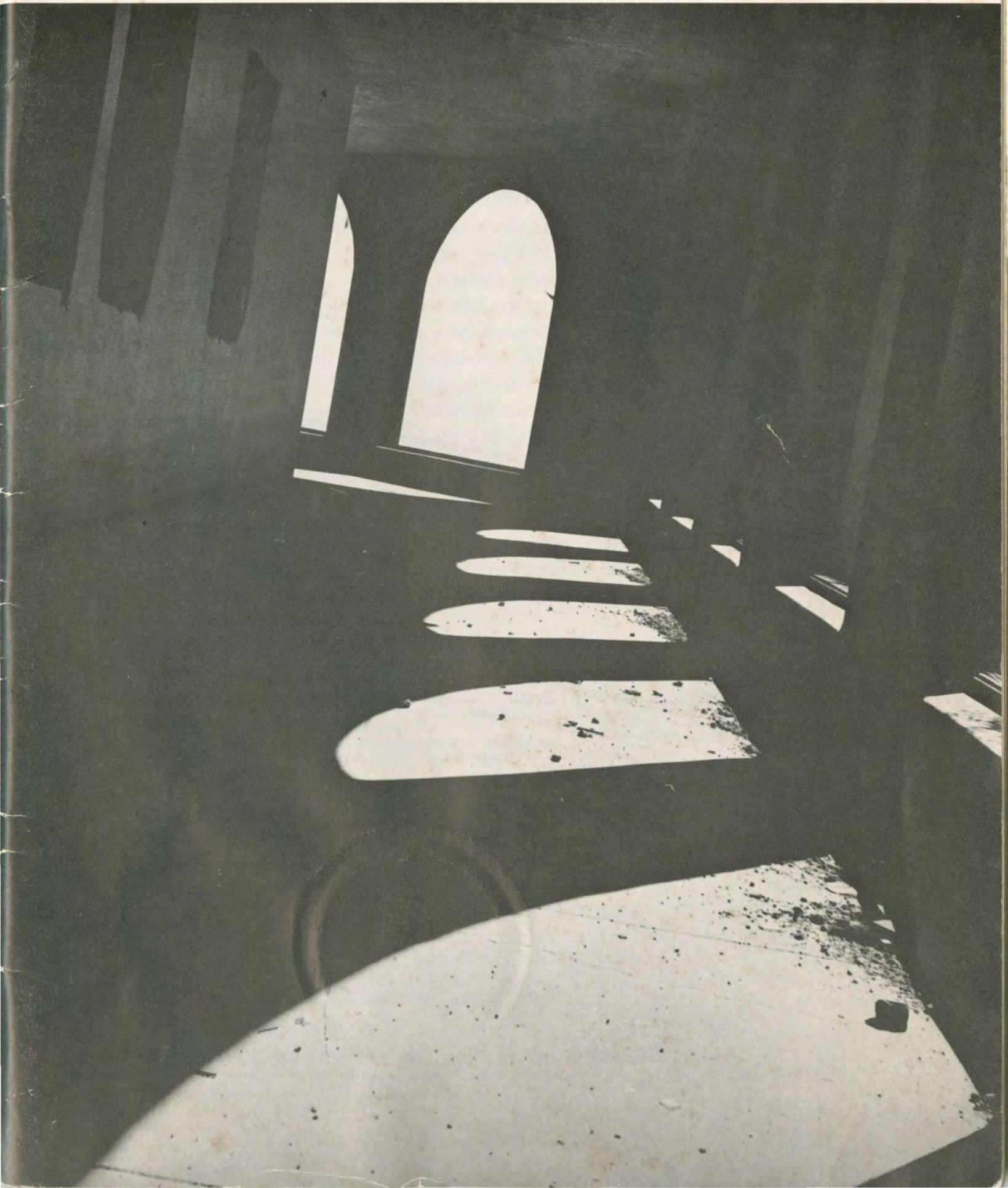


MOTIVE FEBRUARY 1963



# Motive

FEBRUARY 1963

VOLUME XXIII/5

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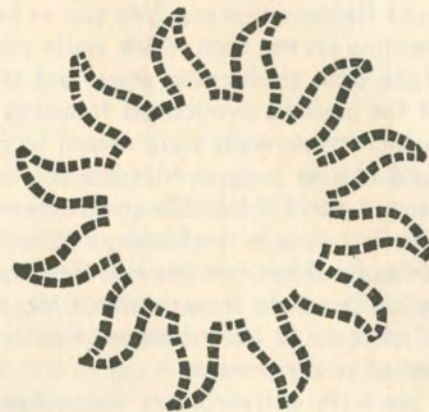
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**motive** is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, an agency affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation through the National Student Christian Federation, published monthly, October through May, by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church; John O. Gross, general secretary. Copyright, 1963, by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.  
Subscription rates: Single subscription, eight issues, \$2. Group subscriptions of fifteen or more to one address, \$1 each. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50. Single copy, 30 cents.  
Address all communications to **motive**, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tennessee. Please accompany articles, stories, poems and art work submitted with return postage.  
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tennessee, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1102, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

# CIRCUMSPECT KNOWLEDGE:

#11

The lines of my knowledge  
Make little sense.  
The pastures to which  
I am led  
Always have high fences  
With pointed spikes on top  
So that I cannot get in.  
As the return passage  
Is obviously destroyed  
I can do nothing  
But shift my feet to and fro  
Scraping my toes  
On the ensnaring leather.  
Soon even the sounds and smells  
Of the pasture will be gone  
But as my lacerated feet  
Will still bear their fruit  
I will not be free.  
And if they were amputated  
I would still have the bittersweet  
Sensations of their groping movements  
Engrained in my memory.  
And they would remain to scorch my soul.



#26

Orange black darkness looped down from the top of the world  
Clapping cries of pain wrenched themselves from the clouds'  
Betrayal. Trees shook and men woke up at last under the on-  
slaught shedding their pink and white umbrellas and racing  
Frantically, their souls stoned into senselessness under the  
Sheer VOLUME that descended on down spreading the earth out  
Prostrate, its achievements pinned to flat rocks from the  
Power of God.

And once again it was seen to be full of horrible holocausts  
Drowning darkness and thundering sounds right in the middle  
Of the morning noontime

#28

In rainy days children sit at the window  
Wondering at the wetness of winter  
Colossal dark beauties fill their eyes  
Shading their warm dreams from a mothered  
Shelter. The firesides of these lazy days  
Lie in the deep of their minds  
The innocence of being inside.  
Symphonic calms mesmerize their thoughts  
The anguish of thinking unrealized  
In their sunlit slumber

Ages change and soon the child  
Will lose his wonders and his mothers  
To depart these bedtime fantasias and  
Walk through the door  
Out into the steady rains

Child will you still wonder at the wetness  
Or do you already wear a raincoat

## three poems

ROBERT BURCHESS

# THE UNITY OF THE MASS

BY GODFREY LEO DIEKMANN

**T**ODAY, many Catholic historians of religion are coming to the conclusion that we are entering a completely new period of Catholic history and of theological thought. The four centuries of anti-Protestantism have left their marks, but they are past. We have entered the post-Reformation era. We can at long last cease concentrating on the high, thick walls which we erected and take time to discover anew and to profit from some of the perhaps overlooked treasures in the City of God which these walls were meant to protect. In fact I would like to suggest that we are living in wonderful times. I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that for the first time in the history of the Church, since post-Apostolic times, we are not directly under heavy theological pressure from without, or at least don't feel called upon to be encumbered with a burdening baggage of past pressures.

The Holy See with extraordinary vision has vigorously encouraged the giant strides that have resulted in our day, especially in theology, Sacred Scripture, and liturgical studies. More correctly, the Holy See has taken the initiative. After all, it was fifty years ago (August, 1910) that St. Pius X issued his decree *Quam Singulari* allowing children access to the food of strength and divine light. And the sacrament and sacrifice of the Eucharist is once again not only in principle but in ever-increasing reality "the source and center of Christian piety," as Pius XII called it in *Mediator Dei*. In the process of joyful rediscovery of our full Eucharistic heritage, we must of course look, first of all, to the scriptural accounts of the Last Supper and of the institution of the Eucharist; for our purpose is to discover the mind of Christ.

There is an element in all four Eucharistic accounts (Matthew, Mark, Luke, and First Corinthians) which though not exactly overlooked, has at least not been adequately exploited in our theology and piety. All four accounts prominently associate with the Last Supper rite the concept of the covenant. Matthew and Mark, who are interdependent, though scholars still argue about who is dependent on whom, record these words of Christ identically: "This is my Blood of the New Covenant." Luke and Paul in their turn have their own identical phrasing: "This cup is the New Covenant in my Blood." Luke is known to depend on Paul.

Now of the four accounts, Paul's was the first to be written (earliest put down in writing). For this reason and because of its textual and conceptual difficulties, it is by many scholars held to be the more original. Hence it very probably corresponds more closely to the actual words spoken by Christ. Note that according to St. Paul, Christ at the Last Supper equivalently said: "This cup, or this Eucharist, is the most precious element of the New Covenant, its most precious possession." He said: "This *is* the New Covenant."

To anticipate: It is the Eucharist that establishes, that constitutes the New Covenant. And because Christ also said, "Do this in memory of me," every time the Eucharist is celebrated, it is nothing less than the renewal of the covenant between God and his people. The scriptural accounts should have sufficed to concentrate our attention on the covenant meaning of the Eucharist.

**B**UT the Church has taken what might be called extreme measures to insure that we do not miss the point. She has dared to invade the holy of holies, the actual words of institution, in order to add what is not found in any of the four accounts. She has her priests say in every Mass, "This is the cup of my Blood of the New and Eternal Covenant"—new and eternal, as if to say, "Pay attention!" We cannot hope to understand the Eucharist as the New Covenant unless we know also God's dealing with man through the

motive



INK DRAWING BY JACK KELLAM

old and temporary covenant, with which we should contrast and compare what Christ is doing now. So let us do just that, however briefly.

In reading the crucial text of Exodus 19 (which tells of God giving the charter of the Old Covenant—the Ten Commandments), we must keep in mind the scene in the Upper Room and its intimate character of divine *agape*.

Set limits for the people all around the mountain, and tell them: "Take care not to go up the mountain, or even to touch its base. If anyone touches the mountain he must be put to death. No hand shall touch him; he must be stoned to death or killed with arrows. Such a one, man or beast, must not be allowed to live. . . ." On the morning of the third day, there were peals of thunder and lightning, and a heavy cloud over the mountain, and a very loud trumpet blast, so that all the people in the camp trembled. But Moses led the people out of the camp to meet God, and they stationed themselves at the foot of the mountain. Mount Sinai was all wrapped in smoke, for the Lord came down upon it in fire. The smoke rose from it as though from a furnace, and the whole mountain trembled violently.

Thus the Old Covenant. At the Last Supper, how different! God does not keep his people at a distance, under pain of death, but has himself become one of them, to grant life. Not only is he one of them, he washes their feet in ministry. He says: "I stand in the midst of you as one who serves." He allows his disciple John to lean on his breast. This God, whom no one can see and live, gives his own flesh and blood for their food and drink.

The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is concerned about Eucharist and sacrifice and worship and high priesthood, explicitly draws the contrast in a well-known passage, 12:12-28.

For you have not approached a mountain that may be touched, and a burning fire, and whirlwind and darkness and storm, and sound of trumpet, and sound of words; which sound was such that those who heard entreated that the words should not be spoken to them; for they could not bear what was being said: "And if even a beast touches the mount, it shall be stoned." And so terrible was the spectacle that Moses said, "I am greatly terrified and trembling." But you have come to Mount Zion, and to the City of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels, and to the ecclesia of the firstborn who are enrolled in the heavens, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus, mediator of the New Covenant, and to a sprinkling of blood which speaks better than Abel.

When we use the word covenant or testament, we are rendering the *diatheke* of the Septuagint, which was borrowed by the New Testament writers. We use this rendition because we have no other. For no term drawn from human experience can adequately express this unique relationship which God has established with his people. Though it implies contractual obligation, it is not a mere contract. God's initiative, God's election are presupposed in establishing a covenant by which he constitutes a people of his choice. As Charlier says: "Election, covenant, and the people of God form the basic trilogy which underlies the full unfolding of revelation." Establishing the covenant means setting aside for himself a worshipping people, an ecclesia.

Because of the infidelity of Israel symbolized by the miserable collapse of the kingdom whose rulers were supposed to represent God's part of the covenant, the prophets insisted on the necessity of inner renewal in preparation for the New Covenant of the future. The high point of their prophetic voices, in some ways a high point of Old Testament revelation, is found in Jeremiah 31, in which he announces the new and spiritual covenant: "I will implant my law in their innermost thoughts, engrave it in their hearts, I will be their God and they shall be my people." "A time is coming," Jeremiah has said.

And now at the Last Supper that time has come. "This cup is the New Covenant in my Blood." It is the Eucharist that establishes the New Covenant, that creates the new people of God, the new ecclesia. An outstanding modern theologian, Anselm Stoltz, O.S.B., did not hesitate to declare that the Church was formally constituted and established through the Last Supper. Nor is this contradictory to Pope Pius XII's statement in *Mystici Corporis* that the Mystical Body of the Church came into being or was born on the cross.

For the Last Supper sacramentally, but really and substantially, anticipated and realized the sacrifice of Calvary, and hence Christ could and did say: "This cup is the New Covenant."

**E**VERY Eucharist, therefore, renews the covenant, renews God's dispensation with the whole Church draws the ecclesia together ever afresh as his united people. Hence, in every Mass, too, the bonds are drawn more closely between the people of God and the Vicar of Christ. "We offer together with our Pope, John, and with all the bishops of the world, and all right believing teachers of the Catholic faith." It is in the Eucharist above all that the oneness, the unity of the Church, has its deepest source, that our loyalty to our Holy Father and our love for him has its God-established foundation.

How many people have any inkling of this, have any knowledge that participating in Mass means more than just an apt opportunity of praying for the Holy Father, but actually gives the grace of closer union with him? And this gift of grace involves, of course, the personal obligation. The gift becomes the obligation. It demands Apostolic commitment to the total task of the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church.

But the ecclesia becomes concrete for the individual as an object of experience, as a community of fellow worshipers, first of all and most importantly, in the diocese. For the diocese, as is becoming ever more clearly recognized because of contemporary emphasis on the Mystical Body, is far more than a geographical or administrative division of the Church. The diocese in a real sense *is* the Church, it is the Mystical Body in miniature.

Priesthood means sacrifice, and therefore a bishop is never so much a bishop as when he offers the Eucharist. This is his chief episcopal duty and privilege. Teaching and ruling, not to speak of administering, are subsidiary, complementary. For as Pope Pius XII says in *Mediator Dei*: "When the Church"—and in context he could have said bishop—"teaches us our Catholic faith and exhorts us to obey the commandments of Christ, she is paving a way for her priestly, sanctifying action in its highest sense." And because the bridegroom cannot divorce himself from his bride (the diocese), every Mass which the bishop celebrates is always necessarily for his people, in their name and for their benefit. It is the covenant, the inner spiritual renewal of the entire diocese, of this particular ecclesia.

If Guardini's famous phrase, "This is the age in which the church is coming to life in the hearts of men," is to be more than a bloodless abstraction, it must mean that this is the age in which the diocese comes to life as a worshipping community, an ecclesia in which bishop and people are drawn together more closely as a family of God in and through every Mass.

This union of bishop, priests, and flock has been

given wonderful new expression in the Maundy Thursday Mass of Holy Chrism. And there are some of us who dare to hope that in the new edition of the liturgy after the Second Vatican Council, this Mass of unity, of priesthood and sacrifice, will be made even more meaningful. We hope that once a year the high priest,



the bishop, and his *cooperatores ordinis nostri* from throughout the diocese will concelebrate the Eucharist as they did on the day of their ordination, or at least that the bishop will give the sacrament of unity to his cooperatores in the morning, and that these can then return to their respective parishes and in the Last Supper Mass the same day share that Eucharistic unity with all the members of the diocesan family, this *ecclesia Dei*.

But the *ecclesia* becomes complete for the individual Christian even more immediately—even if less completely—in his parish. The parish, too, in a very real sense is the Mystical Body in miniature. For it is only in the smaller compass of the parish that the essential purpose of the Eucharist can be effectively realized: the establishing of a worshiping community in time and space and in terms of personal relations of brotherhood. In fact, as the Holy See some years ago indicated to an annual convention of the Canadian Social Well, the historical reason for the establishment

of parishes in the fourth and fifth centuries was precisely that the personal bonds of spiritual community could be experienced.

**N**OW since the Eucharist is the New Covenant, every Mass celebrated in the parish by the pastor or his assistants means that God renews his dispensation of love for this particular *ecclesia*. And again, since neither priest nor bishop can divorce himself from his bride, his spiritual family, it means that every Mass—not only what is technically known as the parish Mass of Sundays and feast days—is the sacrifice of this total miniature *ecclesia*. It is of the parish, in the name of the parish, for the benefit of the parish. It is covenant, and covenant necessarily involves *ecclesia*—this people of God.

