



**motive**

MARCH 1963

# Motive

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## CONTENTS:

- 1 THE ATMOSPHERE OF CREATIVITY by ira progoff  
6 THE KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN VALIDITY by richard e. wentz  
9 A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS by jaroslav pelikan  
12 IN A TIME OF NO FIGS poem by hollis summers  
CRUCIFIXION poem by romer justice  
13 THE SHADOW OF MIND three poems by ralph robin  
14 FOOD FOR ALL HIS DEAD fiction by frank chin  
20 PEDRO FRIEDEBERG art feature by margaret rigg  
29 THE EXTERNALIZATION OF MAN by herbert gutman  
36 THE CHRISTIAN IN THE UNIVERSITY by john h. hallowell  
44 ON NOT WRITING poem by r. r. cuscaden  
45 FILM REVIEWS  
47 LETTERS  
48 CONTRIBUTORS  
COVER 3: EASTER ANGEL drawing by elizabeth korn  
COVER 4: BATTLE OF THE JERICHO WALL a fable by alan d. austin

FRONT COVER: DARK CRUCIFIXION by Margaret Rigg weighs visually the biblical metaphor of light and darkness. Miss Rigg, *motive's* art editor, is currently on leave to paint.

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ROBERT HODCELL

# THE ATMOSPHERE OF CREATIVITY

BY IRA PROGOFF

**D**EPTH psychology is that particular discipline in modern times which undertakes to provide the methodology and the techniques by means of which an experience of meaning and of spiritual contact can actually become a possibility. In my work people rather often come and say to me that they feel that if they could know the meaning of life they would be able to function well. They feel they don't have this knowledge. They want me to tell them what it is. I can't tell them, of course—it has to come as a growing experience that happens within the individual. The difficulty is that for many people there is no personal frame of reference. One cannot call them back to any particular set of doctrines or of concepts. People have fallen outside the traditional frames of reference of Western civilization, and therefore we have to find

a method of reaching through to the central experience of selfhood which does not depend upon assuming the reality of the traditional symbols themselves.

It is **biologically** necessary for man to have a guiding experience of meaning in his life in order for him to function as a psychophysical being. This is the particular historical significance of man's biological nature; in this time where the experience of meaning has broken down, the effect upon the total organism of the human being psychologically and physically is negative. For this reason the entire field of depth psychology developed when the frameworks of meaning which had been part of the traditional development of Western civilization broke down and individuals no longer had guideposts with respect to the basic activities of their lives. In the old framework, for example, your marriage was arranged, or you knew what kind of marriage relationship you would enter into; you knew largely what the sexual mores would be; you knew how you would spend Sunday; you knew that you wouldn't dance and so forth. But when those standards broke down, there was a sort of flux in the social and in the spiritual meaning as it was experienced by people and the effect of this was a confusion in life. The great contribution of Freud's efforts was his perception of this problem as it was expressed in the lives of individuals. He saw how a malfunction developed in the personality, physically and psychosomatically. As a medical man Freud had really no alternative but to interpret it in the light of pathology. He looked for diagnosis and went to approach it as a medical man would approach other physical-medical problems. On the basis of this, he developed the basic concepts which became the core of depth psychology, the fundamental concept of the unconscious.

But we have come to see increasingly that one cannot reach an experience of meaning by diagnosis. One has to have a method of drawing an experience forward, drawing it outward. In our new approach, depth psychology becomes a discipline that works toward the development of the personality as a whole. That is to say, its primary goal now is not really therapy, although it does happen that in taking as its goal the development of the fullness of potential of the person, therapy becomes much more successful.

There is a particular problem in communicating the material of depth psychology because one cannot do so by making an intellectual statement. If I speak from a point of view of philosophy I can describe the concepts; I can analyze and delineate and thus communicate in terms of ideas. But in depth psychology what we have to communicate are not ideas but a quality of experience, a quality of feeling, which the flat statement of concept and idea really cannot communicate. In teaching depth psychology we must use another method, a group method in which we deal with the material by sharing experiences, by sharing dreams, by sharing journals of experiences, of interpreting ex-

periences of great persons or those who have kept journals. We work to the concept through the material, reaching it through our own experience of involvement.

**I**N a sense, we reach concepts through metaphor. There is a remark of Alfred Adler to the effect that man knows more than he understands. Our understanding of things is worked out intellectually or on the surface of consciousness, but, for many reasons, man has a capacity of knowing what functions and operates by means of something in himself that is beneath the surface of his being. It is perhaps intuitive, it is instinctive—it is hard to find the right word—but that there is a capacity of cognition that operates in man beneath the surface of his mind is a fact to be recognized and applied.

It must be understood that if we speak of levels of conscious and unconscious, we don't really mean it. We are only speaking that way because we don't have any other way to speak. We are speaking of depth only in a metaphorical sense; one should never take it literally. This metaphor of depth has been a most fruitful way of thinking ever since Freud, who approached the depth of personality in terms of repression—the idea that man has certain experiences that he cannot bear to remember or to let himself express, and so he represses them. Freud's insight in this area was that man represses these experiences into this deep level of the unconscious, where they are transformed and no longer expressed in their direct literal way but they are expressed in symbolic form.

The other metaphorical method of understanding the unconscious is in terms of the basic process of natural growth. The metaphor of the seed is perhaps the simplest: there is in the seed the latent potentiality of development, as in the old image the oak tree is latent in the acorn. Using this metaphor, the unconscious of man is essentially his potentiality—those latent possibilities of development that are there in our nature but are not visible. One cannot see them until they fulfill themselves and unfold themselves, unless there are ways to become aware and to become attuned to these possibilities while they are still in process.

We must differentiate between symbol and sign. When we think in terms of the repressed aspect of the unconscious and Freud's statement that those experiences which are repressed are transformed into symbolic terms, it is best to speak of these actually not as symbols but as signs because the sense is that if dreams have a specific meaning, then the content of the dream is a sign of something else which is the experience behind it. The symbol in this sense does not refer to the past but is a channel by which the potentiality in the depth of a person is opening up and moving forward. The symbol is the channel by which the future unfolds in the person. Therefore, if

this concept is right, the way to approach a symbol is not to analyze it back to the past, because it doesn't really derive from the past. The way to approach a symbol is to work with it and draw it forward so that it can open to life; so that it can open as a bud opens and so that the process of growth can continue and move through the symbol as a psychological medium of individual development.

Let's examine an example of a dream, the dream of a graduate student as it was told in the course of our work. This young man had always had one difficulty after another, in the sense that he had made successive unsuccessful starts in several different fields. He had a dream in which he was at a large party, and at the party they were all to go on a treasure hunt. On the treasure hunt they came to a sort of misshapen tree. On this tree, on one of the twisted limbs, there hung a sort of key, a shiny key. It was very bright and golden. And there was a feeling in the dream that the treasure they were seeking was just beneath. So they got a shovel, started to dig, and just shoveled once or twice when the ground opened—very deep down, the earth just opened to great depth, where they glimpsed something which he knew in the dream was the treasure. He needed some tool other than the shovel in order to remove the treasure, so they went off to fetch it. And at the close of the dream, as they are going off to get the tool with which they will extricate the treasure, they look back and this deformed tree is not misshapen any more. When a dream like that is related, the first question is what feeling goes with it—in this case, his feeling was of a new perspective coming to him. It was as though quite spontaneously the dream summed up his past life as a misshapen tree, yet with the feeling that upon this misshapen tree, as a result of all the mistakes and distortions of his past experience, there was guidance or access to the new things that he needed to find in his life. Then as he felt himself taking the first step to begin the work of digging, the work was mysteriously carried forward for him. And he went away with an assurance of a future in which things are brought into harmony. It's as though you see in a dream that comes out of that intensity (and if you like, depth) the past, the present and the future—brought together and in the intensity of a sort of great "now," an immediate experience, a perspective of the past, a sense of where one is, and a feeling for how the future can be approached and how it can unfold is given.

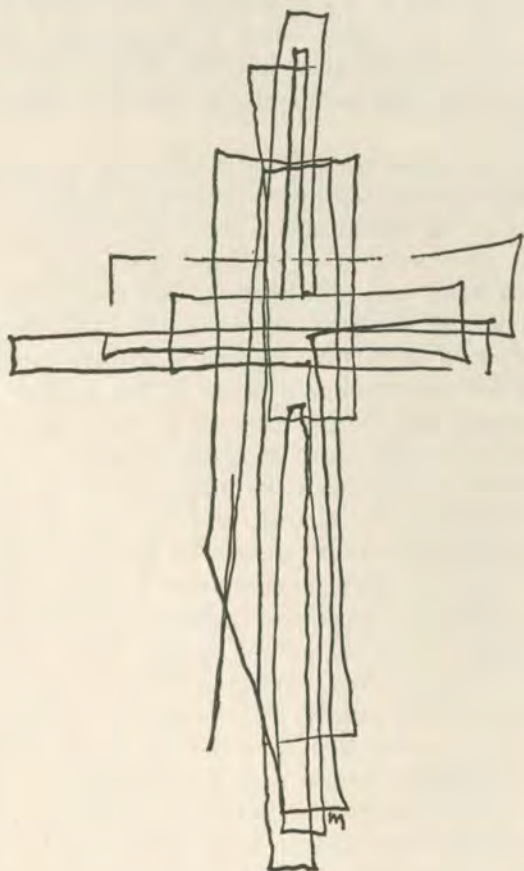
**A**NOTHER individual, with whom I subsequently had rather lengthy work, came to me with a dream in which he was on a boardwalk at a beach resort where many people were vacationing. And as they were walking on the boardwalk the tide began to rise and there was a feeling that the water was coming over, holes were opening in the boardwalk, the concrete supports were breaking under and there was a

feeling that he was being inundated by his own unconscious. His feeling was actually that he was about to go insane, and so it was with tremendous tension that he came to talk about it. How could one approach a dream of inundation this way? What could one see in it? Most obviously, it is the sign that a great disturbance is taking place within the life of the person. It means in the first place there is a great danger in the present moment, but it also means that there is a great opportunity, because all that lies dormant in people's lives (when there is not a tension that stirs them up) is awakened in the disturbance. The waters rising from the deep psyche may inundate the personality or may become a supplier of a great new resource for the development of the person. The process is to draw the flow further on, to get a feeling of what it is trying to express from the depths of ourselves, to become sympathetic with it. We cannot turn upon it, analyze it and break it down, but rather must encourage it, draw it on and establish a certain relationship to it. We must get a feeling of the kind of rhythm that it follows because in the activation of this level of ourselves there are times when it moves very strongly, when it comes with great tension, when it brings great anxiety, when one feels really at a loss for how to deal with it.

This particular person had a tendency to awaken in the middle of the night with dreams of this kind with a dryness in the throat and a choking and palpitations; he was constantly going to heart specialists to make sure his heart was still beating. One particular experience became the turning point in his work. He awoke in the night with his customary anxiety symptoms, yet he felt that he had a sense of the rhythm of his experience; the rhythm seemed to stand apart from him as if it were some abstract principle of nature, such as the movement of the blood or the inevitability of the healing of a wound, and he was unrelated to it. He said that in that moment he suddenly felt free. He lay back and used our customary therapy technique, pretending that a screen was before his eyes and allowing images to appear on the screen. First he had an image of a great frog, emerging from the surf with a huge egg in its mouth. This image he felt as a sign of transformation, and as he did so, the frog changed into a handsome young man who seemed to "glow." Then he saw a second image: a piece of lettuce, flawed at the center by several large brown spots, toward which spots a pair of scissors were cutting unaided. His feeling was of awareness and purpose; he almost said aloud, "Oh, I know what that is; the scissors are going to cut out the brown spots." Yet at this moment of awareness, the scissors stopped cutting, whereupon he felt that he was imposing consciousness on the image and had thus immobilized it. He deliberately relaxed, became quiet, and the scissors again proceeded to clip out the brown spots.

This series of images, and his acceptance of them,

became the turning point in his therapy. It established the point of contact between him and me, at the point where the patient becomes aware of the process of his therapy and willing to accept it as an active, effective process. In the stages of therapy that follow, treatment thus becomes quite an impersonal thing. The issue is not the patient's private personal problems, but his experience of reality in itself as represented within himself psychologically. This particular patient's major problem was that he felt no meaning in his work: he was a commercial artist, and felt that he had no relation to his products, and could not participate in them; he had no integral relationship to his work. But at the point where his freedom came, in the aforementioned series of images, he became able to create a work on his own which was the outward embodiment of his inner process of development. And, in turn, the opus he had created, the outer sign, became at once the focus and evoker of his emerging self-understanding.



**A**FTER the emergence of his significant opus, and the subsequent transfer of therapy to an impersonal plane, another stage in the work emerges in which the patient experiences symbols of all kinds and on all levels. Of particular interest—since it strikes at the heart of a crucial contemporary American problem—is this patient's religious experience as he came to relate it during his therapy. Very few people today

can experience self-knowledge in the traditional religious framework; we have to cast about in very nontraditional ways. The patient had an image in the course of his work in which he was in a museum, where someone presented him with a book of paintings, pointed to a particular page, and said, "This is for you." It was a very conventional painting of the Ascension, traditional and stereotyped; yet he felt that he himself had to paint it. He made a watercolor copy with no difficulty, and brought it to me in disgust, asking why he should produce psychologically such a flat and meaningless symbol. He felt no relationship to the painting at all. We talked of nontraditional religious images, and I told him of a dream in my experience which I considered to be of religious significance. The image was of a dark group of trees which nonetheless seemed to put out an unearthly light, a glow radiating inescapably from all sides. In a few days, he returned to me. He had found his thoughts much involved in this image of a glowing dogwood tree, so he had painted his conception of it and brought it in to me. He said that after painting it he felt quite different from anything in his experience, and he returned to bed. In his sleep, he had a new image of his own. It was a dream image of a mature, wise man with a large diamond stick pin in his tie; the diamond glowed and seemed to become objectified, drawing all attention to it. The record of his journal reads:

We took it in our hands and examined it, this diamond, with great interest and wonder, feeling glad that such a thing of value was ours. After we had taken the diamond out of the setting, it seemed to relate to me as well as to him who wrote it . . . it took on a different aspect. It seemed to be about the size of a reading lens and very clear.

I was distressed, in my earlier dream, that such a powerful dream of the Christ should leave me unmoved. The associations that came to me this morning seemed to release some meaning for me on this earlier problem. What a host of images and insights cluster around this theme! Is it then the Christ within, who is the wearer of the lens? Is it he who transmits, focuses universal life into our individual expressions of it? Did the vigorous, universal, creative self see the great answer in the Christ-image, but in such a way that I could not accept it myself? Is the wearer of the diamond lens, the more human and relatable man, also the image of the Christ? If so, then he has been a continuing presence throughout my dream sequences [with] never a hint of the supernatural, but as the very essence I could conceive of as a mature, wise, infinitely interested friend. It is as though here is the translation . . . into daily experience of a deeper transcendental symbol. Perhaps because of its remote, otherworldly nature, and because of the misconceptions and misinterpretations I carried from my childhood I couldn't accept the import of the more spiritual symbol.

This, I think, is one of the crucial points in American psychophysical disorders, that the traditional religious symbols are inaccessible to so many. The relation to the biblical tradition and to the quality of reality which breaks through that tradition has been lost in the secularization of our culture. Yet that rela-

tion, that contact, can be re-established in the individual, restored to effectiveness in the continuity of inward experience. One may reach the confines of time and personality and break them open in new



and elemental experience. Thus it may happen that the sense of contact, of relationship, reaches out into the continuity of time so that where those events have taken place whereby great reality has been thrust into human experience in history, one can establish a personal connection with them in his own depths and experience their unfolding power in a new way.

Another patient, after a very long and anxious period of attempting to deal with her tensions, was able to write the following significant opus:

I was not born yesterday  
But a thousand, thousand years ago.  
• Bleak lay the rocky crust beneath incessant rain  
The great seas pulsed with life as yet unborn  
I was, when no ear heard the deafening roars  
Molten lava bursting from earth's core sent heaven high  
From these same depths in me, I am reaching now  
I slept with Adam, and I killed with Cain  
I sat outside the tent and looked at stars with Abraham  
I laughed with Sarah and with Sarah smiled  
When Moses argued, I argued with our God  
With Mary pondered, and with Mary loved  
Wept with Peter and with Judas cried  
Loved our Lord and watched him crucified  
I was not born yesterday  
But a thousand, thousand years ago  
My hands were lifted as they are lifted now.

Contact with the stifled reality behind the biblical tradition is still possible, in depth. But nontraditional spiritual expressions are now dominant. Another dimension of reality becomes present and effective and available for living; it is essentially a new way of becoming a part of the larger dimension of reality.

Martin Buber has said, "Faith is a way of entering reality." Yet it must be experienced; it must be effective. It must be an actual door which one can actually walk through. Mere appearance or intellectualization or mummery is not enough; without the actual experience, you will eventually come to feel guilty about it. This, I think, is why I find that a great number of

people in our time actually repress their spiritual experience. They won't speak of it. They feel guilty because they have to hide the experience, since usually the experience is not in the traditional terms they have been taught. Yet the experience can be nonetheless real, if one lives and has one's being not in an outward world, but within the contacts of an inward reality which depends on the intensity and validity and self-validation of one's psychological experience. The essential is that there be a radical and total openness to the future and to inward personal development.

**P**SYCHOTHERAPY, of course, is neither the goal nor is it an end in itself. It is simply a method, a means of obtaining our desired end. Any method will require face-to-face confrontation with another person. I see in the future that perhaps we might find a new kind of ministry in the churches, devoted to the intense psychophysical development of individuals, although, of course, no doctrinal criteria are applicable here, and no preconceived notions of the truth possible. Certainly everyone can, and should, keep his own psychological journal, recording the experiences of his inner growth and development. We cannot say that the pattern of growth is always the same, but we can say that the experience of self-understanding is one of essential unity. One could speak, perhaps, of the emergence of a spiritual democracy, i.e., a nation in which the sense of personal validity and the integrity of the individual are paramount.

The most important thing is that we break down the taboo—and it is a most stringent taboo—in this country against any attention to the inward life; we must make it possible for people to be serious again. It has been said that the United States has never produced an Einstein because we don't really want to. We don't have the atmosphere that would nurture the inward development necessary to a really visionary man. In the past few years, though, it has become increasingly obvious that our scientists are coming to admit that their really creative ideas come as intuition, momentary insights which a generation ago they would have been ashamed of and tried to hide. You don't get the Nobel Prize for a hunch—but precisely that is at the bottom of all major discoveries. Perhaps one of the things we shall have to learn best is that the connection with the analogical ultimate comes not only through religious experience as we have understood it in the past, but also through science which reaches to the core of things, or through art which delves to the core of being. We certainly know that the next step in our spiritual life, if we open ourselves to the whole atmosphere of creativity in our time, will have many and diverse forms; they will involve many different kinds of symbols and the creation of different kinds of tradition. All that is important is that we be attentive to the dimension in ourselves which makes it possible for the openness of the future to be received.

# the knowledge of human validity

BY RICHARD E. WENTZ

**T**HE knowledge of God is the knowledge of human validity. This does not mean that man finds a natural worth within himself—a worth which he then identifies with the knowledge of God. It is rather another way of saying that the knowledge of God is redemptive cognition. Validity is not self-disposed. It is the result of an awareness of a redemptive character that enters human nature. There is nothing new in the scope of this idea. However, there is the tendency for it to be obscured in an age where anxiety, estrangement, frustration, and hopelessness are the keynote themes.

We would presume to say that the true knowledge of God is always redemptive knowledge. This is the central significance of Jesus Christ. The world without Christ is a world that knows hopelessness. It translates that hopelessness into star worship or Dionysian affirmation, or fatalism, or world negation, or stern legalism. While we could say that these latter thoughts and activities are entirely within the realm of the knowledge or judgment of God, we would add that they are



incomplete activity and incomplete thought based on incomplete knowledge.

This observation speaks to the present condition of humanity. There is no profound knowledge of human validity. Man is caught in a trembling and anxious web of defensive humanism. That is, he doesn't know what to hold onto but he believes it must have something to do with asserting the humanity about which he is uncertain. He is not sure what or where man's worth is, but he knows there is nothing else. Essentially, therefore, his assertions are not a witness to a knowledge of human validity. He worships nothing really because he himself knows nothing of worth.

Even theology is engulfed in a deplorable didacticism that fuzzily wades around in all kinds of cultural muddles. It is true that theology must participate in this world of defensive humanism. But it dare not think itself God to the extent of succumbing to this world. Much theology today (perhaps erroneously interpreting its fidelity to Bonhoeffer) seems obsessed with a messiah complex. It does not remember that there have always been messianic pretenders. It obscures its relationship to the incarnation by assuming (mostly unconsciously) that it must relive the sacrifice of Christ. Accordingly, it contemplates its nail wounds with masochistic relish. If anything at all is





MIMI GROSS

revealed in Christ, this contemporary succumbing to a half-knowledge of God (his judgment) is foreign to that revelation.

The most creative theologians of our era have helped us to see the tragedy and misery of man. This has been helpful and essential. We have learned the extremity of human sin whether or not we have been willing to use the term. But that is only the result of the ministry of law. It is unfulfilled experience, incomplete knowledge. The ministry of the gospel is one of restored human validity. If God be God, then any such cognition of human validity is knowledge of God.

Wherein does this cognition come to be associated with redemption? To begin with, redemption must never come to mean an angelic assumption that affects some kind of levitational removal from the ambiguities and complexities of living. In other words, to be aware of redemption does not mean to be taken out of this world. It does not mean that we exist in a purified and unblemished state wherein we remain untouched and can do no wrong. Biblically speaking redemption means being "in but not of the world." Redemption means that our existence is validated—has value and worth. Existence itself may continue in its chaotic and corrupting turmoil; but now *that* existence is valid. This knowledge cannot come from within man. It is

the knowledge of God—in the fullest sense that that knowledge is available to man. It is a knowledge that corresponds to the biblical idea of the fulfillment that Christ brings.

