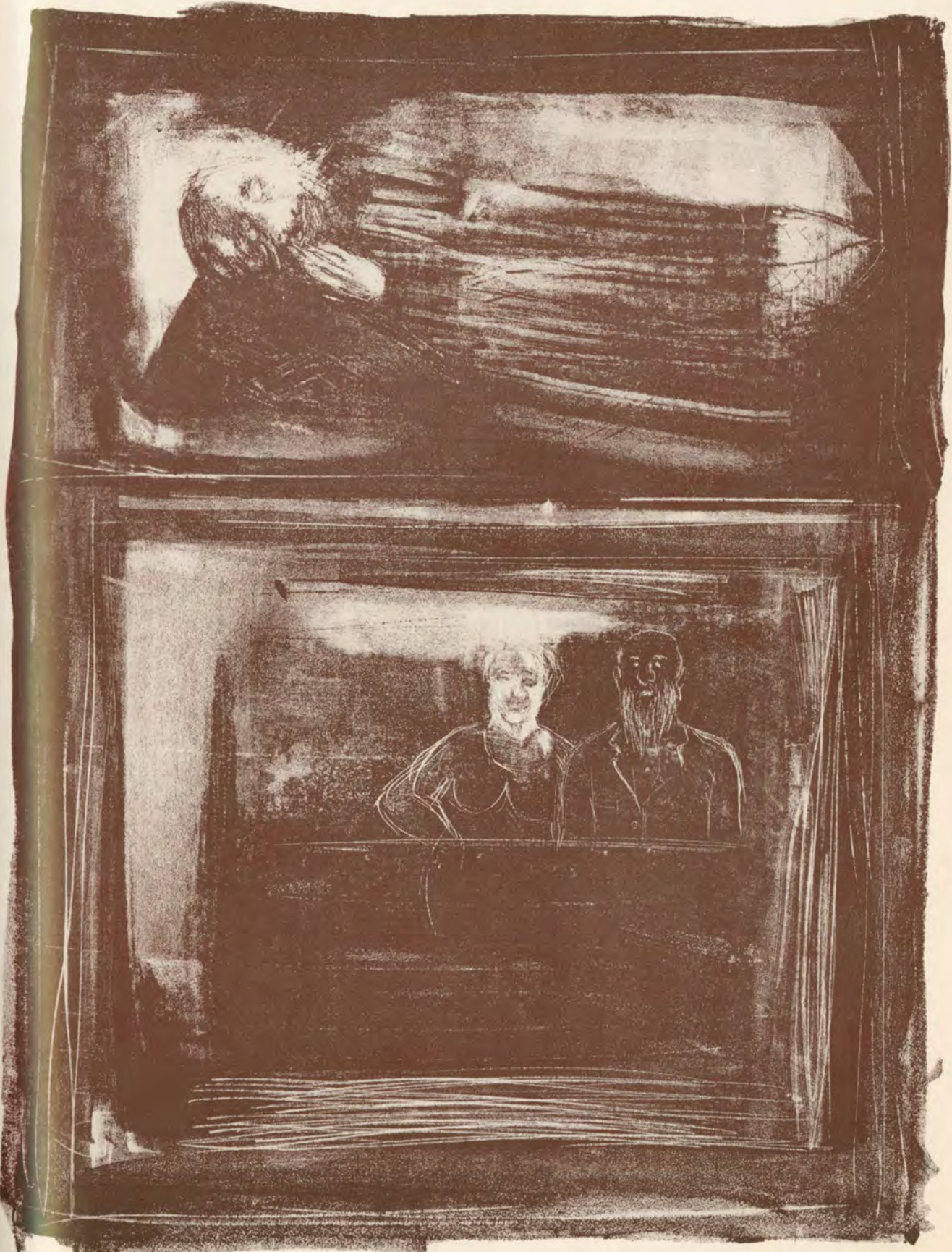


motive

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CONTENTS NOVEMBER 1963 VOLUME XXIV/2

- meditation 1 truly we are earthen vessels
- caio de toledo 3 brasil: an underdeveloped giant wakes up
- mary shumway 11 a rebel knowledge: faith and art
- frank merchant 14 poem: faith
- margaret rigg 15 the art feature: harry bouras
- robert lecky 26 australian s c m
- philip altbach 30 is there a student movement?
- duane locke &
walter l. howard, jr. 34 poetry
- mike rosene 35 how to write a term paper without really trying
- joyce odam 36 two poems
- roger e. ortmayer 38 drama: dallas
- dick clarke 42 fiction: the glass echo
- 46 resource directory of traveling print exhibitions
- robert steele 48 film review: a spotty leopard
- 49 books
- 55 contributors
- the editors salute!
- cover 3 adam and eve: the garden in the distance, lithograph, 1963, by
margaret rigg.
- cover 4 fable: the mice in council, oliver goldsmith, after aesop.
- front cover art: AND GOD WAS DELIGHTED WITH ADAM AND EVE, lithograph, 1963,
MARGARET RIGG: an attempt to express the joy and delight of God
over his creatures.

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TRULY WE ARE EARTHEN VESSELS

WHO CAN UNDERSTAND why God has designed that we should be His own and live under Him in His Kingdom? BUT THIS IS OUR CALLING TO THE LIVING HOPE WHICH IS CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD. THEREFORE, LET THE CHURCH SPEAK WITH CONVICTION FROM THE FAITH THAT WILL NOT SHRINK. LET MEN HEAR THE WORD OF GOD, FOR THIS WORD IS OURS TO PROCLAIM. LET THE VOICE OF MEN BE SILENCED; LET THE VOICE OF GOD BE HEARD.



LINO PRINT

ROBERT HODGELL

Brazil:

an underdeveloped giant wakes up

BY CAIO DE TOLEDO

ONE of the most popular of the revolutionary songs to appear recently in Brasil is called "Song of the Underdeveloped." The beginning of the song is ironic, an idyllic description of a tropical paradise, in which Brasil is described as a sleeping giant. The next lines are:

*But one day the giant awoke.
He ceased being a sleeping giant,
And lo! a dwarf arose;
He was an underdeveloped country!*

We are witnessing today a world-wide awakening, man's coming to awareness of his present situation and his possibilities for the future. For the "underdeveloped" countries of the world, this means the struggle for full national liberation by peoples who, until very recent times, lived on the margin of world history. They have never made decisions for themselves, but now want to become responsible for their own destinies. This is an *entirely new fact* in history. We are witnessing the unrolling of a historical drama which had its beginning when one nation first subjugated another. Today in many places—although

often precariously—this drama has passed the stage of mere aspiration and is becoming real and concrete fact.

If the domination of one people by another was accepted and justified, in the past, as "historical necessity" or "destiny," or some sort of "divine right," this is no longer the case. The new "Great Awakening" of the underdeveloped nations has come about because the colonial peoples have discovered that their misery is due essentially to political and economic conditions, and not to supposedly natural or geographic causes, much less to any fatalism built into history itself.

We are aware that economic development is not generated spontaneously; it is the result of decisions. Underdevelopment is the result of concrete historical circumstances which *can be radically altered*. Everything depends on human will and determination. The liberation of the peoples of the world is an irreversible and undefeatable process. We are willing to suffer any sacrifice in order to win our full independence.

Although the peoples of Asia and Africa are only now slowly freeing themselves from colonial domi-

nation, we in Latin America reached political independence from Spain and Portugal almost a century ago. However, this "liberation" was only partial, since it was not accompanied by complete economic independence. Imperialism and neo-imperialism in our "underdeveloped" countries continue to try to keep us on the fringes of history; for example, they try to prevent our self-determination as nations by strengthening corrupt governments. The aim, of course, is to maintain the economic situation in which we furnish raw materials and consume the products of other nations' industrialization.

The struggle to which people of underdeveloped nations are committed is to destroy colonialism in all its forms: that archaic world of oppression, conflicts between men, of armed peace. For us, this struggle is sacred and not to be postponed. It has become a question of life or death. The various forms of colonialism live on borrowed time, although they are for the most part unable or unwilling to face the fact.

At the moment when humanity creates the basic instruments capable of bringing about material progress and the welfare of all peoples, the spectacle of a few rich and prosperous nations living alongside other nations—in which thousands of men have nothing to eat and nowhere to sleep—becomes intolerable.

THE SCOPE OF HUMAN MISERY

The average life expectancy for a Brazilian is 46 years. In the Northeast, 50 per cent of the population dies before the age of 30. A child dies every 42 seconds, 2,040 daily. Twenty per cent of the children born annually in Brasil die before they reach the age of one year. More than half die before the age of 5.

In the whole country, there are only 120 hospitals for children. There are in Brasil two 14-bed hospitals per 1,000 inhabitants. There are 900 Brazilian municipalities without a single doctor. In the Northeast 78 per cent of the municipalities, and in the extreme North 80 per cent, have no hospital facilities at all. Meanwhile, more than 45 million Brazilian adults suffer from such chronic diseases as schistosomiasis, bubo disease, and tuberculosis. Fifty per cent of the population is illiterate.

We will stop here. There is not space to cite all the statistics necessary to give adequate documenta-

tion to the misery our people suffer. In any case, numbers are too cold. We run the risk of being paralyzed by the sheer weight and size of the problems, and we cannot afford paralysis, or silence, when so many lives are being sacrificed daily by the inhuman conditions of our society.

"We are participating in a hidden, highly diversified civil war," a Brazilian sociologist has written. "Death is all the same. It is no more iniquitous when caused by machine-gun fire, than when it is caused by this other cold and silent weapon which is human misery." *

The majority of our politicians and almost the whole of our press, however, are now more impressed with the 700 counterrevolutionaries brought before the firing-squad in Cuba than by the hunger, ignorance and disease which kill hundreds of our brothers every day. The impersonal and implacable death provoked by economic misery does not move or wound the consciences of the elite which benefit from the continued existence of inhuman social and economic structures.