A stipend Mass merely means that whoever offers the stipend has reason to hope that a special fruit of the Mass may accrue to him or for his intention. The Mass can never be understood merely as a means of grace for an individual. It is a covenant. It is the act by which the people of God respond as a responsible people to God's initiative of love. It is the act by which they say "yes" to their God, a "yes" of service, a "yes" of love.

If in the old dispensation the Jews could be called the people of the covenant, how much more truly this implies now. We are baptized into a parish, or we now belong to a particular parish. We are people of the covenant because we are people of the Eucharist. The parish church is our home, the parish altar is our heart, our family table. No wonder, therefore, that until changed circumstances made a change in legislation necessary (that is, until Trent), the Sunday obligation had to be fulfilled in one's own parish church.

For the parish priest himself, the covenant idea signifies two things: First of all, it signifies his obligation to lead his people to respond to God as generously as possible as a parish and as responsible individuals, as partners of the covenant. In other words, he must form them into mature, adult Catholics, willing and eager to perform their chief duty of worship, and to make their whole lives worshipful. Secondly, since the priest also represents Christ, every Mass should be the personal rededication of his life to the service of his flock. "I stand in the midst of you as one who serves." Every Mass is the basic renewal of his priestly commitment, of his vocation of ministry.

The covenant meaning of the Eucharist, as applied to the parish, has even more profound significance. From the time of the prophets—Isaiah, Jeremiah, and especially Hosea—the covenant between God and his people was revealed as a marriage covenant. God himself was the spouse, the husband. Israel was his bride. But she proved to be an unfaithful bride. She became adulterous, following after strange gods.

Therefore the prophets spoke of the messianic times as the accomplishment of a true and faithful espousal between a new people and its God. Paul, as we know,

has summarized this prophetic teaching and its realization in the New Covenant, in the famous passage from Galatians (4:21-31) with which we wrestle in one of the Sunday epistles every year: Abraham had two wives, Agar and Sarah, the one a slave woman, the Old Testament, the other a free woman, which is that Jerusalem which is our mother.

That new marriage between Christ-God and his bride was consummated sacramentally at the Last Supper. This is the New Covenant. The Last Supper therefore was a marriage feast, and every Mass is of its essence first and foremost a nuptial Mass, in which Christ renews his promise of love and life to his ecclesia, his bride, in which the parish must as a bride give herself completely in loving surrender to her divine spouse. In every Mass the bride, the ecclesia of the parish, renews its marriage vows of loyalty and love to Christ.

The abyss of Christ's nuptial love, delivering himself up for his bride, as Paul described it in Ephesians 5, calls for the abyss of the parish's love and total devotion. Not mere duty, not mere sense of obligation to fulfill the virtue of religion should motivate the parish attendance at Sunday Mass.

The Covenant not only exists between God and his people but also establishes the people as a people; that is, it unites the people more closely to each other. For this reason the whole of tradition, beginning from Scripture, speaks of the Eucharist as the sacrament and sacrifice of unity. The purpose, the effect, the grace of this sacrament is the unity of the Mystical Body. St. Thomas takes for granted that it unites with Christ, but he stresses this aspect; and if he says it once, he says it thirty times: "The Eucharist is the sacrament *ecclesiasticae unitatis*." This does not mean ecclesiastical unity, but the unity of the Church; and he is merely echoing St. Augustine.

In fact St. Augustine is so outspoken in this that he almost embarrasses us. He says: "You are the body of Christ, and when you receive the body of Christ you receive yourselves." That is a pretty strong statement. We know what he is trying to say. We are united with our fellow brethren when we receive Holy Communion. That is the purpose of the Eucharist. St. John Chrysostom is called Doctor of the Eucharist because he also has that same emphasis. And where did he get it? Think of the Last Supper. Think of St. Paul and the topic sentence of his First Corinthians 10:17: "We, though many, are one body because we partake of the one bread, the bread which we break. Is it not fellowship in the Body of Christ? The cup which we drink, is it not fellowship in the Blood of Christ?"

Fellowship, unity. So at the Last Supper, when Christ gave us the commandment, gave us this sacrament, he said: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples." Christ gave us the commandment of charity, and this is the most difficult commandment to keep. And in order to enable us to keep it, he gave

us the sacrament of the Eucharist. Fraternal charity is the result, the grace of the Eucharist. Christ said: "By this will all men know that you are my disciples."

I have been referred to as a traveling monk. Well, I believe that there is a real vocation in traveling. It affords a chance to many who would otherwise never dare to approach a Roman collar. And I love to talk to people, traveling in busses, trains, jets, where I try not to bury myself in *Time* magazine. I have heard all sorts of remarks about "You Catholics—you are so different because you go to service on Sunday. You don't eat meat on Friday—at least most of you don't. . . . You're so priest-ridden. . . ." I have yet to hear even the beginning of a hint that "You Catholics are so different because you have greater love for one another."

Not even the beginning of a hint! And yet this is the test that Christ gave. If we are not pulling our weight, if we are not making the desired impression, perhaps here's the answer: Our Protestant brethren make much of *fellowship*. In fact, that is their key word, it seems.

We have the sacrament of fellowship, the sacrament which gives us the grace of fellowship and really unites us. The gift, therefore, becomes our obligation. If it does not make an impact on American life, is it perhaps because we ourselves have never understood this element of the Eucharist adequately? Have we never taught our people that kneeling together means opening our hearts to each other? Otherwise we are not receiving Christ worthily.

**T**HIS charity, this dedication to Christ must extend outward to embrace all. Charity is the great virtue that has no limits. In these days particularly, it is important that we offer the Eucharist—the sacrament of Charity—that we receive the bread of life, so that our fellow priests and fellow Christians behind the Iron Curtain and the Bamboo Curtain may be strong. Perhaps it is not an essential loss if, under certain circumstances, we do not pray the prayers for Russia after Mass, provided we understand how the Eucharist itself is our bond with our Christian brethren in Russia.

The Eucharist, like Christ himself in his humanity, is not the end itself. It is not the end of a journey but the way to something beyond itself. In the Eucharist Christ leads us to the Father. And to think of the Eucharist only in terms of the advantages we get from it is to say with St. Peter on Mt. Tabor: "Let us pitch our tent, build three tabernacles here, for it is good to be here." But it would also mean to have misunderstood everything. John says, "For he knew not what he said." The Eucharist is not something static. The gift becomes the obligation; the Eucharist is something dynamic, a life that demands to be lived. We receive Christ for a purpose, not to keep him for ourselves but to give him to others so that others may recognize him in us.



## WINTER DAWN

THIRD  
CHILD:  
JUNE 11,  
1962

Third child, it's crowded in my house  
and heart. But here, I'll make a place  
for you to lie, and sleep and cry.  
Your world is crowded too: the mouse  
is trapped, the kitten drowned, and dogs chase  
dogs away, no place to stay,  
no place to rest. The predatory  
order of our days sharpens the claws  
of children as they grow. I know  
the center has not held, the glory  
prophesied has died still born because  
there was no room, there is no room . . .

No room for gentile or for Jew;  
East and West grapple in the dark  
tied in one bag, cramming a flag  
down one another's throats. And you,  
third child, will seek in city parks  
the room to run, but when the sun  
sets it is not safe. You'll ask,  
But why, why should I be afraid?  
And I will say, Gretchen, the way  
of man is dark, his face a mask,  
his outward life a grim charade  
concealing narrow rooms, revealing  
nothing. Of course, I won't say that,  
I'll say, Don't be afraid.  
There's nothing to fear. I called you here  
because it's bedtime, and that's that.  
It's time you knelt beside your bed and prayed.  
—J. PETER MEINKE

from stormbedraggled clouds  
dawn leaks  
like  
thin milk

trickling out of night's tight lips  
and  
drips  
over  
the greying peaks  
spills  
from tree to tree  
that loom in sudden  
green  
and  
rank on rank  
press forward  
in the light—  
day comes  
stiffly

freezes defiantly  
in snow  
with  
cussed spleen.

the hill folk turn and stretch  
and from their teary eyes rub out  
the night

—ANTONI GRONOWICZ



## QUICK, SOMEONE'S COMING

faced with a nothingness, isn't it nothingness! Look—  
nothing at all—our loves illusion all:  
nothings with clothes on; look, walkings like chickens  
in a yard; nothingness, toes, feathers, claws:  
and out of all nothingness comes a nothingness:  
i don't know what to think: hardly i write  
for nothing's motionless but to a will:  
wants something of it; now when all's given up,  
what does remain to be more given up?  
up-giving?—yes, here's a void, a void with clothes on.  
and all our little dreams have sung themselves to sleep:  
poor little dreams, they never knew what to think:  
quick, i must put some thought back on, cover  
this nakedness!—despair's the same whether they say  
praise or blame: triumph, disaster: one;  
still, they live in a place where things can happen  
yet for him, for me: we are beyond the realm  
of possibility: all past chance:  
i thought it was love, love's lack, love's light, and yet  
i don't know what love is: what's lack, love or light?  
out of this void, ever, has anyone come?  
this concept of void: it's nothing but a concept .  
Quick, someone's coming! i must put  
a thought back on!

and now my good angel, come,  
construct me: concepts are madness, another kind  
of madness, that they see facets, not the whole.

—KAY JOHNSON

# the strangeness of faith

“Nobody in this life is nearer to God than those who hate and deny Him, and He has no more pleasing, no more dear children than these.”  
—Martin Luther

BY WILL HERBERG

**W**HAT could Luther conceivably have meant by such an incredible assertion: no one in this life nearer to God, no one dearer to him, than those who hate and deny him? Shall we charge it to Luther's notorious fondness for utterances violent and extreme, or does this paradox reveal something profound about the meaning of faith which we in our conventional piety overlook?

Luther's statement, however shocking and extreme it may sound, points to a profound truth: unless God matters infinitely, he does not matter at all. There is something absolute about faith which demands everything or nothing. Faith is not just one more interest or attachment in life, side by side with other interests or attachments. If it were merely that, it would indeed be nothing at all. Martin Buber said, "Faith is not a feeling in the soul, but an entrance into reality, an entrance into the whole reality without reduction or curtailment." If it is genuine, it is everything; it touches everything and transforms everything—and when it is thrown into question, everything is thrown into question: all life is at stake.

This is what Luther was saying. The passionate unbeliever who "hates" and "denies" God may be all

wrong in his ideas, but at least he takes God seriously. This kind of unbeliever is no mere unbeliever: he is rather an anti-believer whose whole life is a wrestling with God, whose whole mind is preoccupied with the problem of faith. Whatever else he may be, he does not take God for granted; he does not commit the ultimate sin of indifference. For that reason, Luther insisted, he is near to God and dear to him.

Not unbelief, but indifference—taking God for granted—is the ultimate sin. Not skeptical questioning, not even passionate denial of God, is so displeasing to him as the lukewarmness of conventional piety. This is what Luther was saying, and in doing so he echoed the searing words with which the Bible denounces the lukewarm in faith (Revelation 3:15-16). The Book of Revelation, filled with the burning passion of faith, kindles the imagination despite the grotesque and often weird imagery in which it is expressed. There are those unforgettable chapters in which the seven churches in Asia are described by means of "letters" addressed to their "angels" or spiritual leaders. To the church in Laodicea, the Almighty dictates the following message: "I know your works: you are neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm. Would that you were either hot or

cold! So, because you are neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm, I will spew you forth." We all belong to this church of Laodicea (the church of the lukewarm), so let us take these words to heart. God can forgive anything, but he cannot forgive mediocrity.

Nietzsche, the German philosopher, had mixed feelings about the New Testament, but this passage at least he must have understood and approved. For Nietzsche, the atheist, was infuriated at the utter insipidity of so much of the Christianity of his time. Mockingly, passionately, he denounced its stodginess, its superficiality, its sentimentalism. With blinding anger he exposed the degradation of the faith into a conventional sanctification of conventional mediocrity. Who today takes God seriously, he demanded; and because he could find no one in whatever direction he looked, he proclaimed defiantly that God was "dead." He was wrong; God was not "dead"—what was dead was the faith of the conventional piety that had so degraded God. Yet, in his error, Nietzsche was surely less distant from God's truth than were the conventional believers who so self-righteously denounced him: he took God seriously, they take him for granted.

**W**HERE do we find our Nietzsches today? We have none, and we are much the poorer for their absence. On one campus where I spent a great deal of time a few years ago, there was an old professor, a man of great eminence in his field. Whenever they spoke about him, it was always with an indulgent smile: "He's our campus atheist. Don't take him too seriously." Yet I learned to take him seriously enough, for he took with the utmost seriousness the questions I was there to discuss. He attended all the lectures and meetings (even the chapel service), raised every conceivable objection, and threw himself heart and soul into the controversy. The things we talked about meant much to him, as one could readily see from his eagerness and excitement. Yes, he was a self-styled "atheist," but he was obsessed, literally obsessed, with the things of God. His more religious colleagues dismissed him, together with his atheism, as a leftover from an age past and gone, as indeed he was. But I am afraid that some of them were as much perplexed by the passion of his concern as by his atheistic opinions. They could not see that his passion was the passion of faith, curiously inverted; his very denial of God was, strangely enough, a testimony to God's reality and power. They, the more conventionally pious, had, in their very piety, lost the almost feverish sense of excitement at things divine which the old man, for all his unbelief—perhaps even because of his unbelief—still retained.

Luther would have known what to make of this man, as he would have known what to make of Friedrich Nietzsche, the man who scandalized the world of his time by proclaiming that God was "dead." Luther understood men like these; he opposed them, but he



MOSES

ROBERT REGIER

understood them. What infuriated Luther was not passionate doubt or denial, but conventional piety. In uttering his paradoxical words about the God-denier who is near to God, Luther was denouncing the conventional piety of the good, self-satisfied Christians in the pews, and attempting to shock them into a sense of their condition. For the condition of the good, self-satisfied Christian, of the religious man of conventional piety, is a perilous one indeed. He has put God in his place, somewhere on the margin of life, where he permits him to occupy a very honorable

position indeed, but also a very innocuous one. Conventional piety issues no challenge and makes no demand; it merely reassures the church member that all is well with him, because he, after all, is on the inside of the church, engaged in pious works and exercises, while the unbeliever is on the outside, in the outer darkness. In this way, conventional piety often tends to confirm man in his self-righteousness and admiration of himself; indeed, it often actually supplies him with but another device by which his self-righteousness and admiration of himself may be sanctioned in the name of religion. For there is something strangely ambiguous about religion. It is, on the one side, man's openness to the divine, but on the other side, it is always being converted into a means of spiritual self-sufficiency, which shuts one off from God. Religion and church membership may thus well become a kind of defense that the conventionally religious man throws up to protect himself against the absolute demand of faith. That is why the great Christian theologian, Karl Barth, cautions us that "The church is not only the place where man meets God; it is often also the place where man makes his last stand against God." How? By using religion and church membership to bolster his self-complacency. When that happens, the witness of the passionate unbeliever, who takes his unbelief and therefore God seriously, becomes a witness to God. For it is a challenge to a religion that has become detestable to God because it has become a routine, conventional cult of reassurance.

**L**ET me make myself quite clear. I am obviously not arguing against religion, not even against what is called institutional religion. I regard institutional religion as both necessary and desirable, and I place great emphasis on right belief in the life of faith. But we cannot overlook the fact that faith and religion, in the sense in which I am using these terms, are never identical; indeed, there is a certain necessary tension between the two. Faith needs religion, and ethics as well, in order to give body and substance to its commitment. In fact, I would call religion the institutionalization of faith—using "institutionalization" here to mean such things as church, creed, cult, and code. Without church, creed, cult, and code, faith is in danger of dissipating into mere sentimentalism and eccentricity; they serve a consolidating and stabilizing function in the religious life that it would be hard to overestimate. Yet even with the best will in the world, men are forever tempted to use church, creed, cult, and code as protective devices thrown up against the radical demand of faith by converting them into sources of self-satisfaction and security. The prophetic books of the Bible all turn upon this theme, and constitute an unforgettable protest against it. This protest is taken up again and again through the centuries of religious thought, by the saints, mystics, and reformers of every age, and becomes particularly vital

in the newer religious thinking. "If there is nothing that can so hide from us the face of our fellow man as can mortality," says Martin Buber, "religion can hide from us, as nothing else can, the face of God." The dialectic between faith and religion—using religion now in the sense of institutionalized faith—is one of unresolved tension. Faith needs religion, and cannot do without it; yet it is always in danger of being corrupted by the organizational and intellectual externalization that religion brings with it. It is the great distinction of our Judaeo-Christian tradition that it contains within itself a built-in principle of permanent resistance to such corrupting of faith, while at the same time affirming religion, even endowing it with divine sanction. So when I speak of a religion that has become detestable to God, it is obviously not religion as such that I am denouncing, not even institutional religion, but rather the perversion of religion into an enemy of faith.