The literature, the philosophy, and the scientific mood of our age all seem to be unaware of this simple truth. This is a descriptive age. Literature describes only what it sees; it cannot seem to break the bonds of saying only what is, what is felt, what is done. Philosophy is interested only in describing what people say (analytical) or in what they do from within the context of individual decision (existentialist). The scientific mood often transforms itself into a life-perspective that recognizes no possibilities other than what can be projected on the basis of data-description. There is little venture into the unknown by anyone. There is next to no attempt to present new options or offer new truths—and the prophetic function seems to be limited to further analysis and description of what is happening in our culture. There is no word from the Lord—seldom even from theology. This condition may be attributed to the absence of any authentic knowledge of human validity.

**W**HAT is the way in which authentic knowledge of human validity takes place? What methodology

suggests itself? Let us begin by generalizing the two dominant postures whereby man seeks to clarify his mode of living. As an existentialist, man may be concerned with making the best choices available to him in order to affirm whatever significance his existence is to have. As an ontologist, man may be concerned with decisions and interpretations seen and made in the light of certain understandings of a universal reality and being beyond, yet related to, the normal confines of existence. It is appropriate to raise the question of whether either of these two approaches is adequate. There is a way of looking at life as appositional. That is to say, *no one ever experiences meaning without sharing relationship to something that has power of meaning which it can sacrifice*. To a certain extent there is seldom a raw existential situation; rather, there is always an appositional situation that defines one's life. Even the seeming decisions one makes are reflections of some kind of appositional stance.

Unfortunately, the ordinary structures of apposition are such that the powers of meaning to which you or I stand in apposition are not strong enough or free enough to make the necessary sacrifice and still come out of it unscathed and adequate. Actually, these powers are no better off than we are. They cannot stand the sacrifice. However, being forced in the course of circumstances to make that sacrifice, they are eventually (consciously or unconsciously) revealed to us as inadequate. We are deluded! We are revolted! When this occurs, we may pursue many courses. We may declare that there is no meaning other than that which we assert for ourselves. We may revert to sophisticated versions of fatalism—perhaps a spatial pantheism in place of the ancient solar pantheism. Or, we may call for revivals of ontological certainties and Platonic forms. Whatever pattern our revulsion takes, it will be taken because of appositional breakdown. It becomes apparent that the only solution to our dilemma is an adequate appositional posture. There must be (something) that can bear the sacrifice involved in sharing power of meaning.

The picture of adequate apposition is to be seen in the image of the crucified One. Here we see the story that defies the claims of the pious and confounds the precepts of the wise. In it the anxieties of the existentialist and the flights of the ontologist seem to be transcended in terms of an immanent experience. Neither the existentialist nor the ontologist is vindicated. What is seen is adequate apposition. Ontological forms are not verified; existentialist defiance or fatalism is not justified as one begins to see the significance of the Christ. What is seen is a perfectly human and historical portrait. And one must tend to the task of understanding the portrait in and with its history. But in the seeing a mystery confronts us. It is a mystery because we cannot completely comprehend it. We only **apprehend** it and discover that it is

the only adequate appositional stance for living. Standing in relation to the crucified One we find that it does not have the feet of clay that former relationships have had. It seems to be able to stand the sacrifice required—yet not only **stand** it, but accept it—in order that our inadequacies may be transformed onto another dimension. We are provided with a **higher** integrity than self-disposed integrity. In the context of this adequate apposition, we discover a validity to our humanity which is nowhere else available. To experience it is to have the knowledge of God—redemptive knowledge. And it is authentic knowledge because it is not abstract, not propositional.

In order that adequate apposition may occur and power of meaning be sacrificed for us a great deal more is required than we realize. Under the tutelage of the contemporary social sciences we have learned that our persons are much more fugitive and provisional than we are likely to observe. As we have said before, this provisional nature of human existence is a reflection of the inadequacies of apposition. Anxiety, totalitarian assertion, skepticism, and ambiguity are all within the scope of this provisionality. Cruelty and human renunciation are some of its by-products. Any **true** apposition which is provided in such a matrix will find the **ultimate** required of it—it will be crucified as it seeks to afford the sacrifice necessary to share the power of meaning.

**WE** who recognize the truth of what is suggested in this scheme must live in the light of redemptive awareness. We must assert the human validity that is intrinsic to the awareness. Our age cannot afford humanism, but it certainly needs the knowledge that redemptive good has sacrificed itself in order to offer the validity of human existence.

Ethics becomes an involvement in the appositional theme. In the situations requiring our decision we must be aware of how much is required of us were we capable of living as individuals who found it possible to affect adequate apposition on the purely human level. The law as projected in Decalogue and Sermon on the Mount is the demand that submits that requirement. The law is an indication of the sacrifice required in order for us to claim any authentic validity. Since no individual or collective entity can provide that sacrifice, it will be provided for us. We are bound to concentrate upon the law in each situation. We are bound in order that our decisions may stand genuinely as a reflection of the sacrifice. The decisions themselves will be decisions of thankfulness that sacrifice is possible. Therefore, we do not bask in the sorrows of the sacrifice; we live in the appositional character of redemption as valid humans. There can be no naive optimism or antinomian libertinism in a genuine confrontation of this knowledge. It is the proper stance for Christians in a depressed post-Christian Era.

# a man for all seasons

BY JAROSLAV PELIKAN

**T**HIS is the fifteenth year of my career as a professor. Half of that career I spent on the faculties of schools controlled by the church; the other half I have taught at my alma mater, the University of Chicago. Thus I have had a unique opportunity, during the transitional years since 1946, to observe the religious

and moral attitudes of four student generations. And I have frequently pondered the contrasts between the two kinds of colleges, as well as the ways in which they complement each other. The contrast is not simply that the schools of the churches infuse their intellectual and moral training with the spirit of religion while a so-called "secular" university does not. For in point of fact, there are specific accounts of authentic religion that may be more audible within organized education than within organized religion. That is why any consideration of the moral atmosphere of this student generation, whether at Vassar or Chicago or some denominational college, cannot avoid in the end raising questions which are fundamentally religious. Education does need morality and morality does need religion, but not simply for the reason or in the manner that would be cited by most conventionally religious people. Religious vision brings to education at least three meanings: the meaning of authority, the meaning of acceptance, and the meaning of ambiguity.

Theologically, of course, I must speak of the relation between the law and the gospel. Morally, I will describe what Robert Bolt's play on St. Thomas More has called "a man for all seasons," one whom both prosperity and failure will move, but neither can finally destroy; one who may lose every battle and still win the war. This thesis is based on my earlier historical investigation, **Protestant but not Christian**: that historical religion, value-systems, and education are interdependent in their pursuit of fostering the man for all seasons.

## AUTHORITY: TORAH AS DIVINE AND HUMAN STRUCTURE

A man for all seasons must learn authority for the times when values are being formed. In the Book of Exodus, the preface to the Ten Commandments was the declaration: "I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." The divine authority evidenced by this redemptive act stood behind each of the commands and prohibitions of the Decalogue. It was the divine indicative that preceded each divine imperative, promising rewards and threatening punishments in support of the moral law announced on Mt. Sinai. A system of values does indeed depend upon the authority of parents, and in any organized society it must also depend on the sanctions provided by the sovereignty of the government. But the times when values are moving toward



maturity are simultaneously the times when we discover how human, all too human, our parents are; they are the times when we learn to be realistic, if not in fact cynical, about the frailties and fallibilities of those who rule the State. And therefore there must be, beyond feeble human fathers, one whom all can address as "Our Father"; there must be, beyond president and state-sovereignty, one whom all acknowledge as "King of kings and Lord of lords." A mature set of values can come into being if we, as we grow up, are surrounded by a system of authority that sets the limits within which we are to find meaning and value—and freedom.

When, in the name of freedom, such a system of authority is rejected, the achievement of genuine maturity suffers a crippling blow. Far from encouraging maturity, this loss of structure imposes upon the moral life the tyranny of permissiveness, epitomized by the plaintive question of the pupil at the laboratory school of our college of education (in an earlier day, I should hasten to add) who asked his teacher: "Do we have to do anything we want to again today?" Behind this facetious anecdote is the profound insight that a mature adulthood requires the foundation of authority during its formative years. But to be truly free, morality must know an authority that transcends the multiple authorities of the father or the teacher or the cop on the beat, an authority from which all of these are derived and by which they are finally judged. If mature morality is to develop, it finds the meaning of this authority; and in every society known to anthropology, it is the function of religion to provide a meaning and a promise for the good life. In this sense certainly both the social sciences and the traditions of our various faiths must answer Yes to the question: Does morality need religion?

#### ACCEPTANCE: THE REVELATION AND GIFT OF GRACE

Each of us acknowledges the debt our history owes to the religious and moral values of our homes, churches, and schools. What we are morally, we are because of it. Yet each of us also acknowledges that there was a time when this religious upbringing, together with the values it taught us, was under serious stress. It is significant that this period of stress usually occurs during the period of university education: as the intellectual outlook broadens, our religious and moral apprenticeship ends. Students begin to think for themselves; they must likewise act and believe for themselves—or refuse to believe, if they so choose. Their secondhand value systems which they have received from their parents, their society, school, and churches come in for examination and experimentation. A student discovers that the lightning from Mt. Sinai does not strike him when he transgresses conventional morality. He learns, from what he himself observes and from what others tell him, that sometimes crime does pay, that nice guys often finish last, and

that both value systems and religious institutions can be instruments of oppression and injustice.

During these college years, a ripening maturity needs religion to provide it with the meaning of acceptance. The very forces that have symbolized authority and justice must also represent acceptance and understanding as well. For the moral and religious uncertainty of the college years is accompanied by a confusion which often expresses itself in guilt and doubt. I know that I have done wrong even when I don't know for sure whether what I have done is *really* wrong! Therefore I must rely on the very symbols against which I am rebelling. Indeed, the reliability of these symbols is the only foundation upon which I can build my rebellion against them. Authority and acceptance depend upon each other: I must know that I cannot destroy the ultimate authority by my rebellion or by my experimentation; and I must be able to count on an ultimate acceptance before, during, and after my time of trial. To provide the meaning of acceptance that is total, unconditional, unquestioning—this is, I believe, the primary function of religion in relation to morality during our early college years: to keep the poison out of the ivy.

Yet the history of organized religion does not provide much encouragement for this particular answer to our question. So completely has the authoritarian function of religion predominated over all other functions that the emphasis upon the need for acceptance has sometimes appeared eccentric or immoral or even heretical. There has always been law in religion; but there has been grace only occasionally. The risk of offering total acceptance seems too great; and forgiveness, whether divine or human, looks like a cheap way out of man's moral plight. Therefore the prophetic tradition in Judaism and Christianity has been devoted to the conviction that acceptance, grace, and a forgiveness without condescension are the core of both religion and morality. In an Isaiah or an Amos, in a Bernard of Clairvaux or a Luther, above all in the person and message of Jesus, the prophetic tradition has announced divine pardon and human acceptance as the twin themes of the religious and moral life. More than once, this prophetic announcement has had to come from some source other than the institutions and traditions of religion. It must be admitted that for many people in our time the meaning of acceptance has become more real outside the church than within it. Education in so-called "secular" schools has brought healing and soundness to lives which were unable to make sense of the conventional synthesis of morality and religion.

It remains to be seen, of course, whether this grace can sustain itself permanently without drawing repeatedly upon the grace offered in the gospel. As religious authority can go for several generations after religion itself has died, but must eventually come to terms with the problem of ultimate authority, so grace

and acceptance can indeed be more evident outside the traditional channels than within them, but perhaps this is because within their own confines the religious traditions nurture men and movements who transcend and correct them. It is the most profound insight of biblical faith that he who seeks to save his life shall lose it, while he who loses his life for God's sake shall save it. Thus it is that the church must sometimes lose its identity so that its message of grace and acceptance can become a reality—if not in the structured rites of the church, then even in the program and atmosphere of the university. For, as Archbishop Temple used to say, God is interested in a lot of things besides religion. He is the God of all, not just of the churches. He is the God of the college and the university, and there are times when the university is called upon to do what the churches have forgotten to do. Mature morality needs religion to provide it with the meaning of acceptance for the times when morality is being questioned and threatened. If the church does not provide this meaning of acceptance—or, for that matter, even if it does—the campus must.

#### AMBIGUITY: THE MYSTERY AND JUDGMENT OF GOD

There is yet a third sense in which maturity requires religious faith. Religion can provide the meaning of ambiguity, necessary for those times when morality becomes equated with rigid moralism. Education has the responsibility of trying to anticipate the intellectual needs and problems of the student after he leaves college. The student should acquire the wisdom that will help him to be a citizen, parent, and responsible human being, however his moral needs change. He still requires moral authority, of course; he will never cease to do so. He still stands in need of acceptance, for there is no closed season on moral lapses. But as the college alumnus matures and grows gray at the temples, something very like moral arteriosclerosis may begin to set in. With a swiftness that surprises every succeeding generation, we inherit the moral authority we have obeyed and defied in our parents. With it, also, we inherit a large portion of the moral self-righteousness we have been so quick to discern and condemn in our parents.

For the times when this happens, and when morality becomes a rigid moralism, the Christian faith provides the meaning of ambiguity. This is really an extension of the meaning of acceptance, which I discussed earlier. When I am reminded that my life is only a gift of grace, that I am sustained and forgiven by One who is greater and holier than I, and that this is based not on my deserts but on his goodness—when I am reminded of all this, I cannot assume the stance of a demigod who demands perfection in others because he manifests perfection in himself. The occupational disease of a middle-aged morality is pretense and posturing, as the repetition of the anthem, "Now, when I was your age . . ." demonstrates. Instead of

acting as an antidote, however, institutional religion often compounds the syndrome of this self-righteousness. To the young, God seems to be a middle-aged Father opposed to fun; to the middle-aged, he righteously supports the status quo. Then it is that authentic religion must revive the voice of him who flung the challenge into the teeth of self-righteous religion, "Let him who is without sin throw the first stone!"

No amount of education can inoculate against this occupational disease. But our college years can teach us to be honest about ourselves. Such honesty is demanded by high religion; it is made possible by education, which teaches us to look, in ourselves and in others, for the real motive behind many a pious act. Where faith and intellect, high religion and higher education work together, they produce a profound sense of the ambiguity of every moral act or decision; at the same time they produce a mighty resolve to do what has to be done in any situation, to do it as well as can be done, and to leave the rest to God. For if responsible politics is the art of the possible, a mature act of valuated decision is the art of the ambiguous: to face facts honestly, to consider the alternatives frankly, to make the decision determinedly and take the consequences courageously. Religion can help the moral man to live in the risks of this ambiguity without paralysis.

Again we must acknowledge that organized religion has no monopoly on this art, and that it sometimes has had to learn about this from academics who reject it out of hand. The phrase "pious fraud" came into our language directly from the Latin; the universality of the phrase is evidence for the universality of the phenomenon. Yet over and over again in the history of Western religion the pinpricks of an honest and aroused conscience have deflated the smugness of moral pride, including the moral pride of the antireligious academician. Without these pinpricks of prophetic religion, mature morality becomes intolerant—and intolerable. The dictionary of morality contains, in alphabetical order, the following traits: pride, priggishness, propriety, prudery. Each of these categories can find justification in religion, and often does. But suddenly religion sounds its own depths; it hears, deep beneath the conventionalized diety of pietism, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Father of the Christ. Then, and only then, both value systems and religion are rescued from the distortions which so easily beset them, becoming sources of meaning for human life. Unless they are informed by such religious faith, value systems become just that: dead, empty systems of concepts unrelated to the human dimension. And only such religious faith is valid; it requires liberal education, which refuses to be professional at the expense of the vision of a man for all seasons.

## CRUCIFIXION

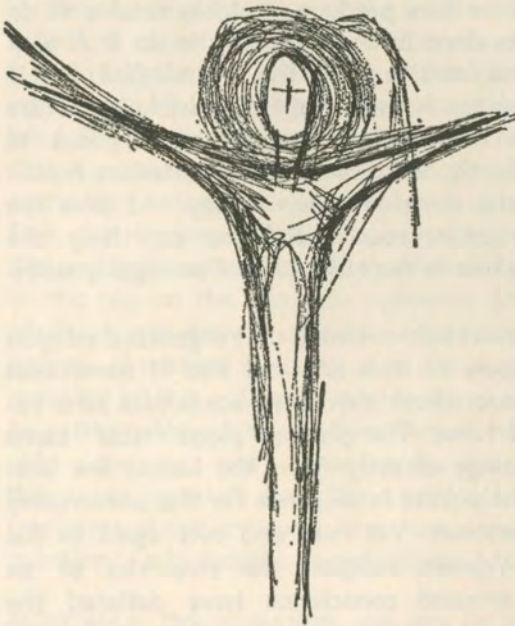
You spread beneath separate moons  
like night after night as logical  
and tight in extension  
as your heaving breath, my head  
bent back for your death

nails you in focus, fixed

For now among screams you appear  
at sad arm's length  
already an exhausted nerve  
from the garden without strength  
to recall the room of loud faces  
or the traces of what you  
might have been

This desperate demand, immaculate  
creation, frightened to ridiculous  
increase makes your image  
and shifts the fright to one  
brief fist of light  
chipped like bits of cameo  
split held decomposed  
and doom is a plague of cracked cameras

—ROMER JUSTICE



## IN A TIME OF NO FIGS

That week ending with His crucifixion  
He cursed the fig tree under  
Whose leaves lay only leaves again;  
His friends looked in wonder  
At the withered miracle of cursing  
Although they knew  
Advertising bears dangerous burdens  
At least for trees.

I too

Marveling, have accepted the varied curses  
Of flaunted spring.

But error

Couples wonder here in this surging  
Mistaken November  
Where Judas trees swelling curse the truth  
Of calendars, drunk  
With blatant weather billowing bloom  
Wrenched from weary trunks.

—HOLLIS SUMMERS

## THE SHADOW OF MIND

three poems  
BY RALPH ROBIN

### THIS CALM STATEMENT

Nostalgic for deliria,  
I circled toward the places  
Where deliria had been,  
Like sentimentalities.

They had grown to respectable occupations  
And called me sir even remembering me.

I shook hands with them all around  
And invited them to my calm house for a visit  
To shriek in their old way for a remembrance.

My conduct was explainable:  
In the quiet of their absence  
Unanswerable obligations could not go unanswered.

### BEING ABSENT FROM DISHONEST SUNLIGHT

In a metaphor opposite from the usual choice  
I lived for a long time in the sun.

All the chatter that went on (suntan oil  
I think is still under one fingernail)

We thought the life of the communication  
Circuit. I was without notion

Of the room of knowledge where bound  
Prisoners were unbound underground,

Where in the absence of dishonest glare  
A man or woman could measure height

And in adulthood grow faster than any child  
And make what was not latent.

### SUBMERGENCE

When after combination we split our books  
And I forsook your gripped  
Bravery for a hateful bell  
Did you love me less?  
Or did you not love me yet at all?

In old water, in old bubble,  
I thought to be untroubled by  
You. I thought to resume,  
With changes appropriate to the time,  
All that I spent my time condemning.

Take my questions as rhetorical  
Or I confess there yet remain on me  
Some tainted water,  
Whiff of that air.

# food for all his dead

BY FRANK CHIN

*Jus' forty-five year 'go, Doctah Sun Yat-sen free China from da Manchus. Dat's why all us Chinees, alla ovah da woil are celebrate Octob' tan or da Doubloo Tan. . . .!*

The shouted voice came through the open bathroom window. The shouting and music were still loud after rising through the night's dry air; white moths jumped on the air, danced through the window over the voice, and lighted quickly on the wet sink, newly reddened from his father's attack. Johnny's arms were around his father's belly, holding the man upright against the edge of the sink to keep the man's mouth high enough to spit lung blood into the drain.

The man's belly shrank and filled against Johnny's arms as the man breathed and spat, breathed and spat, the belly shrinking and filling. The breaths and bodies against each other shook with horrible rhythms that could not be numbed out of Johnny's mind. "Pride," Johnny thought, "Pa's pride for his reputation for doing things . . . except dying. He's not proud of dying, so it's a secret between father and son. . . ." At the beginning of the man's death, then he had been Johnny's father, still commanding and large, saying, "Help me. I'm dying; don't tell," and removing his jacket and walking to the bathroom. Then came the grin—pressed lips twisted up into the cheeks—hiding the gathering blood and drool. Johnny had cried then, knowing his father would die. But now the man seemed to have been always dying and Johnny always waiting, waiting with what he felt was a coward's loyalty to the dying, for he helped the man hide his bleeding and was sick himself, knowing he was not waiting for the man to die but waiting for the time after death when he could relax.

*. . . free from da yoke of Manchu slab'ry, in'epen'ence, no moah queue on da head! Da's wha'fo' dis big a parade! An' here, in San Francisco, alla us Chinees—'mellican 're pwowd! . . .*

It's all gone . . . I can't spit any more. Get my shirt, boy. I'm going to make a speech tonight. . . ." The man slipped from the arms of the boy and sat on the toilet lid and closed his mouth. His bare chest shone as if washed with dirty cooking oil and looked as if he should have been chilled, not sweating, among the cold porcelain and tile of the bathroom.

To the sound of herded drums and cymbals, Johnny wiped the sweat from his father's soft body and dressed him without speaking. He was full of the heat of wanting to cry for his father but would not.

His father was heavier outside the house.

They staggered each other across the alleyway to the edge of Portsmouth Square. They stood together at the top of the slight hill, their feet just off the concrete onto the melted fishbone grass, and could see the brightly lit reviewing stand, and they saw over the heads of the crowd, the dark crowd of people standing in puddles of each other, moving like oily things and bugs floating on a tide; to their left, under trees, children played and shouted on swings and slides; some ran toward Johnny and his father and crouched behind their legs to hide from giggling girls. And they could see the street and the parade beyond the crowd. The man stood away from the boy but held tightly to Johnny's arm. The man swallowed a greasy sound and grinned. "I almost feel I'm not dying now. Parades are like that. I used to dance the Lion Dance in China, boy. I was always in the parades."