THE TWO BRASILS: A STUDY IN PARADOX

Among the two thirds of humanity which live in the underdeveloped regions of the world, 70 million are Brazilians. Of these, some 8 million are scattered over approximately two thirds of the geographical area of the country. Economically and demographically, this region is an immense emptiness. Apart from the Sahara Desert, this two thirds of Brasil probably is the most extensive economic vacuum in the world.

In the other one third of Brazilian territory, there are at least two autonomous economic systems. One is found in the Northeast, a region composed of 9 states, where about 22 million people live. The second is in the South, an area comprising 8 states, where about 40 million people live.

In the Northeast it is not really possible to speak of an economic system, as there does not exist the degree of integration of economic activities necessary to constitute a unified system. The gross *per capita* income in 1955 was \$110. With this income level, it is almost impossible for the economy to reach a degree of integration necessary to create a

* Franklin De Oliveira, *Revolucao E Contra-Revolucao No Brasil*, Second Edition, Editora Civilizacao Brasileira, p. 105.

more or less unified market, or for produce to achieve a reasonable degree of mobility.

Under the impact of the rapid population growth, which is characteristic of the whole country (2.5 per cent annually), the already low *per capita* income of the region diminishes progressively, and what little economic unity exists is threatened.

The basic economic activity is the production of raw material, that is, agriculture and cattle raising. Almost all the products are exported to the south of Brasil and to other countries. Almost 70 per cent of the manual labor is occupied with subsistence production or production for export. The productivity of the land is very low. The physical resources for cattle raising are very poor. There is a serious dearth of technical personnel. The level of industrialization is also extremely low. What industry exists faces serious barriers to its expansion: the capital available does not stay in the Northeast, but is invested in the south where the market is more highly developed and the profits come more quickly.

The southern system is one of relatively high development. Until 1930, the basis of the economy was in agriculture, principally coffee, for export. This permitted the exporters and rural landowners to accumulate large amounts of capital. The economy developed on this basis was a reflection of the world market. When there was prosperity in the world's industrial centers, our products were imported and Brazilians in turn imported manufactured goods from abroad. In 1930, with the Great Depression, it was not possible to export Brazilian products, nor to import from other countries. Because of these circumstances, the development of national industry was possible. The necessary capital came from those groups which had accumulated money from exportation of raw materials. Political conditions at the time permitted a policy of economic liberalism, so that the process of industrial development was begun by—and the profits enjoyed by—those who possessed the necessary capital.

This industrial development brought profound social changes to the south: the formation of an urban proletariat, the tremendous exodus from the rural areas to the new urban centers, the formation of an industrial bourgeoisie, the transfer of political power into the hands of the new bourgeoisie, the begin-



ning of the wiping out of the middle class due to inflation, intense cultural development, and the appearance of skilled or specialized work.

During this period, there was a sharp rise in foreign investment in the country. Freedom was almost complete for the investors. Only in very recent times have laws been passed which limit what they are allowed to do.

Thus, Brasil is a land of tremendous contrasts. People speak of the two Brasils: one relatively rich and in the process of tremendous and rapid development; the other, poor, hungry, and exploited.

AGRARIAN REFORM

Our agriculture is still controlled by a complex of immense areas of land owned by a small number of families. We will again cite some figures to document the tremendous disparities and contradictions which characterize the agrarian picture. Of the land, 81.69 per cent is in the hands of 14.41 per cent of the Brazilian landowners. Among a rural population of about 49 million people, only 2 million own their own land.

The agricultural system is excessively uneconomical. There are almost no farming machines and the most primitive farming tools are in use almost everywhere: hoes, sickles, ploughs drawn by oxen, etc. There is only one trained agronomist for every 200

thousand acres of land. In the Northeast, where the greater part of Brasil's rural population is to be found, the most fertile land, generally to be found close to large urban centers, is given over almost entirely to the cultivation of sugar cane. The system of sugar cane production is semiautonomous; that is, it does not attend to the necessities of the region, and is socially semifeudal. The low productivity—due not to the poor land but to the economic system—is a great waste of resources which ought to be cultivated to provide food for the urban population.

The prospects for feeding the nation are very disheartening. In 1961, we had an increase of 7.7 per cent of production. In 1962, only 1.3 per cent less than the population growth. This means, quite simply, hunger. Men flee the farms, in the hope of finding better living conditions in the cities. (Generally they do not. In the city they are just so many more mouths to feed. With the scarcity of basic food stuffs and the fantastic increase of the urban population, prices are exorbitant. The salary of the urban worker never catches up with the soaring rise in the cost of living. In 1962, Brasil suffered 65 per cent inflation.) The agricultural areas, losing their workers, reduce their already low production.

Unproductive lands, one-crop economies, the devastation of the forests, the population explosion, the exodus from the farms to urban centers, primitive farming instruments and techniques, the complete absence of support or guarantees for the farm laborer (national legislation for his protection is rarely enforced), the lack of financial credit (the foreign banks will not give credit and Brazilian banks furnish it only to large landowners who can put up the collateral)—these factors make life in the rural areas increasingly impossible to sustain. It is not without strong reason that today in Brasil, everyone, except the large landowners, of course, declares himself in favor of land reform.

The urban bourgeoisie presses for agrarian reform because it needs, on the one hand, sufficient food stuffs to support the urban industrial population, and, on the other, an internal market capable of absorbing and maintaining the growth and progress of industry. This urban bourgeoisie class puts its aims in agrarian reform in very clear terms. Its objective is to increase to the maximum the productivity of the "campos," in terms of the one admissible economic system—free enterprise. Thus, the agrarian

reform which the urban bourgeoisie demands is such as to strengthen the position of the landowners, demanding only that they produce as much as possible. For the urban bourgeoisie, a *productive* system of large land holdings is perfectly acceptable.

The agrarian reform proposed by the progressive forces of the country, however, envisages more than mere increased productivity. Above all, it demands the humanization of working and living conditions for the farm laborer. It asks justice for him. This means he must control, if not own, the land on which he works. These objectives, by their very nature, lead to a socialist perspective.

DEVELOPMENT OF BRASILIAN INDUSTRY

Since 1955, with the government of ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek, all Brasil has been swept by the *mistique* of "developmentism." The whole nation has absorbed the conviction that industrial development is a historical imperative, that without it we will never win our liberty nor control our own future as a nation. Generally speaking, there are two positions with regard to this "developmentism."

On the one hand, the representatives of the dominant classes see development as simply an intensification of economic activity, an increase in the volume of goods and services produced. This, they believe, will automatically bring about the welfare of the society.

On the other hand, the progressive forces of the country (the Lefts) do not see development in itself as the automatic solution for the wrongs and blatant social injustice of an economy built on free enterprise. Alongside the growth of income and profits, they see a need for a fairer distribution of wealth in order that industrial development be brought about in the interests of the people and not against them. This view has not been adopted by the political powers, which control economic planning, because these are in the hands of the bourgeoisie. Brazilian industrial development has therefore operated on capitalistic bases.

In terms of procuring the necessary capital, there were various possibilities: loans from abroad, private capital from abroad, taxation of the moneyed classes, or inflation. Loans from abroad were not viable, that is, in the interests of the national bourgeoisie, as the latter is opposed to development of industry by the State. Also, such loans are not easy to secure on a

government-to-government basis in the capitalistic world, since the strong nations are not interested in helping to set up rival economic powers. The same groups saw their interests threatened by progressive taxation.

They prevented Congress from passing a bill to tax income on a proportional basis. This is not surprising when one realizes that most of the lawmakers are bankers, industrialists and large landowners, or candidates supported by the most powerful economic interests.

The government, therefore, was left with the alternatives of inflation and foreign investment, in order to bring to reality their "ideology of development." Brasil became a real paradise for foreign investors. The government provides them with all the desired facilities and guaranties. In spite of its youth, capital operating in Brasil already gave evidence of its high concentration. In 1951, 1 per cent of the companies received 65 per cent of the business profits of the country; in 1959, 1 per cent received 68 per cent of the profits. That is, profits were progressively more concentrated in the hands of a few, instead of becoming progressively more equitably distributed. The much-touted Brazilian development increased the economic disparities: the rich got richer and the poor got poorer. With inflation pushing prices up daily, the bourgeoisie, making money rapidly, benefited, as the workers saw their real wages progressively lowering in relation to the ever-rising cost of living.

Of the 66 major business enterprises in Brasil, 34 are foreign-owned. Forty-six per cent of the capital of the 6,818 incorporated enterprises is foreign. The following represents the percentage of participation of foreign capital in Brasil:

Metal production, especially iron, 50%; meat industry 50%; wheat production 50%-70%; cement production 60%; electric energy 72%; steel 80%; cigarettes 80%; rubber 80%; assembling of machines and vehicles 98%; distribution of petroleum 100%.

Speaking to the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce in 1959, Brasil's ex-ambassador to the U.S., Moreira Salles, affirmed that, between 1950-1958, U. S. investment in Brasil went from 644 million dollars to 1 billion, 345 million dollars, an increase of 101 million dollars. During the same period, these companies showed a profit of 761 million dollars—

60 million more than the increase in capital invested. As the ex-ambassador remarked, this figure does not include additional money which left the country as fees for royalties, "know-how" and administration, because statistics on these are not available.

Federal organs, created to help stimulate national industry, in reality function to help the large foreign businesses. For example, the National Bank for Economic Development (BNDE) has spent 9.2 billion

PHOTO: ROBERT HODGELL



cruzeiros to finance national industry and 13.2 billion to finance foreign-owned firms.

