, the delight at having caught a large and marketable fish, even the simplicity of a home where there is no need for a door because there is no need for a lock: all make one feel this life is far from being the most abject.

Except for the nonverbal sounds of life—wind, rain, waves purring in the distance against the shore, a rooster crowing, dishes clattering, rice being sucked in and vegetables being chewed—the film is a silent one. What a wonderful relief it is not to be pounded by what one has no need to hear: "Come now, Johnny, it's time for school, aren't you ready yet?" "Careful, you'll spill that." "Anybody home?" "Doctor, come at once, my son is sick." "Hello, good-bye." Communication takes place in **The Island** at a level which would make verbal language tautological. One welcomes the lack of competition for his senses. All attention may be given to seeing, and hearing is left for the slight and occasional sound. And when one has had his fill of seeing, then beautiful music begins. Once I wished Shindo had let me hear his priest speak rather than have me watch his moving lips, but had the priest been audible, he would have probably said what every Japanese child has known from memory since childhood. I was left to my memory of the words, "The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away. Blessed is the name of the Lord." Language and religion were not permitted to intervene; had they done so on a direct level, communication from film to viewer would have been destroyed.

The Island shows Japanese to American, farmer to

city dweller, man to man. When the family pauses for a moment before a shop window to look at the antics of an acrobatic dancer on television, they look with curiosity but not with interest nor pleasure. A member of the audience is being gently prodded to look at his "entertainment," his factory or office job, his doting on fashion and smartness when the mother wears a Western dress with no belt, his living measured by stocks and a bank account, his support from the "power" of money, which he may or may not have earned, rather than by the power of his will and muscles. It took courage to make such a simple film. It is not compromised in any way. No concession is made to those who hunger for speed, amusement, the exotic and erotic. Evidently Shindo felt his materials, if handled as economically and as truthfully as possible, had within them the power to grasp and hold those of the audience whom he cared to reach. Because of the film's apparent fidelity to Japanese culture, there are bits and moments in the film which on a first viewing may elude us. Yet a close and sympathetic scrutiny makes all transparently clear. A lesser artist could easily have introduced anger or protest, and thus have limited the timelessness and purity of the work. Instead we identify with a family from the inside so that humanity with its tragedy and beauty is revealed in nakedness.

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motive

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LETTERS

I ran across my husband's stack of *motives* about a month ago and was thrilled at the wonderful examples of art I found in them. These are perfect for me to use in my high school classes! The other art teacher was also thrilled at the pictures and inquired as to my source. I brought her some samples, and she was so pleased she took them to the art teacher's meeting last month. I am happy to report about fifteen new subscribers from our school district! While fifteen very happy teachers have evolved from my project, I am sorry to say one very unhappy husband has also evolved. The gripe? I'm cutting up all his wonderful sermon material! So, our only solution seems to be two subscriptions in the Szilvasy family.

—LINDA SZILVASY
eden seminary
webster groves, missouri

Please cancel the subscription to *motive* which is being sent to ————. If it is possible I would appreciate having the remaining issues sent to me.

The recipient and his parents feel *motive* is not a wholesome church publication. I do not agree, but as student secretary I must bow to their wishes.

—MRS. ALVA SELCK
janesville, wisconsin

motive itself as a magazine is quite fine, but the time has come when intellectually stimulating ideas are not enough; the people in the church must be reached and released into the world to act as antibodies in the bloodstream of a society stricken with a cancerous materialistic idolatry. But the people within the church itself, besides being infected with this same disease, have found themselves bound by a superficial code of moral values which serves one purpose: to prevent those who are young enough and idealistic enough, to want, and be able to help, to prevent these from seeing in depth the condition of our society today.

What is needed now is more than stimulation, a new breakthrough of spirit into the realm of the mind and action. A new depth of perception, and receptiveness to the guidance of the Holy Ghost.

—BETH PEWTER
new york city

Congratulations, *motive* and Mr. Gardner ("Tyranny of Teammanship," October). And "Down with the tyranny of Ivy Hall!"

Never lose that upstart, starry-eyed gleam in your descriptive, linguistic pen!

Chapel Hill, give this man his Ph.D. pronto. Gardner, to the fray!

—MEL F. LUDWIG
board for homeland ministries
united church, philadelphia, penn.