Johnny glanced at his father and saw the man's eyes staring wide with the skin around the eyes stretching for the eyes to open wider, and Johnny patted his father's shoulder and watched the shadows of children running across the white sand of the play area. He was afraid of watching his father die here; the man was no longer like his father or a man; perhaps it was the parade. But the waiting, the lies and waiting, waiting so long with a flesh going to death that the person was no longer real as a life but a parody of live things, grinning. The man was a fish drying and shrinking inside its skin on the sand, crazy, mimicking swimming, Johnny thought, but a fish could be lifted and slapped against a stone, thrown to cats; for his father, Johnny could only wait and help the man stay alive without helping him die. "That's probably where you got the disease," Johnny said.

"Where, boy?"

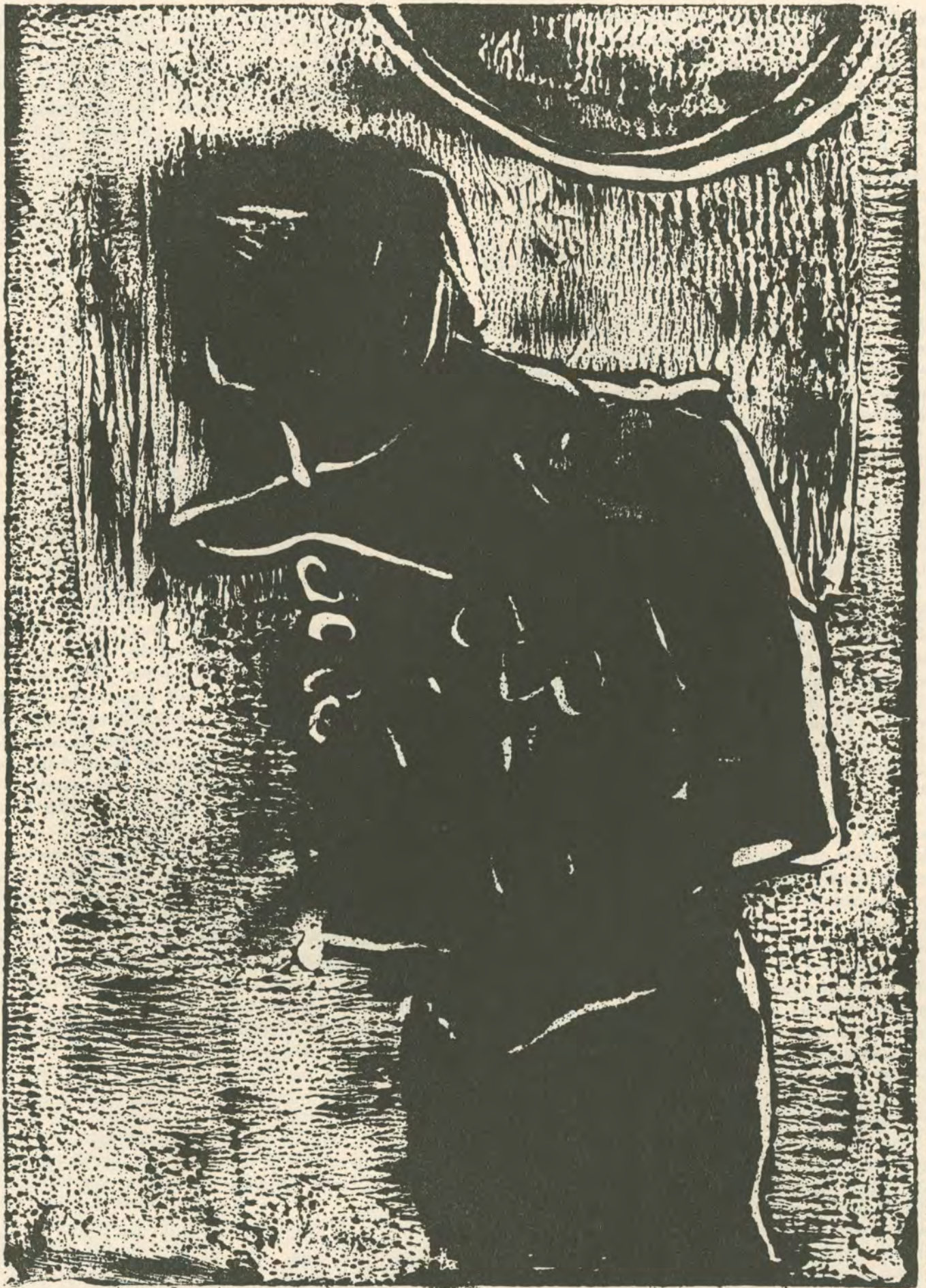
"Back in China."

"No, I got it here. I was never sick for one day in China." The man began walking down the hill toward the crowd. "Back in China. . . ."

They walked down the hill, the man's legs falling into steps with his body jerking after his falling legs; Johnny held his father, held the man back to keep him from falling over his own feet. The man's breath chanted dry and powdered out of his mouth and nostrils to the rhythm of the drums, and his eyes stared far ahead into the parade; his lips opened and showed brickcolored teeth in his grin. "Not so fast, *ah-bah!*" Johnny shouted and pulled at his father's arm. He was always frightened at the man's surges of nervous life.

"Don't run," Johnny said, feeling his father's muscles stretch as he pulled Johnny down the hill toward the





ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

crowd. "Stop running, Pa!" And his father was running and breathing out fog into the hot night and sweating dirty oil, and trembling his fleshy rump inside his baggy trousers, dancing in stumbles with dead senses. "Pa, not so fast, dammit! You're going to have another attack! Slow down!"

"I can't stop, boy."

They were in the shadow of the crowd now, and children chased around them.

"Look! There they are" the man said.

*Dere you're, ladies and genullmans! Eben da lion are bow in respack to us tonight!*

The crowd clapped and whistled, and boys shoved forward to see. Old women, roundbacked in their black overcoats, lifted their heads to smile; they stood together and nodded, looking like clumps of huge beetles with white faces.

"Closer to the platform, boy; that's where I belong," the man said. He leaned against Johnny's shoulder and coughed out of his nostrils. Johnny heard the man swallow and cringed. The man was grinning again, his eyes anxious, the small orbs jumping scared spiders all over the sockets. "Aren't you happy you came, boy? Look at all the people."

"Take time to catch your breath, *ah-bah*. Don't talk. It's wrong for you to be here anyhow."

"Nothing's wrong, boy, don't you see all your people happy tonight? As long as . . ." he swallowed and put his head against Johnny's cheek, then made a sound something like laughter, "as I've been here . . . do you understand my Chinese?" Then slowly in English, catching quick breaths between his words, "I be here, allabody say dere chillren're gonna leab Chinatong and go way, but 'snot so, huh?" His voice was low, a guttural monotone. "Look a'em all; dey still be Chinese. I taught da feller dat teach dem to dance how to do dat dancer, boy. Johnny? Please, dis're you home, here, an' I know you gat tire, but alla you fran's here, an' dey likee you." His face was speaking close to Johnny and chilled the boy's face with hot breath.

The boy did not look at his father talking to him, but stared stiffly out to the street, watching the glistening arms of boys jerking the bamboo skeletons of silk-hided lions over their heads. His father was trying to save him again, Johnny thought, trying to be close like he had been to him how long ago when his father was a hero from the war. The man spoke as if he had saved his life to talk to his son now, tonight, here among the eyes and sounds of Chinese.

"I'm sorry, *ah-bah*, I can't help it . . ." was all Johnny could answer sincerely. He knew it would be cruel to say, "Pa, I don't want to be a curiosity like the rest of the Chinese here. I want to be something by myself," so he did not, not only because of the old man, but because he was not certain he believed himself; it had been easy to believe his own shouted words when he was younger and

safe with his parents; it had been easy not to like what he had then—when he knew he could stay; then, when the man was fat and not dying, they were separate and could argue, but not now; now he was favored with the man's secret; they were horribly bound together now. The old man was dying and still believing in the old ways, still sure—even brave, perhaps—and that meant something to Johnny.

*An' you see dam bow in respack now, and' da's good lucks to ev'eybody!*

The lion dancers passed, followed by a red convertible with boys beating a huge drum on the back seat.

Johnny knew the parades; the lion dancers led the wait for the coming of the long dragon, and the end. The ends of the parades with the dragon were the most exciting, were the loudest moment before the chase down the streets to keep the dragon in sight. He was half aware of the air becoming brittle with the noise of the dances and the crowd, and, with his father now, was almost happy, almost anxious, dull, the way he felt when he was tired and staring in a mirror, slowly realizing that he was looking at his own personal reflection; he felt pleased and depressed, as if he had just prayed for something.

"You know," the man said, "I wan' you to be somebody here. Be doctor, mak' moneys and halp da Chinese, or lawyer, or edgenerer, make moneys and halp, and people're respack you." He patted the boy's chest. "You tall me now you won' leab here when I die, hokay?"

"I don't know, Pa." The boy looked down to the trampled grass between his feet and shrugged off what he did not want to say. They were hopeless to each other now. He looked over his shoulder to his father and could not answer the chilled face; and they stared a close moment onto each other and were private, holding each other and waiting.

Policemen on motorcycles moved close to the feet of the crowd to move them back. The boys wearing black-and-red silk trousers and white sweatshirts, coaxing the clumsy dragon forward with bells and shafts could be seen now; they were dancing and shouting past the reviewing stand. The dragon's glowing head lurched side to side, rose and fell, its jaw dangling after the goading boys. As the dragon writhed and twisted about itself, boys jumped in and out from under its head and belly to keep the dragon fresh.

"Maybe I'm not Chinese, Pa! Maybe I'm just a Chinese accident. You're the only one that seems to care that I'm Chinese." The man glared at the boy and did not listen. "Pa, most of the people I don't like are Chinese. They even *laugh* with accents!" He turned his head from the man, sorry for what he said. It was too late to apologize.

"You dare talk to your father like that?" the man shouted in Chinese. He stood back from the boy, raised himself and slapped him, whining through his teeth as

his arm swung heavily toward the boy's cheek. "You're no son of mine! No son! I'm ashamed of you!"

The shape of the bamboo skeleton was a shadow within the thinly painted silk of the dragon, and boys were shouting inside.

"Pa, *ah-bah*, I'm sorry."

"Get me up to the platform, I gotta make a speech."

"Pa, you've got to go home."

"I'm not dead yet; you'll do as I say."

"All right, I'll help you up because you won't let me help you home. But I'll leave you up there, Pa. I'll leave you for Ma and Sister to bring home."



RCB

*From da Pres'den, of da United State' mellical "To alla ob da Chinee-mellican on da celebrate ob der liberate from da Manchu. . . ."*

"I'm trying to make you go home for your own good."

"You're trying to kill me with disgrace. All right, leave me. Get out of my house, too."

"Pa, I'm trying to help you. You're dying!" The boy reached for his father, but the man stepped away. "You'll kill Ma by not letting her take care of you."

"Your mother's up on the platform waiting for me."

"Because she doesn't know how bad you are. I do. I have a right to make you go home."

"It's my home, not yours. Leave me alone." The man walked the few steps to the edge of the platform and called his wife. She came down and helped him up. She glanced out but did not see Johnny in the crowd. Her

cheeks were made up very pink and her lipstick was still fresh; she looked very young next to Johnny's father, but her hands were old, and seemed older because of the bright nail polish and jade bracelet.

Johnny knew what his father would tell his mother and knew he would have to trust them to be happy without him. Perhaps he meant he would have to trust himself to be happy without them . . . the feeling would pass; he would wait and apologize to them both, and he would not have to leave, perhaps. Everything seemed wrong, all wrong, yet, everyone, in his own way, was right. He turned quickly and walked out of the crowd to the children's play area. He sat on a bench and stretched his legs straight out in front of him. The dark old women in black coats stood by on the edges of the play area watching the nightbleached faces of children flash in and out of the light as they ran through each other's shadows. Above him, Johnny could hear the sound of pigeons in the trees. Chinatown was the same and he hated it now. Before, when he was younger, and went shopping with his mother, he had enjoyed the smells of the shops and seeing colored toys between the legs of walking people; he had been proud to look up and see his mother staring at the numbers on the scales that weighed meat to see the shopkeepers smile and nod at her. And at night, he had played here, like the children chasing each other in front of him now.

"What's a wrong, Johnny? Tire?" He had not seen the girl standing in front of him. He sat up straight and smiled. "You draw more pitchers on napkin for me tonight?"

"No, I was with Pa." He shrugged. "You still got the napkins, huh?"

"I tole you I want dem. I'm keeping 'em." She wore a short white coat over her red *cheongsam* and her hair shook down over her face from the wind.

"I wanta walk," he said. "You wanta walk?"

"I gotta gat home before twalve."

"Me too."

"I'll walk for you dan, okay?" She smiled and reached a hand down for him.

"You'll walk *with* me, not *for* me. You're not a dog." He stood and took her hand. He enjoyed the girl; she listened to him; he did not care if she understood what he said or knew what he wanted to say. She listened to him, would listen with her eyes staring with a wide frog's stare until he stopped speaking, then her body would raise and she would sigh a curl of girl's voice and say, "You talk so nice. . . ."

The tail of an embroidered dragon showed under her white coat and seemed to sway as her thigh moved. "You didn' come take me to the parade, Johnny?"

"I was with Pa." Johnny smiled. The girl's hand was dryfeeling, cold and dry like a skin of tissue-paper covered flesh. They walked slowly, rocking forward and back as they stepped up the hill. "I'm always with Pa, huh?" he said bitterly, "I'm sorry."

"'sall right. Is he still dying?"

"Everyone's dying here; it's called the American's common cold."

"Don't talk your colleger stuff to me! I don't unnerstan' it, Johnny."

"He's still dying . . . always. I mean, sometimes I think he won't die or is lying and isn't dying."

"Wou'n't that be good, if he weren't dying? And if it was all a joke? You could all laugh after."

"I don't know, Sharon!" He whined on the girl's name and loosened her hand, but she held.

"Johnny?"

"Yeah?"

"What'll you do if he dies?"

Johnny did not look at the girl as he answered, but lifted his head to glance at the street full of lights and people walking between moving cars. Grant Avenue. He could smell incense and caged squabs, the dank smell of damp fish heaped on tile from the shops now. "I think I'd leave. I know what that sounds like, like I'm waiting for him to die so I can leave; maybe it's so. Sometimes I think I'd kill him to stop all this waiting and lifting him to the sink and keeping it a secret. But I won't do that."

"You won' do that . . ." Sharon said.

*An' now, I like to presan' da Presden' ob da Chinees Benabolen' . . .*

"My father," Johnny said.

The girl clapped her hands over her ears to keep her hair from jumping in the wind. "You father?" she said.

"I don't think so," Johnny said. They walked close to the walls, stepped almost into doorways to allow crowding people to pass them going down the hill toward the voice. They smelled grease and urine of open hallways, and heard music like birds being strangled as they walked over iron gratings.

"You don't think so what?" Sharon asked, pulling him toward the crowd.

"I don't think so what you said you didn't think so. . . ." He giggled, "I'm sort of funny tonight. I was up all last night listening to my father practice his speech in the toilet and helping him bleed when he got mad. And this morning I started to go to classes and fell asleep on the bus; so I didn't go to classes, and I'm still awake. I'm not tired but kind of stupid with no sleep, dig, Sharon?"

The girl smiled and said, "I dig, Johnny. You the same way every time I see you almos'."

"And I hear myself talking all this stupid stuff, but it's sort of great, you know? Because I have to listen to what I'm saying or I'll miss it."

"My mother say you cute."

They were near the top of the street now, standing in front of a wall stand with a fold-down shelf covered with Chinese magazines, nickel comic books, postcards and Japanese souvenirs of Chinatown. Johnny, feeling ridiculous with air between his joints and his cheeks tingling with the anxious motion of the crowd, realized he was tired, then realized he was staring at the boy sitting at

the wall stand and staring at the boy's leather cap.

"What are you loo' at, huh?" the boy said in a girl's voice. Sharon pulled at Johnny and giggled. Johnny giggled and relaxed to feeling drunk and said:

"Are you really Chinese?"

"What're you ting, I'm a Negro soy sauce chicken?"

"Don't you know there's no such thing as a real Chinaman in all of America? That all we are are American Indians cashing in on a fad?"

"Fad? Don' call me fad. You fad youselv."

"No, you're not Chinese, don't you understand? You see it all started when a bunch of Indians wanted to quit being Indians and fighting the cavalry and all, so they left the reservation, see?"

"In'ian?"

"And they saw that there was this big kick about Chinamen, so they braided their hair into queues and opened up laundries and restaurants and started reading Margaret Mead and Confucius and Pearl Buck and became respectable Chinamen and gained some self-respect."

"Chinamong! You bettah not say Chinamong."

"But the reservation instinct stuck, years of tradition, you see? Something about needing more than one Indian to pull off a good rain dance or something, so they made Chinatown! And here we are!"

He glanced around him and grinned. Sharon was laughing, her shoulders hopping up and down. The boy blinked then pulled his cap lower over his eyes. "It's all right to come out now, you see?" Johnny said. "Indians are back in vogue and the Chinese kick is wearing out. . . ." He laughed until he saw the boy's confused face. "Aww nuts," he said, "this is no fun."

He walked after Sharon through the crowd, not feeling the shoulders and women's hips knocking against him. "I'd like to get outta here so quick, Sharon; I wish I had something to do! What do I do here? What does anybody do here? I'm bored! My mother's a respected woman because she can tell how much monosodium glutamate is in a dish by smelling it, and because she knows how to use a spittoon in a restaurant. Everybody's Chinese here, Sharon."

"Sure!" the girl laughed and hopped to kiss his cheek. "Didn' you like that?"

"Sure, I liked it, but I'm explaining something. You know, nobody shoulda let me grow up and go to any school outside of Chinatown." They walked slowly, twisting to allow swaggering men to pass. "Then, maybe everything would be all right now, you see? I'm stupid, I don't know what I'm talking about. I shouldn't go to parades and see all those kids. I remember when I was a kid. Man, then I knew everything. I knew all my aunts were beautiful, and all my cousins were small, and all my uncles were heroes from the war and the strongest guys in the world that smoked cigars and swore, and my grandmother was a queen of women." He nodded to himself. "I really had it made then, really, and I knew more than than I do now."

"What'd'ya mean? You smart now! You didn't know how to coun' or spall, or nothin'; now you in colleger."

"I had something then, you know? I didn't have to ask about anything; it was all there; I didn't have questions, I knew who I was responsible to, who I should love, who I was afraid of, and all my dogs were smart."

"You lucky, you had a dog!" The girl smiled.

"And all the girls wanted to be nurses; it was fine! Now, I'm just what a kid should be—stupid, embarrassed. I don't know who can tell me anything.



"Here, in Chinatown, I'm undoubtedly the most enlightened, the smartest fortune cookie ever baked to a golden brown, but out there . . . God!" He pointed down to the end of Grant Avenue, past ornamented lamps of Chinatown to the tall buildings of San Francisco. "Here, I'm fine—and bored stiff. Out there—Oh, hell, what'm I talking about? You don't know either; I try to tell my father, and he doesn't know, and he's smarter'n you."

"If you don't like stupids, why'd you talk to me so much?"

"Because I like you. You're the only thing I know that doesn't fight me. . . . You know I think I've scared myself into liking this place for awhile. See what you've done by walking with me? You've made me a good Chinese for my parents again. I think I'll sell firecrackers." He was dizzy now, overwhelmed by the sound of too many feet and clicking lights. "I even like you, Sharon!" He swung her arm and threw her ahead of him and heard her laugh. My grandmother didn't read English until she watched television and read "The End"; that's pretty funny, what a kick!" They laughed at each other and ran among the shoulders of the crowd, shouting "Congratulations!" in Chinese into the shops, "Congratulations!" to a bald man with long hair growing down the edges of his head.

"Johnny, stop! You hurt my wrist!"

It was an innocent kiss in her hallway, her eyes closed so tight the lashes shrank and twitched like insect legs, and her lips puckered long a dry kiss, closed, "Goodnight, Johnny . . . John," she said. And he waved and watched her standing in the hallway, disappearing as he walked down the stairs; then, out of sight, he ran home.

He opened the door to the apartment and hoped that his father had forgotten. "Fine speech, Pa!" he shouted.

His little sister came out of her room, walking on the toes of her long pajamas. "Brother? Brother, *ah-bah*, he's sick!" she said. She looked straight up to Johnny as she spoke and nodded. Johnny stepped past his sister and

ran to the bathroom and opened the door. His mother was holding the man up to the sink with one hand and holding his head with the other. The man's mess spattered over her *cheongsam*. The room, the man, everything was uglier because of his mother's misery in her bright *cheongsam*. "Ah-bah?" Johnny said gently as if calling the man from sleep for dinner. They did not turn. He stepped up behind the woman. "I can do that, *ah-mah*, I'm a little stronger than you."

"Don't you touch him! You!" She spoke with her cheek against the man's back and her eyes closed. "He told me what you did, what you said, and you're killing him! If you want to leave, just go! Stop killing this man!"

"Not me, Ma. He's been like this a long time. I've been helping him almost every night. He told me not to tell you."

"You think I don't know? I've seen you in here with him when I wanted to use the bathroom at night, and I've crept back to bed without saying anything because I know your father's pride. And you want to go and break it in a single night! First it's your telling everybody how good you are! Now go and murder your father. . . ."

"Ma, I'm sorry. He asked me, and I tried to make him understand. What do you want me to do, lie? I'll call a doctor."

"Get out, you said you're going to leave, so get out," the man said, lifting his head.

"I'll stay, Ma, *ah-bah*, I'll stay."