Throughout this period a constant factor has been the "denationalization" of Brazilian industry. Recently, the federal government put its Three-Year Plan into effect, the chief aims of which are to lower inflation (more than 60 per cent annually) and to maintain the rate of industrial development (7 per cent). This plan, opposed by the Lefts, is, in effect, a disciplining of the present structures of the economy, and therefore does nothing to bring about real development; there are no effective measures against either economic imperialism or against the semi-feudal system of the "campos." "Denationalization" has actually increased since the inauguration of the Three-Year Plan. The lack of credit available to small or relatively small national businesses, not connected with large monopolies, has forced the former into associations with the latter. Mostly these are foreign-owned. To cite only one example: There are 417 foreign-owned pharmaceutical laboratories at present in Brasil. They constitute more than 82 per cent of the industry (46 per cent—U.S.A., 13 per cent—France, 7 per cent—Swiss, etc., and 18 per cent—Brasil).

In accordance with Instruction 113 of the government agency—SUMOC—which controls importation, credit and business financing in general, foreign investors are permitted to import machinery, etc., free of duty, even when Brazilian-owned industries of the same nature already exist. Brazilian businesses, on the other hand, must pay excessively high duties on the same equipment. All negotiations of this sort must be done through the Bank of Brasil, which sets the rate of exchange from dollars to cruzeiros as it sees fit, usually far above either the official or free value of the dollar. Duties must be paid in dollars at the arbitrary rate set. The result is that national businesses are forced to associate themselves with international monopolies. In the case of the pharmaceutical industry, this has meant that national factories have been absorbed, creating a monopoly which fixes the price of the products. Anyone who buys medicine in Brasil will testify to their exorbitant price. The profits to the industry range from 300 to 500 per cent annually.

Let us look briefly at the situation with regard to our international trade. As in the case of all underdeveloped countries, the products Brasil exports are chiefly agricultural (coffee, cotton, cocoa, sugar) and

raw materials (iron ore, magnesium ore, uranium, etc.). Imports are chiefly manufactured goods, consumer or machinery. There is a constant progressive increase in the gap between exports and imports, the latter being much larger.

In 1956, the average value per ton of our exports was \$258, and in 1960 it was \$120. In 1958 the average value per ton imported was \$38 and in 1960, \$94. Coffee, Brasil's major export item, illustrates the inequity of the trade exchange. Though more sacks of coffee were exported in 1959 than in 1956, the amount received was drastically smaller. We exported more and were paid less. This is strange and inexplicable logic. In the two years from 1959 to 1961, we lost on a yearly average \$500,000,000 because of the fall in prices.

Each year, the cruzeiro's value (in relation to the dollar) drops. We need more and more money to buy the same merchandise. The basic causes of Brazilian inflation are to be found here: the prohibitive cost of importation and the progressive lowering of prices paid for our exports. Since importation is necessary to maintain and increase national industrialization, the government is forced to print more and more money to make up the gap.

In order to cover the deficits created by this situation the government seeks loans from abroad. Generally it appeals to the U.S.A. In light of the fact that many believe the U.S. to have been very generous and charitable toward Brasil, it will be interesting to look closely at these loans. We cite here information published in an American magazine, *Vision* (January 23, 1963), in a special article on U.S. help given to Brasil. This information is officially confirmed by the Brazilian Embassy in Washington.

According to figures published by the U.S. Department of Commerce, Brasil received, between 1946-1962, economic help to the extent of \$1,700,000,000. About \$1,200,000,000 (70 per cent) of this money was given in the form of credit in EXIMBANK. Loans are made on a commercial basis from EXIMBANK, that is, for interest. Money loaned to Brazilian investors pays for capital investment, machines, etc., made in the U.S. Operations of this sort do not by any means constitute a favor. Loans and interest on them must be paid back in dollars. The credit agency makes its profit.

The second substantial part of economic help from the U.S. to Brasil is in the form of the so-called "Food For Peace." Under this program, food stuffs from the

U.S. are sold to Brasil on long-term credit with a low rate of interest. Most of the food is wheat and its sale prejudices the national wheat production of Brasil. Instead of keeping surplus wheat in the Middle West, at a cost of \$1,000,000 a day to the American taxpayer, it is sold to us. It is not a gift.

ALLIANCE FOR PROGRESS

A separate article would be necessary to analyze with some objectivity the Alliance, and Brazilian reactions to it. The following are only a few comments. President Kennedy, speaking at a reception for Latin American Ambassadors on April 15, 1961, announced the intention of the American government to work for the emancipation of the people of Latin America through a new program which would replace the abortive Operation Pan-America. The Alliance for Progress was born.

It is interesting to note that the date follows so closely the Cuban revolution. Apparently the expropriation of Cuban goods and lands owned by American companies caused a great stir in the U.S. It was necessary to act to avoid the coming to power of governments hostile to the U.S. in other Latin American countries. (However, hostility to the action of North American economic groups—not hostility to the people of the U.S., which is another matter—is not a recent phenomenon in Latin America. We are reminded of the visit of the then-Vice-President Nixon several years ago. This was the occasion for many violent anti-American demonstrations.) President Kennedy's program was inaugurated in the context of Latin American resentment against U.S. economic groups. It was necessary to avoid or slow down authentically nationalistic revolutionary processes which would certainly act against American economic interests in the continent. It is the safety of these economic interests, and not a desire to help other countries to win economic liberation, which appears to be the motive behind the Alliance. It is difficult for Latin Americans to take seriously, or to believe in the sincerity of, plans which bear these marks.

In theory, we cannot disagree with the aims of the Alliance: we covet a self-sufficient economy, basic education for all, integral agrarian reform, equal distribution of the benefits of economic development, increased agricultural production, accelerated industrialization. What interests us is *how*

these things are to be brought about. We claim, essentially, that these things simply cannot come about under the present socio-economic structures.



It is not in building houses, roads, bridges, and public water fountains that the problems of Latin Americans will be resolved. The kind of help given under the Alliance does nothing about the basic causes of underdevelopment. The roots of our misery remain untouched. Hungry children—hungry because their parents have no land to cultivate or no job with which to earn a living—will not be truly nourished by all the powdered milk in the U.S. You do not build a hospital at the bottom of a steep precipice to solve the problem of a dangerous curve at the top.

The Alliance talks about the necessity of structural reforms without which economic help will not achieve its goals. Is it possible or likely that the directors of the program will accept, or even be able to understand, these reforms on our terms? To cite only one point—legislation regulating the remittance abroad of profits from industry based in Latin America is one of the most urgently needed measures for our economics. Article II of the Letter of Puente del Este, published on May 17, 1961, states that it is the objective of the Alliance "to promote through adequate measures conditions which stimulate the flux (easy flow of foreign investments) which contributes to the increase of capital in the participant nations." Phrased in the bureaucratic language of the Letter this simply means unwarranted interference in matters which each country has the exclusive right to control. It is clear that a law regulating the remittance abroad of profits could be considered contrary to this article, as it would not "stimulate the flow of foreign investments. In this connection, we remember the discussion in the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Appropriations, in February of 1962. The comment was made, in relation to a proposed bill in the Brazilian Congress on remittance of profit: If this law should be approved, the Alliance Program would be condemned to failure in Brasil and should be immediately suspended if such proposed legislation becomes law." We could say that the opinion

of this important Senate committee is not that of the Alliance directors, but is it not in complete agreement with Article II?

For us, the Alliance is a long way from being the true Latin American revolution. It is nothing more than a new formula for the continued penetration into Latin America of U.S. monopolies. For us in Latin America, the first step in an authentic Alliance for Progress would have to be the establishment of *stability of prices for goods exported*. The money lost each year because of the fall of prices for our exports would alone finance several alliances.

The second step would be to insist that any and all loans be made from government to government. There is a fundamental difference between such loans and private investments. In the first case, the money given is immediately integrated into the national economy. It belongs in fact, and by right, to the nation. The profits resulting from the means of production are incorporated into the wealth of the society as a whole, contributing to the rise in the standard of living and to the social welfare of the people. With private investment, the means of production belong to foreign groups, and profits, by and large, leave the country, causing a progressive decapitalization of the country, widening the gap between exports and imports, and absorbing national capital. We would remember the words of George Washington in his Farewell Address: "... you should always keep in mind the fact that it is madness to hope for disinterested favours from one country to another, and that everything a nation receives it will have to pay for, sooner or later, with a part of its independence. There is no greater mistake than to hope for a real favour from another country." Unfortunately, we must say the same of the much-touted Alliance for Progress.

THE FUTURE

We have said that Brasil is a giant who is waking up. It is true. Today Brasil's problems are being extensively discussed by everyone, all over the country. Oversimplified and hurried analyses of our underdevelopment are being supplanted by serious and responsible studies. Resignation and conformity are giving birth to hope. Experience shows us that nothing can stop the march of a people aware of their problems and full of hope.

The Brazilian people are sufficiently mature to change their own situation, through organized par-

ticipation in political events which were formerly controlled by bureaucratic and party elites. Today, this participation comes chiefly from labor unions, the Peasants' Leagues, the National Parliamentary Front (Congressmen and Senators on the Left), the student movement and intellectuals on the Left. These groups, which include Christians of all stripes and Marxists of all stripes and some who are neither, represent the real sentiments of the Brazilian people. That is all they represent—just the interests of the great mass of people completely stripped of any economic power.

These organizations have pressured and continue to pressure the governing elite (which is completely divorced from the great mass of people and in the service of the privileged minorities) to pass legislation for urgently needed reforms demanded by the people; reforms which are not paternalistic concessions granted the poor by the dominant classes, but truly just and far-reaching measures. It is not necessary to say that these groups are automatically labeled "communist." Such is the insensitivity and insecurity of the dominant classes and their representatives that they see communism everywhere. Our press, financed by the large foreign and national economic groups, is a highly productive mine of anticommunism. Some of our politicians, helped along by the "free press," saw in Pope John XXIII a dangerous enemy of "Western Christian Democracy."