It has been nearly two years since I left Lindsey Wilson College, a Methodist school in Columbia, Kentucky. Yet I have kept with me even to this day every *motive* that I acquired while at school. I have read them time and again, leafed through them countless times more, and with deep reverence I have cut out some of the art work and put them on my barrack wall to remind me to hold fast to all that I had received in college.

This posting of mine was not without its reprisals for some Navy guys much more prefer a playboy playmate on the wall than Peter Blume's "Tasso's Oak" or Ortmyer's "the dinner party."

—CHARLES D. BEASLEY
meridian naval air station
meridian, mississippi

I love *motive* . . . once in a while we like to get away from those who know only: every nut, bolt and screw in every automobile from 1918 until now; the rank of every college football team in northern South Carolina and southern North Dakota; that an olive is better than a twist and that Jack Daniels is better than Canadian Club; that Jean-Paul Sartre is a hell of a lot better writer than Albert Camus; that *Playboy* has better photos than *Esquire*; that a split infinitive is becoming more widely accepted; that Negroes should all go to the North.

We like to hear words used outside their college context such as: "Stature of Liberty" when it does not refer to a hand-off to the end; "Scotch" when it refers to a nationality; "King" when it does not mean Budwieser; "religion" when it does not mean fundamentalism: Thank you, *motive*.

We like poetry which does not run in the "Only God can make a tree" vein.

We like to hear ourselves crying to God to fill these "Hollow Men" souls, with something at least.

We enjoy art that leaves out the cherubs, and gives us reassurance that we do not grieve for naught.

We like to read theologians who do not persecute Nietzsche for saying that "God is dead" or Voltaire for claiming that "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."

In short, we like *motive*—because it does not turn its head when assaulted, and because it says to the student, "Come, let us grow together."

—BOB LANCASTER
southern state college
magnolia, arkansas

contributors

C. EBB MUNDEN III, since completing his B.D. at Perkins School of Theology, S.M.U., has been pastor of St. Matthew's Church in suburban New Orleans. He holds business and law degrees from Tulane, and was a very successful lawyer before entering the ministry.

OTTO A. PIPER is Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis at Princeton Theological Seminary. His numerous books include *God in History* and *The Biblical View of Sex and Marriage*.

TOM J. COFFMAN is a junior at Baker University, majoring in history and journalism. He hopes eventually to be a Latin American correspondent in news media.

BARBARA CHAPIN is a free-lance writer and editorial consultant living for the moment in Greenwich Village U.S.A. A graduate of Scripps College, she recently helped inaugurate *Task Force* for The United Church.

EUGENE L. STOCKWELL is executive secretary for Latin America in the Division of World Missions of The Methodist Church, recently returned from a ten-year stint in Uruguay. Also a lawyer, he holds the B.D. from Union Theological Seminary (N.Y.).

VERNON BOBBITT is Chairman of the Department of Art at Albion College, where he assembled the internationally famed Albion print collection. He was also mentor in past years of *motive's* old friend, Jim Crane.

JOSEPH R. WASHINGTON, JR., is Dean of the Chapel at Dillard University in New Orleans. He holds the Ph.D. from Boston University.

SAMUEL SANDMEL is Provost and Professor of Bible at the Cincinnati School of Hebrew Union College/Jewish Institute of Religion. Although he is a divisional president of the American Council of Learned Societies and has numerous scholarly publications to his credit, "The Colleagues of Mr. Chips" is his first published work of fiction. It originally appeared in *Prairie Schooner* (to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint) and was later selected to appear in *The Best American Short Stories, 1961*.

ROBERT STEELE is *motive's* regular film critic. He is Associate Professor of Film at Boston University.

PHILLIP D. ADAMS teaches English at Lakeland College in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

JIM HUFFSTUTLER—poet, playwright, and seminary senior—originally created his fantastic satire for the San Francisco revue, "Like A Mighty Army."

JOYCE ODAM, who lives in Sacramento, California, has had verse in *Quicksilver*, *Flame*, *Signet*, *The Husk*, and other little magazines.

ROBERT BLY is editor of *The Sixties* and an executive of the Association of Literary Magazines of America. His poetry has most recently appeared in *The Paris Review* and *Midwest* (whom we thank for permission to reprint "Legion Night").

ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE:

ROBERT REGIER, North Newton, Kansas, is a Mennonite and an excellent graphic artist. We hope to have many more contributions from him.