"It's too late," his mother said, "I don't want you here." The time was wrong . . . nobody's fault that his father was dying; perhaps, if his father was not dying out of his mouth Johnny could have argued and left or stayed, but now, he could not stay without hate. "Ma, I said I'm calling a doctor. . . ."

After the doctor came, Johnny went to his room and cried loudly, pulling the sheets from his bed and kicking at the wall until his foot became numb. He shouted his hate for his father and ignorant mother into his pillow until his face was wet with tears. His sister stood next to his bed and watched him, patting his ankle and saying over and over, "Brother, don't cry, Brother. . . ."

Johnny sat up and held the small girl against him. "Be a good girl," he said. "You're going to have my big room now. I'm moving across the bay to school." He spoke very quietly to his sister against the sound of their father's spitting.

Sharon held his sister's elbow and marched behind Johnny and his mother. A band played in front of the coffin, and over the coffin was a large photograph of the dead man. Johnny had a miniature of the photograph in his wallet and would always carry it there. Without being told, he had dressed and was marching now beside his mother behind the coffin and the smell of sweet flowers. It was a parade of black coats and hats, and they all wore sunglasses against the sun; the sky was green, seen through the glasses, and the boys playing in Portsmouth Square had green shadows about them. A few people stopped on the street and watched.

"THE FAMILY THAT PLAYS TOGETHER, STAYS TOGETHER"

OR *Pedro Friedeberg*

By MARGARET RIGG

*THE public takes its art seriously. And, since it does, the public is seldom, if ever, caught laughing among the sacred objets d'art in galleries and museums, no matter how silly or bizarre they actually might be. One simply does not laugh in the presence of ancient Mayan figure vases (of grinning! dogs), nor at a Picasso bronze flower arrangement; nor at a bicycle seat looking like a face. This is Art: this is serious. And, better not catch a grin on the face of the artist.*

*Nevertheless, a suspicion of trickery often lurks behind most serious admiration of art today. Now and then the public is even "outraged" by an artist who creates with no intention of hiding his fun. This element of play in art confuses the public who wishes to know ahead of time how it should react.*

*But part of the mass public is willing to accept and enjoy the rich element of play in art, when and where it appears. For them a marvelously restored sense of the human spirit is experienced. The public and the artist are brought together through the ingenious visions of mockery, surprise, satire and play. The rich resource found in play, in humor, is one of the treasures of civilization. It reveals to us a dimension of our nature within the whole context of creation with a freshness not obtainable in any other way. When a culture and a people have lost the power to play they have, in a real sense, lost their way, because they have lost touch with a dimension of themselves.*

*Our culture generally rejects this humanizing function of play, not only in the realm of art but in many other spheres of life including those of games and sport, where a deadly seriousness has overtaken the original childlike play element. Bridge, football, baseball, chess, etc., have all taken on a grimness which belies their inclusion within the category of games or sports. They are performed today with a determination and self-conscious seriousness which exclude the amateur.*

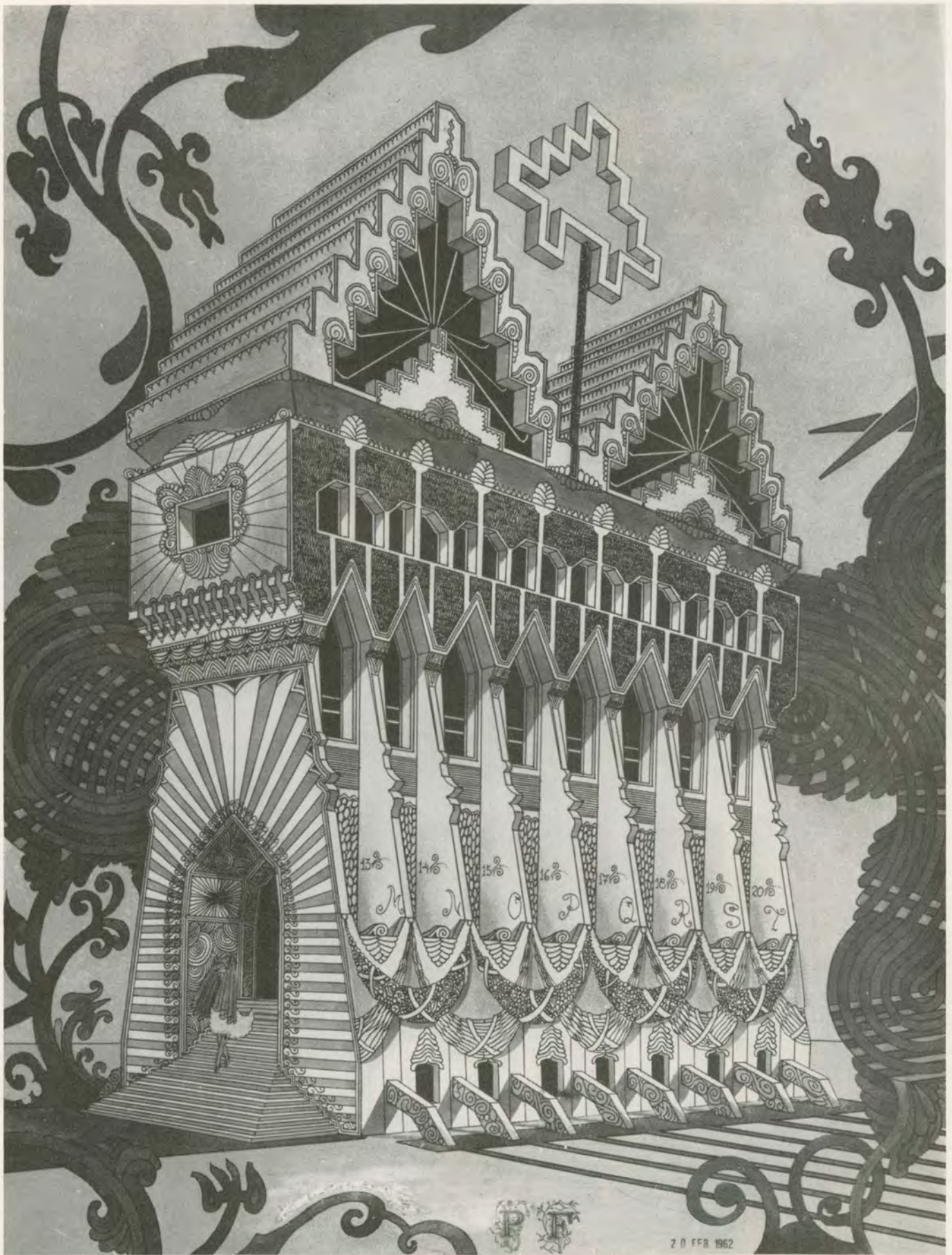
*Still, while art and sports become more and more dour, serious business now becomes more and more playful! Thus, because man cannot live without play and since he insists upon turning play into earnest business, we have the "race for space" in science; the "contest to get to the moon first" in technology. Even big business is flavored with play: there are bowling teams and work teams which make quite a to-do over competitive fun*

*in production. The cosmonaut and astronaut flights of Gagarin and Carpenter resembled nothing so much as high sport; the element of play far overshadowed the stern and businesslike undertones of two governments in open contest. Even the TV onlookers experienced the astonishment and the thrill of a superb contest, like a tournament in the Middle Ages, spread out before them. The deadly seriousness of modern technology and the vast reaches of science are brought down to human proportions by the introduction of contest, of play, of humor. A great artist of the French Revolution, Daumier, said that it does not become man to take his life or himself too seriously, for if he slips and sprawls in the gutter everyone will laugh uproariously at the pompous fool. But if a man is humble and able to laugh at himself and he falls down, he will get a quick hand up.*

*Today in utter seriousness the public will buy playful art—if it is fashionable enough—some scribbled ceramic decorations of Pablo Picasso: not because they enter with him into the free play of forms and dancing laughter of a joy of the spirit shown in his visual products of play, but rather because they want to own "a Picasso original." They may understand his sober Guernica mural but his latter-day playfulness eludes them as meaningful and valuable art.*

*But the value and meaning of play cannot be suppressed forever, in art or in life.*

*So we have the wonderful works of Pedro Friedeberg. He began as an architectural student—headed in the direction of a businesslike profession with a history of seriousness. (One does not play with a building. The materials alone are too valuable for that.) But something about the pomposity and snobbery of the profession as it is generally practiced today seems to have turned Mr. Friedeberg to better things—he could not suppress his playfulness. As a chipmunk or as a man at play with forms of the imagination he gleefully prances over our neatly kept proprieties, or ready-made assumptions and patterns of correctness and he tramps on our seriousness. But he upholds, magnificently, the value of humor and play. The sudden idea is put down in splendid complexity, and we are enticed into the play community where he celebrates the mysteries of the quiet chuckle. And, if we are able to, we may dance with him, and laugh.*



PROJECT FOR THE METHODIST CHURCH IN URUAPAN, MICHOACAN

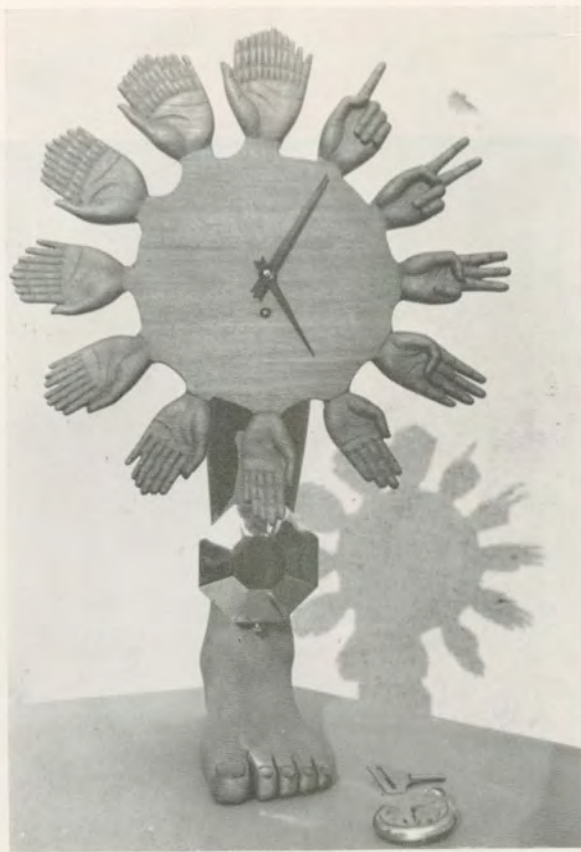


PEDRO FRIEDEBERG WITH TWO CHAIRS HE DESIGNED

I was born a chipmunk in 1829, near what is now Montevideo, Minnesota. At the age of eight I was struck by lightning and killed instantly. I reincarnated exactly a century later in the guise of Pedro Friedeberg which I have retained ever since (I still cannot get used to this name and must perforce keep my visiting card next to my bed to remind me of my identity upon awakening). Nonetheless, this has been so far a comfortable reincarnation, I could wish for no better, moreover since under the aegis of such brilliant professors as Mathias Goeritz and Rabindranath Tagore I have become sensible and judicious and wise. I completed my studies at the University of Kairoulla where I majored in subjects beginning with T (tattooing, theology, tennis). However, I have always worked as something beginning with A (alchemist, acolyte, architect) thus earning a reputation for virtues with C (cleverness, consistency, conformity). My thesis on Merovingian Masochism in Mauretania won the acclaim of critics and connoisseurs far and wide and earned me the much coveted honorary vice presidency of the International Society of Applied Pornography, plus other distinctions. At the present I live in Mexico where with exceptional stoicism and modesty I do what I can to further good relations and misunderstanding between mankind without appearing too obnoxious. I will die in 1992 leaving a rich legacy of idiocy, incoherency and imbecility. I will reincarnate in 2085 either as a gnu, a gnat, or a gargoyle.