**I**T is here that the passionate unbeliever has his significant word to say. The witness of the passionate unbeliever to the seriousness of faith and to the all-importance of God is a witness that men have needed at all times, but at no time perhaps more than today. For today, with the boom in religion still underway in this country, we are in danger of being stifled by a heavy blanket of conventional religiosity as superficial and shoddy as anything known in history. Everybody is religious, and religion is everywhere, but it is a religion that is little more than a celebration of the values of our culture and way of achieving "peace of mind" and "positive thinking" in a situation where it is rather "divine discontent" and an unblinking confrontation of the hard facts of life that are required. Contemporary American religiosity is converting God into a great cosmic public utility which we find useful in advancing our purposes as individuals and as a nation. We have appointed God to his place in our scheme of things, and we are sure that since we are "religious" he will not fail us in the duties we have assigned to him. Having settled that little detail, we can go in to the things that really count, the things that John Wesley was wont to describe as the "pride and desire of life," in other words, the things through which we can display to all the world our success and superiority. Our lives we fashion on other grounds and other principles, and then we look to God, if we look to him at all, to certify our values and guarantee their success.

It is here that the unbeliever utters his word of denial as a challenge to our complacency. Are we really so sure of God as we like to believe? Note that here the unbeliever with his questioning, and the prophet with his word of judgment and wrath, join in shattering the false securities we have built up in the name of religion. It is indeed sometimes not easy to tell them apart, the prophet and the unbeliever.

motive

Kierkegaard, to whom we owe so much of contemporary religious philosophy, ended his brief and stormy life with a series of writings which he called "Attack Upon Christendom." By "Christendom," Kierkegaard meant the established, conventional Christianity of his time. What he found so repulsive in it was the all-pervading, though unconscious, hypocrisy in which it was involved: The Christian faith in all its ultimacy was indeed affirmed, but life continued to be lived on the comfortable level of human self-sufficiency. Whatever else he could tolerate, this was one thing Kierkegaard could not stand, and he lashed out at it with all the scorn and fury at his command. No wonder so many of the scandalized churchmen of his time put him down as an atheist, a madman, or both! How could one claim to be religious and yet say such horrible things about religion!

If Kierkegaard is the God-possessed prophet who speaks words that make him sound like an unbeliever, Freud, like Nietzsche, is the unbeliever who speaks words that have their prophetic ring. Freud was hostile to religion, but then much of what he took for religion was sham and deserved his hostility. Freud hated sham above all. He had a truly Kierkegaardian contempt for those who were trying to win favor for religion by presenting it under false colors so as to deprive it of its "scandal" and challenge. In the midst of one of his diatribes against religion, he breaks out with these impassioned words: "One would like to count oneself among the believers so as to be able to admonish the philosophers who try to preserve the God of religion by substituting for him an impersonal, shadowy, abstract principle, and say to them: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.'" In these words, Freud, the unbeliever, stands at the verge of the faith he denied, and he who espouses this faith can recognize in him, despite himself, a witness to the God of Truth we serve.

Yes, the God-obsessed God-affirmer and the God-obsessed God-denier have something in common that we do not always estimate at its true worth. Both insist on ruthlessly tearing away the false securities we build up in the name of religion and forcing us to confront God and his absolute demand face to face—the prophet out of the passion of faith, the unbeliever out of the passion of doubt, but both out of the passion of infinite concern. It is this infinite concern that is at the heart of the matter. Where that is present, even though in negative form, there is nearness to God; where that is absent, nothing remains.

I do not want to disparage the importance of right belief in the life of faith. It is both central and indispensable, for right belief in matters of faith is essentially a right understanding of one's existence and a right direction to one's life. Nor do I want to minimize the gross errors in matters of belief committed by Nietzsche, Freud, and the other unbelievers of whom I have spoken. Nietzsche's views on Christianity were

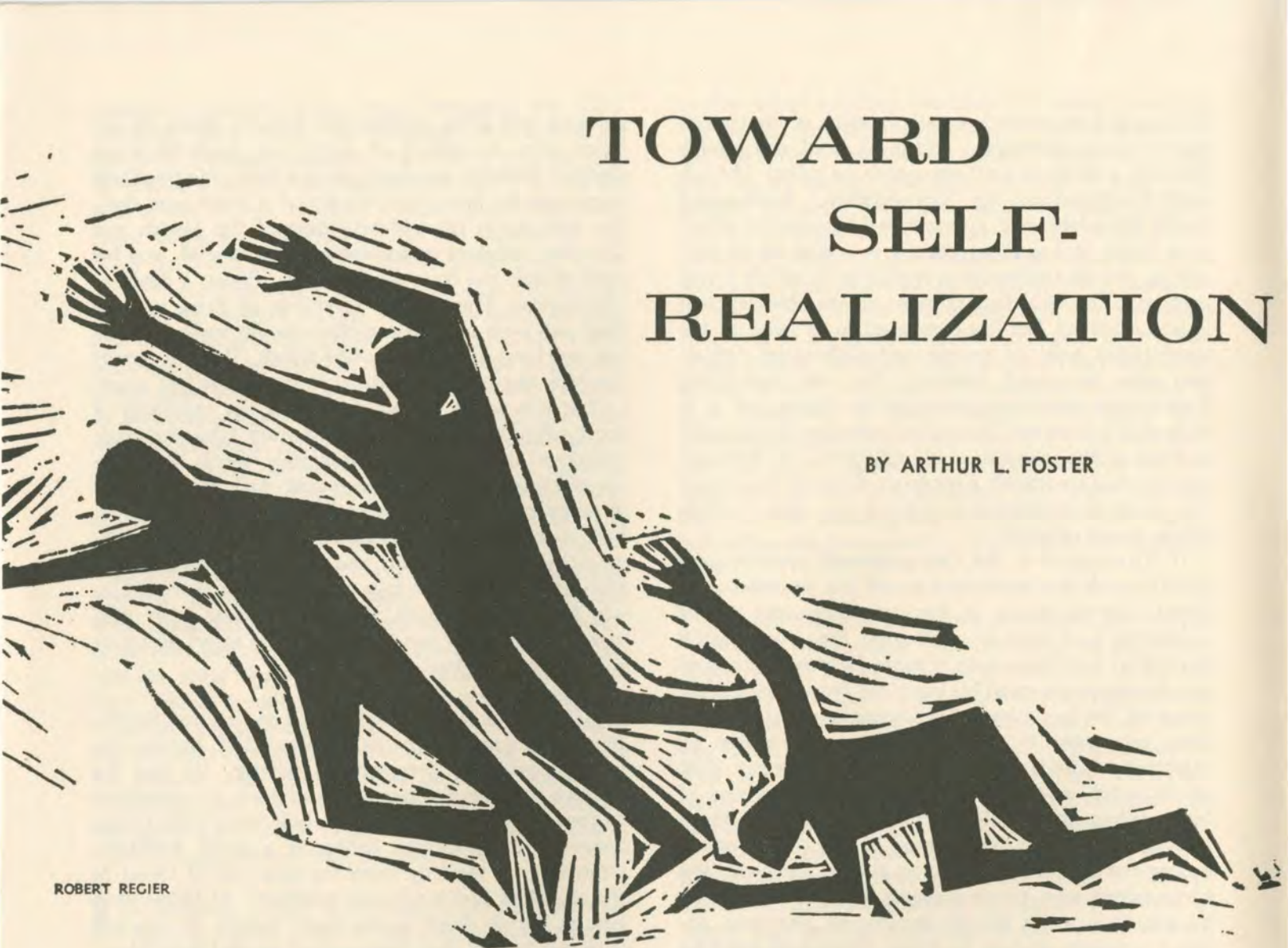
perverse and often incoherent; Freud's views on religion were something of which not even his most devoted disciples are particularly proud. We need not mince words: Freud's philosophical outlook was shallow and crude, his understanding of the Jewish and Christian religions embarrassingly superficial, and his venture into the formal critique of religion a deplorable blunder. The explicit teachings of these men as they deal with religion are often dangerously misleading, and have misled many fine minds. This we cannot overlook nor excuse. And yet it is not the last word. Luther was surely not unaware that the teachings of those who "hate and deny" God were false and blasphemous (he even used this very word "blasphemous"); yet he also understood that for all their grievous error, they were performing a service on behalf of the truth and the God of truth: they were denouncing spiritual sham and calling to spiritual authenticity, even if the true nature of this authenticity was hidden from them. Because this was what they were doing, Luther was bold enough to assert that they were "near and dear" to God.

LUTHER was a great man of God and a great theologian. He saw the perils of false belief, but he also saw the perils of conventional religion. He had the courage to state the paradoxes of faith in opposition to conventional piety with the whole force of his being. Speaking thus, Luther spoke in a great tradition, stretching all the way from the prophets of Israel to the so-called "religious existentialists" of today. And just as Luther dared to say that "nobody in this life is nearer to God than those who hate and deny him," so today we should have the courage to consider the possibility that unreligious, even antireligious poets, novelists, and philosophers may have more to say to us about the deepest problems of faith than those who drove out the pious platitudes of conventional religion, or those who try to convert these platitudes into a cheery, self-serving gospel of "peace of mind" and "positive thinking." There is a deeper and more genuine understanding of the religious dimension of life in an existentialist novel such as **The Plague** or **The Fall**, by Albert Camus, than in all the exhortations of the professional purveyors of the gospel of reassurance put together. Although an unbeliever, he was an unbeliever concerned—one might almost say obsessed—with the ultimate problems of human life, and therefore with God, though it is a God he did not know, while the conventional representatives of religion seem to be concerned mainly with "being religious," which leaves God almost entirely out of the picture.

It is this concern that is decisive. The one unforgivable sin is lukewarmness. The man of faith is sometimes less distant from Luther's "God-denier" than he is from the conventional believer, precisely because the former is passionately concerned with the ultimate and the latter is not.

# TOWARD SELF- REALIZATION

BY ARTHUR L. FOSTER



ROBERT REGIER

CONTEMPORARY theologians, existentialists, philosophers and psychotherapists lead us, through their researches, to a basic discovery: namely, that the person is created in relationship, for relationship and by relationship. The person as an active center of decision appears only in relation with the other. This means that at first there is no split between subject and object, between the emerging self and its world. One lives in a primeval innocence—in a garden of Eden. Then as the self grows it becomes engaged in deceptions of others—as a protection of itself, and as a rebellious affirmation of itself. In varying degree the self becomes entrapped by its own deceptions—in short, a victim of self-deception. The path of self-alienation—of not knowing who one is—has begun. The split between subject and object, and the alienation of the self from itself have become discernible. It is then nurtured by our technological society, our educational systems and our churches. One is turned into an object, a statistic, an instrument, a unit of production; or, in reaction to this loss of selfhood, one affirms himself infinitely and idolatrously as in absolute idealism or in any psychology that makes self-realization an absolute end.

What is needed is some power and grace that can overcome the separation of the self from its world, without destroying either the reality of the individual or of the solid world beyond him. The need to overcome this alienation is a primary ingredient of our quest for salvation. Can we find a relation of mutual engagement with the world such that we can **at the same time** fulfill ourselves and serve the needs of the world "out there"? Can we find a balance of giving and receiving? Is there a way to love oneself **and** others? Or do I have to hate myself to affirm others? A counselee was experiencing salvation when she excitedly exclaimed:

*It is like this! Sodium is a poison by itself; so is chlorine. But put them together and a new whole appears, sodium chloride—salt—which is a necessity for life. This is the way it is with self-love and love of others. Either by itself is a poison. Put them together and a qualitatively new whole appears, in which each part is also changed.*

Imagine the new power of personhood that such a discovery created! The split between subject and object has been overcome to a significant degree by a

grace that has come to her from beyond herself. By the same measure, see the dawning of new possibilities of lay ministry and self-giving for the woman. She can **give herself** without the terrible dread of losing herself. She does not any longer have to live in the awful loneliness of an encapsulated self. She has found the vocation of becoming **human** in dialogue. She can **receive**; she does not have to pretend she is stronger than she is or prove herself unworthy of receiving. She knows herself to be weak; but also now as strong enough to be an identity that does not have to be protected from the vulnerability of caring and loving.

In this way personhood and vocation are interrelated. They are distinguishable but not ever separable.

What is personhood? The suffix "hood" points to a condition, state or quality of being a person. It refers us beyond the bare descriptive facts of **having a personality** to the normative, peak quality of living a fully human existence. Most everyone exemplifies some level of personality; yet only the relatively few find that fuller measure of fulfillment that can properly be called personhood. Curiously enough, although every man seems to aspire after personhood, he, at the same time, resists it. For becoming a person is perilous. Rather than become a person, we would clutch at premature securities. Kierkegaard noted that people settle for aesthetic, moral or even religious satisfactions in order to escape from becoming themselves. Our flight from personhood then is a flight from God, whereby we settle for mere personality devoted to some unconscious idolatry. It is the will and calling of God that all should taste of the abundance of personhood; yet from this fulness men turn in fear and scornful ridicule. Ironically we would **protect ourselves** from becoming genuinely human! By the same token, we would certainly like to avoid beholding the Christ—God's revelation of what it means to be a man!

The definition of **vocation** is perhaps more complex. Vocation, so far as we can see, always involves working at specific tasks. One does not find or implement vocation in a vacuum. Thus Jesus is reported as saying, "My father works and I work." And yet, a job is not identical with vocation. A job may or may not be an expression of vocation. Similarly, one's vocation always implies a social role. It involves functioning in relation to some social or group context. Nevertheless, sociological role theory can never exhaust the reality of vocation, for the social role conception emphasizes an "outside reading" too much. It does not reveal enough of the inner meaning of the calling, as perceived by the called one himself.

Vocation also means a "career" where this latter term denotes a developmental process or journey towards a goal, with all-possible speed. Yet the concept of vocation can never be subsumed under that of career. This is dramatically underlined by the very

existence of the uncomplimentary epithet, "She's a career girl." Nor is vocation to be identified with the professions. A profession is an historically developed community with traditions, standards and principled practices, devoted to some service of man and yet very often falling into "professionalism."

**S**O the experience of vocation is one that transcends that of a job, career, role or profession. Vocation must be expressed through those; it may even be discovered and expanded in these; or it may deteriorate and be lost in the exercise of a job, career, role or profession. Our point is that the idea of vocation points to what transcends these other common terms. Unfortunately, the currently common usage of the phrase "vocational counseling" tends to a reductionistic and impoverished view of what vocation is.

Personhood and vocation are always in a mutually interdependent relation, such that **one cannot be a person without being at the same time possessed by vocation**. The reverse, we hope, is also true. Finding one's vocation involves finding oneself as a person. Each is inextricably involved in the other. Personhood and vocation each require the other! Similarly a threat to one is a threat to the other.

**O**NE does not discover his personhood, and thus his vocation as a human being, in the loneliness of alienation. The alienated life is monological. It speaks but hears no answer. It cannot know or perceive the real needs of others. It cannot hear a call coming from beyond itself. It is a prisoner caught in the cycle of immanence.

The power of personhood, by contrast, is its increasing openness to what transcends subjectivity. The reality of oneself, others, and of one's cultural and religious groupings becomes clearer as one engages in the risks of encounter and dialogue. He looks at reality and **reality looks back at him**. He appreciates with delight, but he also becomes passionately concerned and even angry at what he sees. He has become a person by the grace of his family and society, but he is not, thereby, its slave. He has become an originating center of creation. He has become the "single one" who cannot abide what the anonymous, mass man takes for granted. So personhood speaks and acts—disturbs the peace of the world. It challenges the culture that cradled him; not because of hatred but because it cares too much to be still. Prophetic vocation is born!

*Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying—Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me. (Isaiah 6:8.)*

The prophet, because he is in communion with reality, takes on himself the burden of a new and higher loneliness. The aloneness of the creative disturber, of the one who has become the misunderstood "stranger,"

with his own people. This is just as true for secular prophets such as Van Gogh or Copernicus, Darwin and Freud, who stood out against conventional assumption and prejudice. Paradoxically, then, most of us who would be even minor prophets must, through the self-transcendence of personhood, become differentiated from the culture and group that nurtured us in order to find our vocation in relation with it.

Whenever we begin to find that vocation, that "working identity" as Erik Erikson terms it, something happens to us as persons. Our vocation becomes a contributing and enhancing source for our personhood. Our working identity continuously feeds our personal identity. Growth in vocation means growth in personhood.

**T**HE dynamic understanding of personhood as a continual becoming and of the journey of the self as a series of developmental crises or stages is well known, if not always well assimilated. It is so very easy for any of us to lapse into static ways of thinking about personhood and vocation. We often still speak of the choice of a vocation, for example, as though it were a matter of a single event. Actually the apparently isolated event always occurs in the context of a process of becoming. Erikson's brilliant and sympathetic study of **Young Man Luther** makes this transparently clear. So does the work of Gordon Allport. Vocation must be understood then in relation with a process view of persons which considers not only the style of life that one is now, but what he has been, and what he is headed toward. On the other hand, the person is no shapeless flow. Precisely to the degree that he is open to become under the free winds of the Spirit, he is also one who exists with a defined structure of selfhood and of value-commitments. He can say "I am"—the words of being. Just because he **is**, he can exercise his vocation in transforming his job, or profession in its social meaning.