It is no longer possible to be neutral in Brasil. Brecht made a good point in his play, "The Guns of Mrs. Carrar," when he demonstrated that the pretended neutrality of the lady of the title, between the republican forces and the Franco forces in the Spanish Civil War, was a lie. She was really giving support by her passivity, to one side against the other. Indifference and silence are also positions.

In Brasil today there are only two options. One can accept things the way they are or one can work to change things. There are no other alternatives, certainly not the naive one of pretended neutrality. It is no longer a question of whether we want to be a part of events or not. These events claim us, with our consent or against our will. Those who think that they can opt for a neutral position in relation to the Brazilian reality are collaborating in the effort to maintain and strengthen the unjust and inhuman *status quo*.

As Christians, we cannot do other than work for change.

A REBEL KNOWLEDGE

faith & art

BY MARY SHUMWAY



ICARUS WOOD ENGRAVING M. RIGG

I DON'T want to get into an academic discussion of faith and art where terms are precisely defined and the issues and implications of postulates cautiously rehearsed. To bring only reason to the issue would be to bring half a head in any case; but I am more than willing to worry my own human experience with the horrendous question of faith and art.

Intuitively, viscerally, I know the relation is a close one, just as intuitively, and not with Aristotelian logic, I can recognize negation as a religious category. I can imagine a man, for instance, struggling ferociously with what he might reasonably assume to be the "demons" of existence only to discover that he has been pursued by God, that it was God with whom he struggled, and perhaps, even, from whom he won the battle. To know it and accept it, furthermore, may be the ultimate sacrifice and perhaps the ultimate gift. "He who finds him shall lose him, and he who loses him shall find him."

Reason, when it is separated from the totality of human experience, and *rationalism* as a current fashion in traditional philosophy, have obscured too many of the subtleties, the deeper nuances, of experiential realities—realities which are revealed in the very material which is usually dismissed as non-rational. This is the material found in myth, in



dreams, fantasy, and often in the contemporary arts. The deception fostered by the bias of omission, of course, is the epitome of antirationality.

In the narrow and bland environment of strict rationality, imagination atrophies; imagination can atrophy in a placid acceptance of tradition. But the use of the word "acceptance" may seem to imply submission, and this may disturb you: I am not suggesting that our saints, for example, would never be tragic heroes in their submissiveness to fate or the will of God. Quite to the contrary. What is submission without doubt, without struggle, without suffering? And if "suffering is action," as Eliot suggests, we cannot call the contemplative Becket the "milktoast" victim of a terrible destiny, because here suffering reaches a magnitude which might even satisfy those critics who like to apply Aristotle's observations (of the *Poetics*) as *a priori* principles.

It seems apparent enough that out of such suffering, out of those "demonic struggles," emerge the tragic heroes of our time. And perhaps the best examples of today's heroes are the writers, musicians, poets and painters who would throw the prospect of "Heaven" to the winds for one bit of self-knowledge in their search for some ultimate truth or ultimate reality (a truth or reality which, ultimately, may be God). This focus would make the antagonist (or devil) among us the piety which mistakes tradition and custom of the historical church for the word of God, or, mistakes the heresy of "union with God only in death" for Christian doctrine. In any case, the man who will thrust aside a

promise of heaven for the utter desolation of a singular search—and what is sometimes a violent discovery—is the same man for whom Christ would leave the flock. To be pursued by the "Hound of Heaven"—wouldn't we likely consider this a state of grace?

This kind of choice or commitment involves a terrifying risk and great suffering; it tends to separate a man from family and peers, from some creature comforts as well; it can become a kind of exile. The artist who makes such a choice may never experience the kind of security which comes from "belonging," nor is he likely to know the sense of achievement which can come from a living supported by the labor of his hands (in the sense of labor within his chosen field). In the modern arrangement of things, what the artist brings home is seldom the proverbial pound of bacon; more likely it is a canvas, a poem, a story, a song—which few of us can appreciate in our preoccupation with monthly TV payments, car payments, refrigerator and washer payments. After all, we say, we must be informed, and, too, cleanliness is next to godliness.

THE artist today—and we must face it—is still very much a second-class member of a society which does not recognize the efficacy of eight hours a day before a canvas or a poetry notebook. The arts are still relegated to evenings and weekends and to the dissipated energy residual of an eight-hour day of some peripheral activity. We have not recognized just yet the nature of the contribution of the creative arts.

Yet the artist must live in this society, if he is to be much of an artist at all, among people who want and possess many comforts, many enhancements—some downright desirable: Hi-fi equipment that brings a symphony orchestra into the living room; time-saving devices and the like. Not that sacrificing these things is too much to ask of the artist, but rather, the really difficult part is to live among people whose ultimate values cannot be shared and yet to maintain some vital sense of purpose, identification, or of belonging. More likely the artist asks the question with cartoonist Abner Dean, "What am I doing here?" It takes a kind of courage, and a total commitment to that often lonely and chaotic search, to persist. And it is just such a man who is capable of persisting, who is also capable of recognizing that

when suffering comes too easily, it is suffering itself which must be sacrificed and concessions made to the social order of things. This, too, takes courage.

So there is more than a cosmic exile, there is a kind of social exile. Perhaps "alienation" is a better word; certainly "alienation" is the word to describe the loss of the sense of a meaning self.

As social scientists we might talk at length about the formation of the concept of self and about its significance in relation to that highly advertised bliss of "social adjustment." But again, let's hold to a more experiential sense of the concept.

I don't mean an alienation, now, which brings chaos, visions, and so-called irrational desires into our lives; though social scientists do use the word in this way often enough. But I would call this exquisite state (as I implied earlier) a state of grace, for we learn the deeper secrets of the human organism in wild dreams and visions, in chaotic experience, in suffering . . . this is the great dialogue between the organism and the self, between a man and his God. The alienation I mean is one which suppresses experience which cannot be accounted for and understood in the conscious realm, an alienation which no longer allows a man to recall his dreams: if chaotic experience can produce the neurotic, this kind of alienation (once a man has broken under the stress) might well produce the psychotic.

Many of our so-called "realistic" and "well-adjusted" members of society, on the other hand, observing forms of deviant behavior, fail to view such behavior as a kind of organic or perhaps temperamental thrust toward adequate adjustment, and tend to either indict or institutionalize individuals exhibiting any deviant patterns of behavior. However, a man who can accept certain distinguishing features in his own temperamental make-up (without doing violence to the rights and dignity of others), certain "oddities," is very often a man who is actually communicating fairly well with himself within the calculus of social demands. Because the artist is so vulnerable to a great range of human experience, he not infrequently becomes a kind of scapegoat of a society which tends to describe mental health as the ability to conform.

It has always been a conviction of mine that there are few greater sources of knowledge, insight, and understanding than the "disturbed" person, and in many cases, the inmates of our mental institutions.

They have much to teach us. Their exquisite grasp of native organic experience never fails to elicit my profound respect. And this organic communication creates a new language, new behavior patterns, often, a new logic. I have learned many things when I have borrowed their eyes and their ears and have carried with me their unutterable suffering.

On the precipice, however, we can realize many things, and we are usually able to sort out the introjected values and the real ones in some operational way; we usually know when to keep our mouths shut, and sense, too, when it is right to speak. On this precipice the art of today is poised: the artist knows the ecstasy of the rose as the Fool of the Tarot does as he seems about to dance off the cliff into the unspeakable abyss. On this precipice we experience unholy terror, utter serenity at moments, and we learn what it means to "contain" such experience; we come to understand those central human experiences of the Fall, the Exile, Reconciliation. We come to know the meaning of the word, "commitment," and the meaning of total submission: "Thy will be done."

And perhaps to sniff the rose on the edge of the abyss is the ultimate submission, the faith that creates miracles—and works of modern art.

Though some among us persist in denying the existence of the abstract principle, we celebrate God in his works with each creative act. We are less willing, for example, to consciously select a predetermined form in which we shall work, but, rather, we allow our material to determine its own form. To do so takes faith. To accept it and to learn from that prerational or subrational fund, whether with Jung we call it the "collective unconscious," or simply acknowledge the source as that state, or primal being, in which the whole of mankind participates, it does require faith. As a work of God, the organism has a kind of wisdom of its own, a logic, an understanding; we are guided by its wisdom often in our preferences, fears, and the like; it is an organic core of man which emerges in the rich wholistic mythic materials of dreams, of our



"twilight sleeps," sometimes in hypnotic states, in fairy tales, in parables, in poems, paintings, and in music. *The fundamental language of the organism is imagery*, and if it is difficult to talk about these experiences, it may be for this reason: the imagery must be translated (when we talk about something) into a symbol system we refer to as the English Language which is structured upon those traditions of Western Culture which separated mythos and logos, the cognitive and the emotive, flesh and the spirit, mind and matter. Since we have looked at the labels so long, we have come to think of them as realities rather than as the conceptual conveniences they are in the often questionable process of analysis.

FROM this dialogue among the components of the self, we can glean many truths (which might otherwise be dismissed as the raving demands of an animal Id); if we listen, we may hear the very tides of the cell—the pulse, perhaps, of the whole organic history of man, and perhaps, even, we may find the very fountain of that primal imagery. In this sense, writing or painting may well seem a pretty lonely affair and a terrifying path to self-knowledge. As sensitive agents of unnamable forces, we may come to know something of that primal state of Being, and perhaps of the very source itself. The path is through and beyond "self" into the vast realm of Being, into that great and primal dance of life.