DAVE PETERS, University of the Pacific, is an undergraduate studying art. His work is frequently found on the bulletin covers for worship services at the campus chapel.

JIM CRANE once again hits the spot.

JEAN PENLAND, artist for Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tennessee, manages to catch deep emotional overtones in a few lines.

ROBERT CHARLES BROWN, now living and painting in New York City, shows a new sense of freedom in his work.

MARGARET RIGG, art editor of *motive*, has recently had a one-man show of fifty-eight paintings, prints and drawings.

CHARLES GROOMS, while traveling in Europe and the Middle East, made many drawing copies of fresco paintings. We reproduce one of his sensitive works from that trip.

BARZHEER, a young West German artist, has interpreted St. George Killing the Dragon with a delicate line of contemporary mood, in his etching, cover 3.



ST. GEORGE KILLING THE DRAGON

1960 ETCHING

BARZHEER

a tale of two pheasants

LONG ago there were two pheasants named Archibald and Reginald who ruled kingdoms divided by a superhighway. The two kings had decided, a few years previously, that the superhighway would serve as a natural boundary. They felt that as long as each flock remained on its own side the food supply would stay in balance, and their lives would be peaceful and contented.

One day Reginald was searching for a cricket for dessert. At last he spied a fat, juicy-looking victual and chased it in hot pursuit. However, the cricket was a veteran of the field, and he used every little trick to escape King Reginald.

Finally, the cricket was backed up against the curb of the superhighway. Reginald confidently closed in on the now-panicked cricket. In a final and desperate effort, the cricket leaped to the top of the curb and skittered across the highway. Reginald stepped very deliberately onto the highway, for he knew that he could outrun the cricket on a straight stretch. The cricket had just jumped off the curb on the other side as Reginald caught up with him and was preparing to turn the cricket into a tasty dessert, when Archibald stepped in front of him and gobbled up the cricket.

"Delicious!" smacked Archibald.

"What do you think you're doing?" yelled Reginald. "I've been chasing that cricket for nearly ten minutes."

"Please remember," replied Archibald quite haughtily, "that that cricket was on my side of the road, and the food found on each side of the road belongs to the flock that lives on that side. Surely you are not going to argue that that cricket was rightfully yours, are you?"

Reginald, whose patience was getting ruffled, replied, "Now listen, that cricket was originally on my side of the road. I chased him over here. If he was on my side of the road to begin with, that makes him part of the food supply belonging to my flock. You had no right to do what you did."

"Possession is nine tenths of the law," chortled Archibald.

"Don't turn your back on me, Archie . . . !"

"King Archibald, if you please."

"You don't deserve the title," sneered Reginald.

In a burst of temper (for he did not like to have his position or authority doubted) Archibald turned quickly, locked his wings around Reginald's back and began to peck the feathers out of his neck with quick thrusts. Reginald returned the attack.

A menacing crowd of Archibald's subjects gathered within a few moments after the beginning of the battle. They began to edge closer and closer to the combatants.

Because Reginald was concentrating on Archibald, he had not noticed the creeping crowd. But when he did he hurriedly called to Archibald, "I don't trust your subjects any more than I do you. Come over to my territory and we'll finish this fracas. I know that I can control my subjects, and we can keep this strictly between the two of us."

Having heard the ruckus of the battle on the other side of the superhighway, Reginald's flock had gathered near the curb and was watching the movements of Archibald's flock intently, ready to rush to their king's aid, if, perchance, Archibald's flock should choose to attack King Reginald.

Archibald took a quick look across the road and said, "Oh, no! I don't trust your pheasants any more than you trust mine. I'm not going over there. We'll stay right here and finish it."

"Not on your life," retorted Reginald. "Let's go someplace where neither you nor I rule."

"All right," said Archibald. "How about the superhighway? The traffic has let up, and we can tell our subjects to stay in their own territories. How does that sound to you? Would that remedy your fears—'chicken'?"

"You won't be fit for stuffing when I finish you," snarled Reginald.

So both Reginald and Archibald told their flocks not to interfere unless the other flock did. Then, anxious for battle, they proceeded to the center of the superhighway.

With a flurry of royal pheasant feathers, the fight ended—for good.

MORAL: The difference between neutrality and anarchy is just in the ground you stand on.

—PHILLIP D. ADAMS