**A**T a more personal level, one can observe that the breaking up of a premature concept of self-identity can be the occasion for a new vocational becoming. This has been demonstrated by Edward Thornton in a study of fifty-nine persons at the Institute of Religion in Texas. These fifty-nine people, as part of their preparation for church and world mission vocations, participated in individual pastoral counseling sessions. Careful case studies of the progress of these people in counseling show not only a remarkable shift in their self-image, but also in their experience and concept of calling. Most of these fifty-nine revealed an experience of calling in their teens, characterized by the desire for a place in life, for status and power. Perfectionism, dreams of greatness, self-contempt and compulsivity were common characteristics of this adolescent sense of calling. By contrast, most of these people, now past thirty, could speak of a transforma-

tion of vocation that had occurred, for many of them, **during** the counseling relationship. It is an experience of being possessed for ministry by a new purpose. God was now experienced as near at hand, not remote and aloof. The persons reported a new qualitative sense of wholeness, spontaneity, flexibility, self-acceptance, honesty and realism about themselves and others. They also found themselves to be less rigid in their organized religious life and less afraid of their dark, hostile, demonic feelings. They seem to bear out Carl Jung's thesis about the significance of the second half of life (vocationally speaking) and about the nature of the "transcendent function." This function appears whenever conscious and unconscious life are brought into communication and unity.

**I**S man such a creature that he is controlled by unconscious motives? Freud has bequeathed us such a conception of man, as one **pushed** from behind by forces, instincts, of which he is but dimly aware. Any perceptive observer of oneself or others can easily verify the great extent to which Freud is right about persons or vocation. The contemporary psychologist, Abraham Maslow, has provided an important modification of Freud. Maslow speaks of **deficiency** motivation and **growth** motivation. In deficiency motivation, one **is** driven by his **past** deficiencies in security, love, self-esteem. Unconsciously, in his person and in his work, he continually tries to overcome his scarcity and lack. He is always striving to be liked, to protect his status and defend himself from threat.

Furthermore, because he was loved in inadequate and inconsistent ways in his earlier becoming, he now has conflicts in his motives. They fight one another at an unconscious level. For this reason the individual has no conflict-free expression of himself in his job.

Growth motivation, by contrast, appears in the life and calling of one who has been sufficiently loved, accepted, received from beyond himself in his earlier development. Out of this fullness, the growing self acquires an independence, self-awareness and creativity best exemplified in Maslow's study of "self-actualizing persons." The self-actualizers, while freely able to express themselves, have found a personal and vocational maturity characterized by realism, humor, and objectivity. They have committed themselves to chosen values which have a "functional autonomy" of their own. These values, chosen with the consent of both their conscious and unconscious, acquire a motivational power in their own right. Only they **pull** rather than push. They summon one toward the "not yet," toward the unrealized but acknowledged obligation, toward the future.

We conclude that personhood and vocation are marked more by future oriented goals which summon one beyond the mere will-to-pleasure, or power, and beyond mere self-expression, to self-obligation and self-giving, in commitment to some ultimate concern.





CHRISTUS VICTOR

MARGARET RIGG

## surreal for garcia lorca

they were exhuming torquemada  
putting  
teeth in the  
nicene creed

they were proving with  
stuka fists and  
thin red lines  
that

the rights of man  
are wrong

mobs of children with firingpin  
eyes  
had to be howling  
the internationale

sexless women had to be knitting  
and counting  
under a crooked cross

Commissars had to be toasting  
galeiters in the  
broil of a  
twofaced sun  
while

the city walls  
ricochetted  
tommygun laughter  
while

the spanish  
tongue bled for a  
luminous instant

then  
died between armoured jaws  
while

god  
no taller than a scream  
no wider than inquisition  
dumb as a murdered poem

stood by  
with a mouthful of  
cartridges

trying to stammer the truth

—WILLIAM CORRINGTON

# NEW OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

BY JIM CRANE

I CAN risk a painting—I cannot “will” one. This is the continuing challenge from one work to the next. If it “comes off” it is in a sense a gift. The completed work is usually as much a message and revelation to me as it is to the viewer.

Painting is a centered act in which the whole person is completely involved in a dialogue with the object coming into being. Introspection and outward activity become one. Painting is self-expression, but only if the self is understood as a person responding intensely and wholly to life. It is not a static thing. The self is not, cannot be, the focal point—it is transparent.

I paint in order to stay alive. When a self ceases to expand through building an increasing receptivity and awareness into its own structure, it dies. I use death here in the symbolic biblical sense of spiritual atrophy. Painting is this to me: it is a means of my becoming, a nourishing of my inner life.

This sounds, and is, intensely personal, as is any life process. This is not, however, to deny the social nature of art. In order for the self to grow, a spiritual photosynthesis has to take place. The undigested material of native experience must be transfigured into meaning. Art is a catalytic agent in this process. In performing a personal necessity for himself, the artist also aids in the performance of this function for other persons forming his community. The viewer must participate in a self-creating dialogue with the work for understanding, for spiritual nourishment.

What is the social responsibility of the artist? It is to be an honest man and to stay alive. The community has the right to expect and demand this of him. It has no right to attempt to restrict him to commonplace understanding. This would be a denial of the dynamic of life.

I am coming to believe more and more that a reciprocal relationship between the artist and a community is vitally important. I doubt if any artist can ever come to his full power, can ever gain the strength and courage to go beyond himself without a community of concern and acceptance (even if it is a community of only one other). The artist and his community ideally exist in a symbiosis of mutual nourishment. By its nature art is a lonely vocation, but today this is infinitely magnified. In our time the gap is deep and wide. Only at the 1961 Urbana conference for a moment have I

ever had more than a dim glimpse of what it would be to be an artist in a community fully celebrating the spirit. Our life is a pale shadow of what it might be!

It would be a blessing if we could once and for all forget about “Great Art” or at least leave it to the historians. It is one thing to be in living dialogue with the past and another to be caretaker of a dead culture. Those things we really care for we nurture for their own sake and rejoice in quality when it occurs. In the artificial context of “Great Art,” we create a separate and inhibiting category, and art is only something to be enshrined and neglected or toyed with as a hobby. Art has to function organically and be treated as organically important if it is to work. It should be taken with the seriousness the truly reverent man holds for life itself, but with perhaps just a touch of irreverent humor now and then to save us from idolatry.

I HAVE been working in collage medium for a year now and find it challenging, intriguing. The papers and textiles I can use are real, tangible, tactile substances with a quality approaching sculpture. It may be a less personal medium than oil paint, but I respond empathetically to the torn, floating, crushed and ruptured forms the paper can take. There is something elemental in this medium like rocks, wind, water and old walls.

To use any medium with concern is an act of affirmation, and this is especially true for me now of collage.

I have been forced, by the material, into a stronger reliance of form-meanings inherent in the concrete object. It should be evident, though, that I haven’t entirely renounced the possibilities of associational meanings of objective reference. I have never been concerned with representation.

I continue to be involved with visual metaphor, analogy and myth. This is the language of the spirit that can say what the depth of living is like. This, and not imitation, is the broader and older tradition in visual art, the one which touches the religious dimensions.

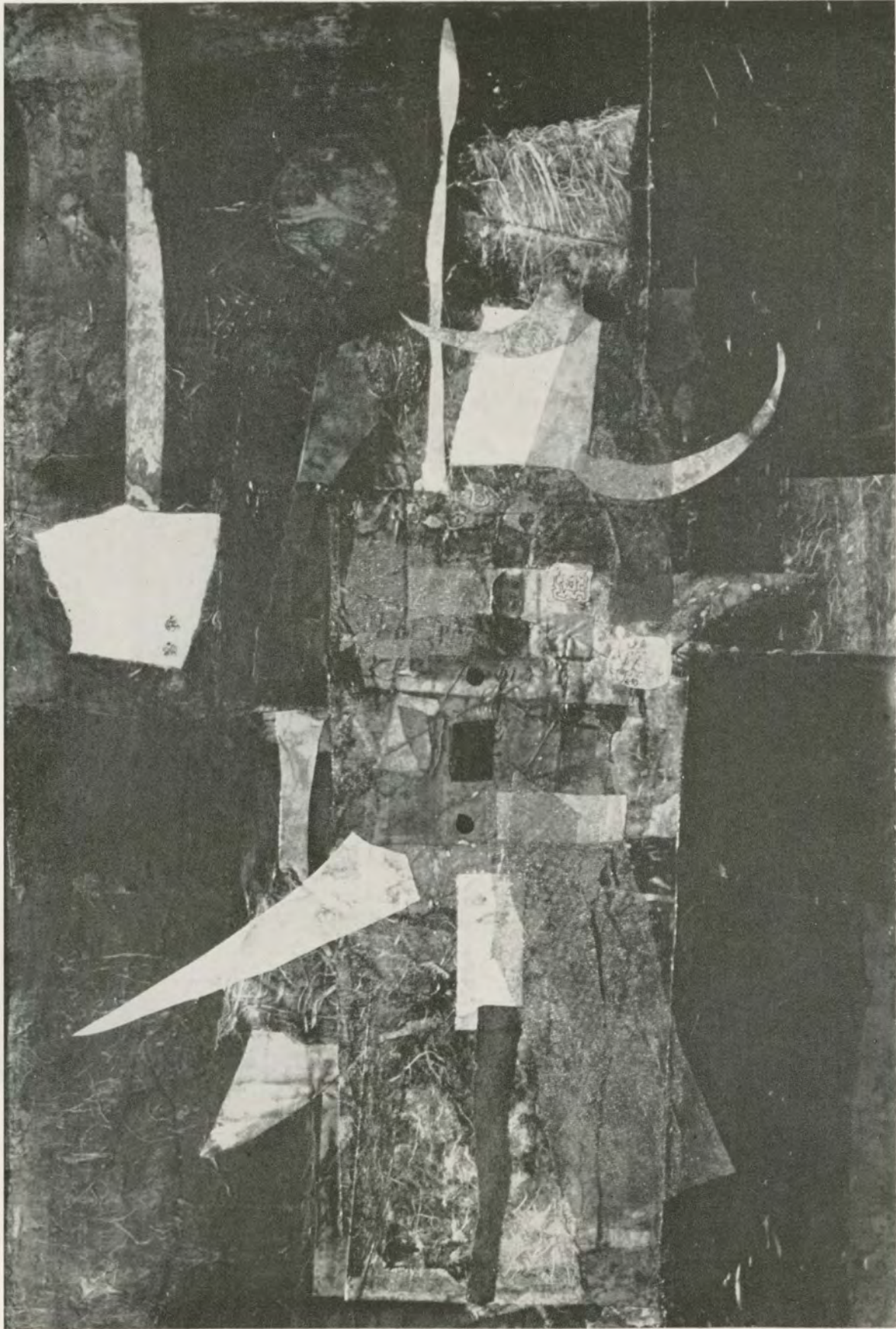
There is something artificial in making statements. When committed to print they seem so closed and final. The real summing up is always tomorrow, in the studio.



CROSS 4'X4'



VALLEY OF DRY BONES 4'X4'



SOLDIER'S GAME LACQUER COLLAGE

One of the most exciting experiences in life is to be around when growth, change, and a flowering of the spirit happen in someone who is deeply immersed in their calling. Last year Jim Crane won a Danforth study grant for a year of painting. Somewhat in fear and trembling, he left his teaching behind to become—or see if he still could be—a full-time painter. Things happened that he could never have predicted.

As I look at these new paintings, and remember how the former ones looked, I can see connections and continued concerns. But the old torture is gone and a singing flowers out in new forms, very free and very lyrical. One of the most striking changes is to find in Jim's painting a far deeper sense of mystery present. It is preserved in the very material and construction of the paintings.

The more realistic subject matter is gone and these works are far less social, more personal and contemplative. They invite the onlooker into their depths whereas before the style and subject matter was more often an exhortation to act. Now we are invited into the depths of the painting—invited to explore the inward paths, to meditate. Now the forms refer to themselves and to one another. One is not distracted by subjects loaded with overwhelming social, cultural or even religious connotation so that now there is no "stock response" to subject—but a more quiet and visual experience takes place. Simply as forms these paintings are rich and beautiful.

There is a lyric quality that reminds one of an Oriental attitude to form more than it does of anything European. There is somehow a feeling present that the luxury of time and thought were fully lavished upon these pieces, or that they were conceived at a place in Jim's life that is particularly opportune for a vast re-evaluation of self, time, history, life, destiny. Each work is like a meditation upon this renewal and has the quality of outflowing joy and fulfillment. Even in the sinister forms that lurk behind disarmingly bright forms as in *Cross*, there is a new attitude—the struggle and the raw involvement in a problem society are given up in order to make a purely joyous hymn. The light of that spills over into the darker paintings so that foremost is the sign of victory and glory.

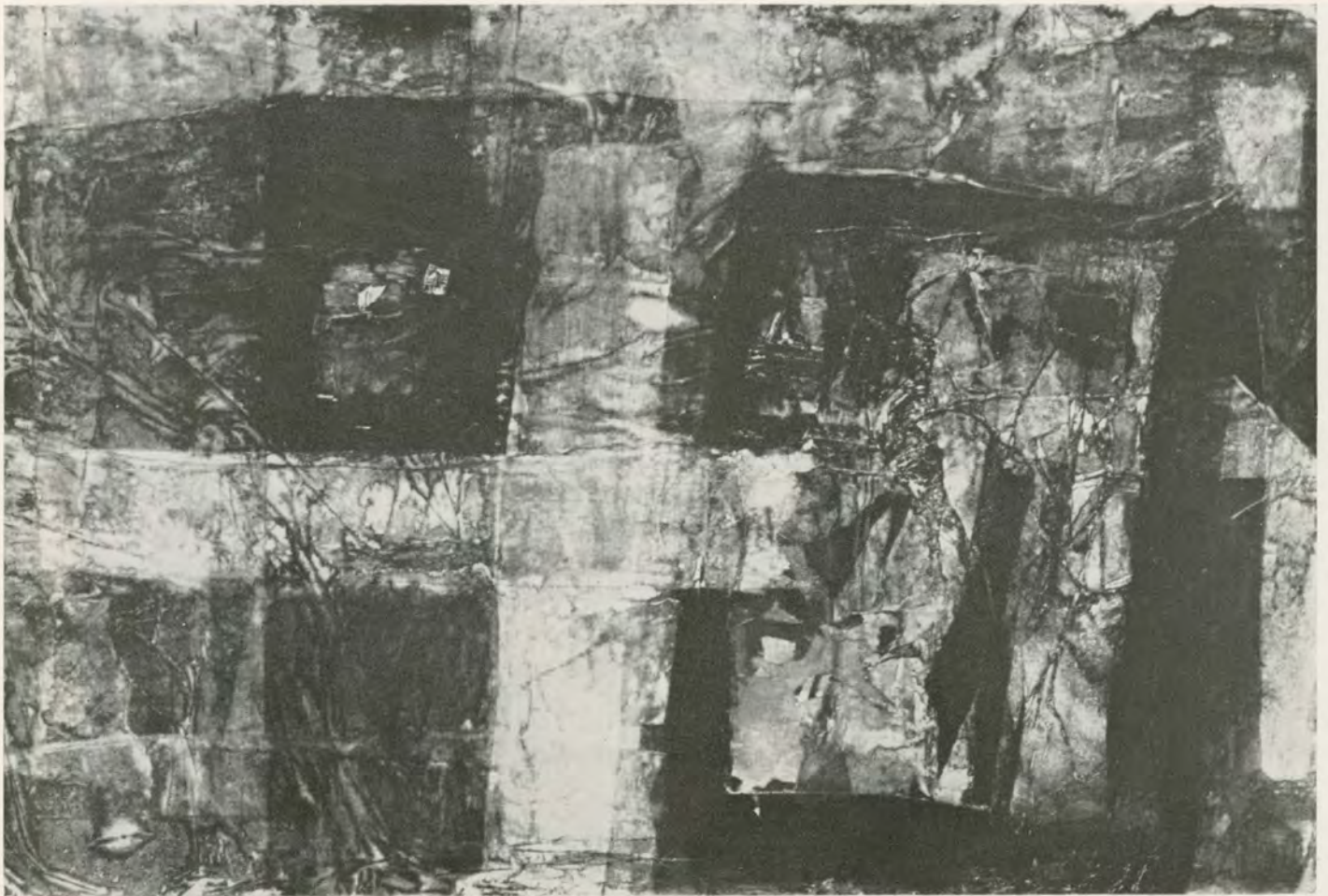
—MARGARET RIGG



NOW AND NOW AND NOW 4'X6'



ACRYLIC COLLAGE



BURIED TABLETS 2'6"X4'

I'M working in tone and texture, with monochromatic or nearly monochromatic color, tending to black and white and browns, and sometimes with a bit of colored silk and washes of blue and green.