In this, God is no longer an abstract principle, but an operative and dynamic force in the existence of the individual. But this is a realm which is discovered by deep living, through fear and suffering, serenity and chaos, never achieved by any amount of vicarious experience, nor the adoption of old forms and tested values, nor by laboring through

great tomes of theology. Not that this may not help: it may ring bells. But, essentially, each man, each artist, must hover on whatever is his own abyss: dancing with demons and sniffing the rose, experiencing the Fall, the Banishment, and Reconciliation—must find God through his own suffering—in his own terrifying dance with the ineffable forces of existence.

Modern man, then, struggles with the forces of his own imagination—that is, with the *real* and vital forces of human existence, rather than with the less real—once removed conceptual dregs of history with its conventional categories of time, of space, of movement, with its concepts of cause and effect, of progressive generation, and the peculiarly Western notion of clever but debilitating dichotomies.

If George Bernard Shaw's St. Joan be allowed to speak to us as clearly as Sophocles' Oedipus spoke to Freud, then we may know that God speaks to man through man's imagination, and if we concede that imagination lies at the heart of the creative thrust, then we have our answer to the question of the relation between art and faith.

And I suspect God is still most at home where he is most vigorously denied. If modern art at times appears to embody such a denial, we might remember that it takes a violently threatening force to elicit such vehement denials. The negative is a dynamic affirmation of His existence, and it is just here we most clearly see the natural union of the demonic and the divine.

Yet, we should be cautioned about such facile and random statements as these: there are many wolves among us in sheep's clothing, and many lambs disguised as tigers. What is even more painfully true, as my grandmother often reminded me, "Talk's cheap; takes money to buy whiskey."

FAITH

From the cheapest catalogue,
blurred color, half-secret shape
of a delight proceeds
and an eye is a center of a new memory:
Christmas is trivial as a crystal globe, easily shattering to enchanted ruin
on a child's parents' carpet. And it is airs
on unkeyed trumpets that have few notes, simple enough to be understood,
confused beyond analysis.
Cold comforted with oddities pushed aside—
as scattered present-wrappings are—when visitors come to the Tree,
we smell the polish burning on the stove,
grease of the turkey, or candles that hold a small and fiercer light
inside the dark before and after expectation.
That was a dream we did not want to dip in sleep:
it was a time; like a scar or the color of our eyes, it is the present.

—FRANK MERCHANT

my work . . . is about a single thing, a universal thing.
the subject has become conversion and reconversion of all things.
. . . nothing is so fixed that it will not become something
else at the slightest provocation.
the eye becomes a seed, the bone, a rootlet.
there is, however, a continuum in the cycle of conversion and
that is life's inexhaustible capacity to thrust itself into any receptacle.
so the new work is about growth and conversion and destruction and
conversion, etc.
and the writings are the same thing, too.

Harry Bouras

. . . a maker of bubbles and floater of dreams . . .

BY MARGARET RIGG

HARRY BOURAS is a marvelously exuberant, articulate man. People are drawn to him and he is drawn to people. I have seen him struggle a whole evening to mediate understanding and direction between fellow artists. He has given evenings away to friends who drop by his house to talk, listen to music, play a little pool in his basement, because they need some place to go, someone to go to who will listen and hear, take them seriously and care. In Harry's house there is excitement and a spirit curiously close to refuge. Conversations over coffee or breakfast range anywhere from high humor and silliness, to frustrated griping and deep seriousness. Topics range over theoretical physics, optics, and welding to fine points of music, philosophy, theology. Everyone who comes is treated as a valuable person in his own right.

One day Harry asked me why so many Christians looked and acted so mean, unhappy and disgruntled. He remarked how depressing and unpleasant it usually is to be around a "serious Christian." Thinking over the frantic, careworn, committee-focused parsonages and manses that are the general rule, they are usually the last places in the world where people from all walks of life go for rest, renewal and inspiration.

But Harry's household is unusual and Harry's spirit is unusual. Certainly not every artist enjoys people, teaching, working, family, living and exploring the way Harry does. One night we were talking about this zest for all of life and joy-in-being as an artist and we were talking about Christianity. Harry said that as he viewed it some Christians were that out of fear and guilt. Only a few out of gratitude and joy. But that it was the spirit of gratitude and joy which to him was the only good reason to be a Christian. He went on to remark how filled with gratitude he was for having work to do which he loved.

"I'm so grateful to be able to do it. I'd like to end, maybe, on this note. One thing I'll say in conclusion is that I feel that any man who has work to do—work that he feels he should do, work that he feels is important, or at least beautiful or good, is a blessed man and a very fortunate animal. Each day I get up and go down to my studio and I can spend the day there working I'm fortunate. If I were a religious man, or better yet—the closest I come to feel the need for religion is out of a feeling of gratitude and the desire to have somebody to thank for a good fortune. The fear implicit in most religions has never affected me at all. But this need to thank is really getting to me. I might end up in a monastery someplace just trying to thank somebody. But I don't think I'd do it, because I'd have to stop work. The reason I work so hard is because I'm able to work hard. Perhaps if I were compelled to, I wouldn't do it. But as it is now, I'm full of gratitude for the time and for what ability I have. The only way I can express this gratitude is by using that time and the ability constantly."

This sense of joy, celebration and gratitude pervades all of Harry's work, it seems to me.

Even when he is commenting upon the evils of civilization he does so as one who is passionately concerned. His *FIRST DAY MECHANISM* is a fearful work, revealing as it does the horror of our capabilities in nuclear destruction. The row of common light switches take on a sinister connotation. This represents one of Harry's concerns: that modern man is obsolete, in danger, indifferent, dehumanized, broken. There is a mixture of warning and anguish in this piece not unlike a crucifixion.

In other works, like *EASY RIDER*, *DECLARATION: ANNIVERSARY* Harry Bouras can formulate the beauty of the world too. If he is concerned to present the dangers and the darkness so that we might turn and seek a better way, he is also concerned to present the richness of the earth, of landscapes, of form, of events.

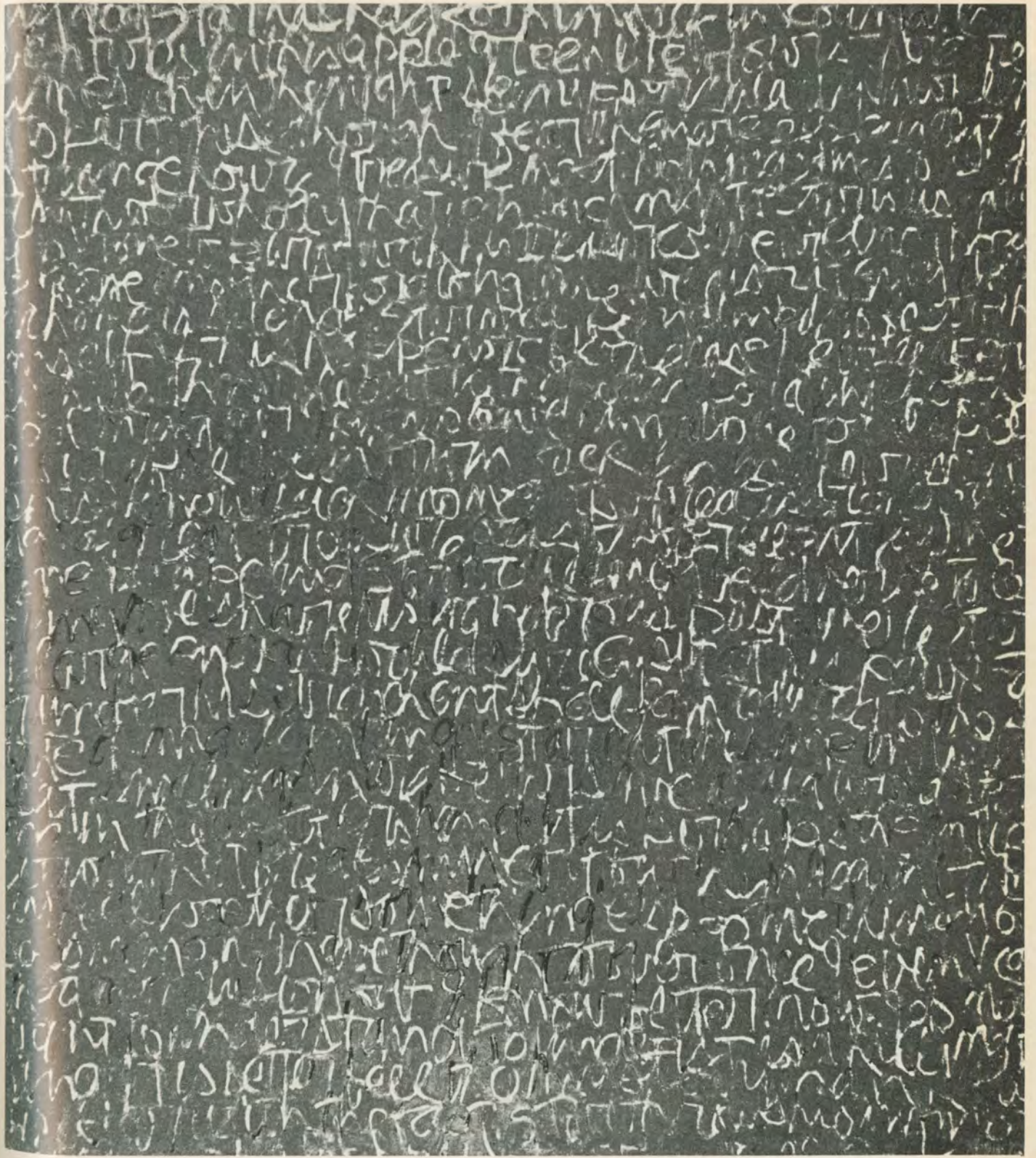
Like past artists, Harry wants to show the beauty *beneath* the surfaces, hidden in the depths of things, people, places. He sees what he is doing as a twentieth-century counterpart to the work of artists in other eras:

"Do you know the woodcuts of Vesalius? These woodcuts show the body open, and flayed and it shows them up. They're a little dated now, but people look at them and think of them as objects of art. I mean the beauty of the body flayed and opened up and the muscles hanging free and the flesh out in beautiful patterns, people can accept that, and probably they can because they feel that it has a kind of 15th or 16th Century naivete about it because it does sort of smack of that, and it's a little stylized, so the historicity makes it acceptable.