—PEDRO FRIEDEBERG

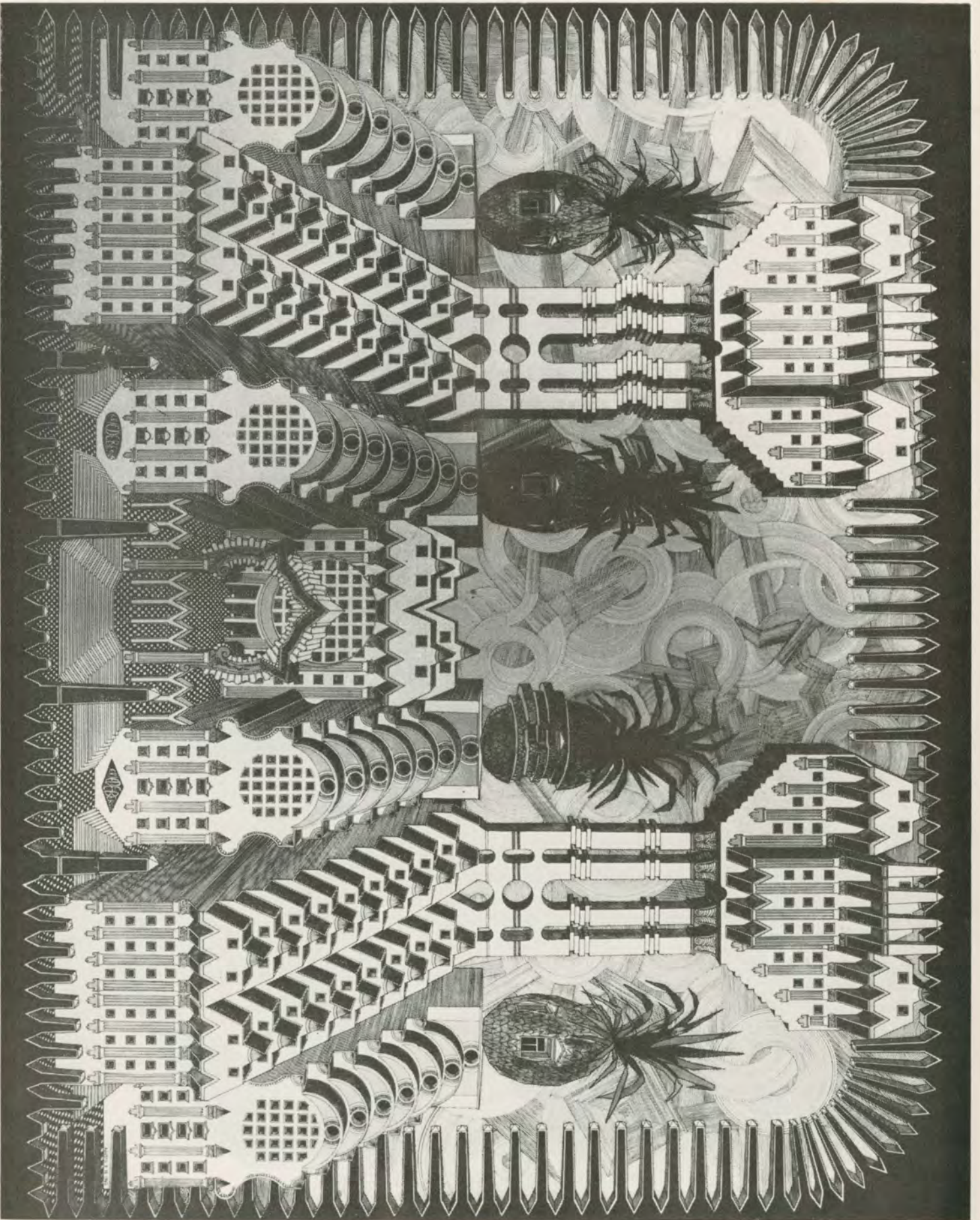


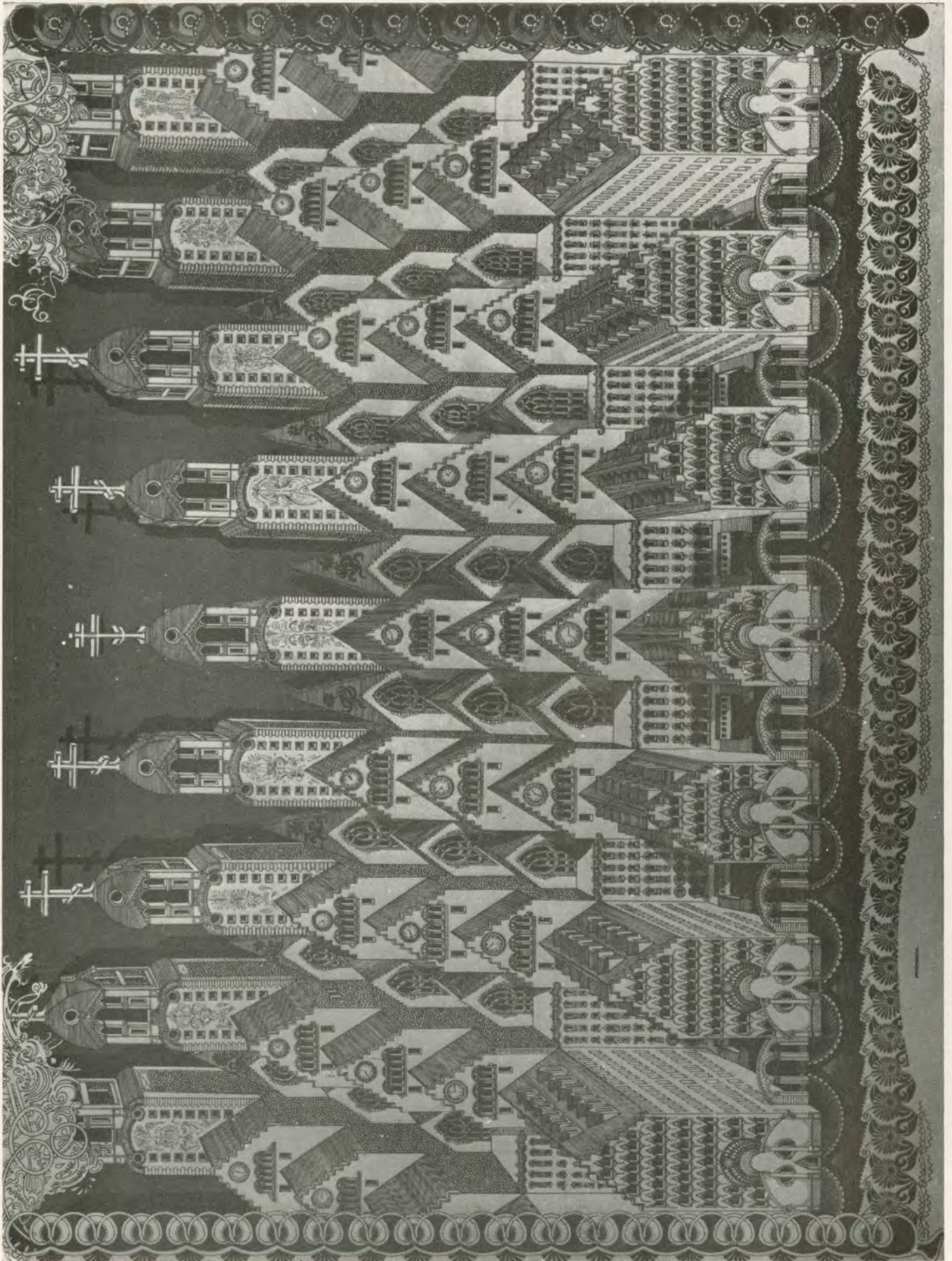


MAHOGANY CLOCK DESIGNED  
BY P. F., PATENT PENDING

INDIVIDUAL HOUSES FOR NUNS NEAR PHOENIX, ARIZONA



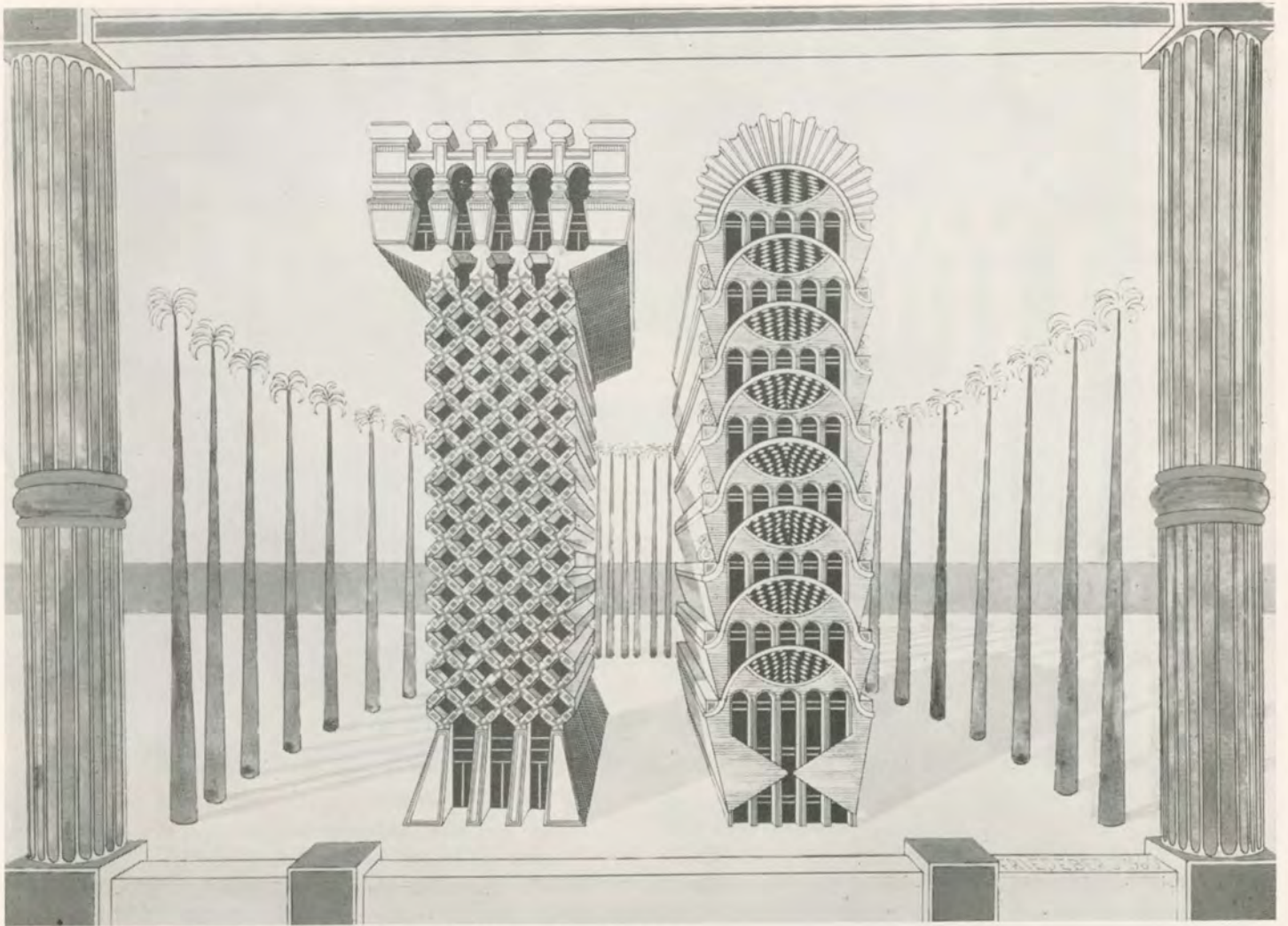




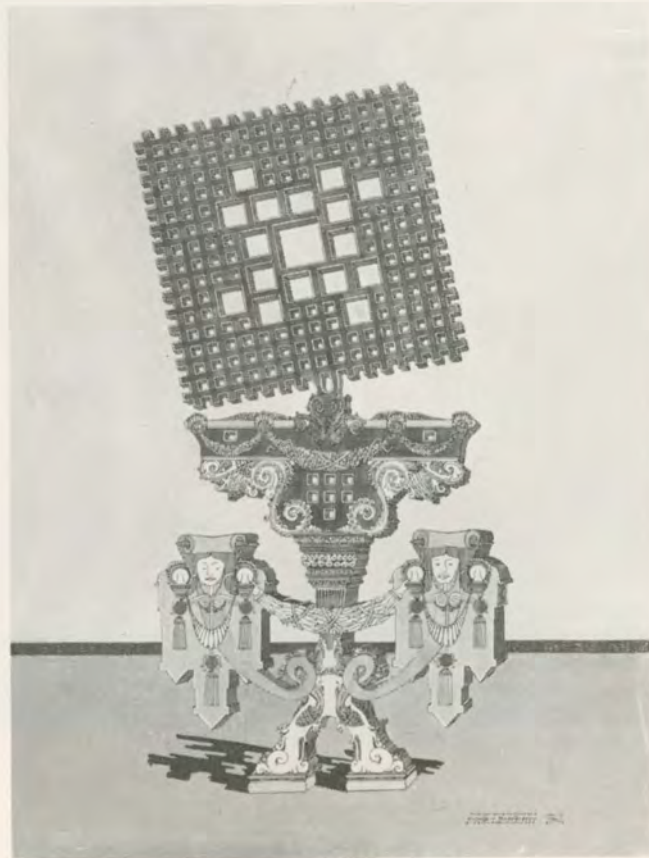
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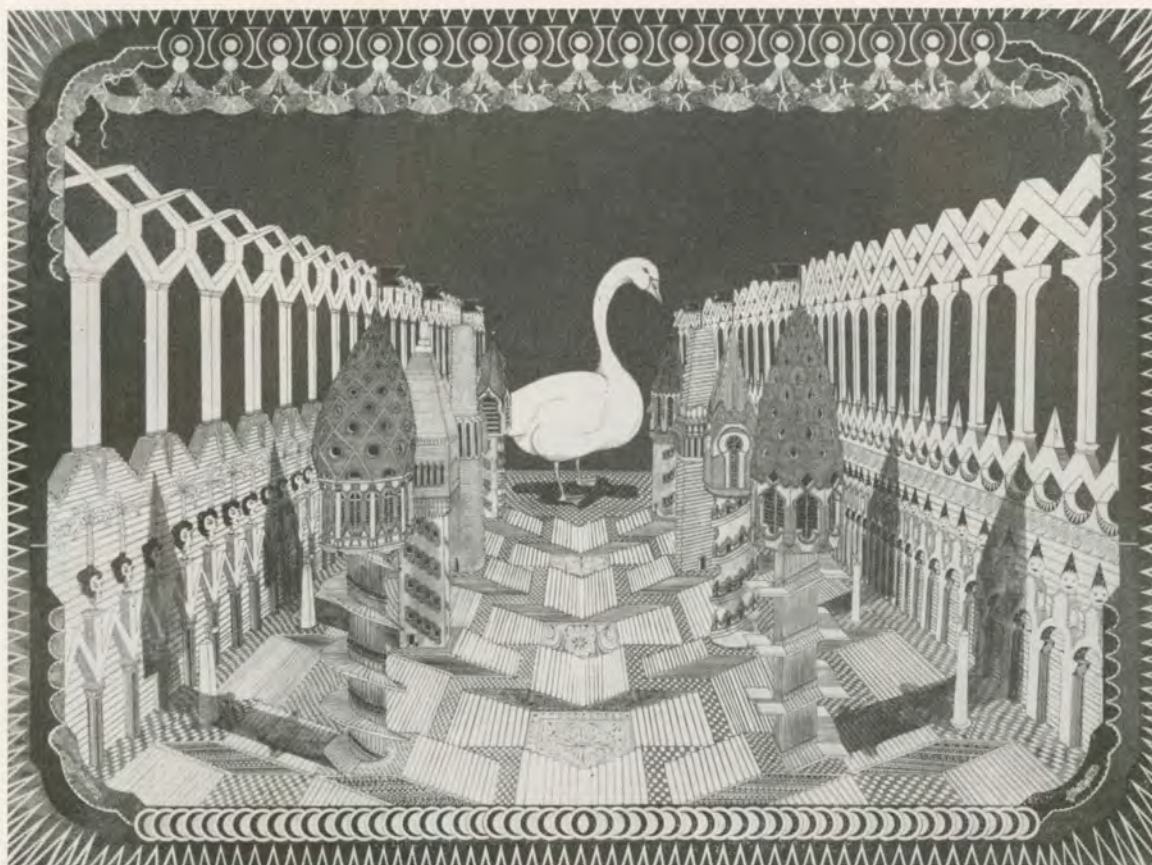
"EL TORREON DEL ESPIRITU SANTO AT CAPE DODECAHEDRON"—HOUSE ON THE PROPERTY OF EDWARD JAMES, ESQ.



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE AND THE TEMPLE OF HATE AT KAIROULLA  
COLLECTION, MRS. TRUDY JARVIS, N.Y.

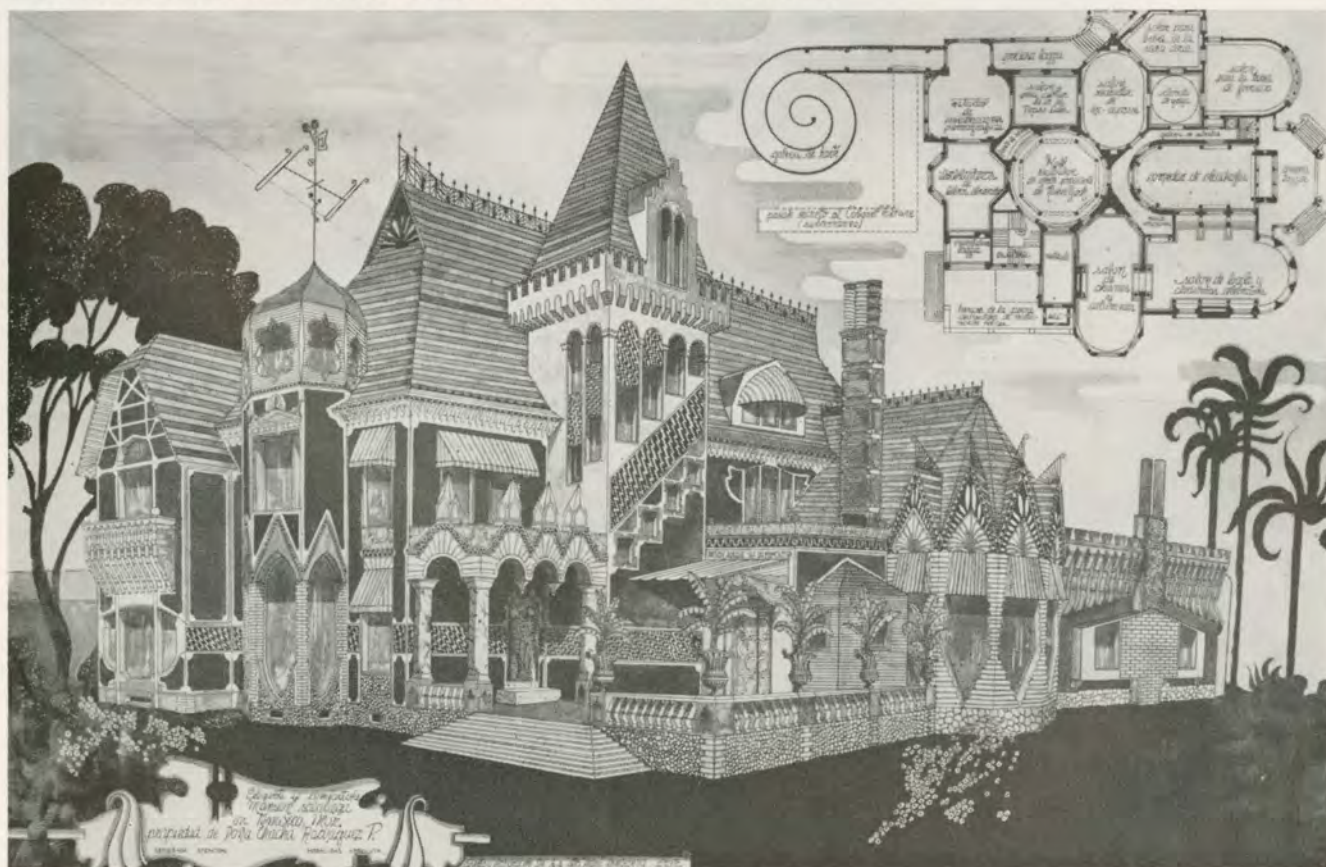


MADAM POMPADOUR'S  
RADAR MACHINE



SCULPTURE OF A GOOSE BY ISAMU NAGUCHI TO BE PLACED AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE NEW I.B.M. OFFICES. COLLECTION, MRS. HELEN S. SLOSBERG, BROOKLINE, MASS.

MANSION IN TEMIXCO. PROPERTY OF MRS. IDA RODRIGUEZ PRAMPOLINI



(FLOOR PLAN APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.)

# The Externalization of Man

BY HERBERT GUTMAN

**W**HEN man set out on his evolutionary path, his environment was nature-made. There was nothing in it to which he himself had contributed. Little by little he added to this environment the products of his own creative efforts. He surrounded himself with objects of his own making. Generation upon generation used what had been handed to it as a steppingstone from which to progress further, as a new platform upon which to go on building. Thus, part of man's environment became man-made.

For many thousands of years the nature-made component of man's environment remained the all-decisive factor in man's life. Nature dictated his activities and beliefs. He was nature-oriented. His position in relation to the forces of nature was one of defense.

The first basic change came with urbanization. For the one who lived in the city, his environment was largely a man-made one. The physical objects by which he found himself surrounded in the city were largely products of man's own creation: buildings, furniture, tools and various other implements, products of art, religious symbols, etc. His interactions were related to creatures of his own kind, other human beings.

Yet, during the rise of urbanization, nature-made environment still held sway over man-made environment for two reasons: First, because cities constituted still only sparse islands in an ocean of nature, especially if one measures their distance from each other in terms of traveling time with the then prevailing very meager means of transportation; and, second, because man still had relatively little control over the forces of nature.

It was only with the beginning of the machine age and the rise of science and industrialization that finally man-made environment achieved supremacy over nature-made environment as an influence upon man. With this turn of events man stepped into the position of offense in relation to nature. He began to exploit nature on a vast scale. Nature, from an all-powerful, awe-inspiring yet nourishing mother opposite which man felt like a helpless and powerless child, became reduced to a slave who was to serve man's own ends. Man-made environment pushed and

still keeps on pushing nature-made environment into the background. Nature has in many ways become a luxury, something to get to by special effort.

This shift from nature-made to man-made environment has brought with it many changes in man's outlook on the world and on himself. At a time when man felt helpless in the face of an all-powerful nature, nature was perceived either as a manifestation or creation of a supreme deity or of godlike forces or spirits. Man's attitude towards the universe was a humble and fearful one. He was out to please and appease the forces or spirits of nature. He had respect and reverence for nature. At the same time he felt himself to be part of nature, her child.

With man's conquest of nature, with the harnessing of nature's forces and materials, man himself assumed the role of the creator of a world of his own. Thus he became godlike. Having become godlike, man then ventured that perhaps God himself is nothing more than a creation in man's imagination, a mere figment. Having wrested from nature the power she had over him and having learned from her her secrets, there was no longer a need to fear or even worship nature. Man began to worship himself and his works. As a result he did no longer feel as a child of nature. He lost sight of nature as the source of his own being. He alienated himself from nature.

Another effect of the shift from nature-made to man-made environment is to be found in the realm of behavioral adjustment. When nature constituted the main environment, the forces and objects to which man had to adjust were largely those of nature. This adjustment was a simple one in the sense that it did not involve a process of feedback between man and his environment, as it occurs in the relationship between man and man-made environment. In other words, nature did not come back on him for what he did to her, with the exception of those extreme few, early instances in which man upset the balance of nature.

Although nature-made environment gave man a general sense of powerlessness and helplessness, this sense of inferiority in the face of the overwhelming



**THY HANDS  
HAVE MADE AND  
FASHIONED  
ME; GIVE ME UNDERSTANDING  
THAT I MAY LEARN THY  
COMMANDMENTS. PSALM 119:73**

forces of nature has been counterbalanced by the relative stability and reliability of an environment in which the major changes occur in regular predictable periodic cycles, excepting catastrophes such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and floods. Man-made environment, on the other hand, although offering many advantages over natural environment, introduces new elements of variability and adds greatly to the complexity of life. It should be understood that when we speak of man-made environment we think of man's social environment with all the man-created institutions as well as of the physical aspects of civilization.

The change from an exclusively natural, relatively stable, comparatively simple and socially diffuse environment to one that is predominantly artificial, unstable, highly complex and socially dense brought with it the necessity for new kinds of adjustment. Changes occurred more and more rapidly. What applied to one

generation was in many instances no longer valid for the next one. An increasingly larger amount of adjustment had to be made to people. Not only does man find himself nowadays in closer and more prolonged interaction with other people than at any other time in his evolutionary course, but he also depends increasingly more on people for his access to objects which he needs for his livelihood. Only in relatively rare instances can man in our Western civilization obtain what he needs for shelter, food, clothing and daily living by going directly to nature. We have bought civilization for the price of utter dependence on our fellow men. There is hardly any activity in which we engage where we do not need other individuals to aid us or where it is not necessary to make an adjustment to other persons. The primary adjustments we are now required to make are to humans and their products, no longer to nature.



A third effect of the shift from nature-made to man-made environment is what I like to call "man's externalization." This process is manifested in two ways: First, in what is known as "institutionalization"; and, second, in "mechanization." What both have in common is that in each of these instances man has turned over individual functions to external organizations: In the first instance to social organizations, human institutions; in the second instance to organized material structures, mechanisms.

In turning over individual functions to institutions and mechanisms, man is relieved of these functions. But while he is relieved, he is also deprived. Thus, in an organized society, the protection of the individual has been turned over to juridical systems and police, the education of children to schools, the maintenance of health to medicine, the production of goods to industry, etc.

The effects of this externalization of function are less disastrous in the case of institutionalization than in the case of mechanization. While institutions absorb and take over functions which originally were carried out by individual man, they at the same time require individuals to function within them. Thus, if we assume that in a given society the individual functions of man are farmed out to institutions which specialize in them, each member of this society will be found functioning in at least one of these institutions. To be sure, his work, being specialized, will be relatively one-sided and repetitious, depending on the place he occupies within the hierarchy of specialized activities. But without an additional element of mechanization, the range of functions within the specialized framework of an institution will be sufficiently broad to allow for a fairly balanced application of his powers.

It is only with the gigantic development of mechanization and automatization that man's externalization has reached the point where his center of gravity has shifted from his own self to his external environment. Having created machines and instruments which can perform work with greater efficiency, skill, power, speed and precision than can man himself, he has come to delegate an ever-increasing number of his functions to these man-made products. Although a machine or instrument is comparable to an institution in that its many specialized parts constitute a team organized to perform a specific task, the great difference between institutions and mechanisms is that in institutions the operating elements are still humans, whereas in machines and instruments they are material parts. Thus, while institutions still absorb a relatively large amount of human energy and skill, machines and instruments require for their operation much less human participation, particularly where they function automatically. In the latter case, man's own contribution to the operation of these mechanisms is often reduced to a mere manipulation of handles, knobs or push buttons.

With man's powers and skills delegated to machines and instruments, these mechanisms now do for man what he would do if he could. In machines and instruments man has surrounded himself with a population of robots by far more powerful, skillful, perceptive, and in many ways more reliable and intelligent than man himself.

**T**HE externalization of man's functions in the form of machines and instruments has far-reaching consequences. Of one of them we are already generally aware: namely, that by taking over functions of our own, they deprive us of the exercise of these functions, thus incurring the danger of atrophy of those structures in ourselves which are analogous in function to those of machines. Labor-saving devices rob us of physical exercise, automobiles of the proper use of our legs and feet. Because we do no longer get in our daily work the exercise necessary to develop physical strength, we have to create special opportunities during leisure time for sports and other physical activities, in order to keep our muscles in workable condition. Neither nature nor natural activities play any longer a major part in our daily living. To preserve nature in pure form we have to create special geographic reservations. To get the benefit of natural physical exercise, we have to go out of our way and make special reservations in time.

Machines not only deprive us of physical exercise necessary for the development of bodily strength, but machines as well as instruments take away from us opportunities to develop skills and abilities. Man can no longer compete with machines in skill and precision, and in whatever machines surpass man, they perform this work with considerably greater speed. As a result, man is giving up in the face of machines; he has come to recognize his own incompatibility in comparison with them, and lets them do his work. Deprived of the skillful exercise of his hands in daily work, here, too, he has to provide for special opportunities during leisure time in the form of various hobbies, in order to make use of his inherent abilities.

The externalization of man's functions in the form of machines and instruments has also serious psychological effects. By having turned over to machines and instruments functions of our own, we have not only deprived ourselves of the exercise of these functions, and thereby of the physical benefits which accrue through this exercise, but with every deprivation of feats of strength and skill we forfeit the pride and the feelings of competence and self-worth which we derive from them. For the satisfaction of these feelings we have made ourselves to a large degree dependent on machines and instruments. It is only through identification with them, by perceiving them as extensions of ourselves, as parts of an enlarged body image, that we derive a secondhand satisfaction from the feats which man-made mechanisms perform. We

get this satisfaction either by operating them directly or in a more indirect way by being generally proud of man's achievements in technology. But such vicarious satisfaction is no substitute for the satisfactions which come from successful performances based on one's own individual skills and powers.

Although the very fact of having become master over nature by means of machines and instruments gives man a feeling of omnipotence in a general sense, at the same time the fact that these creations of man make many of his functions obsolete or antiquated is bound to give him a deep sense of unimportance, inferiority and impotence. In any comparison with machines and instruments he falls short. The invention of electronic brains confronts man now with the shocking awareness that, even in the realm of thinking, his instruments are on the way of surpassing him.

With the delegation of his own powers and skills to machines and instruments, man has also externalized certain attributes of his personality, such as strength, skill, efficiency, intelligence, etc. These attributes he now finds outside of himself, in his own creations. To prove to ourselves that we are strong and powerful, we race in high-powered automobiles, operate powerful machinery, shoot powerful missiles. Thus, these creations have, in effect as well as symbolically, assumed the significance of extensions of our own body. Whatever we were not able to add to our body through the power of growth, we added through creative production. To the degree to which these creations have become part of an extended body image of our own, to that degree our body image has gained through them in skill and power. But at the same time we have made ourselves dependent upon the achievements of our civilization for our own feeling of power, self-worth and importance. Our worth lies now largely outside ourselves, and stands and falls with our cultural achievements, especially those in the field of technology. Our ego has turned in large measure into an "alter ego," an ego invested in something external to our own personality boundaries.

In the light of this insight, it appears that the greatest factor responsible for the often bewailed decline of masculinity in our culture is not so much a creeping matriarchy, but the fact that we have turned over to machines two important ingredients of masculinity, namely, power and control.

**T**HUS, man's own creativity has become in the end his downfall. His own creations served to prove to him that he is not as omnipotent as he thought he was. His self-image of a godlike creator was bound to crumble under the realization of his inferiority in comparison with his own creations. Finally, with the birth of electronic brains came doubt about the uniqueness not only of his own superior reasoning powers, but also of his creative abilities. Experts in the science of

electronics and servo-mechanisms are ambitious to prove that it is possible to construct machines which are capable of inventing something new, thus possessing the power of creativity.

While mechanization took over much of man's productivity, institutionalization limited what was left of opportunities for creative activity to a relatively small specialized minority. The majority of people in our highly industrialized Western civilization has been reduced to operators of machines and instruments or to cogs in the machinery of institutions. The truly creative work in industry is reserved for relatively few.

To be sure, there are still functions for which machines and instruments offer no substitute, such as those in the fields of art, music, literature, etc. But these activities constitute sources of creative satisfaction only to those who have a specific creative talent in any of these areas.