The mood is very different from my earlier work—due in part to the new medium—but more due to the change in my own outlook. It is a less apocalyptic feeling, less agitation, less concern with pain and suffering, less of the tragic. There is, I think, more of acceptance, more subtlety, and much mystery. I have found an approach to the themes of regeneration and transfiguration.

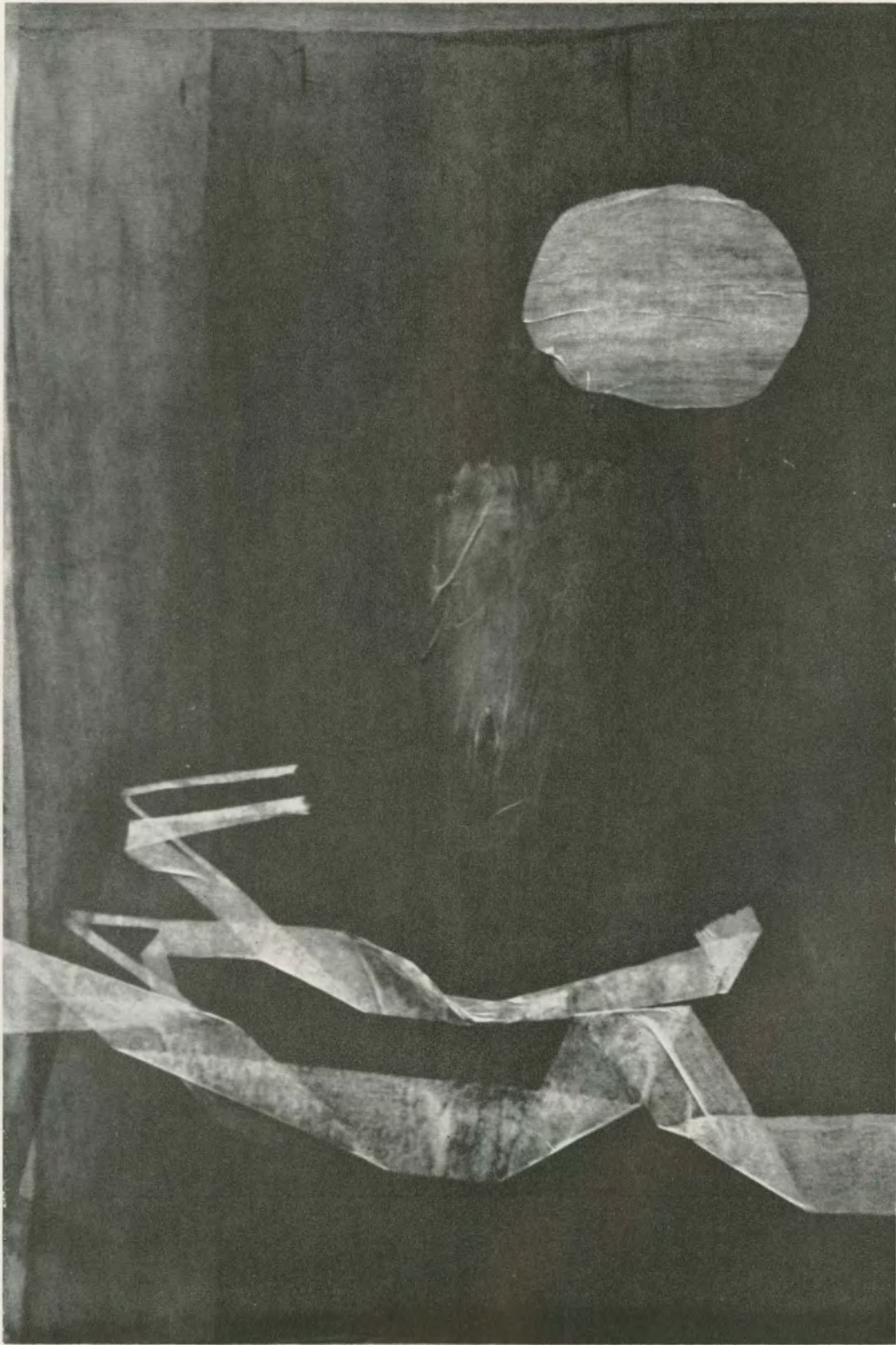
I've taken a reading course in theology and I am very impressed with the theology of Nicholas Berdyaev. His theology gives an emphasis to creativity that I've never found before. Man is not essentially good or a sinner, but is **creative**. It is his duty to join God in continuing creation. We read **The Destiny of Man**. More than any other man I know, Berdyaev, for me, opens visions of what the new church might be. He finds tragedy inherent in the human (and divine) condition but through freedom and creation a triumphant joy is possible.

—JIM CRANE



BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS LACQUER COLLAGE





AS FOG 2'6"X4'

## THREE POEMS

BY WILL INMAN

### THE BAIT, THE FISH, THE FISHERMAN: A TRIUNE HUNGER

Heelrims

press the black mud:  
crayfish skitter from the edge,  
and, further out, bubbles  
whirl up slanting through the green  
elodes and vallisneria.

Lean and crane  
and peer and peer,  
and the line goes down  
into the shadows deeper and darker  
than bottom leaves and mud.

A quiver and a tug—  
the line jerks taut, bleeding  
excited drops clear  
to the running creek:  
yank and pull—  
eiye! those jaws  
snap to, teeth terrible sharp,  
fins flash a proud foam!

(Don't I know  
in my descent through hell  
I am wrapped like a worm  
about the fishhook of God?)



### THIS NOW BEFORE ME

Warn me if you must. For warning is but leaven  
to the whole bread of danger. I relish  
crust and core, savor with wet tongue,  
chew with full firm strokes  
(in the mere nibble, digestion already  
falters), swallow deep and smile

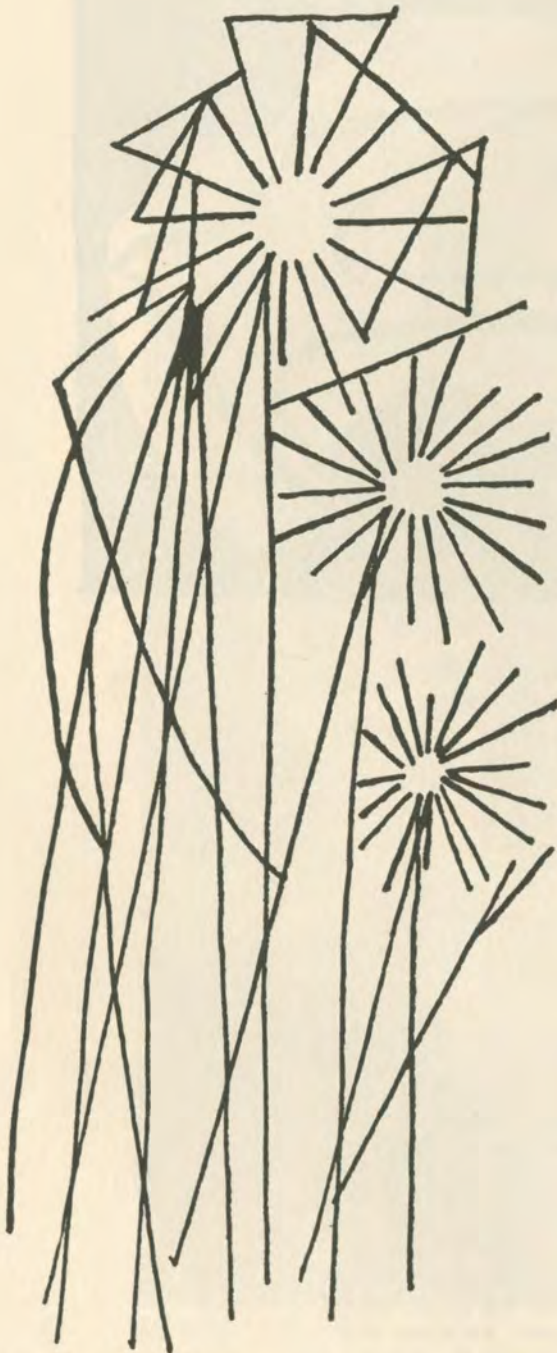
so I die, I die bold—not cringing from the dish  
now put before me. Then warn me. I spread  
the sharp cheese till tang in this bread  
is as delicious as I dare.

### INVITATION & GRACE

Come touch this table  
let your bounteous hunger vibrate  
across this plate and fill my thirst  
with a throatful of glad wanting—  
join me in this food so kin of us  
we cry and laugh great laughs  
under this Now's conviction  
that Eternity has set our table:  
rich or sparse, the divine fare  
portions us more than is before us:  
much of our portion we bring with us—  
yes, we eat with glad fingers,  
and we cannot lick away laughter  
from the edges of our lips.

# the student movement: NOW

BY GAYLE GRAHAM YATES



ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

**P**ERHAPS in our day in the students' world, coffee and cigarettes have replaced bread and wine as the food of communion. Six hours of his day the student is found in the coffeehouse, the campus grill, the Greasy Spoon with an empty coffee cup before him, a paper napkin in the saucer soaking up the spilled coffee. Smoke curls over his head, either from his Marlboro or from the Kent he lighted for the girl across the table. He can talk more freely with his coffee cup before him, and talk he must. When he walks into a room, he can find a little security when he gets out his cigarette. His coffee cooling and his cigarette lighted, he feels equipped more adequately to deal with the problems of the world, to look another man in the eye and momentarily escape his loneliness—so he thinks.

The student today is a serious creature. He is more serious about the classroom and the library than he used to be, for he knows that hot competition is stiff this decade, and there may not be another one. Sometimes nowadays he is even willing to admit that he likes books, laboratories, and ideas. He still admits he likes parties, but membership in his fraternity is of minor importance most of the time after the first year. He is more seriously rebellious than a committed creature. It seems a fine time to break the apron strings with a mighty jerk, though Papa's pocket-book remains a valuable connection. Most things that are of tradition come into question—morality, democracy, family and religion—a period of rebellion against everything sets in, though it is much easier than one might think to entice him back to the *status quo*. The student is preoccupied with sex, and he may be asking how to obtain contraceptives instead of searching out a responsible attitude toward sex.

Most of all, the student is serious about himself. He is intensively introspective. No other segment of our society does, wants to, or has time to engage in such extensive self-analysis. Not only does he ask Who am I, but *Why am I who I am?* Why does who I am in reality come into conflict with who I think I am? What can I do to make who I am and who I think I am concretize into a realistic synthesis of my self-concept and the real me? Let me have another cigarette.

It can be said that the normal neuroses of the college student are an excess of self-psychologizing and analysis. He is bound up in self-intellectualization, self-consciousness, self-interest. He is able to admit his anxiety, but is frequently unable to admit a courage about facing that anxiety—unwilling to accept that there is a source from which courage can come. Until he does, he wallows in self-pity, unable to transcend himself and unable to recognize the transcendence of God.

Out of his self-analysis and self-concern, he knows existentially what sin is, whether or not he uses the word and whether or not he believes in it. A paradox of his condition is that he frequently uses the jargon of existentialism in his process of self-analysis, but by abstraction about himself he denies the very axiom of existentialism: Sartre's principle that existence precedes essence.

But the student is able to make some commitments; only he prefers that they be short-term. He has too much living to do one day at a time to pin himself down for six months or a year. Unlike the last generation of students, the ones that came to college five or six years ago, our present-day student would decidedly prefer not to be an officer with a two-year term, not to lead a discussion group over a six-month period. He doesn't want to regularly mimeograph a newsheet or to regularly put up posters or schedule programs for some religious or fraternal, or even intellectual, organization. He would much prefer to picket the White House on two days' notice if he is close enough to Washington when a Cuban crisis arises, or to gather quickly an informal group to promote wearing black arm bands on campus in honor of James Meredith of Mississippi and to send a telegram to Governor Barnett. He would even allow that it is worth his time to sit and talk about Karl Barth—if it were possible to do it in the coffee-house when everybody has plenty of cigarettes and when everybody feels like it, rather than in a regularly scheduled Tuesday evening forum.

**T**HE student, like most other members of the human race, by his self-consciousness, his self-centeredness, which can be translated, his sinfulness, denies the sovereignty of God. With his counterpart in the adult society, he makes a god of independence, a god of intellectualization, a god of sex, a god of social life, a god of politics. He comes nearer to accepting the cross of Jesus than the resurrection of the Christ, for he can understand suffering for the sake of great ideas more readily than he can believe that God entered into human history to redeem mankind from his sinfulness. Radical faith, total dependence on the God who is Sovereign over the world is as difficult for him as for any man. In a word, he participates in finitude with his fathers, brothers and sisters of all ages of all places.

Somewhere in the midst or on the periphery, as the case may be, of this world of the student, The Methodist Church has deposited an amorphous animal called the Methodist Student Movement—somehow for the student or of the student or on behalf of the student or around the student. This animal does not always look like an offspring of its mother, the denomination of Methodist, nor does it on some occasions act like its mother. It sometimes embarrasses its parent and she would be happy enough to put it out for adoption.

Yet all of us together that are this animal, the Methodist Student Movement—or indeed, the church—are on the same search: we seek meaning, purpose, salvation. The words have become ashes on our tongues, but the concept—the human passion to find something by which to order our lives, something to grasp that will give us strength to live our days—clutches us all.

To change the metaphor to the classic sailing vessel—we sail on an impersonal sea at the will of the winds, cast off from the stability of solid ground. We are a collection of at least three types of shipmates on our particular line of the fleet. In the local campus, students, campus ministers and sometimes faculty, gather in groups or have some kind of contact under the blessing or the guise of the MSM. On the national level, there is the professional body of ministers to the campus, and there is the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement, made up of state presidents of

the MSM, national officers, general board staff persons working with students, and some campus ministers. We assert in our totality that we are The Methodist Church on the campus. But we frequently come under fiery criticism for our ambiguous relationship to the local church, and, just as frequently, we fail to communicate with each other our concerns and actions and understanding of the church and our place in it. The brokenness of our relationship is symbolic of the brokenness of the larger worldwide Christian community: the total church. Even in the Methodist Student Movement, each "unit" is an island. And the student goes on drinking his coffee and lighting his cigarettes.

**I**T is folly to say that the Methodist Student Movement is only the educational arm of the church on the campus. It has to be the church in all its fulness. The church has to be, to exist on the campus. It does not have to encompass the institution, to reproduce the institution, though as much of the form of the institution as can be manifest or can have meaning on the campus is valuable. But the Wesley Foundation must be the body of Christ on the campus, the community of believers, the church primary. It must live at the heart of the campus, must be the beating force in the bloodstream of the campus.

For this church in the campus, the campus minister has been called to be the charismatic man, to gather the church from where its parts can be found. If the students are found in the coffee-house, that's where the campus minister should be. Perhaps he need not smoke cigarettes with them—a pipe will do. The campus minister cannot ignore what the campus does not ignore. If he would know those to whom he should minister, he must enter into their world and live the life of that world, enter into the events that frame the existence of that world. His central role, it seems to me, is an active Christian presence on the campus. He must call the persons of the campus out of their self-centeredness and show them that they can be free men in Christ. He must preach and teach on the sidewalks of the campus, gather with him a community to hear the Word and study and worship together in the faith and send them back about their business to the sidewalks of the campus. From my stance, that appears an extremely uncomfortable position to be in. If one is a campus minister of any sensitivity at all, his life will be one of deep tension. It is impossible and yet it has to be possible to move through the corridors and the snack shacks of the campus being ever-present to the whimpers and the warwhoops there and still juggle budgets and deal with administrators and boards of directors and structure what program he feels is necessary to lead his campus to be a body of lively Christians. The inevitable problems are just his share of *Angst*.

It follows that this man or woman who is a campus minister has a ministry distinct from the ministry to a local congregation. His congregation is not any better nor any worse, has no more problems nor any less, is no more complex than the congregation of the local church. But it is different and deserves to be recognized as a specialized ministry carrying with it a special kind of appointment. It is hard to capture in a vignette what kind of man the campus ministry needs, but the total church should recognize that the man or woman the church should send to the campus must be trained, able, and particularly inspired to be a prophet to the campus.



*Dear James,*

*September 1962*

As you have probably heard from Mother, the demonstrations are still going on. Despite what you said in your last letter about praying for the hearts of "the callous whites of the south" that is all we can do in order to achieve our goal and achieve it in a Christian manner. Even though you have given up Christianity, and are now trying to decide in which direction to go, you would not, James, try to dissuade me.

(Nancy says hello. And I think that you are being unkind to her when you put her in the same category with the "little white Christians" who are participating in demonstrations because they think that the church should, or without really knowing what it means to us. James, SHE has looked into the faces of our old women and has seen the melancholy and broken spirit caused by the wall built around us. In the winter she has walked along our streets and seen our children in tatters. I would not say that all are like her because she has seen the suffering; the others have their reasons too.)

Yes, I will try and be careful, but you know that safety is only a minor concern. When we are arrested we are in the hands of the police and our Saviour. There has been brutality, but death means nothing to me, so there is no reason to turn back.