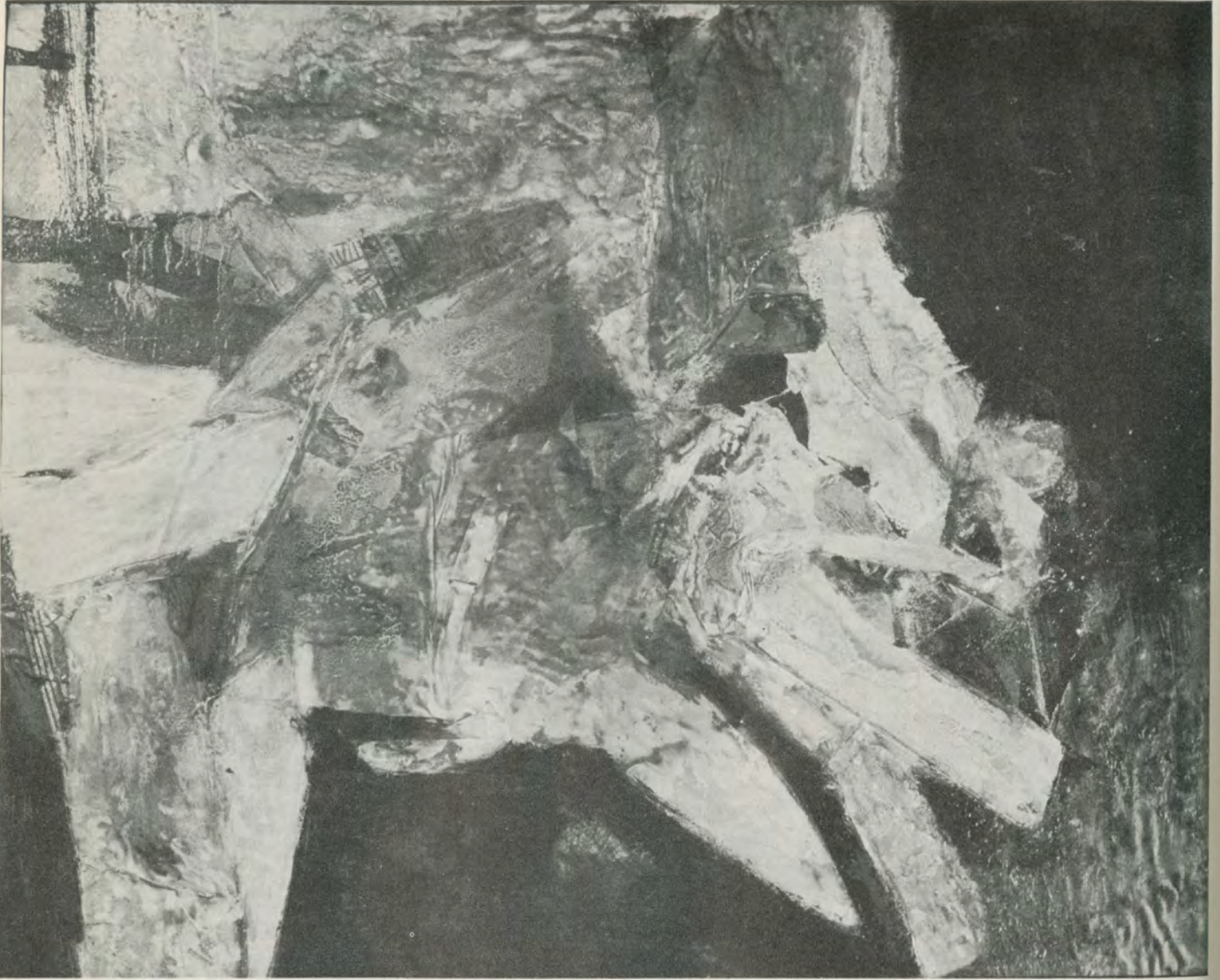
"But I feel that in time all of the viscera that's being shown today will be just as acceptable, will be considered just as beautiful as soon as people adjust to the idea, and it seems to me quite reasonable that the insides of the body are as beautiful as the outsides of their body. And as for the majority of people agreeing with that now, if they did agree with it, I would worry.

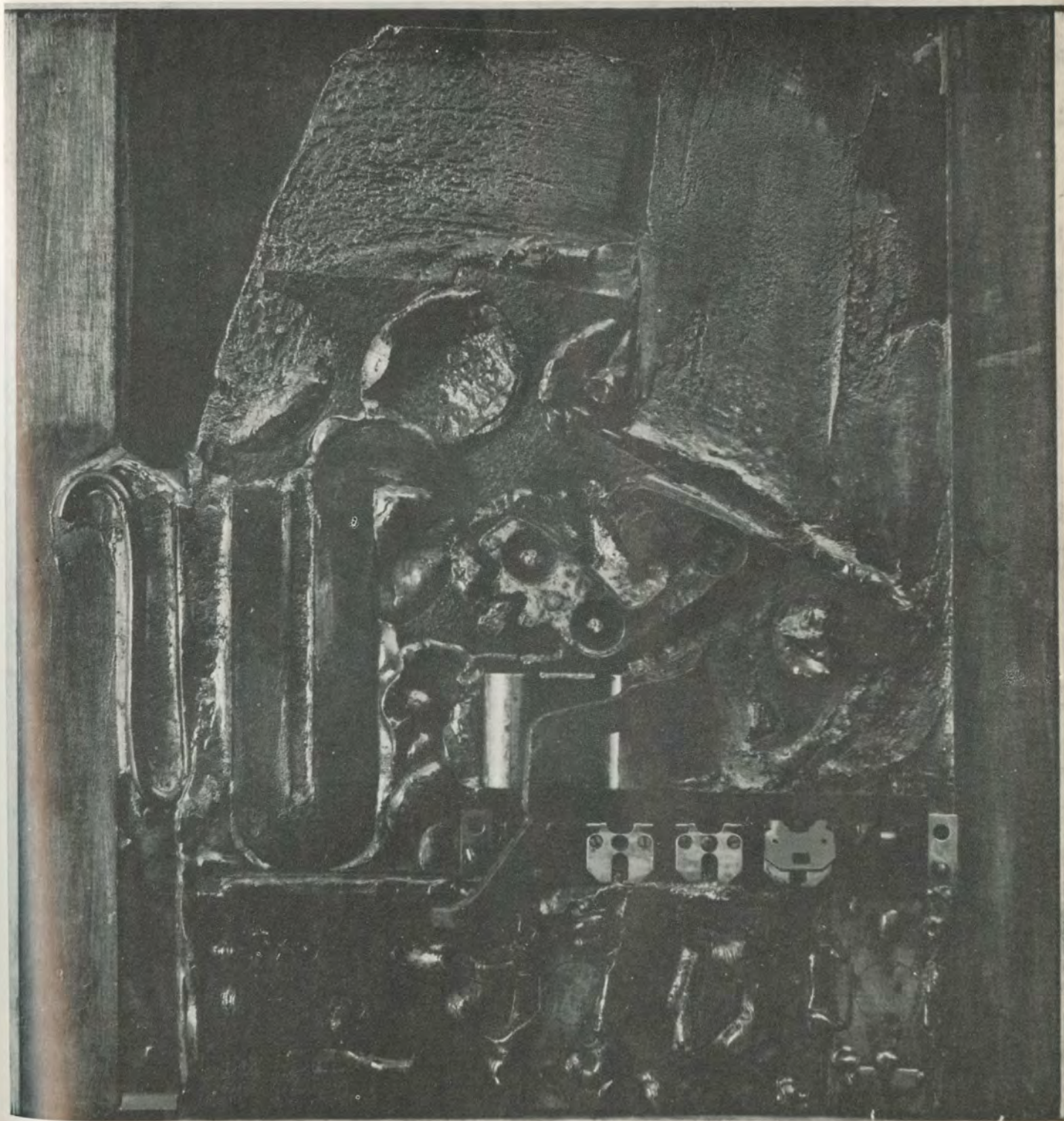
"I think that steel and that lead and concrete and junk is, first of all, beautiful unto itself. It's beautiful just as the found object. The very beauty of the material itself, the age of the material, the hostility of the gentleness of the material, the remnants of color, the remnants of its bright past, all lend it a certain poetry that evokes me to save it and use it and to remodel it by juxtaposing it with parts of itself, to remodel it or fabricate it so that it ends up as something that is significant in a humanistic tradition rather than in a mechanical tradition. What man does, what painting is, is the bending of the raw material of color in some pigment form floated in something else—it could be oil, could be water color, could be pastel, bending this to the will of a man. That is the great humanistic act involved in painting. He may choose to will it to take the shape of an apple, which is all very well. It was very good in the 19th Century, but there have been so many apples, and so little else where one looks for other things to

(continued, p. 25)