There are, of course, also the various professions and activities which involve personal ingenuity and creative resourcefulness, such as in the fields of medicine, social work, government, in the world of entertainment, etc. However, these activities have already in many instances become highly institutionalized, specialized, and to a large degree even depersonalized and mechanized, allowing often only for a very small diversity of activities, leaving little room for individual spontaneity and creativity, requiring mainly an adjustment to the mechanics of the institution and to the organization with which one works.

The inner experience of this externalization of the center of gravity of his own Self is bound to create in man an emotional vacuum, a deep sense of personal insignificance, a loss of a feeling of existence. This vacuum wants to be filled. But we cannot reclaim from our machines and institutions the powers which we have delegated to them. It appears that man, in his deep sense of unemployment of his creative faculties and as a consequence of the frustrations of his needs for self-importance, power and a feeling of being alive, resulting from self-externalization, is trying to make the most of the one faculty, possessed by all mature and healthy individuals, which cannot be replaced or improved upon by machines or instruments, namely, the power of sex.

Sex then has become the "piece de resistance." It is the last frontier on which man can assert himself, body and soul, creatively and spontaneously. It is, in part, for this reason that so much emphasis and importance for happiness is placed upon sex in our Western culture. We are looking toward sex as a panacea to cure us from the ills of self-externalization, to restore to us the lost sense of creativeness, self-worth, individual potency and importance. At the same time, sex promises us a return to nature, the nature within ourselves as well as the nature outside of us in the partner.

As I have tried to demonstrate elsewhere,\* man's creative urges are not, as Freud wanted us to believe, a sublimation of sexual impulses, but, like reproduction, a manifestation of a universal principle of self-duplication common to all creative life activities, albeit on a higher evolutionary level. Thus, the preoccupation with sex in our age may be looked upon as a psychological regression to an earlier evolutionary, namely, biological, level of manifestation of this creative principle in nature.

Because we expect sex to give back to us many of those satisfactions and releases which normally come from functions which we have delegated to institutions, machines and instruments, we are overtaxing sex. We are overburdening it with expectations; we give it too much importance in our lives as a source for happiness, and thus we overwork it. At the same time we become increasingly more intolerant towards any restrictions placed on the free exercise of sex. Marriage as an institutionalization of sex is on the way of losing its significance due to the many exceptions and circumventions it suffers, so that the realm of sex is now the only one where man is still relatively autonomous, free from dependencies not only on mechanisms but also on institutions. It is perhaps for this reason that any handicap in the ability of healthy uninhibited self-expression in the realm of sex is viewed in our highly institutionalized and mechanized culture as a major catastrophe.

However, having become alienated from ourselves in the process of self-externalization, we no longer know how to integrate sex with the totality of our being. Having become machine-minded, we look upon sex as another gimmick, as a means towards an end. Like the operation of a machine, sex has become a function split apart from ourselves. Thus, being itself externalized, sex is not capable of filling the vacuum created by man's self-externalization. Sex as the major instrument for happiness must leave man unfulfilled.

Through self-externalization in the form of his civilization, but more specifically through his tools, machines and instruments, man has sold himself out to his own products. In having shifted the center of gravity of his Self outside of himself, into his own creations, man has taken these as more important than himself. In the process of enslaving nature, man has become the slave of his machines and instruments. Thus, man has reduced himself to a means towards his own productions. No psychoanalysis can on a large scale help man to find himself, no existential philosophy can restore to man a feeling of existence as long as this condition prevails. Man must wrest away from his technology the hegemony which he began to lose



to it during the industrial revolution. If he can no longer recall the powers he delegated to his machines and instruments, he must at least regain complete control over them, in order to be master over his own fate. The reason man has lost a sense of destiny is because he feels that he himself has become a cog in the machinery he has created, a machinery which now seems to follow irresistibly its own laws towards the destruction of man, its own creator.

**H**OW can man restore the center of gravity of his Self to its rightful place, namely, within himself?

He must first be fully aware of the effects of man's self-externalization upon his own philosophical beliefs. The growth of a man-made environment in the form of institutions and material structures to proportions where individual man began to acquire a feeling of powerlessness and personal insignificance had two major consequences: First, the overwhelming power and influence of institutions created in him the belief that whatever he represents as a person is the product of his environment. This belief became reflected in education and psychology in the form of an extreme environmentalism coupled with a conditioning theory which attempted to explain psychological man as the

\* "The Biological Roots of Creativity," *Genetic Psychology Monographs*, Vol. 64, 1961.

product of environmental conditioning forces, man playing in this process only a passive role. There was no room in this philosophy for creativity and spirituality.

In the politico-economic area, the awareness of the powerful influence of economic institutions and of man's relative powerlessness in the face of them led to the extremist theory of Marxism, which represents essentially an environmental philosophy, explaining man's ways of thinking, his ideals and values as products of the economic structure within which he lives. What the Marxists do not see is that their own philosophy is the consequence of a development of man's self-externalization in the form of institutions and technology to a point where the feedback from these man-made structures upon man has assumed gigantic proportions.

Therefore, the validity of environmentalism, conditioning theory, and Marxism as a politico-economic theory is only a relative one. These are "after-the-fact" theories; they take advantage of the fact that man-made environment in our time truly has assumed an all-powerful influence in molding individual man. But to conclude that man, therefore, is "nothing but" the product of his environment is not only unjustified on logical grounds, but the brainwashing by these theories

has had disastrous effects upon man's own feeling about himself. He began to lose faith in his own creative and spiritual powers, denied their existence to himself, and thus, in turn, helped to give credence to the various environmentalist theories.

The second effect of man's overexternalization upon his own philosophical beliefs regarding his role and significance comes from the rapid development of technology, which tends to dwarf man in comparison with his own products. Thus, man has allowed himself to believe that, after all, he is "nothing but" a machine. This belief has found a new revival with the development of electronic computers and servo-mechanisms, instruments which outsmart man. The belief that man is in essence merely a highly complicated machine is an expression of materialism. What materialism claims is that any form of function is the manifestation of a material structural organization, and it is the hope of cybernetics, the science of servo-mechanisms as applied to living organisms, to explain even creativity and spontaneity in terms of structural organization.

It is not difficult to see how the philosophy of environmentalism, which too does not give credence to a principle of creativity and spontaneity, is closely related to materialism, and how these two philosophies mutually reinforce each other. Caught between environmentalism and materialism, creative and spiritual man was made to believe that he had no leg to stand on. In too many instances he permitted himself to give in to the indoctrination by these two philosophies, and thus brought about his own spiritual death sentence by admitting, "I am nothing but. . ."

It is precisely man's self-externalization which should give man back his faith in his creative powers, because it is these which have created what now overwhelms him. There is no environment that man cannot change if he sets out to change it. There is no machine or instrument that is capable of doing more than man has designed it to do. Man can still be the master over his fate if he regains faith in his own creative powers and recognizes their true nature: not as merely the manifestation of a material structure, his own body, but as an expression of a universal power in which he shares and which, to begin with, created the very structure known as "man."

This realization can allow man to progress towards spiritual maturation. His revolt against a childlike dependence upon mother nature constituted the first necessary step towards such maturation. The attack upon God, the father, and the attempt to wrest away from him the power of creativity, in order to gain mastery over and possession of mother nature, constituted perhaps the oedipal phase of mankind's maturation in its relationship to God and nature. But full maturation, psychologists tell us, ultimately requires abandonment of the oedipal fixation, so that



WHAT OTHER AGE HAS DONE SO MUCH?



MAN, WE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

the son can move towards identification with his father and free himself from emotional dependence on his mother, still honoring his descentance from her.

Translated to the level of mankind, this means that, if man wishes to escape the doom of self-decimation through self-externalization due to self-deification, he must rise to the awareness that his own creativity is that of his Creator, his Father. It is by having made man a creator that God created man in his own image. Thus, man must look upon his own creativity as a god-like as well as a god-given quality. This realization poses an obligation. With it man can no longer feel free to use his creativity for whatever pleases him. He must feel obliged to continue creation on earth where God left off, and he must use his creative powers in the same spirit and for the same purpose which he finds manifested in the universe: for self-expansion, harmony and beauty.

It is only through this identification with the crea-

tive force in the universe, by finding the center of his own creative Self rooted in that force which is God, that man can recapture the center of gravity of his Self, now lost to his own creations outside of himself, and relocate it within the boundaries of his own Self. With it, man will regain his soul. He will, furthermore, again be able to see himself as an instrument in a purposeful process, a process which also lends purpose to his own life, and meaning to his existence. His pride in **what** he can produce has caused his ego to swell until he believed that, if there is a god at all, it is man himself; but in the end has caused him to realize his own insignificance in comparison with the objects of his own creation. By shifting the emphasis from **what** he produces to **for what** he produces, by creating for purposes that are greater than the satisfactions of his own ego or the expansion of his own power, only thus can man perceive himself as the fulfiller of a destiny.

# The Christian in the University

BY JOHN H. HALLOWELL

**A**T a faculty meeting last year we were discussing proposed revisions in our undergraduate curriculum. One proposal that generated considerable discussion and some heat was the suggestion that we abandon the requirement of six semester hours in religion courses as prerequisite for the A.B. degree. It was one of the few times in my teaching experience when the faculty came close to a discussion of the meaning or philosophy of education. Such discussion is frequently thought to be futile and indeed many of my colleagues labeled that particular debate a waste of time. In such a discussion it soon becomes apparent that there are widely divergent views among the faculty as to the meaning of education and that such a discussion could, indeed, be endless. During the course of our discussion it soon became apparent that many members of our faculty not only did not favor the retention of the religion requirement but thought that religion and university education had nothing in common. Indeed it was argued that universities by their very nature are secular in orientation and purpose. When it was pointed out as a matter of historical record that universities first came into existence under religious sponsorship, our opponents replied that universities grew in stature in the degree to which they repudiated their historical origins and severed their ties with the church.

The suggestion that religion has a proper and important role in higher education frequently induces among those who hear it today a fear that it means intellectual obscurantism, ecclesiastical tyranny and dogmatic intolerance. The fear, it must be said, is not without foundation for sometimes in the past and sometimes today it has meant just that.

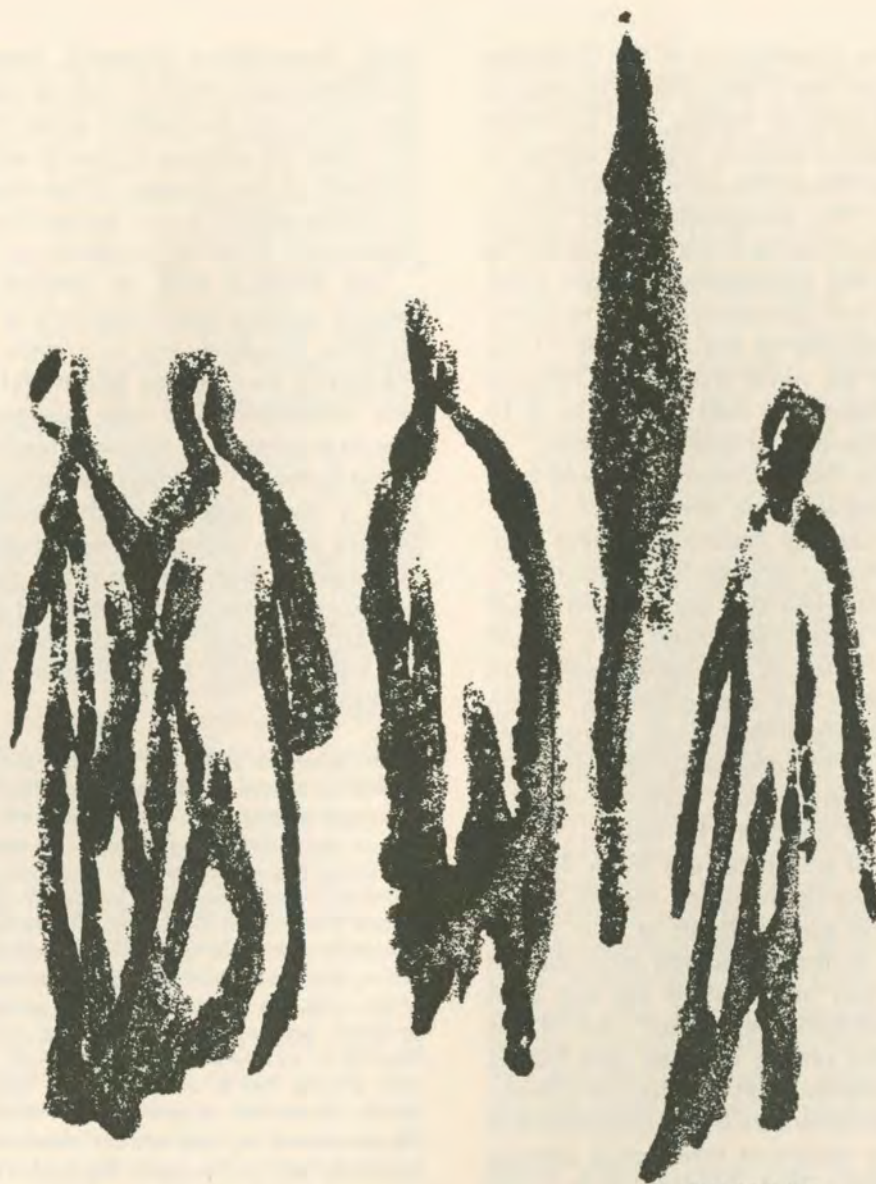
There was a time, no doubt, when universities had to challenge ecclesiastical hegemony if they were to conduct a genuine search for truth, to follow the search for truth wherever it might lead them. But some have erroneously supposed that what was a

necessary condition for the search is identical with the search itself. I think it should be made clear by those of us who want to put religion back into higher education that we do not propose to do this by restoring ecclesiastical hegemony. What will be taught, how, and by whom, is necessarily the prerogative of the faculty and not that of an ecclesiastical hierarchy.

Universities have in the past and will in the future combat intellectual obscurantism. Not all Christians did or would subscribe to the views of Tertullian or to those of modern fundamentalists—the idea of a Christian university is not Bob Jones University or anything resembling it. But while we are fearful, and often with reason, of the obscurantism that might be fostered by ecclesiastical authority, we are less aware than we might be of the obscurantism fostered in many modern universities by militant secularists. Obscurantism takes different forms in different times and today the demand for intellectual conformity which arises from those intellectuals who are committed to a positivistic perspective is certainly as dangerous to enlightenment as any obscurantism fostered by Christian churches in the past. If it is the truth which we earnestly seek then we should be alert to any act of suppression. Because the Christian believes that Christ is the living embodiment of the Truth, he welcomes and seeks the truth from whatever source it may come. The Christian does not fear the truth and he is constantly aware that his own way of stating “the truth” is subject to correction and judgment. But he is also insistent that no arbitrary definitions of truth should circumscribe his search for it and that no realm of being should be excluded from his concern simply because some realms of being are less accessible to human reason than others.

It should not be necessary to point out, but apparently it is, that intolerance was never proclaimed to be a Christian virtue, and that Christians have not been alone in succumbing to a frailty as old as human

motive



JEAN PENLAND

nature itself. The Christian creed is no longer the predominant creed of men today but its lack of predominance has not led to a growth in tolerance. Indeed, it is not the lack of creeds that characterizes our times, but their abundance and variety. Fanaticism is not a monopoly of religion nor its peculiar fruit—it is a failing to which all men are liable whatever their creed.

Christianity seeks to liberate men from ignorance, superstition and pride. The liberal arts curriculum proclaims similar aims. Christianity is not only compatible with a liberal arts education but demands it. The seven liberal arts were described by Martianus Capella in the fifth century A.D. as comprising the *Trivium* (grammar, rhetoric and logic) and the *Quadrivium* (music, arithmetic, geometry and astronomy), and they comprised a large part of the curriculum of the cathedral schools of the Middle Ages. It was Christianity that kept the liberal arts alive during the Middle Ages and passed them on to us today.

Modern universities owe their existence not only to

those universities which emerged in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries but to Plato's Academy and to the inquiries first launched by Socrates. It was Socrates who said that the beginning of wisdom is to "know thyself." To help individuals to know themselves is certainly one of the principal purposes of education. To know oneself involves knowing the premises from which we begin our thinking and to uncover these premises is a task for education. R. G. Collingwood has said that the task of philosophy is "to bring belief to a self-consciousness of itself." One might well describe one of the main purposes of education in the same words. If it is the purpose of education to help the student to understand himself, and if Christianity claims to have some uniquely valuable information which will help in this self-understanding, then education can certainly find a place for the presentation of this information without doing violence to its *raison d'être*.

This does not mean that every faculty member must be a Christian nor that every course that is offered

must find a place for the presentation of the Christian perspective. It does mean that in the interest of finding the truth wherever it may be found, the Christian perspective will be given a hearing and a hearing in departments other than those officially labeled as departments of religion. This presupposes that Christianity has an intellectual content that is relevant to the social sciences and the humanities and that some courses in these fields will deliberately seek to relate that content to the problems of the discipline. It assumes that there will be more than one Christian perspective and that there may well be debate as to which is the most authentic Christian expression.

Probably all will agree that a university should be a place of intellectual ferment; the very life of a university depends upon keeping debate open and free. Those of us who want to put religion back into higher education should make it clear that our concern is not to end debate but to enter the debate. We should make it clear that we come to the debate not with neatly formulated answers but with questions. When a teacher in the humanities or the social sciences approaches the problems of his discipline from a Christian perspective he differs often from his secular colleague in the kinds of questions he raises.

Occasionally a teacher will receive a letter from a former student expressing appreciation for his teaching. Recently I received such a letter and in it the student said, "I want to thank you not only for the basic material which you imparted to me but even more for *raising real and lasting questions.*" One of the greatest obstacles to the raising of "real and lasting questions" is the prevalence of an intellectual climate which dismisses such questions as either unanswerable or meaningless. For the dominant intellectual climate of opinion is positivistic. That perspective is being challenged today but it is still the dominant one. Guido de Ruggiero defines positivism as "a philosophical tendency oriented around natural science and striving for a unified view of the world of phenomena, both physical and human, through the application of the methods and the extension of the results whereby the natural sciences have attained their unrivalled position in the modern world." It represents the complete victory of empiricism and "calls 'positive' the facts and things of immediate perception as well as the relations and uniformities which thought may discover without transcending experience." It regards as metaphysical "every inquiry which claims to go beyond the sphere of the empirical." It is an attempt to eliminate all metaphysical speculation and ethical evaluation from the consideration of human and social phenomena in the belief that the elimination of such considerations is essential to scientific objectivity. Although positivism did not become the dominant intellectual attitude until the nineteenth century, it has its roots in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. For it was during the sixteenth century that three

basic assumptions emerged, namely, (1) that the mathematical science of natural phenomena is a model science to which all other sciences ought to conform, (2) that all realms of being are accessible to the methods of the sciences of phenomena and (3) that all reality which is not accessible to the sciences of phenomena is either irrelevant or illusory.

The impetus that lay behind the emergence of modern science was not simply a desire for great objectivity, however, but as Francis Bacon expressed it, the desire that human life might "be endowed with new discoveries and new powers," or, as Descartes was to express it in the seventeenth century, that men might become "the masters and possessors of nature." It is a short step from this goal to the worship of science as an idol that "will magically cure the evils of existence and transform the nature of man." It is not science that is the enemy of man and of civilization but science linked with the will to power. Professor Eric Voegelin has explained this very well when he said:

The expansion of the will to power from the realm of phenomena to that of substance, or the attempt to operate in the realm of substance pragmatically as if it were the realm of phenomena—that is the definition of magic. The interrelationship of science and power and the consequent cancerous growth of the utilitarian segment of existence, have injected a strong element of magic culture into modern civilization. The tendency to narrow the field of human experience to the area of reason, science and pragmatic action, the tendency to overvalue this area in relation to the life of the spirit, the tendency to make it socially preponderant through economic pressures in the so-called free societies and through violence in totalitarian communities—all these are part of a cultural process that is dominated by a flight of magic imagination, that is, by the idea of operating on the substance of man through the instrument of pragmatically planning will. . . . The climax of this outburst is the magic dream of creating the superman, the man-made being that will succeed the sorry creature of God's making; this is the great dream that first appeared imaginatively in the works of Condorcet, Comte, Marx and Nietzsche, and later pragmatically in the communist and national socialist movements.



JEAN PENLAND



Wise men of former times thought that the cardinal problem of human existence was how to conform the soul to reality; for modern man the problem is rather how to make "reality" conform to the desires of men. The one view of life calls for the cultivation of character, the other for the acquisition of technical skills, the possession of which, in time, presumably will dispense with the need for character. But with the disappearance of man as a moral being, man himself disappears. Much of our contemporary social science seems bent upon a task that can only appropriately be described as self-destructive.

It is clear that positivism embodies a way of looking at reality; it embodies a perspective that is transmitted to the student by the professor who teaches from this perspective. Yet it is also significant that *the positivist denies that this is so*. All he does, so he says, is to find and present the facts without regard to metaphysical or ethical judgments. But the positivist forgets that facts are not self-evident and none of us ever succeeds in knowing or imparting all of them. Facts do not seek us out; we seek them out. Facts do not present themselves to us already neatly labeled; we attach labels to them. And the kinds of facts we find depend upon the conceptual presuppositions from which we begin our search for them. The facts we find depend upon the kinds of questions we ask, and the kinds of questions we ask depend upon what we think it is both possible and appropriate to know.

The positivist can achieve meaning for the facts which he describes only by engaging in the kind of metaphysical speculation which he denounces as improper. The very causal principle in terms of which he seeks to explain how things work is not itself provable by the methods of science but is a metaphysical principle which science must accept in order to do its work. Science itself rests upon a faith in a kind of universe the existence of which it cannot prove by scientific methods but the existence of which it must assume if science is to do its work. The scientist who claims that his findings are true must necessarily transcend the methods of science. As one writer has put it: "To retain . . . the distinction of truth and falsity even for science alone we have to enlarge the scientific world and in enlarging it to modify it deeply, for what is added is not something of the same order but something different in kind, not having even an analogy with the rest. Knowing, the process that has to other events the unique relation of apprehending them, is above the causal order, in the sense that, although in it, it also knows it. Science as knowing transcends the scientific world; its claim to be true lifts it above the type of order its content depicts. Deny the claim and the content is worthless; admit the claim and the content is set in a larger context. Science can explain things naturally, but never itself. It cannot be true in a purely scientific world."