It is probably true, James, that you and others like you who entered the universities

# THE MARCHERS BY ANGUS THOMPSON

*two letters*

eight years ago were used for experimentation. Even today this still goes on and there can be no hope that it will end until the Resurrection spreads to America. That is sad to say but it is true.

I agree with you now that whites and Negroes have a different conception of history. Ours starts in 1619 and connects us with some sort of umbilical cord that reaches to our unborn children. Theirs began with the birth of one generation and ends with its death. Since you were right all along about this it should be interesting to see if there is a change fifty years from now.

Your sister,  
*Earlene*

*Dear Earlene,*

*October 1962*

It is good to know that you and others like you are carrying on our fight for Freedom and Justice. If you were fighting for anything else I would certainly try and persuade you to stop.

Perhaps I was a bit unfair to Nancy. I have been to too many Youth Conferences where some little red-headed girl made speeches about doctrines of the church and about how Christian love demanded that they help their darker brothers, just as if she had read it some where the night before. I am sure that you have observed this with the remorseful bit about how the church did not take the lead in such a tone of voice that you felt some kind of a machine had failed to work just when the eyes of the world were on it. If Nancy is different give her my love.

Yesterday, I attended my first Black Muslim rally. They offer a way, but a way that is incompatible with what I believe and feel. I have nothing against racial pride, yet, it is impossible for me to condemn innocent little children and ignorant adults, adding injustice upon injustice.

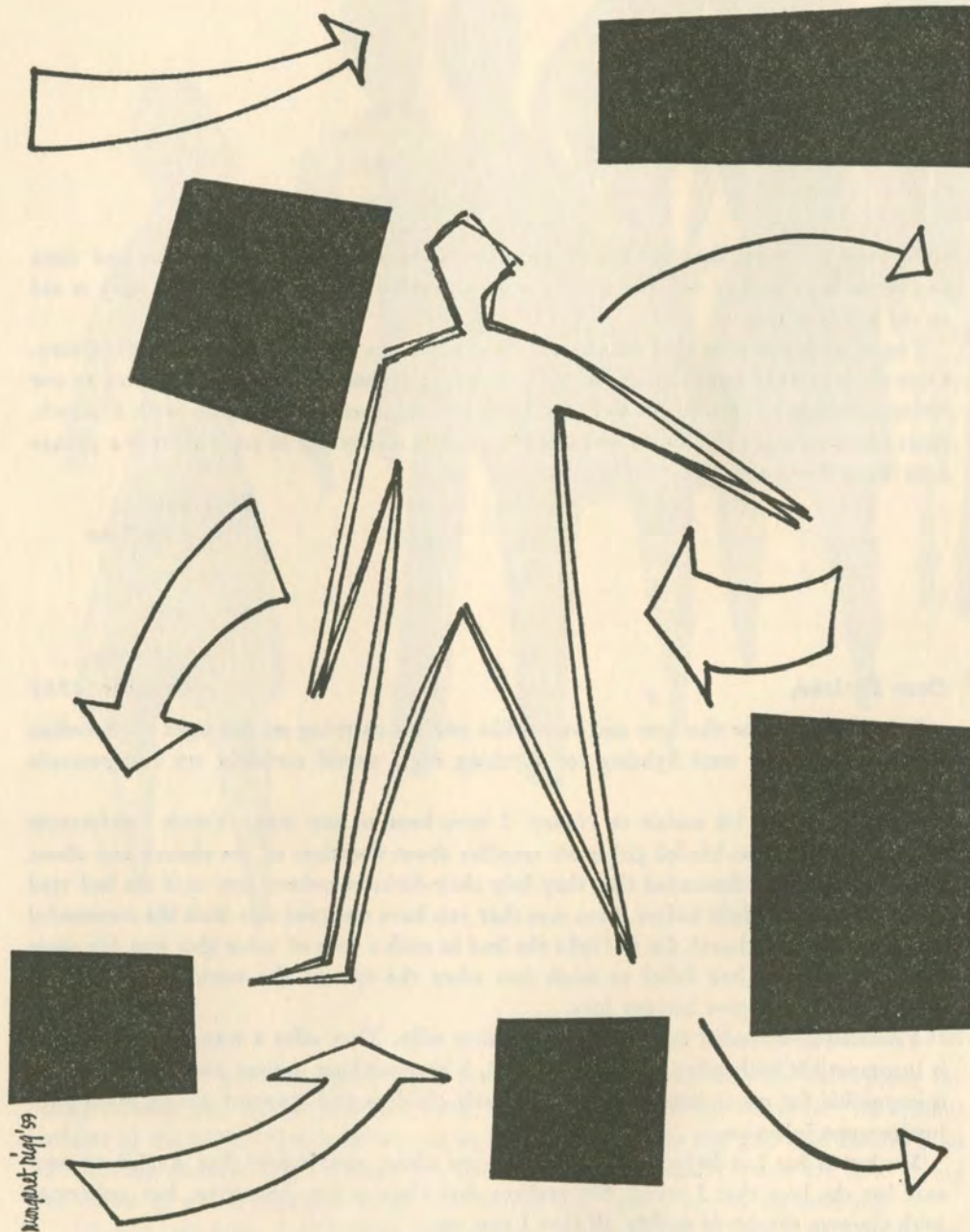
Mother in her last letter still showed concern about your safety. But I tried to reassure her the best that I could. She realizes that there is no alternative, but policemen with German shepherds nullify all that I can say.

Now I stand with the man who works in the steel mill and digs ditches in the broiling hot sun. I have decided that I should sit at his table for every meal with him and his family. I will eat syrup and bread for breakfast with his son who attends the "All Colored School," and be there when he returns to beans and bread for supper. After that is over we shall do his home work together; when there is despair and hate in his young voice I will try to instill if not love, understanding and the courage to go on. There are others with whom I would march, but I assure you, Earlene, that even though we take different paths we shall join together at the end.

Your brother,  
*James*

# mass society and post-modern fiction

BY IRVING HOWE



Manuscript Dept '59

**R**ASKOLNIKOV is lying on his bed: feverish, hungry, despondent. The servant Nastasya has told him that the landlady plans to have him evicted. He has received a letter from his mother in which she writes that for the sake of money his sister Dounia is to marry an elderly man she does not love. And he has already visited the old pawnbroker and measured the possibility of murdering her.

There seems no way out, no way but the liquidation of the miserly hunchback whose disappearance from the earth would cause no one any grief. Tempted by the notion that the strong, simply because they are strong, may impose their will upon the weak, Raskolnikov lives there, staring moodily at the ceiling. It must be done: so he tells himself and so he resolves.

Suddenly—but here I diverge a little from the text



—the doorbell rings. A letter. Raskolnikov tears it open:

Dear Sir,

*It is my pleasure to inform you, on behalf of the Guggenheim Foundation, that you have been awarded a fellowship for the study of color imagery in Pushkin's poetry and its relation to the myths of the ancient Muscovites. If you will be kind enough to visit our offices, at Nevsky Prospect and Q Street, arrangements can be made for commencing your stipend immediately.*

(signed) Moevsky

Trembling with joy, Raskolnikov sinks to his knees and bows his head in gratitude. The terrible deed he had contemplated can now be forgotten; he need no longer put his theories to the test; the way ahead, he tells himself, is clear.

But Dostoevsky: is the way now clear for him? May not Raskolnikov's salvation prove to be Dostoevsky's undoing? For Dostoevsky must now ask himself: how, if the old pawnbroker need no longer be destroyed, can Raskolnikov's pride be brought to a visible dramatic climax? The theme remains, for we may imagine that Raskolnikov will still be drawn to notions about the rights of superior individuals; but a new way of realizing this theme will now have to be found.

It is a common assumption of modern criticism that Dostoevsky's ultimate concern was not with presenting a picture of society, nor merely with showing us the difficulties faced by an impoverished young intellectual in Czarist Russia. He was concerned with the question of what a human being, acting in the name of his freedom or disenchantment, may take upon himself. Yet we cannot help noticing that the social setting of his novel "happens" to fit quite exactly the requirements of his theme: it is the situation in which Raskolnikov finds himself that embodies the moral and metaphysical problems which, as we like to say, form Dostoevsky's deepest interest.

The sudden removal of Raskolnikov's poverty, as I have imagined it a moment ago, does not necessarily dissolve the temptation to test his will through killing another human being; but it does eliminate the immediate cause for committing the murder. Gliding from fellowship to fellowship, Raskolnikov may now end his life as a sober Professor of Literature. Like the rest of us, he will occasionally notice in himself those dim urges and quavers that speak for hidden powers beyond the assuagement of reason. He may remember that once, unlikely as it has now come to seem, he was even tempted to murder an old woman. But again like the rest of us, he will dismiss these feelings as unworthy of a civilized man.

The case is not hopeless for Dostoevsky: it never is for a writer of his stature. He can now invent other ways of dramatizing the problem that had concerned him in the novel as it was to be, the novel before Moevsky's letter arrived; but it is questionable whether even he could imagine circumstances—imagine circumstances, as distinct from expressing sentiments—which would lead so persuasively, so inexorably to a

revelation of Raskolnikov's moral heresy as do those in what I am tempted to call the unimproved version of *Crime and Punishment*.

From which it will not be concluded, I hope, that a drop in our standard of living is needed in order to provide novelists with extreme or vivid situations. I am merely trying to suggest that in reading contemporary fiction one sometimes feels that the writers find themselves in situations like the one I have here fancied for Dostoevsky.

LET us assume for a moment that we have reached the end of one of those recurrent periods of cultural unrest, innovation and excitement that we call "modern." Whether we really have no one can say with assurance, and there are strong arguments to be marshalled against such a claim. But if one wishes to reflect upon some—the interesting minority—of the novels written in America during the past 15 years, there is a decided advantage in regarding them as "post-modern," significantly different from the kind of writing we usually call modern. Doing this helps one to notice the distinctive qualities of recent novels: what makes them new. It tunes the ear to their distinctive failures. And it lures one into patience and charity.

That modern novelists—those, say, who began writing after the early work of Henry James—have been committed to a peculiarly anxious and persistent search for values, everyone knows. By now this search for values has become not only a familiar but an expected element in modern fiction; that is, a tradition has been established in which it conspicuously figures, and readers have come, somewhat unhistorically, to regard it as a necessary component of the novel. It has been a major cause for that reaching, sometimes a straining toward moral surprise, for that inclination to transform the art of narrative into an act of cognitive discovery, which sets modern fiction apart from a large number of eighteenth- and even nineteenth-century novels.

Not so frequently noticed, however, is the fact that long after the modern novelist had come to suspect and even assault traditional values there was still available to him—I would say, until about the second world war—a cluster of stable assumptions as to the nature of our society. If the question, "How shall we live?" agitated the novelists without rest, there was a remarkable consensus in their answers to the question, "How do we live?"—a consensus not so much an explicit opinion as in a widely shared feeling about Western society.

Indeed, the turn from the realistic social novel among many of the modern writers would have been most unlikely had there not been available such a similarity of response to the familiar social world. At least some of the novelists who abandoned realism seem to have felt that modern society had been exhaustively,

perhaps even excessively, portrayed (so D. H. Lawrence suggests in one of his letters) and that the task of the novelist was now to explore a chaotic multiplicity of meanings rather than to continue representing the surfaces of common experience.

No matter what their social bias, and regardless of whether they were aware of having any, the modern novelists tended to assume that the social relations of men in the world of capitalism were established, familiar, knowable. If Joyce could write of Stephen Dedalus that "his destiny was to be elusive of social or religious orders," that was partly because he knew and supposed his readers to know what these orders were. If Lawrence in his later works could write a new kind of novel that paid as little attention to the external phenomena of the social world as to the fixed conventions of novelistic "character," that was partly because he had already registered both of these—the social world and the recognizable solid characters—in *Sons and Lovers*. The observations of class relationships in the earlier novels are not discarded by Lawrence in the later ones; they are tacitly absorbed to become a basis for a new mode of vision.

Values, as everyone now laments, were in flux; but society, it might be remembered, was still there: hard, tangible, ruled by a calculus of gain. One might not know what to make of his world, but at least one knew what was happening in it. Every criticism that novelists might direct against society had behind it enormous pressures of evidence, enormous accumulations of sentiment; and this one might remark to those literary people who bemoan the absence of "tradition," this is the tradition that has been available to and has so enriched modern fiction. A novelist like F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose gifts for conceptual thought were rather meager, could draw to great advantage upon the social criticism that for over a century had preceded him, the whole lengthy and bitter assault upon bourgeois norms that had been launched by the spokesmen for culture. That Fitzgerald may have known little more than the names of these spokesmen, that he drew upon their work with only a minimum of intellectual awareness, serves merely to confirm my point. The rapidity with which such criticism was accumulated during the nineteenth century, whether by Marx or Carlyle, Nietzsche or Mill, enabled the modern novelists to feel they did not need to repeat the work of Flaubert and Dickens, Balzac and Zola: they could go beyond them.

Between radical and conservative writers, as between both of these and the bulk of nonpolitical ones, there were many bonds of shared feeling—a kinship they themselves were often unable to notice but which hindsight permits us to see. The sense of the banality of middle-class existence, of its sensuous and spiritual meanness, is quite the same among the conservative as the radical writers, and their ideas about the costs

and possibilities of rising in the bourgeois world are not so very different either.

If one compares two American novelists so different in formal opinion, social background and literary method as Theodore Dreiser and Edith Wharton, it becomes clear that in such works as *Sister Carrie* and *The House of Mirth* both are relying upon the same crucial assumption: that values, whether traditional or modernist, desirable or false, can be tested in a novel by dramatizing the relationships between mobile characters and fixed social groups. Neither writer felt any need to question, neither would so much as think to question, the presence or impact of these social groups as they formed part of the examined structure of class society. In both novels "the heart of fools is in the house of mirth," the heartbreak house of the modern city; and as Carrie Meeber and Lily Bart make their way up and down the social hierarchy, their stories take on enormous weights of implication because we are ready to assume *some* relationship—surely not the one officially proclaimed by society, nor a mere inversion of it, but still some complex and significant relationship—between the observed scale of social place and the evolving measure of moral value. It is this assumption that has been a major resource of modern novelists; for without some such assumption there could not occur the symbolic compression of incident, the readiness to assume that X stands for Y, which is a prerequisite for the very existence of the novel.

Beset though they might be by moral uncertainties, the modern novelists could yet work through to a relative assurance in their treatment of the social world; and one reason for this assurance was that by the early years of our century the effort to grasp this world conceptually was very far advanced. The novelists may not have been aware of the various theories concerning capitalism, the city and modern industrial society; it does not matter. These ideas had so thoroughly penetrated the consciousness of thinking men, and even the folklore of the masses, that the novelists could count on them without necessarily being able to specify or elaborate them. In general when critics "find" ideas in novels, they are transposing to a state of abstraction those assumptions which had become so familiar to novelists that they were able to seize them as sentiments.

Part of what I have been saying runs counter to the influential view that writers of prose fiction in America have written romances and not novels because, in words of Lionel Trilling that echo a more famous complaint of Henry James, there has been in this country "no sufficiency of means for the display of a variety of manners, no opportunity for the novelist to do his job of searching out reality, not enough complication of appearance to make the job interesting." I am not sure that this was ever true of American fiction—the encounter between Ishmael and Quee-

queg tells us as much about manners (American manners), and through manners about the moral condition of humanity, as we are likely to find in a novel by Jane Austen or Balzac. But even if it is granted that the absence of clear-cut distinctions of class made it impossible in the nineteenth century to write novels about American society and encouraged, instead, a species of philosophical romance, this surely ceased to be true by about 1880. Since then, at least, there has been "enough complication of appearance to make the job interesting."

Nor am I saying—what seems to me much more dubious—that the presumed absence in recent years of a fixed, stratified society or of what one critic, with enviable naiveté, calls "an agreed picture of the universe" makes it impossible to study closely our social life, or to develop (outside of the South) human personalities rooted in a sense of tradition, or to write good novels dealing with social manners and relationships. That all of these things can be done we know, simply because they have been done. I wish merely to suggest that certain assumptions concerning modern society, which have long provided novelists with symbolic economies and dramatic conveniences, are no longer quite so available as they were a few decades ago. To say this is not to assert that we no longer have recognizable social classes in the United States, or that distinctions in manners have ceased to be significant. It is to suggest that the modern theories about society—theories which for novelists have usually been present as tacit assumptions—have partly broken down; and that this presents a great many new difficulties for the younger writers. New difficulties, which is also to say: new possibilities.

**I**N the last two decades there has occurred a series of changes in American life, the extent, durability and significance of which no one has yet measured. No one can. We speak of the growth of a "mass society," a term I shall try to define in a moment; but at best this is merely a useful hypothesis, not an accredited description. It is a notion that lacks common consent, for it does not yet merit common consent. Still, one can say with some assurance that the more sensitive among the younger writers, those who feel that at whatever peril to their work and careers they must grapple with something new in contemporary experience, even if, like everyone else, they find it extremely hard to say what that "newness" consists of—such writers recognize that the once familiar social categories and place-marks have now become as uncertain and elusive as the moral imperatives of the nineteenth century seemed to novelists of fifty years ago. And the something new which they notice or stumble against is, I would suggest, the mass society.