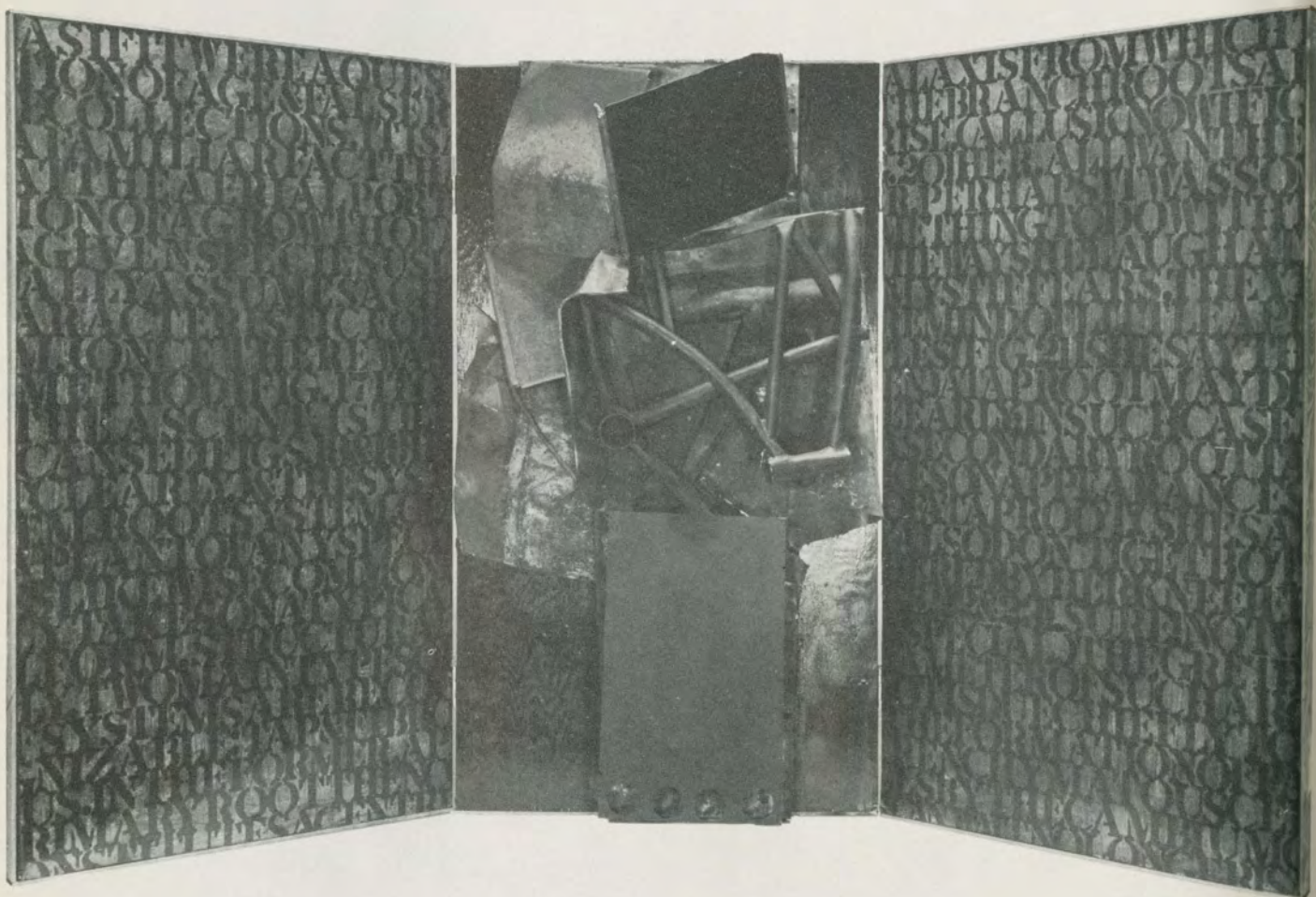


WRITING DECLARATION: ANNIVERSARY 1962 60"x50" COLL., DR. JACUB SCHLICHTER





A CELEBRATION FOR A'S WELL 1960 20"x18" COLL., MR. & MRS. JULES FRIEDLANDER



THE DUKE'S CONVERSION 1962 COLL., ROBERT MAYER



FIRST DAY MECHANISM 1960 24"x10" COLL., MR. & MRS. M. HOKIN, MIAMI, FLA.



D'S ROUTE 36"x26" COLL., B. C. HOLLAND, CHICAGO



EASY RIDER 1959 18"x10"
COLL., E. K. EICHENGREEN, NEW YORK



D'S FIND 1960 18"x18"
COLL., ARLENE BOURAS

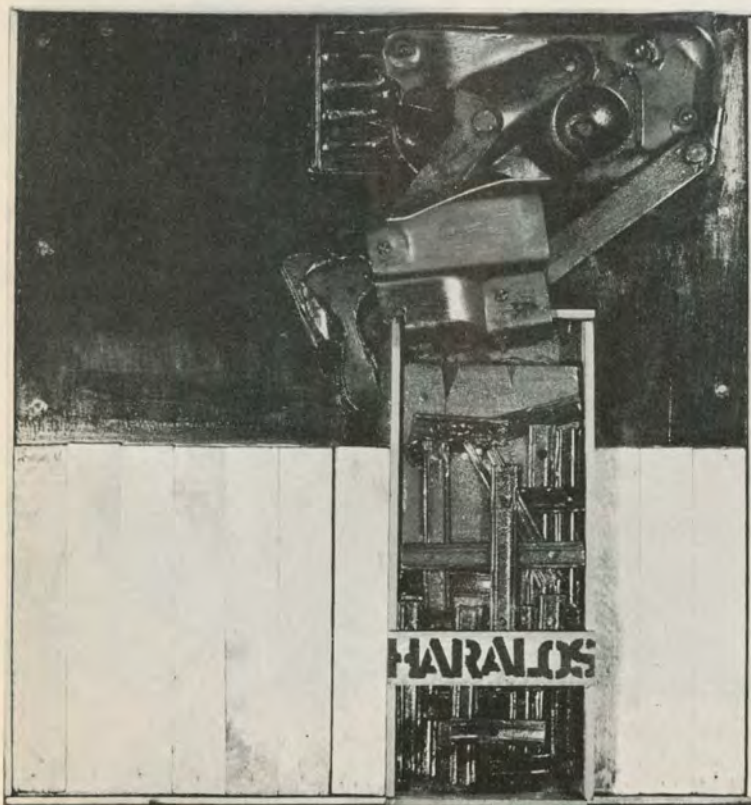


SOURCE 1962 COLL., MAX WEINBERG, NEW YORK

THE ARTIST BESIDE HIS PRIZE-WINNING SCULPTURE, CORE, OF STEEL AND WOOD
AT THE 66TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CHICAGO & VICINITY ARTISTS, 1963.

COURTESY, THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO





SELF-PORTRAIT, OR: THE INORDINATE
QUEST FOR MORE THAN ENOUGH INCORPORATING
ALEC'S TROPHY 1961
COLL., MR. & MRS. HERMAN SPERTUS

do, and abstraction has freed us to look at the materials—at lines and volumes for their own sake. So in steel, instead of using the found object and putting it up there, though it's perfectly beautiful, instead of doing that, you bend it in this humanistic tradition that I mentioned before, to a human will, and it becomes more beautiful for the bending. Because if an artist remains in the domain of the found object, and I was certainly very tempted by it for a long time, he soon finds out that, for example, every weatherbeaten door in the world has him beat, and the weatherbeaten door has very little to do with the nature of man. It has to do with the nature of nature, but not much to do with man, so the artist's will and the artist's intellect, and as much of his life as he can gather at the time of creation should be imposed upon the activity of making his art, thus on the final product of his art.

"I think there is an irony in the material to begin with. I mean, for instance, I go to a junkyard. I'll go with another sculptor or a painter; and looking at all this old material is just like I can imagine Daubigny in the forest of Fontainebleau. He's going around and he finds a new scene, a copse or something and he comes back and he tells Diaz and he tells the other painters he's found this wonderful thing, this great thing. Well, this wonderful thing is the yard to us. As the copse that Daubigny found inspired in him this rapport with nature because it was nature, so does going to the junkyard imply satire, because there you see the conclusion of last year's new. There you see the bedsteads, the brake linings, the babies' potties and the hair dryers and the thousands of other items that comment on us. When you look at the hairdryer, for instance, you imagine the woman with her head in it, and you see her aspirations and her thoughts about her hair, and somehow this small comment on a single person becomes, through the multiplicity of the objects around, a comment on all men. Because of this, satire is very much present and you're tempted always to use it. I think, though, that if you look at the work of Chamberlain and if you look at the work of Stankiewicz, you find that it's much more pure, and I feel that this is true of my own work. It's much more pure; it doesn't depend so much upon these elements of satire. If it's satire, it is so in a traditional manner, a painterly manner, rather than letting the objects function as the instillers of the satire.

"The important thing is what you do with the material and how you subject it to your vision, transfigure it, or how it aids you to complete or discover your vision.

"I do not believe that the artist, when he begins to work, has anything explicit to express. He has a general idea of what he wants and, if he has been working for a long time, he has a rather clear idea of the forms the material will take, at his command. I believe he finds his ability to express by exploring and falling over and chancing. . . . The last one-man show I had was the first time I was ever convinced that I was an artist, instead of a talented handler of materials. I walked into the show and I saw a consistency of vision an attitude toward the world, an attitude toward materials, something in all of the pieces that is, which I have now come to accept as my vision. Prior to that I worked in the belief that the vision was there, in the belief that I was an artist and that what I would make would look like me and be art. But I didn't see it clearly until I saw them all brought together and saw the finished show. And I saw that my initial faith was confirmed—for me, at least.

"The bad artist, as far as I'm concerned, is always the person who ceases to become an artist and becomes a manufacturer; that is, the artist who panders to a deceased self or to a patron-client. The producing of art is a whole way of life. And any time you thwart this for commercial reasons or for sociological reasons or for theological reasons, which is very common, or whatever you will, you're effacing your very existence and source, and this is wrong.