The difficulty with the scientific approach to the  
March 1963

study of any phenomena is not that it yields false information but that it yields only partial information. This is both the strength and the weakness of the scientific method. There could be no science if the various sciences did not confine their attention to particular aspects of reality. For science is made possible only by abstractions from the totality of experience. The difficulty arises when the claim is made that the abstraction represents the whole truth. Professor Kenneth Boulding, speaking as an economist, points out both the value and the limitations of a scientific study of economic phenomena: "The danger in the economic abstraction lies in its very success. I am not attacking abstraction as such—it is absolutely necessary if the huge complexity of human life-experience is to be reduced to manageable terms. Moreover, the economic abstraction is reasonably coherent and is very illuminating in the interpretation of history. . . . But because of its coherence, its practitioners—especially those skilled in mathematics—are apt to forget that it is an abstraction and that it is men and not commodities who are the ultimate social reality. A good example of both the necessity and the danger of economic abstraction is found in the study of labor; unless we understand clearly that labor *is* a commodity, in spite of all pious pronouncements to the contrary, we shall never understand the phenomenon of industrial relations. But we shall also not understand industrial relations unless we realize that labor is much *more* than a commodity; and that the labor bargain involves a complex of psychological, sociological and even theological relationships out of which the commodity aspect is abstracted."

**T**HE specialization and consequent fragmentation which many of us deplore in the modern university seem to be an inevitable by-product of the attempt to understand everything scientifically. There was a time when we could turn to the philosopher for a consideration of the questions neglected or ignored by other disciplines. But under the impact of positivism philosophers themselves appear to have abdicated the study of philosophical questions. Professor A. J. Ayer (in *Language, Truth and Logic*) for example tells us that "ethical philosophy consists simply in saying that ethical concepts are pseudo-concepts. . . . There cannot be such a thing as ethical science, if by ethical science one means the elaboration of a 'true' system of morals. For we have seen that, as ethical judgments are mere expressions of feeling, there can be no way of determining the validity of any ethical system, and indeed, no sense in asking whether any such system is true. All that one may legitimately enquire in this connection is, what are the moral habits of a given person or group of people, and what causes them to have precisely those habits and feeling?" In *Words and Things*, Ernest Gellner mounts a vigorous attack on linguistic philosophy. Gellner accuses the

linguistic philosophers of both intellectual and social irresponsibility. Perhaps his attack is too vicious and one-sided but it is a welcome plea for a return to traditional philosophical concerns. In part, he says that traditional

philosophy consisted of arguing, of justifying and defending . . . points and issues intimately connected with a man's vision of himself and the world. . . . Linguistic philosophy has shown that no reasons are required for what we believe through linguistic habit. By a stroke of genius it has invented a philosophy fit for gentlemen and at the same time found a home for professional philosophy, sore pressed for a field by the recession of faith in the transcendent realm and the conquest by science of the immanent world. Professional philosophy was like a tribe on the march in search of new pastures, having lost the old. It has found, or invented, a realm eminently suited to gentlemanly pursuits and to the provision of a home for an untechnical, yet ethereal and esoteric, profession. And this realm is at the same time inaccessible to science because it is idiosyncratic; it is neither committed to transcendentalism nor yet necessarily hostile to established customary forms of it; it is the realm of the diversified, essentially *sui generis* habits of words—too human to admit of any technique, too formal and allegedly neutral to be of vulgar practical relevance or to be classed as subversive, too diversified to allow general ideas. The consequence of ordinary language analysis is to give people who lack or dislike ideas and technical tools or an awareness of real problems something else to do. Who can wonder at the success of so attractive a philosophy?

Nothing characterizes the modern university so clearly as its cult of objectivity. It is reflected in the language we use. Rarely do we encounter in intellectual circles today words like truth, wisdom, beauty, goodness or justice. Instead, we find only "facts" and "values." We do not ask what is true, but what are the facts? We do not pronounce actions to be just or unjust, good or bad, nor objects to be beautiful or ugly, instead we speak of "value judgments." The substitution of value judgments for ethical and aesthetic judgments represents a victory for positivism. The implication of such a term is that all ethical judgments are, in fact, nothing but expressions of subjective feeling or desire. Value is a neutral, noncommittal term which presumably can be attached to anything we want—it refers to no objective reality. Professor Veegelin has pointed out that "neither classical nor Christian ethics and politics contain 'value-judgments' but elaborate empirically and critically the problems of order which derive from philosophical anthropology as part of a general ontology. Only when ontology as a science was lost, and when consequently ethics and politics could no longer be understood as sciences of the order in which human nature reaches its maximal actualization, was it possible for this realm of knowledge to become suspect as a field of subjective, uncritical opinion." Yet the denial of the possibility of making objective ethical judgments is itself a philosophical perspective and those who teach from this perspective are imparting a philosophical frame of reference whether intentionally or not. Underlying the perspective of positivism is a philosophy of naturalism.

Reality is identified with nature as the totality of things and events in space and time. Man is part and parcel of nature. Since his spiritual aspirations and moral efforts are supported by no cosmic will he must depend entirely upon himself for their fulfillment. This naturalistic view of reality tends to exalt science as the only valid method of acquiring knowledge and understanding and looks to technology as the most certain means of helping men to cope with their problems.



Underlying all our thinking are certain presuppositions about the nature of man and the nature of the universe. It is in the light of these presuppositions that thought is made possible. Very often we are unconscious of these presuppositions but they are there nevertheless and one of the tasks of education is to uncover them. Every teacher, whether he does so consciously or not, teaches from some philosophical perspective, and consciously or unconsciously inculcates respect for this perspective in his students. The notion that the positivist is neutral with respect to ultimate issues is an illusion. The real issue is not whether the professor should teach from a Christian perspective or from no perspective but whether he should teach from a Christian perspective or some other perspective. The important thing is not that professors should all have the same presuppositions but that their presuppositions should be brought into the open where they can be seen clearly and critically examined.

Professor Moberly has said, "What is essential to honest thinking is not that all presuppositions be discarded but that they should be uncovered, clearly expressed and thoroughly scrutinized. . . . The most dangerous preconceptions are those which are unrecognized and uncriticized. The most pernicious kind of bias consists in falsely supposing yourself to have none."

I am suggesting that Christian professors should do what their secular colleagues have been doing all along, i.e., teach freely and openly from their perspective. If they were as open in expressing their convictions as their secular colleagues now are there would be a more lively ferment of ideas. Students would be confronted with various alternative positions on ultimate questions. They might, indeed, prefer the perspective of scientific humanism to that of Christian theism but at least they would have made their decision after hearing both expounded. At present the decision often goes by default against Christian theism because they rarely hear the case for Christian theism expounded in the classroom.

**SUSPECT** that many Christian professors are reluctant to bring their Christian presuppositions into the classroom because of a feeling of inadequacy in dealing with religious questions. They do not always see the relevance of their faith to their intellectual concerns. Their religious education has not kept pace with their general education; many are theologically illiterate though regular churchgoers. Groups of Christian professors who gather to discuss the relevance of the faith to their intellectual concerns will go a long way toward increasing the impact of the faith upon the university community. A group of Christian faculty might well be asked to devote a few weeks to a discussion of Sir Walter Moberly's *The Crisis in the University*, or the symposium edited by Edmund Fuller on *The Christian Idea of Education*. Innumerable Christian professors are loyal church members, who reflect the faith in their personal lives and make excellent witness to the faith in their personal relationships—yet many of the same professors see little or no intellectual relevance of the faith to their academic discipline, and would think it unseemly to inject this faith into the classroom.

I might say in this connection that as Protestants we tend to place so much emphasis upon faith, personal devotion and the Bible that we neglect the intellectual aids and discipline which can help to sustain our faith and our devotion. We neglect the importance and usefulness in apologetics of natural theology. I am well aware that belief in God does not rest on argumentation and is never produced by it—ultimately the appeal must be made to personal experience—but I think we neglect the usefulness of natural theology in leading a man to the point where he may listen more sympathetically to the claims of faith. Because

we live in an intellectual climate of opinion where positivism is dominant there are many false notions abroad as to what science can or cannot tolerate in the way of religious belief. In his excellent but little-known book *Does God Exist?*, A. E. Taylor notes:

Some alleged and widely entertained "scientific" objections to theistic belief are unsound, and it is unbelief (not belief) which is the unreasonable attitude. I am not seeking to create faith where it is simply nonexistent—only God can do that—but to defend it where it—or at least the will to it—is present, against the specious bad reasoning of its assailants. . . . I am not of those, if there are any such left today, who think that there can ever be a vital religion and a theology adequate to it independent of "revelation," self-disclosure, on the part of God, of truths about Himself which we could not have found out for ourselves. But a man cannot be expected to receive anything as such a communication from God until he is at least satisfied that it is reasonable to believe that there is some one to make the communication.

Our departments of religion, too, should give greater attention than they do in their undergraduate course offerings to natural theology. The Bible courses as presently offered rarely get around to the really important theological questions. Students tell me that they often encounter the Christian faith more explicitly in courses concerned with religious values in contemporary literature than in courses on the Bible. It might be that Bible courses should complete the undergraduate religious offering rather than constitute the introduction to religion: A freshman should perhaps be introduced to Dostoevski or Camus before he is introduced to the problems of form criticism or the existence of "Q."

It seems to me that we must accept the fact, whether we like it or not, that the modern university is not likely to be transformed into a Christian university. The modern university necessarily reflects the cultural situation outside its confines and will continue to do so. We are told increasingly that we live in a pluralistic society and this is no doubt so. The university also is a pluralistic community and there is unlikely to be any agreement on the philosophy of education that should coordinate its activities. Christians within the university are likely to be increasingly a minority. At the very most we can demand a hearing, but we can make this demand with good intellectual credentials and in the interest of serving the truth. It is not for the university, in its official capacity, to attempt the work of evangelization. The university cannot, as now constituted, be the sower of the seed though it can give him his opportunity. It can and should provide a soil which will be favorable to its growth and not so arid that the seed withers.

And I do not think that the secularization of the modern university in many departments of its life is wholly bad so long as the university provides a fair hearing throughout its departments for teaching from the Christian perspective. It is good for us to be tested, to be criticized, to be called to account for in

such encounters our faith matures. But it becomes all the more imperative that we should identify one another and find the comfort and strength that lie in communal endeavor. Not only can we give one another spiritual comfort but we may help one another intellectually. One way to break down the barriers of specialization and the fragmentation of learning, one way to break the barriers between students and professors, one way to unite intellectual endeavor and social fellowship is to form a community of like-minded persons with similar convictions and goals.

I am suggesting that we establish within the modern university Christian communities of learning. There is, in one sense, nothing very novel about this suggestion for it is the way in which many colleges came into existence in connection with British universities and I am told that something of the same pattern exists in some Canadian universities. But it would be new in the United States. I have not worked out the details but what I have in mind is essentially a residential hall for Christian students expressing an interest in affiliating with such a residence to which would be attached graduate students and professors sharing the same interests and goals. There would be common rooms and meeting places, recreational facilities, a dining room and library. Professors might take occasional meals there, lead discussions, and perhaps even hold some classes there. Some distinguished professorships might be set up in various fields of learning and specifically attached to the Christian college. Visiting professors might be brought for a semester or a year to live in the college.

The financial resources of Protestant churches apparently are not large enough to support adequately the modern university but they are—obviously—large enough to support small colleges. I am suggesting that instead of proliferating the number of independent small church colleges that the same resources and energy be devoted to establishing Christian colleges under the auspices of the larger universities. They would have the benefit of the university library, laboratories, and faculty and the advantages at the same time of smaller community. Money that is now spent recruiting and supporting an entire college faculty could be spent to support a few distinguished professorships in fields of interest to the sponsoring group. Money that is spent on many buildings could be spent on one. The student religious centers that now have an independent existence might well become an integral part of the new college.

The suggestion that the churches support the establishment of Christian residential colleges within the structure of existing universities may not be an ideal solution to the problem of Christian education but it is a practical way of meeting a problem not entirely of their own making. It accepts the fact of pluralism, it is not itself the cause of the pluralism. It simply recognizes the fact that there are Christians among the students in a university and among the faculty. Undoubtedly it would give such persons greater aid and comfort, and perhaps even strength; but the establishment of the Christian colleges would not create the Christians on the campus. It would simply identify and unite them. A pluralistic society by definition is a



society in which the bonds of community are loose and ambiguous and it is natural that men living in such a society should yearn for a closer community. I do not see how as Christians we can escape the charge of being divisive—it has been the charge leveled against Christians throughout their history. They have been “notorious” for insisting that men should obey God rather than man and in a sense have been a subversive force in every secular society. It was this charge that led St. Augustine to write his *City of God*. Our faith is in danger when the charge is no longer made. More and more Americans according to church statistics are turning to Christianity. Never has the proportion of church members in our population been so large as today. To the extent that this is a genuine rediscovery of the authentic Christian gospel this is, indeed, a heartening sign. But some—notably, Will Herberg—have cautioned us against interpreting these statistics too optimistically. For along with the statistics we see an increasing tendency on the part of many to use religion to serve secular ends. There has been a tendency to exalt the American way of life as a kind of religion and as a consequence to convert Judaism, Catholicism, and Protestantism alike into “expressions of American spirituality.” Americanism has become the civic religion of Americans and has been conceived as a kind of superreligion embracing the three historic faiths. The attempt to use religion in this way is not only dishonest but self-defeating. To use religion as a “spiritual authentication of national self-will” is a perversion of biblical teaching. An authentic Christianity will find something to criticize and something to redeem in every secular

society in which it finds itself, for its kingdom is not of this world.

Certainly the confrontation of Christian faith and the university is a necessity. As Bishop Stephen Bayne wrote:

All true teaching aims to teach mankind how to take sides. This is a delicate and difficult thing to say, for we rightly prize our freedoms and our objectivity. The student in the laboratory or the writer at his desk must, for his own soul's sake, be unencumbered by petty loyalties which distract and divide. The truth must speak for itself and we must serve the truth with purity and singleness of purpose.

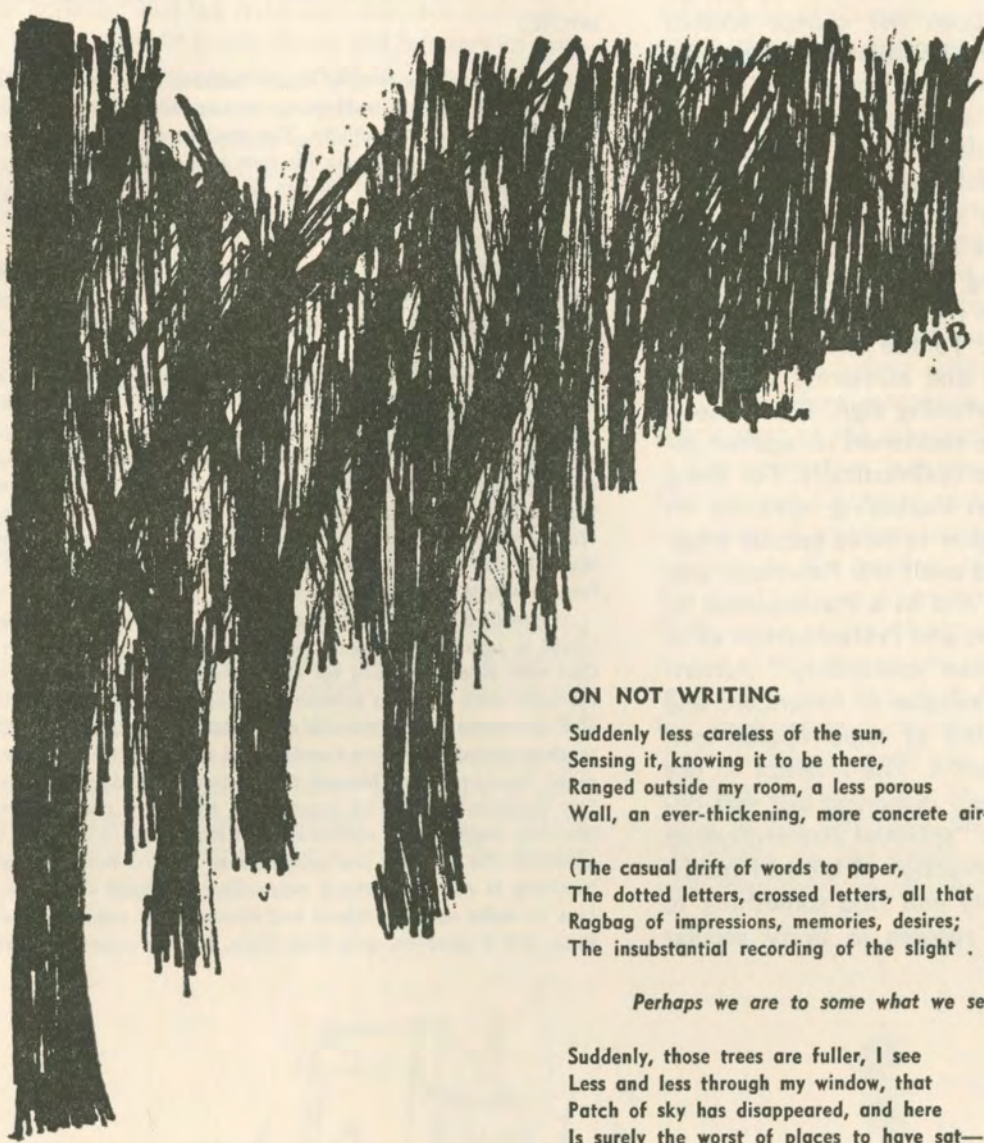
But the end of truth is not neutrality; there is no neutrality in truth, really. The end of learning is that we may discover in freedom and humanity, and with mature discrimination, how to take sides. . . .

The history of humanity has been a history of a fierce and devoted unneutrality. Every good gift which has come to humanity has come from free people who refused to sit back and play the spectator's part but who eagerly and courageously took sides for man against evil and wrong and untruth. Truth is not unneutral, truth breeds the boldest and bravest of spirits. And the school or teacher who pretends to an insulated neutrality, who tries to stand inviolate and unperturbed while the current of life flows all around him, is a fool if not a knave.

When God, in the supreme moment of teaching came into this world in Jesus of Nazareth, he came with no neutrality. In Christ, God took sides once and for all, in the final and ultimate terms—He took sides for man in man's endless fight against heartlessness and ignorance and blindness and cruelty. Therefore the Christian teacher, trying to follow humbly and sincerely in the steps of the great Teacher, learns himself the necessity for decision and action. Our loyalties need to be great ones, not petty ones. To this end, teaching ought to be restrained and thoughtful and filled with respect for the freedom and judgment of others. But the goal before teaching is not a heartless neutrality; the goal is to teach men how to make up their minds and choose their sides and build their lives, and if need be, give their lives, for the unneutral truth.



MARY BROWN



#### ON NOT WRITING

Suddenly less careless of the sun,  
Sensing it, knowing it to be there,  
Ranged outside my room, a less porous  
Wall, an ever-thickening, more concrete air—

(The casual drift of words to paper,  
The dotted letters, crossed letters, all that  
Ragbag of impressions, memories, desires;  
The insubstantial recording of the slight . . . )

*Perhaps we are to some what we seem to be.*

Suddenly, those trees are fuller, I see  
Less and less through my window, that  
Patch of sky has disappeared, and here  
Is surely the worst of places to have sat—

(The ease of language is our hardest enemy:  
Watch for yesterday's roughhouse struggle to  
Turn to friendly sparring, the guarded combat  
Switch around to smiling give and take . . . )

*Perhaps we are to some what we seem to be.*

—R. R. CUSCADEN

# Film Reviews

BY ROBERT STEELE

Like a country boy I asked the ticket-seller at the box office of the Paris Theatre, New York City, if the film was any good—though I knew I would have to find out for myself no matter what she said. She did not complicate my decision as to whether to spend my last evening in the city attending the opening night of *The Girl With the Golden Eyes*. She said she hadn't seen the film. Despite the unfamiliarity of names of writer, director, and cast I put down my two dollars. (The costs of films nowadays ought to be protested. Film by its nature ought to be a medium of entertainment that is—cheap, but now it rivals theater costs. The main reason is the trend to put escalators and posh decor in the front and provide more millions of profits for the distributors.)

The film mauled me like a black mass. After some free coffee in the lounge, I was fortified for the next service. A second exposure equally gripped me, and I discovered the film to be more illuminated than I had previously perceived. (Staying two or three times, provided one has more time than money, and the film is a worthy one, is suggested as a way to see films half price.)

I got full benefit from the electricity burned at the theater that night since I departed only when the door was being locked. When a film is an impressive one, I am hungrier for audience reaction than an after-the-film coffee. Response was not articulate. Embarrassed looks, wry giggles, and unsophisticated silences were the most observable audience responses. The look in some persons' eyes made me feel they thought a joke had been flung at them. Others seemed stung with disbelief that it could happen. I was elated. Whether one liked or disliked, thought the photograph, direction, performances good or bad, all seemed inconsequential. Something had happened inside viewers. A new experience had been met. This film, despite its distasteful sexual denouement, had captured its audience. If one came into the theater having had too many drinks with dinner or knocked out from his day's battle in the jungle, he went away from the theater intoxicated. He may have been either excited or depressed; another part of his thinking and feeling had taken over—provided my ability to diagnose faces is not faulty.