By the mass society we mean a relatively comfortable, half welfare and half garrison society in which the population grows passive, indifferent and

atomized; in which traditional loyalties, ties and associations become lax or dissolve entirely; in which coherent publics based on definite interests and opinions gradually fall apart; and in which man becomes a consumer, himself mass-produced like the products, diversions and values that he absorbs.

No social scientist has yet come up with a theory of mass society that is entirely satisfying; no novelist has quite captured its still amorphous symptoms—a peculiar blend of frenzy and sluggishness, amiability and meanness. I would venture the guess that a novelist unaware of the changes in our experience to which the theory of mass society points, is a novelist unable to deal successfully with recent American life; while one who focussed only upon those changes would be unable to give his work an adequate sense of historical depth.

This bare description of the mass society can be extended by noting a few traits or symptoms:

1) Social classes continue to exist, and the society cannot be understood without reference to them; yet the visible tokens of class are less obvious than in earlier decades and the correlations between class status and personal condition, assumed both by the older sociologists and the older novelists, become elusive and problematic—which is not, however, to say that such correlations no longer exist.

2) Traditional centers of authority, like the family, tend to lose some of their binding power upon human beings; vast numbers of people now float through life with a burden of freedom they can neither sustain nor legitimately abandon to social or religious groups.

3) Traditional ceremonies that have previously marked moments of crisis and transition in human life, thereby helping men to accept such moments, are now either neglected or debased into mere occasions for public display.

4) Passivity becomes a widespread social attitude: the feeling that life is a drift over which one has little control and that even when men do have shared autonomous opinions they cannot act them out in common.

5) As perhaps never before, opinion is manufactured systematically and "scientifically."

6) Opinion tends to flow unilaterally, from the top down, in measured quantities: it becomes a market commodity.

7) Disagreement, controversy, polemic are felt to be in bad taste; issues are "ironed out" or "smoothed away"; reflection upon the nature of society is replaced by observation of its mechanics.

8) The era of "causes," good or bad, comes to an end; strong beliefs seem anachronistic; and as a result, agnostics have even been known to feel a certain nostalgia for the rigors of belief.

9) Direct and firsthand experience seems to evade human beings, though the quantity of busy-ness keeps

increasing and the number of events multiplies with bewildering speed.

10) The pressure of material need visibly decreases, yet there follows neither a sense of social release nor a feeling of personal joy; instead, people become increasingly aware of their social dependence and powerlessness.

Now this is a social cartoon and not a description of American society; but it is a cartoon that isolates an aspect of our experience with a suggestiveness that no other mode of analysis is likely to match. Nor does it matter that no actual society may ever reach the extreme condition of a "pure" mass society; the value of the theory lies in bringing to our attention a major historical drift.

If there is any truth at all in these speculations, they should help illuminate the problems faced by the novelists whose work began to appear shortly after the second world war. They had to confront not merely the chronic confusion of values which has gripped our civilization for decades. In a sense they were quite prepared for that—the whole of modern literature taught them to expect little else. But they had also to face a problem which, in actually composing a novel, must have been still more troublesome: our society no longer lent itself to assured definition, one could no longer assume as quickly as in the recent past that a spiritual or moral difficulty could find a precise embodiment in a social conflict. Raskolnikov, fellowship in hand, might still be troubled by the metaphysical question of what a human being can allow himself; but Raskolnikov as a graduate student with an anxious young wife and a two-year-old baby—what was the novelist to make of him? Something fresh and valuable, no doubt; but only if he were aware that this new Raskolnikov had to be seen in ways significantly different from those of the traditional modern novelists.

How to give shape to a world increasingly shapeless and an experience increasingly fluid; how to reclaim the central assumption of the novel that telling relationships can be discovered between a style of social behavior and a code of moral judgment, or if that proves impossible, to find ways of imaginatively projecting the code in its own right—these were the difficulties that faced the young novelists. It was as if the guidelines of both our social thought and literary conventions were being erased. Or as a young German writer has recently remarked:

There's no longer a society to write about. In former years you knew where you stood: the peasants read the Bible; the maniacs read *Mein Kampf*. Now people no longer have any opinions; they have refrigerators. Instead of illusions we have television, instead of tradition, the Volkswagen. The only way to catch the spirit of the times is to write a handbook on home appliances.

Taken literally, this is close to absurd; taken as half-comic hyperbole, it reaches a genuine problem.

The problem, in part, is the relationship between the writer and his materials. Some years ago Van Wyck Brooks had spoken of the conflict between the life of

the spirit and the life of commerce, and had called upon American writers to make their choice. Most of them did. Almost every important writer in twentieth-century America, whether or not he read Brooks, implicitly accepted his statement as the truth and chose, with whatever lapses or qualifications, to speak for the life of the spirit.

But was the conflict between spirit and commerce, between culture and society still so acute during the postwar years? Was not a continued belief in this conflict a stale and profitless hangover from the ideologies of the thirties? Might there not be ground for feeling, among the visible signs of our careless postwar prosperity, that a new and more moderate vision of society should inform the work of our novelists? It hardly matters which answers individual writers gave to these questions; the mere fact that they were now being seriously raised had a profound impact upon their work.

Those few who favored a bluntly "positive" approach to American society found it hard to embody their sentiments in vibrant—or even credible—fictional situations. The values of accommodation were there for the asking, but they seemed, perversely, to resist creative use. For almost two decades now there has been an outpouring of "affirmative" novels about American businessmen—Executive Suites in various shades; but I do not know of a single serious critic who finds these books anything but dull and mediocre. At least in our time, the novel seems to lend itself irrevocably to the spirit of criticism; as Camus has remarked, it "is born simultaneously with the spirit of rebellion and expresses, on the esthetic plane, the same ambition."

But what has been so remarkable and disconcerting is that those writers who wished to preserve the spirit of rebellion also found it extremely hard to realize their sentiments in novels dealing with contemporary life. Most of them were unable, or perhaps too shrewd, to deal with the postwar experience directly; they preferred tangents of suggestion to frontal representation; they could express their passionate, though often amorphous, criticism of American life not through realistic portraiture but through fable, picaresque, prophecy and nostalgia.

Morally the young novelists were often more secure than their predecessors. Few of them were as susceptible to money and glitter as Fitzgerald; few had Hemingway's weakness for bravado and swagger; few succumbed to hallucinatory rhetoric in the manner of Faulkner. Yet, as novelists, they were less happily "placed" than the writers who began to publish in the twenties and early thirties. They lacked the pressure of inevitable subjects as these take shape in situations and locales. They lacked equivalents of Fitzgerald's absorption with social distinctions, Hemingway's identification with expatriates, Faulkner's mourning over the old South. Sentiments they had in abundance and often fine ones; but to twist a remark

of Gertrude Stein's, literature is not made of sentiments.

Literature is not made of sentiments; yet a good portion of what is most fresh in recent American fiction derives from sentiments. Better than any other group of literate Americans, our novelists resisted the mood of facile self-congratulation which came upon us during the postwar years. To be novelists at all, they had to look upon our life without ideological delusions; and they saw—*often better than they could say*—the hovering sickness of soul, the despairing contentment, the prosperous malaise. They were not, be it said to their credit, taken in. Yet the problem remained: how can one represent malaise, which by its nature is vague and without shape? It can be done, we know. But to do it one needs to be Chekhov; and that is hard.

My point, let me hasten to add, is not that novelists need social theories or philosophical systems. They do, however, need to live in an environment about which they can make economical assumptions that, in some ultimate way, are related to the ideas of speculative thinkers. Let me borrow a useful distinction that C. Wright Mills makes between troubles and issues. Troubles signify a strong but unfocussed sense of disturbance and pain, while issues refer to troubles that have been articulated as general statements. Novelists, as a rule, concern themselves with troubles, not issues. But to write with assurance and economy about troubles, they need to be working in a milieu where there is at least some awareness of issues. And in the troubled years after the second world war it was precisely this awareness that was often lacking.

A few serious writers did try to fix in their novels the amorphous "troubledness" of postwar American experience. In *The Violated*, an enormous realistic narrative about some ordinary people who reach adulthood during the war, Vance Bourjailly seemed consciously to be dramatizing a view of American society quite similar to the one I have sketched here. He chose to write one of those full-scale narratives composed of parallel strands of plot—a technique which assumes that society is distinctly articulated, that its classes are both sharply visible and intrinsically interesting, and that a novelist can arrange a conflict between members of these classes which will be dramatic in its own right and emblematic of larger issues. But for the material Bourjailly chose—the lives of bewildered yet not uncharacteristic drifters during the past two decades—these assumptions could not operate with sufficient force; and as his characters, in the sameness of their misery, melted into one another, so the strands of his narrative, also having no inevitable reason for separate existence, collapsed into one another.

Norman Mailer, trying in *The Deer Park* to compose a novel about the malaise of our years, avoided the cumbersomeness of the traditional social novel but

could find no other structure that would give coherence to his perceptions. Mailer tried to embody his keen if unstable vision in a narrative about people whose extreme dislocation of experience and feeling would, by the very fact of their extreme dislocation, come to seem significant. But in its effort to portray our drifting and boredom full-face, in its fierce loyalty to the terms of its own conception, *The Deer Park* tended to become a claustrophobic work, driving attention inward, toward its own tonal peculiarities, rather than outward, as an extending parable. Throughout the novel Mailer had to fall back upon his protagonist, through whom he tried to say that which he found hard to show.

**A** WHOLE group of novelists, among the best of recent years, has found itself responding to immediate American experience by choosing subjects and locales that are apparently far removed from that experience yet, through their inner quality, very close to it. These writers are sensitive to the moods and tones of postwar American life; they know that something new, different and extremely hard to describe has been happening to us. Yet they do not usually write about postwar experience *per se*: they do not confront it as much as they try to ambush it. The film critic Stanley Kaufmann has noted a similar phenomenon:



JACK MORSE

When Vittorio de Sica was asked why so many of his films deal with adultery, he is said to have replied, "But if you take adultery out of the lives of the bourgeoisie, what drama is left?" It is perhaps this belief that has impelled Tennessee Williams into the areas that his art inhabits. He has recognized that most of contemporary life offers limited dramatic opportunities . . . so he has left "normal" life to investigate the highly neurotic, the violent and the grimy. It is the continuing problem of the contemporary writer who looks for great emotional issues to move him greatly. The anguish of the advertising executive struggling to keep his job is anguish indeed, but its possibilities in art are not large-scale. The writer who wants to "let go" has figuratively to leave the urban and suburban and either go abroad, go into the past, or go into those few pockets of elemental emotional life left in this country.

Abroad, the past, or the few pockets of elemental emotional life:—many of our best writers have pursued exactly these strategies in order to suggest their attitudes toward contemporary experience. In *The Assistant* Bernard Malamud has written a somber story about a Jewish family during the Depression years, yet it soon becomes clear that one of his impelling motives is a wish to recapture intensities of feeling we have apparently lost but take to be characteristic of an earlier decade. Herbert Gold's *The Man Who Was Not With It* is an account of marginal figures in a circus as they teeter on the edge of *lumpen* life; but soon one realizes that he means his story to indicate possibilities for personal survival in a world increasingly compressed. The precocious and bewildered boy in J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* expresses something of the moral condition of adolescents today—or so they tell us; but clearly his troubles are not meant to refer to his generation alone. In *A Walk on the Wild Side* Nelson Algren turns to down-and-outers characteristic of an earlier social moment, but if we look to the psychic pressures breaking through the novel we see that he is really searching for a perspective for estrangement that will be relevant to our day. In *The Field of Vision* Wright Morris moves not backward in time but sideways in space: he contrives to bring a dreary Nebraskan middle-class family to a Mexican bullfight so that the excitement of the blood and ritual will stir it to self-awareness. And while, on the face of it, Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* is a picaresque tale about a cocky Jewish boy moving almost magically past the barriers in American society, it is also a kind of paean to the idea of personal freedom in hostile circumstances. Bellow's most recent novel *Henderson the Rain King* seems an even wilder tale about an American millionaire venturing into deepest Africa, in part, the deepest Africa of boy's books; but when he writes that men need a shattering experience to "wake the spirit's sleep" we soon realize that his ultimate reference is to America, where many spirits sleep.

Though vastly different in quality, these novels have in common a certain obliqueness of approach. They do not represent directly the postwar American experience, yet refer to it constantly. They tell us rather little

about the surface tone, the manners, the social patterns of recent American life, yet are constantly projecting moral criticisms of its essential quality. They approach that experience on the sly, yet are colored and shaped by it throughout. And they gain from it their true subject: the recurrent search—in America, almost a national obsession—for personal identity and freedom. In their distance from fixed social categories and their concern with the metaphysical implications of that distance, these novels constitute what I would call "post-modern" fiction.

But the theme of personal identity, if it is to take on fictional substance, needs some kind of placement, a setting in the world of practical affairs. And it is here that the "post-modern" novelists run into serious troubles: the connection between subject and setting cannot always be made, and the "individual" of their novels, because he lacks social definition and is sometimes a creature of literary or even ideological fiat, tends to be not very individualized. Some of the best postwar novels, like *The Invisible Man* and *The Adventures of Augie March*, are deeply concerned with the fate of freedom in a mass society; but the assertiveness of idea and vanity of style which creep into such books are the result, I think, of willing a subject onto a novel rather than allowing it to grow out of a sure sense of a particular moment and place. These novels merit admiration for defending the uniqueness of man's life, but they suffer from having to improvise the terms of this uniqueness. It is a difficulty that seems, at the moment, unavoidable and I have no wish to disparage writers who face it courageously. Still, it had better be said that the proclamation of personal identity in recent American fiction tends, if I may use a fashionable phrase, to be more a product of the will than of the imagination.

It may help strengthen my point—critics ought not to strengthen such points too much—if I turn for a moment to the two most-discussed literary groups of the last few years: the "angry young men" in England and the "beat generation" writers of San Francisco.

Partly because they write in and about England, Kingsley Amis, John Braine and John Wain are blessed with something utterly precious to a writer: a subject urgently, relentlessly imposing itself upon their imaginations. They have earned the scorn of a good many American critics—notable, of course, for asceticism—who point out that it is not clear whether it is a better or just a bigger share of the material and cultural goods in contemporary England that these writers want. But while you can feel righteous or even hostile toward Amis and Braine, you can hardly deny that in their novels one finds something of the focused desire, the quick apprehension and notation of contemporary life which, for reasons I have tried to suggest, has become somewhat rare in serious American fiction. These English writers face a predicament of the welfare state: it rouses legitimate desires in people

of the "lower orders"; it partly satisfies these desires; but it satisfies them only to the point of arousing new demands beyond its power of meeting. For society this may be irksome; for writers it is exhilarating. Gripses can be transformed into causes, ambitions cloaked as ideals. And the "angry young men" are particularly fortunate in that their complaints lead them to deal with some of the traditional materials of the novel: frustrated ambition, frozen snobbery, fake culture, decaying gentility. Through comedy they are able to *structure* their complaints. Their work touches upon sore spots in English life, hurting some people and delighting others. It threatens the Establishment, perhaps its survival, more likely its present leaders. It creates tension, opposition, a dialectic of interests. All of which is to say: it rests upon an articulated, coherent though limited vision of English social relations.

By contrast, the young men in San Francisco seem largely a reflex of the circumstances of mass society. They are suffering from psychic and social disturbance: and as far as that goes, they are right—there is much in American life to give one a pain. But they have no clear sense of why or how they are troubled, and some of them seem opposed in principle to a clear sense of anything. The "angry young men" in England, even if their protest will prove to be entirely opportunistic and momentary, can say what it is that hurts. The San Francisco writers fail to understand, as Paul Goodman has remarked, that:

It is necessary to have some contact with institutions and people in order to be frustrated and angry. They [the San Francisco writers] have the theory that to be affectless, not to care, is the ultimate rebellion, but this is a fantasy; for right under the surface is burning shame, hurt feelings, fear of impotence, speechless and powerless tantrum, cowering before papa, being rebuffed by mama; and it is these anxieties that dictate their behavior in every crisis.

**T**HESSE writers, I would contend, illustrate the painful, though not inevitable, predicament of rebellion in a mass society: they are the other side of the American hollow. In their contempt for mind, they are at one with the middle-class suburbia they think they scorn. In their incoherence of feeling and statement, they mirror the incoherent society that clings to them like a mocking shadow. In their yearning to keep "cool," they sing out an eternal fantasy of the shopkeeper. Feeling themselves lonely and estranged, they huddle together in gangs, create a Brook Farm of Know-Nothings, and send back ecstatic reports to the squares: Having a Wonderful Time, Having Wonderful Kicks! But alas, all the while it is clear that they are terribly lost, and what is more pitiable, that they don't even have the capacity for improvising vivid fantasies. As they race meaninglessly back and forth across the continent, veritable mimics of the American tourist, they do not have a Wonderful Time. They do not get happily drunk, many of them preferring milk shakes and tea; and their sexual revelations, particu-

larly in Kerouac's *The Subterraneans*, are as sad as they are unintentional. They can't, that is, dream themselves out of the shapless nightmare of California; and for that, perhaps, we should not blame them, since it is not certain that anyone can.

No wonder, then, that in Kerouac's novels one is vaguely aware that somewhere, in the unmapped beyond, a society does exist: a society with forms, requirements, burdens, injustices, duties and pleasures; but that in the space of the novels themselves we can only find a series of distraught and compulsive motions. The themes of what I have called "post-modern" fiction are reflected in the San Francisco writers as caricature and symptom; for if you shun consciousness as if it were a plague, then a predicament may ravage you but you cannot cope with it.

Where finally does this leave us? In the midst, I hope, of the promise and confusion of American writing today. No settled ending is possible here, because the tendencies I have been noticing are still in flux, still open to many pressures and possibilities. But it may not be too rash to say that the more serious of the "post-modern" novelists—those who grapple with problems rather than merely betraying their effects—have begun to envisage that we may be on the threshold of enormous changes in human history. These changes, merely glanced by the idea of the "mass society," fill our novelists with sense of foreboding; and through the strategy of obliqueness, they bring to bear a barrage of moral criticisms, reminders of human potentiality, and tacit exhortations.

The possibilities that appear to them are those which struck at T. E. Lawrence when he returned from Arabia and discovered that he did not know how or why to live. One such possibility is that we are moving toward a quiet desert of moderation where men will forget the passion of moral and spiritual restlessness that has characterized Western society. That the human creature, no longer a Quixote or a Faust, will become a docile attendant to an automated civilization. That the "aura of the human" will be replaced by the nihilism of satiety. That the main question will no longer be the conditions of existence but existence itself. That high culture as we understand it will become increasingly problematical and perhaps reach some point of obsolescence.

But before such prospects—they form the bad dreams of thoughtful men, the nightmares our "post-modern" novelists are trying to exorcise—the mind grows dizzy and recalcitrant. It begins to solace itself with rumblings about eternal truths, and like the exacerbated judge in Faulkner's *The Hamlet*, cries out, "I can't stand no more . . . This case is adjourned!"

# BOOKS

*Letters of James Agee to Father Flye*, 235 pp. New York, George Braziller, Inc., 1962, \$5.

James Agee (pronounced "A-G"), who may be one of the few of our mid-century writers to make it out of this century, is too little known by university students. For this, and other more important reasons, the recent publication of his letters to Father Flye is worthy of wide attention on campus.

When *Letters* was published last summer many critics took the occasion as an opportunity to lament what they called the unfulfilled career of James Agee, whose only novel (*A Death in the Family*) was published posthumously. Here was a magnificently gifted writer who, after graduation from Exeter and Harvard, spent the too-few years before his death in 1955 reviewing films for *Time*, writing articles for *Fortune*, and writing film scripts for Hollywood ("The African Queen," "Night of the Hunter," and others).

*Letters* gives us a glimpse into the world of the artist in twentieth-century American mass-culture, battling the tyranny of the economic order, trying to support a family, torn between work that pays and work that must be done but offers no promise of financial return. From the time of his first decision to go to *Time* (just out of Harvard) to the day of his final heart attack, Agee was never very far from anxiety about how the bills would be paid. Work on *A Death in the Family* would be postponed again and again in order to do a film script or to work on the Lincoln script for television so that an account could be settled with a landlord or a hospital.

However tempted one is to weep and talk of unfulfilled careers, one thing is apparent in the letters—James Agee lived in the real world of America in this century and no other! The letters are important precisely because they reveal how it is possible for a man—an artist—to live and create with integrity in this kind of world, working on *Time*, on *Fortune*, or in Hollywood. Agee was no hack writer! He was totally present in everything he wrote, whether an unsigned article on machine-made rugs or a screenplay about a demonic, self-styled preacher. For a man to have graced the pages of *Time* and *Fortune* with several volumes of magnificent prose and still have produced one novel of such artistic stature as *A Death in the Family* is nothing short of miraculous. The *Letters* help us see that James Agee, far from being unfulfilled, was (perhaps unconsciously) forging out a new style of life in which art is in direct service to the mass-culture which threatens its destruction at every moment.

The nature of Agee's work points us to the second

reason his letters deserve careful attention—namely, the sturdiness of the man himself. In a time when, as Ingmar Bergman has put it, artists persist in huddling together in their artistic pens and bleating about their loneliness, thereby smothering each other to death, Agee understood himself as a man in relation to other men. He was in love with life. He was what James Baldwin calls a sensual man, that is, he rejoiced in the life force and was completely alive in everything he did. At a time when most young writers spend their lifetime trying to kill off their fathers, Agee spent his years writing a lyric poem about his real father, and letters to his adopted father. In an early letter he says, ". . . since last winter or so I've been feeling something—a sort of universal—oh, I don't know, feeling of the beauty of everything, not excluding slop-jars and foetuses—and a feeling of love for everything. . . ." Later he writes, "The world (and my self) seem to me this morning in light of recent context, evil, exhausting and hopeless, not to mention nauseating and infuriating and incurable, yet I am thoroughly glad I am in it and alive."

To be able to affirm life from within it, with one's eyes wide open to the hard realities of suffering and death (cf. *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*) is the miracle of manhood from which the miraculous corpus of Agee's work proceeded. Here is a sturdy self-understanding which always illuminates and is never far from the Christian faith. From a verse-writing game played with his daughter and quoted in a letter to Father Flye:

(on the word kingdom)

There continually the smile  
Of the heart that knows no guile.  
There, untroubled, people greet  
Death like an old friend in the street.

There remains one further reason that *Letters* commands our special attention—the man who wrote the letters to James Agee (which are not published in the volume but are everywhere present), Father Flye himself. What a remarkable man this Anglican priest! Many of us, especially in the schools, are being called on to relate to an increasingly large number of saints who choose to remain outside the church as we have known it—social scientists, natural scientists, but especially artists. We shall not find any one way to meet the challenge of these relationships. The relationship between Father Flye and James Agee, as it unfolds over a period of twenty years, is one of the few models we have in our time through which to try to see what such a difficult and demanding rela-

motive



tionship might become. One can only wish for the publication of Father Flye's side of the correspondence. What can be discerned from this volume is a fundamentally common bond of self-understanding between the two men—openness to life, affirmation of all of life—and, on the part of Father Flye, never any doubt that James Agee was one of the saints, the mystery of whose apparent separation from the Body could neither be fathomed nor transgressed.

Father Flye writes, at the close of *Letters*:

*Thursday, at ten o'clock, in St. Luke's Chapel, not very far from where he lived, we held his funeral: the Burial Office and a simple Requiem; after which a little group of us—the immediate family and just a few others—drove up to his place in the country a few miles from Hillsdale which he had loved so much; and there, on a knoll looking out over the wooded valley and the hills beyond, a place of great peace, we committed his body to the earth, with the words from that Book of Common Prayer whose pure English he loved, "In sure and certain hope. . . ."*

—ARTHUR BRANDENBURG

#### RACHEL L. CARSON BOOK REISSUED

In view of the controversy and public furor over Rachel L. Carson's latest book, *SILENT SPRING*, the New American Library reissued, on December 20th, Miss Carson's famous *Under the Sea Wind*, as a new volume in the paperbound Signet Science Library.

*Under the Sea Wind* describes the dramatic struggle for life constantly taking place on the shore and in the waters of the oceans, of the birds and fish who battle nature and natural enemies as they seek food, a mate, a place to spawn and hatch.

*Under the Sea Wind* is divided into three sections: The Edge of the Sea; The Gull's Way; and River and Sea. In the first section, she sets the scene at flood tide. Then she describes the spring flight of the birds, the Arctic rendezvous, the summer's end, and winds blowing seaward. Miss Carson tells of the birth of a mackerel, the Indian summer of the sea, and the hunters of the plankton. Also included is a detailed glossary of the names of the flora and fauna of the seas and the shore.

Miss Carson is the author of two other New American Library books, both Mentor paperbounds: *The Sea Around Us*, winner of the National Book Award and the famous bestseller that tells the story of the oceans of the earth; and "The Edge of the Sea," the story of the creatures who live at the water's edge. Her three New American Library books now total almost a million and a half paperbound copies in print.

*Under the Sea Wind* was originally published in hardcovers by Oxford University Press. Miss Carson is winner of the George Westinghouse Science Writing Award, the Page One Award, and a Guggenheim Fellowship.

#### VOLUME ON THE PSYCHOANALYST AND ARTIST BY A PSYCHIATRIST-ARTIST

*THE PSYCHOANALYST AND THE ARTIST*, released by the New American Library as a Mentor paperbound, is the work of Daniel E. Schneider who is a Diplomate of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology, a Fellow of the Academy of Psychoanalysis, a practicing psychoanalyst and the author of a novel, a play, and much poetry.

Dr. Schneider's new paperbound book shows how science and art spring from a common root, man's unconscious drives. In the volume, he discusses Sophocles and the Oedipus plays, the psychoanalytic and artistic work of transformation, the nature of the artistic gift, creative thrust and mastery as opposed to blocks and blankness, as well as interpretations of various artistic techniques.

He analyzes, among others, Eugene Delacroix, Chagall, Picasso, Van Gogh, Arthur Miller and Shakespeare. His purpose in writing *The Psychoanalyst and the Artist* is to "try to forge a basic working concept valuable to an effective 'psychoanalytic esthetics' effective both for analyst and artist."

A graduate of the School of Medicine at Western Reserve University, Dr. Schneider trained at Mount Sinai, Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital, and the New York Psychoanalytic Institute. During his undergraduate years at Adelbert College, he won the Rupert Hughes Poetry Prize three times. His novel, *They Move With the Sun* which he wrote under the pseudonym Daniel Taylor, was published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. Other books include *The Image of the Heart* and *The Growth Concept of Nervous Integration*. He has lectured widely before college and museum groups on the relationship of art and artists to psychoanalysis.

**THE CATALOGUE** drawings by SAUL STEINBERG (Meridian Books, M 147, \$2.75; cloth binding, \$4.95).

**THE CATALOGUE** is a selection of drawings reprinted from earlier Steinberg books: *The Art of Living*, *The Passport*, and *The Labyrinth*. Usually books made up of a selection of materials from other books by the author are as exciting as warmed-over scrambled eggs. They are often brought out when the author is either too busy, too tired or too dry of inspiration to produce a really fresh new book. But anyone who sees the *New Yorker* regularly knows that Saul Steinberg is not suffering from lack of inspiration; and, if he wanted to, he probably could stop whatever it is he is doing that keeps him too busy to bring out a new book.

We must conclude that Steinberg is either too tired or does not want to publish an entirely new volume of drawings just now. Whatever the case, we, the lookers (you cannot say "readers" about a Steinberg book) are the benefactors. I bought *The Passport* years ago, but had to wait (financial reasons) for someone to give me *The Labyrinth* for Christmas. Even a Steinberg lover has to eat. And, there are lots of Steinberg buffs. Most of them, like me, can't afford the big, hard-cover books of his drawings. So for us, big club that we are, this inexpensive paperback selection of his drawings is a godsend. In fact, we may end up shelling out for three or four books, to give to friends for Thanksgiving, Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries, wedding presents—Steinberg is good for every occasion.

Now about content. Every Steinberg fancier has his own favorites which he will begrudge this volume not having repeated. If one of his pieces "doesn't come off," it is probably because the looker hasn't been around enough or doesn't lie awake long enough at night to ponder his existence.

If you haven't met some of these Steinberg people . . . live longer and you will. It may be a truism: The longer you live the more Steinberg people you meet and/or the more like Steinberg people are the people you meet, the longer you live.

—MARGARET RIGG

### NOTICE:

MARGARET RIGG is now on a leave of absence from  *motive*, in order to paint. She will return at the end of May to take up her duties again.

Please do not send art work to  *motive* until July 1st, and address all requests for information on prints, art permissions and other questions to the editor.

# CONTRIBUTORS

Poets for February are **Antoni Gronowicz**, resident of New York City who counts eight novels and numerous poems to his credit; **William Corrington**, widely published young poet who teaches at Louisiana State University; **J. Peter Meinke**, who teaches English at Hamline University; **Robert Burchess**, who is at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio; **Kay Johnson**, poet and painter who alternates between Paris and New Orleans; and **Will Inman**, poet and philosopher who works at New York University, and whose work has most recently appeared in **Epos**. Miss Johnson's and Mr. Corrington's poems courtesy **The Outsider**.

**Fr. Godfrey Leo Dickmann, O.S.B.**, is chairman of the department of theology at St. John's University and editor of **Worship**. Vice president of the National Liturgical Council, he helped prepare the liturgical portion of the agenda for the Ecumenical Council in Rome; he has also been greatly interested in intercreedal dialogue. "The Unity of the Mass" is adapted from his 1962 Bellarmine Lectures as published in **Theology Digest**.

**Will Herberg** is Graduate Professor of Philosophy and Culture at Drew University. He is well known for his work both in social research and theology, and for his **Judaism and Modern Man**, **Protestant-Catholic-Jew: An Essay in American Religious Sociology**, and **Four Existential Theologians**, as well as other works. He is presently writing a study of religion and education in America.

**Arthur Foster** is now teaching pastoral theology at Methodist Theological School in Ohio. His undergraduate degrees are from McMaster, and his graduate work was done at Chicago; he formerly taught at Vanderbilt.

**Jim Crane** is **Jim Crane**. He explains himself on page 16.

**Gayle Graham Yates** is president of the National Conference Methodist Student Movement, and is currently studying at Boston University. The remarks published here were part of an address delivered to the Association of College and University Ministers Conference in Nashville last November.

**Angus Thompson** is a graduate of Midwestern University, where he edited the campus literary magazine. He is now serving in the Navy, where he wields his blue pencil on his ship's newspaper.

**Irving Howe** is one of the most eminent of American men of letters. He is the author of **Modern Literary Criticism, Politics and the Novel, Sherwood Anderson**, and other volumes, and is a contributing editor of **The New Republic**. His articles and essays have appeared in all the major journals in the U.S. and in England; we are indebted to **The Partisan Review** for permission to reprint this study.

**Arthur Brandenburg** is the newly elected president of the Association of College and University Ministers. He is director of the Wesley Foundation at Yale University.

**Roger E. Ortmyer** is Associate Professor of Worship and The Arts at Perkins School of Theology. He was editor of this journal from 1950 until 1958; we welcome his thermodynamic imagination again to our back cover.

**Artists** for this issue:

**Margaret Rigg**, art editor of this journal, is now on leave painting at either (she has not made up her mind as we go to press) the Chicago Art Institute or the Art Students' League of New York City.

**Jack Kellam** teaches art at Centre College in Danville, Kentucky.

**Robert Charles Brown** interprets devotional and sacramental themes in a refreshingly direct manner. His work was recently featured in **Christian Art**.

**Jack Morse** teaches art to high school students in Rochester, N.Y.

**Carl Merschel** is known nationally for his sculpture, enamels, drawings, and graphics. An associate editor of **Christian Art**, we welcome his work to the pages of **motive**.



BAPTISM OF CHRIST

CARL MERSCHER

Reprinted through courtesy of CHRISTIAN ART magazine, and the artist.

## how to get to the end of the fourth of july

**A**TTEND, for we are about to begin.

*Once upon a time a studious bookkeeper got bored with entering upon the ledger someone else's figures. He figured he would rather do his own figuring for a change.*

*"If I could travel at twice the speed of light" . . . he did some figuring . . . "how much time would it take me to get to the end of the 4th of July?"*

*Somehow or other the bookkeeper made the jump to the 4th dimension. It was considered to be quite a miracle, especially since he took with him all of his company's loose change. The FBI declared him real gone and even the tea reader at Minski's was puzzled. She allowed as how there might be some connection between the 4th of July and the 4th dimension, but having flunked physics she did not know whether or not it had anything to do with quantum.*

*So they called in Dr. Oppenheimer and Wernher Von Braun. They got excited about the prospects of not having to stop with our piddling solar system on getting into space travel. Now they could aim off Alpha Centauri and even into the vicinity of Betelgeuse. If they could only figure out his system of figuring on how to get to the end of the 4th of July. It was obvious the gone bookkeeper had not used an ordinary system of accounting. So they injected a flip flop circuit (to understand a flip flop circuit see multivibrator, bistable). It seemed to work. There was a sound not unlike breaking the sound barrier.*

*Slowly there settled to earth between Drs. Oppenheimer and Von Braun a tattered U. N. flag and a fragment of singed shish kebab.*

*"So that's how you get to the end of the 4th of July" ejaculated Von Braun. "Egad," said Oppenheimer. "I wonder what happened to the Constitution Party?"*

—ROGER E. ORTMAYER