With Manhattan's dawn come darkness and damnation from that questionable man of the *New York Times*: "Deliberate cinematic obscuring of already murky themes has been carried so far, especially by the Italians and the French, that it didn't seem likely anyone would dare go further in that line. But now comes Jean-Gabriel Albicocco, a young French director, with his first film . . . which hits the jackpot of intentional obscurity. At least we hope it is the jackpot, for it staggers one to think of having to sit through a film more obfuscated and consequently more difficult to grasp than this one." This critic goes on to tell the story. I suppose he feels newspaper readers expect this. It is easy to fill a column with the synopsis that comes from the exhibitor, and probably, as was the case in the day of *Birth of a Nation* and *Stella Dallas*, he feels the story is important.

This critic carries on: "What is bewildering about it when you're seeing it is the lack of continuity, the vagueness of emotional motivation, the seeming irrelevance of the dialogue. The film is without construction, even the kind of imagistic construction that gives *Last Year at Marienbad* at least a sensuous and lyrical strength." ". . . It all adds up to nothing more rewarding than an elegant, vexatious guessing game."

The *Times* and *Cue* have a good bit in common. *Cue* pronounced: "Modern variation of Balzac tale turned into muddled, phony mess. Dated, sentimental, murky plot revolving around sophisticated sinners in Paris. Ineptly written, pseudo-artificially photographed, moodily interesting background music."

But I feel that this film is in the vanguard of cinema. It grips because of its cinematic brilliance, its innovations in handling transitions, in the breathtaking beauty of its *handling of light, photography, filters*, and its uncanny success in sucking a viewer hypnotically into its world of the bizarre. Being a contemporary film, I did not wish it to relate Balzac to me. Balzac had been used to trigger off a film. I had not been so thrilled by richness in decor since seeing the last of the great films of Max Ophuls. And here was a film with superb style—and in art, style separates the Sunday painters from the Picassos.

Our film vogue much of the time today is to have films that say, "This is the way life is." Good. These films are easy to follow and likable. But the film which goes farthest in being a *tour de force of artificiality* comes closer to being an art object. *Art is sheer creation from imagination*. In *Girl With the Golden Eyes* I had been the recipient of filmic imagination of stunning potency. I know that the film maker who knows film form and eschews filmed plays and novels and filmed life-in-the-raw has put himself on solid soil which nurtures film artistry. (The masterful use of form, its being the master to whom the film maker is obedient, can make a film seem much better than it may really be.)

I looked forward to the *New Yorker* verdict. Two inches of space at the end of the column were used to make clear that *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*, despite the size and wonder of new cinerama and an endorsement by Cardinal Cushing, ". . . is a nightmare and third-rate Hollywood musical." Nine inches were given to *Girl*, praised for, ". . . that silent, graceful collision of high technique, taste, and originality—a brilliant picture." The *New Yorker* man perceived that ". . . the continuity is purposefully abrupt, creating the peculiar impression that the end of the old scene and the start of the new one are being shown simultaneously. . . . We understand the story even though it is almost hurled onto the screen, and then we find that what matters is not its meaning but its ironic, slightly overripe flavor. We are meant to taste, not think. . . . It respects our imaginations and enchants our eyes." If one finds this film obscure and doesn't like it, it may be that he has not seen enough new, good films. Or it may be he is not a contemporary or a feeling man. A second look helps to exhume that darkness caused by our having only one set of eyes. For this film we need four, unless we use our ears to listen to the French rather than read the English subtitles.

## NOTED BRIEFLY

**Boccaccio '70** is made up of short films directed by Fellini, Visconti, and De Sica. The most enjoyable of the three is De Sica's *The Raffle*, written by Zavattini starring Sophia Loren. The most memorable and moving one is Visconti's *The Job*. Fellini's *The Temptation of Dr. Antonio* exposes Fellini's having a rompish holiday which he has earned. Because he is a mighty human sort of being, all of his works cannot be masterpieces.

**War Hunt** disproves the saying that nothing good can come out of Hollywood. This is explained by the presence of a couple new bodies each equipped with heads that have moved into the studios. Good directors have been killed in Hollywood because of the demonic designs of producers. Denis and Terry Saunders learned this long before they finished their cinema studies at the University of California, so they have Hollywood on their terms; Denis directs and Terry produces. The brothers Saunders, whom again we salute for their short, unpretentious film, *A Time Out of War*, have given us a film that is as honest as *A Taste of Honey*. While the film assays the Korean war experience in personal terms, it is not a war or antiwar film. However, it makes the fact that the infantry man who gets suitcases of purple hearts is usually

the most psychotic man pulling triggers and pushing bayonets. Thanks to the producer, one feels this is an uncompromised film. It has gotten critical acclaim, but probably it will not reach many theaters over the nation—the Korean lassie who offers herself is rebuffed in the first five minutes—except as the film playing second place to *Lolita* (which, incidentally, proves the difference between a passion for a twelve-year-old girl and for a fifteen-year-old piece stakes out the distance between what Vladimir Nabokov and the Production Code Administration had in mind). The film pivots on the question, "How does it make you feel to knife a guy?" John Saxon, the star, who must be filling the Korean boots of the writer, Stanford Whitmore, is told repeatedly not to ask this question of the most valuable man, Enro, who does his part to end the Panmunjom stalemate by night knifings in enemy territory. The film ploughs on until we get the answer.

Between *400 Blows* and *Jules and Jim*, Francois Truffaut rejected lots of scripts before he decided to make a film of the American novel, *Down There* by David Goodis. The film, *Shoot the Piano Player*, may annoy viewers unused to highly personal films and Truffaut's sympathy with strange characters. This time it is Charlie, an introverted piano player in a bar who is satisfied to tend to his piano and ignore life on the other side. Even though he would prefer to live his life sitting on a stool, he is banged into the midst of other people's lives.

Marcello Mastroianni (hero of *La Dolce Vita*) is shown wearing a hair net in *Divorce—Italian Style*, which explains his having pompadoured slickness when a lecher and soft, wavy hair as a voyeur. The film is no masterpiece as Gilber of the *Mirror* shouts, but it is a funny film. Despite the subject, how to replace one's wife with a sixteen-year-old from the convent school, it is a wholesome film. Pietro Germi's writing and directing make us laugh so uproariously at the preoccupations of batty Italians that we could never let ourselves be like them. Or so it seems as one walks out of the cinema.

Harold Lloyd's *World of Comedy*, unlike Germi's snicker at the idiocy of human beings, is a child's laughter at a clown's collapsible unicycle. Now with a few more films behind us, we have perspective to cheer Lloyd for his ability to build up a gag and keep it going to astonishing, skyscraper heights.

## Letters . . .

I certainly hope that "A Study in Color" (November, 1962) by Malcolm Boyd is not representative of the taste of today's college student. Mr. Boyd has created a pair of buffoons whose remarks range from the ridiculous to heights of crudity.

It seems that the author has debased the truth he is trying to communicate—that of the equality of man—by lowering himself to naked sensationalism. The joke about God, which might be effective if more skillfully worked into the dialogue, is painfully, almost pitifully, obvious. How many pages of carefully thought out dialogue would it have taken a skillful writer to develop the white man's image before the character would ever be allowed to say, "My God is a nigger," or "Nigger Christ"! I do not mean that I begrudge these words of the white man; but by thoughtlessly using them at that time, Mr. Boyd showed himself, not a character in a sketch. He showed that his intentions were to shock the reader and thereby gain his attention. This writing for shock effect upon the reader seems to denote a truly immature writer who has no better method to express himself.

Also the sudden revelation that comes to the two men that they are equal is completely unsupported by the previous action. The two men had argued, the white man concluding the argument by saying, "Thank God I'm white . . ." and suddenly, three speeches later

he says, "I love him (the Negro)." How absurd! The author seems to have decided that he had a point to make and hence just stuck the idea in with no rational development.

It seems to me that Boyd has tried to express in a sketch of only fifty-five speeches a truth that could hardly be expressed in a novel. His idea was noble, but, without approaching proper expression, the sketch seems nothing more than a modern, beatnik melodrama.

MILES McCADDON  
millsaps college  
jackson, mississippi

I am a freshman this year and was not acquainted with  *motive*  until I became active in our Wesley group. Since that time I have found  *motive*  a most comforting element in the adjustment to college which all freshmen must make. I have found it educational, in that it provides facts concerning the world around us, situations in life (good and bad), and our Christian faith. It has been a constant source of inspiration for these past troubled weeks and will continue to be throughout the year. The art does a great deal in relaying inspiration and education. I have never before seen art of this type and I am truly impressed. In fact, I have taken a special interest in the work of Robert Hodgell.  *motive*  is a meaningful magazine for me.

SHARON DUXBURY  
wisconsin state college  
eau claire, wisconsin

As a receiver of  *motive*  at Stanford, I have previously remained unimpressed by the obnoxious "wailing-wall" type articles your magazine seems to specialize in. My practice has been to flip through, looking at the cartoons and ignoring the woodcuts and articles, and then drop it into the bottom drawer of my desk. Exception: the November, 1962, issue, with the play "Round the Cherry Tree."

But I wish to compliment your inclusion of "The Colleagues of Mr. Chips" in the January, 1963, issue. It is a master stroke to publish an article which will undoubtedly help students to a better understanding of the teaching situation. . . .

And it had a point. A logically developed, vaguely optimistic moral. Praise be to God for little miracles.

JEANNE CARNE  
stanford university  
california

A word to the devoted disciples of Dostoevski whose letter appeared in the October issue. In his letter he declares that the "Christian church (any one you care to choose)" has relinquished its real and true freedom for "peace (unconsciousness of the human predicament)." Because "for most men freedom is too great a burden to bear . . . this ('peace') they ('weak slavish men') find in the Christian church, where the spirit of nonexistence and vicarious atonement abounds."

His generalization is extremely sweeping: he clearly refers to the local, institutional churches which he has observed and of which he has been a part at one time or another, but is it true that *all* the people of *all* local, institutional churches are fearful, unfree, "weak slavish men"? Another important question arises: is what this person states really true of the Christian church, that community of persons whose common link with all men and with eternity is discovered in God's *revealed* love for his creation, for his people, in Jesus Christ?

"This ('freedom') . . . is the message of Christ," our compatriot



declares. May I suggest to those whom this may interest and concern, and especially to Richard Schoonover, that the central, crucial point at which one is to be really free must begin not with "freedom"—whatever that is—but with the much more agonizing question of *what it means* for one to fully and honestly respond and surrender to God's love for human beings, a love uniquely and unequivocally illuminated in Jesus Christ. What are the profound implications of such a radical trust? And what might the consequence be for one who makes such a decision?

If the man of "vile freedom," the atheist, and the agnostic bring a radical, damnable judgment upon the "Christian church" of which Mr. Schoonover speaks, the Christian man's judgment is equally harsh, but is of an infinitely greater depth and quality. And I honestly wonder if the Christian man's judgment is not offered for a different reason and in a different attitude from that of the man who is committed to "freedom" as his most important platform.

HENRY M. SMITH  
wofford college  
spartanburg, south carolina

. . . I first ran across an issue of *motive* lying on a table in the Student Union at Drake University. I glanced through it, copped it and read it later in my room. I read following issues on occasion, and always meant to subscribe, but never did. Later in my college career, I found myself often skimming through *motives*, especially Orientation issues, to find something worth while to put in empty first editions of the campus semiweekly.

There are faults with *motive*, from both journalistic and ethical convictions. My interest in the fine arts is not as great as that of your editors. I frequently find myself bored with your art and poetry. I wonder if it wouldn't be better to fill the limited pages 100 per cent with articles. I sometimes get peeved at the line drawings and woodblock engravings. I wonder if *motive* shouldn't go "glossy," and Norman Rockwell, to pretty itself up as well as to grab the "glancer-througher" and force some of its message on him.

But then (in, perhaps, saner moments?) I hear me answering, "NO." First, *motive* makes its readers think. There is too little literature and/or graphics aimed at the college student which does. Second, maybe I should be more interested in art and poetry. At least, I should be exposed to it, and *motive* may be the only available outlet which will be the exposer. Third, is it necessary to sugar coat everything of value so that a minute bit can rub off on the attracted? Is being either a Christian or a student an easy task, and has either ever been? Must *motive* try to attract the lowest common denominator? And, finally, isn't the atmosphere of *motive* one worth keeping?

It's hard to express the feelings and lack of feelings—of myself and others in our generation. It is to be sure a searching, an exploration, a seeking self of self, meaning, worth, companion and soul. But more, perhaps it's a hope that the often gaudy surface of life really isn't, and that somewhere the real life is available to be seen and found. Maybe it's this atmosphere *motive* captures: that here in this campus-oriented magazine—different yet *meaningful*—a common search for the real life can be joined in without toiletry and Sunday school lesson ads, pictures of "All-American" and beauty queen Christians on your campus and articles on mixers to "really start off" your Sunday evening meetings.

Thank you for *motive*.

MARVIN GATCH  
drake university  
des moines, iowa

But in that portion of the article where Mr. Perry discusses the possibilities of conversion to Judaism he relies upon some sources of questionable objectivity and intent. He quotes Rabbi David Polish. If Polish is writing about the possibility of converting Christians to Judaism, what have the nationalism and way of life of the State of Israel to do with it? Does Perry endorse the Zionist concept, of which Polish is an eloquent protagonist, that in order to worship as a Jew it is *necessary* to accept a national relationship with other Jews, regardless of their existent nationality, and with the State of Israel? If Perry believes—or recommends—this, how will he reconcile mutuality between the faiths and missionizing with the recent holding of the Israeli Supreme Court in the so-called *Brother Daniel Case*? For there it was decreed that a Jew who voluntarily converted to another faith could not possess the same legal and secular rights as a Jew. If this is true of a converted Jew, what is the status of someone who never was a Jew? If he converts to Judaism, does he automatically acquire the right to execute the second nationality, allegedly belonging to "the Jewish people," which was denied *Brother Daniel*? And does a convert wish to acquire this special relationship to a state foreign to all but Israelis, if he becomes a Jew?

The example is only illustrative of what becomes involved when religion and nationality are fused, as Polish clearly fuses them in the quotation used by Perry, where the *State of Israel* is described as "a new phase of *Judaism's* spiritual development. . . ." (Emphasis added.)

This is sheer, unadulterated Zionist-national, political propaganda. It ignores the Christian and Moslem citizens of Israel; and it ignores the single-nationality identification of those Jews who, as the American Council for Judaism, believe Judaism is a religion, not a nationality. In effect, Polish—following the classical Zionist pattern—ignores the fundamental democratic concept of the separation of church and state.

To whatever extent readers of *motive* may look upon Polish as representative of Judaism, they have been misled about the large number of Americans who believe Judaism is not Zionism and the State of Israel is not the Israel of the Old Testament and the Prophets, including Jesus. In the interest of clarity you may be willing to publish this description of the principles and purposes of the anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism:

"A national organization founded on the basic proposition that Judaism is a religion of universal values—not a nationality. We seek for Americans of Jewish faith their increasing civic, cultural and social integration into U. S. life. The Council's active program enables American Jews to meet obligations in public affairs, religion, and philanthropy in ways compatible with our beliefs rather than in the Jewish nationalist pattern of Zionism. The Council affirms that nationality and religion are separate and distinct; that no Jew or group of Jews can speak for all American Jews; that Israel is the 'homeland' of its own citizens only."

ELMER BERGER  
the american council for judaism  
new york city

Edmund Perry's article, "Mission to Christians," (Dec., 1962) makes interesting reading about a less than well known phenomenon in contemporary religious life.

# Contributors

**POETS** for March are **HOLLIS SUMMERS**, who, while teaching at Ohio University, has published three novels and two collections of poetry; **ROMER JUSTICE**, student at Florida Southern College; **RALPH ROBIN**, professor at the American University whose work has appeared in dozens of magazines and won several awards; and **R. R. CUSCADEN**, editor of *Midwest*, whose new collection is *Poem for a Ten Pound Sailfish*. Mr. Kramer's and Mr. Chatfield's poems courtesy *Epos*; Mr. Summers', courtesy *Descant*.

**IRA G. PROGOFF** practices psychotherapy in New York City and lectures in depth psychology at Drew University. He holds the Ph.D. from the New School, and is author of *The Cloud of Unknowing* and *The Death and Birth of Psychology*. The paper published here was part of a symposium on American Ideals held at Central Washington State College last year, and is given its initial publication in *motive* by agreement with C.W.S.C.

**RICHARD E. WENTZ** is Director of Faculty Work for the University Christian Association at Penn State.

**JAROSLAV PELIKAN** is Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Yale University. A Lutheran, he is author of *The Riddle of Roman Catholicism* and several other important works. His paper is also from the Central Washington State College symposium.

**FRANK CHIN** graduated from the University of California at Berkeley, where he edited *The Pelican*. He is now at the Writers' Workshop at State University of Iowa on a fellowship, and has contracted with Atheneum to publish his forthcoming novel. "Food for All His Dead" courtesy, *Contact*.

**HERBERT GUTMAN**, a native of Germany, pursued his studies in philosophy, physics, education, and psychology at Berlin and U.C.L.A. He has taught electronic engineering, biology, and mathematics, and is a family relations counselor for the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles. (Courtesy, *Main Currents*.)

**JOHN HALLOWELL** is Professor of Political Science at Duke University, and Director of the Lilly Research Program in Christianity

and Politics. President-elect of the Southern Political Science Association, his books include *The Decline of Liberalism as an Ideology*, *Main Currents in Modern Political Thought*, and *The Moral Foundation of Democracy*.

**PEDRO FRIEDEBERG**, young Mexican artist-architect featured in this month's center art section, is already well known outside Mexico. A discussion of his work recently appeared in the French arts magazine *Aujourd'hui*. He was a student of architecture, but left the field to draw and paint his humorous commentaries on modern living.

**ARTISTS** for this issue:

**ROBERT O. HODGELL**, long familiar to *motive* readers, teaches at Florida Presbyterian College.

**JACK MORSE** teaches high school art in Rochester, N. Y.

**JEAN PENLAND**, Nashville, Tennessee, designs book jackets for Abingdon Press.

**MIMI GROSS**, whose studio is in New York City, last year painted her way through southern Europe and the Near East.

**ROBERT CHARLES BROWN**, operator of Crucifixion Press in Uncasville, Connecticut, recently had his work featured in *Christian Art*.

**MARGARET RIGG**, our art editor, finally decided to study at the Chicago Art Institute. She returns to Nashville in June.

**MARY BROWN**, who also works for Abingdon Press, is a newcomer to *motive*.

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EASTER ANGEL by elizabeth korn

# battle of the jericho wall

a dramatic fragment

I.

JOSHUA: (*mutters, to himself*)

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down. . . ."

JERICOITE: (*peering around a gate*) Where'd you get that pretty speech, Hebrew?

JOSHUA: I'm not sure. I think I made it up myself, but maybe I read it in a book.

JERICOITE: Made it up yourself! You're not a poet, you're a soldier. You're supposed to be conquering our city.

JOSHUA: Where'd you get that pretty speech?

JERICOITE: Well, I think I made it up myself—but maybe I read it in a book. I just absorb everything I've read, you know?

JOSHUA: No, I didn't.

JERICOITE: Didn't what?

JOSHUA: Know. But thanks for the information. Best idea I've had in weeks.

JERICOITE: Best idea you've had?

JOSHUA: Well, maybe I did read it in a book.

JERICOITE: Oh, the hell with it. (*exit*)

JOSHUA: Exactly. (*calls out*) Everybody got their trumpets? (*Hebrews emerge from behind bushes, rocks, palm trees—and even, it is rumored, from behind the wall*)

1 HEBREW: Yeah, man. Give the downbeat.

JOSHUA: Upbeat, man, upbeat. Don't be a drag.

2 HEBREW: Who wrote this score, Josh? All these seven-bar repeats are just too much!

JOSHUA: It's in the book.

2 HEBREW: What book?

JOSHUA: Never mind that. Just warm up your lip; it'll be a long march. Everybody ready?

HEBREWS: (*discordant chorus*) Yeah, man! Crazy! Let's move, dad!

JOSHUA: Oy vay, fugitives from Birdland I've got yet. Better I should use a bossa nova. But I guess that comes later.

1 HEBREW: Why not now, man? Don't you believe in progress?

JOSHUA: No, I believe in following the book. I'm working for God already, not General Electric.

JERICOITE: (*emerging from the gate again*) If you'd change jobs, you might have an easier time making the sun stand still. Technology is always one up on poetry.

JOSHUA: Technology?

JERICOITE: Yeah—technology. Like science, man, like engineering. Now you take this wall—

JOSHUA: I believe I will, thank you. (*exit Jerichoite*)

II.

2 HEBREW: Say, man, can't we play "When the Saints Come Marching In?" This tune is like dead.

JOSHUA: Just follow the score.

2 HEBREW: And I can't see a thing for this dust. Where are we, anyway? We just seem to go in circles all the time.

JOSHUA: That's in the book, too.

1 HEBREW: You and your damned book—you'd think you wrote the thing!

JOSHUA: Maybe I did. Anyway, don't forget to save Rahab the harlot and all her family.

1 HEBREW: What the—? I'm talking about books and you bring up—did I hear you correctly?

JOSHUA: Harlot. You know, like—well, harlot. The book doesn't give any synonyms.

2 HEBREW: It doesn't give any sense, either.

JOSHUA: Yes it does—just watch. Everybody, blow your horns and shout! (*shouts, cheers, hornblowing, general razzmatazz, followed by a loud crash and then silence*)

2 HEBREW: Holy cow! What was that? I still can't see for the dust.

JOSHUA: It was the wall. (*the dust settles*)

2 HEBREW: Oh—I see.

JOSHUA: I should hope so. Now go save Rahab the harlot.

1 HEBREW: You're disgusting! How can you think of that at a time like this?

JOSHUA: I'm not. I'm thinking of poetry. Maybe I should punctuate it differently:

"Something there is that doesn't love,  
A wall that wants it down. . . ."

RAHAB: (*entering*) Frost?

JOSHUA: No. Snow.

RAHAB: But it doesn't look white.

JOSHUA: That's because we knocked the wall down. Here, help me find my book—it's somewhere in this rubble.

—AA