"It's vain to talk about what the nature of your communication is. You can only talk about what you've discovered."

The "discoveries" of Harry Bouras are various and elegant—exuberant and openhearted. All the possibilities that arise out of the commonplace events of daily life he sets before us to participate in and enjoy. He points us back to the fulness of the earth, and forward, to new awareness. Otherwise we would walk and talk, work and play, eat, love, sleep, heedlessly and indifferently. He cuts through our blindness, dullness, indifference, and lays claim upon our imaginations with these visual celebrations.

This celebrative level in Harry Bouras' work places his works among the religious art of our time, I believe. All religious art is, essentially, celebrative. This is true even when art formulates visions of darkness—for what is communion except the renewed vision of concentrated evil, suffering the crucifixion? In our celebration of this we take upon us some part of the suffering of the world, and offer our lives thenceforth in newness. We cannot completely forget Good Friday and rush on to Easter. It is something like that for the artist. He has experienced beauty, and life's richness and goodness and he is eager to share his visions of these. But he sees, too, the disorder, misery, danger and blindness in the world and if he is honest he must "say something" about that part of existence. Then, when he celebrates, it is celebration which has come through the darkness into the light and becomes a hymn of thanksgiving and praise, of delight and joy.

If we are to partake of religious art today we must be prepared to take artists like Harry Bouras seriously. We ought to look at their work. Churchmen ought not to leave it to the museums to hold these silent celebrations alone. But the museums seem more and more like cathedrals and the churches more and more like archives. Whatever the reasons for our insensitivity toward the so-called "secular" artists of our times, we do continue to ignore our artists and only widen the gulf between the church and the world. But if the incarnation has any real meaning for us, and if we dare to sing that "He's got the whole world in His hands," then art is one of the joyful necessities of our lives.

It is something like this, I think, that Harry refers to when he says: "The high priest and the artist are both mythmakers and gorgeous, extraneous, nonutilitarian hoodwinkers of the world. They're makers of bubbles and floaters of dreams, they're dealers and handlers of essences and purposes, all of which ultimately are not very much and are very insubstantial. The most significant thing is that man does aspire to these nonutilitarian bubbles. I think the mark of a civilization is how much of this madness it can afford, whether it's expressed in terms of theology or in terms of art or in terms of philosophy, which is indeed the same diaphanous cat's cradle. I think that this marks man's civilization and marks his ability to need something aside from gestation and pruning his trees, and this is a glorious and a beautiful thing."

Australian SCM

BY ROBERT LECKY

THE Student Christian Movement is to be found on almost every university campus in Australia. The ASCM is comparable to the foundations and religious societies that are found on American campuses; yet in composition, it is more similar to the National Student Christian Federation; i.e., it is composed of students who belong to certain denominations but who have gathered together for study, worship, and mission. The religious scene on the Australian campus differs sharply from what we find on the American campus, for as yet there are no denominational groups on the campus. There are generally four religious groups on any campus—the Australian Student Christian Movement, the Evangelical Union (also called the Inter-Varsity Fellowship), the Newman Society, and the Jewish Fellowship. The ASCM represents the ecumenical and liberal wing of Protestantism, and it has significant influence in the ecumenical movement. There is a great range of denominations in the ASCM—from High-Church Anglicans to the Church of Christ (similar to Disciples of Christ in the USA). One of the ironies of the present scene in the ASCM is that it owes its origin to that ubiquitous and ecumenical American, John R. Mott, and yet today the ASCM looks to Great Britain and the Continent for theological leadership. The early leaders of the ASCM were Americans who were imported to help bring to reality the dream that Mott had planned.

The story of the ASCM on campus does not read like a success story, for its growth has been very slow and at times almost unnoticeable, but its influence has been unmistakable. The ecumenical movement and the life of the church have benefited

(Ed. note: This is the first of a series of articles which will reflect the diversity of student life outside the United States. In most instances, these articles will reflect the mood and concerns of the current student generation, though where it is appropriate, some historical reflection will be included. Articles are being solicited from strategic areas of the world.)

greatly because of the Australian Student Christian Movement. The ASCM is now at a turning point in its history for it faces strong challenges on every flank. Firstly, there is the strong challenge of the evangelical group, the Evangelical Union, which is a part of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship. This group has been particularly aggressive, and has attracted many student Christians. (The IVF arose as a direct reaction to "liberal" tendencies in the SCM in England.) On another flank there is the recent emergence of denominational societies. So far, this has been limited to Anglican and Lutheran groups who have tried to work in conjunction with, and not in opposition to, the ASCM and the Evangelical Union. However, there seems to be signs that other denominational groups will soon do likewise. One former national ASCM president wrote recently, "I was interested in your comments on student work in America. I agree that it is chaotic, and do hope that we avoid the situation here in Australia. I am still hoping, but the pressure toward denominational societies looks too strong." The one factor which could hinder this emergence is the real possibility of a United Church in Australia comprising Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. The Methodist Church is particularly important because of the high percentage of Methodists in the ASCM. Added to



CHILDREN OF LIGHT & CHILDREN OF DARKNESS
WOODCUT

ELIZABETH EDDY

all this is the drastic re-evaluation of the role and mission of the ASCM on the Australian campus.

Mott made two visits to Australia, and their importance cannot be underestimated. He not only left trained workers in Australia, but gave to the Christians in the universities a vision of the area of their mission. Australian universities grew up in secular soil, and there was never any attempt by the church to establish "Christian universities." There was no "natural" place for a Christian society on

campus, and the only way they could obtain a place was to earn it. Mott gave them that incentive.

Permanent leadership of the ASCM has always been in the hands of a traveling secretary, and now there are several traveling secretaries and a national secretary with headquarters in Melbourne. The first permanent traveling secretary was an American, W. H. Sallmon, who for three years gave outstanding leadership to the movement. There are many reasons for the drift away from American leadership,

but probably one of the main reasons is that Australia, like England and Europe, has not been able to afford the luxury of campus denominational groups. This doesn't apply fully to the English scene, but still the "pace-setter" of their student life has been the Student Christian Movement. One other reason might be that America itself has not followed the calling of Mott and his vision; perhaps Mott was too far ahead of his time. There has been a recent, though somewhat indirect, renewal of American influence in the ASCM. Many Australians have come to America for theological education or to do doctorates in theological studies, and this has meant a new and deeper appreciation of the student religious life. At the same time, it has also led to deeper and more penetrating criticisms of the American church. (Australians have looked upon the American church—and American Methodism in particular—as the success story of Christendom.) Secondly, the sit-in movement with all its ramifications has given the Australian Christian student hope that the gospel still has relevance. It is perhaps no coincidence that the ASCM has begun a vigorous agitation over specific social questions, such as the disposition of Dutch New Guinea and the White Australia Policy, following the American sit-in demonstrations. Australians have increasing respect for the positive contributions of the American church, particularly as these are reflected in the ministries to students.

THE ASCM is not a large group on any campus and the total ASCM membership in the universities does not exceed one thousand. Wherein therefore lies its influence? How does it see its role on the campus? The ASCM has been preoccupied with the basic theological concerns. Australia has no large group of theological scholars, and the seminaries have at best four or five full-time teachers—most have fewer. This means that the church needs other groups to keep the theological issues before it. The ASCM has achieved this confrontation, with varying degrees of success, but one wonders what would have happened otherwise. (This writer's desire for a theological education came primarily from his experience in the ASCM.) The ASCM retains a direct contact with its membership after they leave the university through what is called the "Senior Branch." This part of the ASCM is comprised mainly of university faculty members and clergymen. In the ASCM, faculty members attend meetings and often are part of regular discussion groups, this being apart from the senior branch activities which they support. (One thing that I have noticed in the few Wesley Foundations that I have observed is that there seems to be very little active participation by faculty members outside the Board of Directors.) This is one example of "grass-roots" ecumenism in Australia,

and one area which helps keep the ecumenical movement alive at a local level. The United States needs something like this at a post-student level to help "grass-roots" ecumenism in this country. The ecumenical movement in the USA is too top-heavy; it has had too much leadership at the national level and not enough at the local level.

The contribution of the ASCM to the ecumenical movement in Australia has been considerable. For those of us who have worshiped, witnessed, and studied in the ASCM, it reveals to us the tragedy of our separations, but the ASCM has also contributed to the hope for unity as it has not avoided the issue or the problems of the ecumenical movement. There are good reasons for believing that the ASCM played a positive role in the developing United Church of Australia. Nearly all Australians involved in leadership of the Australian National Council of Churches and the World Council of Churches had their ecumenical baptism in the ASCM.

Strangely enough, the ASCM has never been seriously charged with "taking students away from the local church," and there are several reasons for this. The ASCM rarely sponsors any form of program on Sunday—with the exception of retreats or conferences. The ASCM stresses the importance of belonging to the worshipping local congregation, though it also reminds the student of his central vocation. Perhaps one reason why the church has taken the ASCM seriously is because it has taken the local church seriously. (Nearly all the Methodist annual conferences allocate part of their budget to the work of the ASCM.) The fact that ASCM members in the university setting have made meaningful contributions to the life of the total church results in a high degree of confidence in the ASCM. However, the ASCM, as an institution, wonders at times whether it is a *church* or a *movement*. If the ASCM on campus is a congregation, then worship will be at the center of its life, but if it is a movement, then it exists primarily for mission, while in the former mission flows from its worship. This question is particularly important in any discussion with the Inter-Varsity Fellowship since they strongly reject any idea that their group is the church on campus.

The ASCM has constantly re-examined the question of how a Christian student can witness to and serve his Lord in the university. The Australian Christian student is perpetually conscious of this question because of the very smallness of the numbers of Christians on campus, or anywhere in Australia for that matter. There is a danger of isolation if the ASCM congregates simply for self-preservation; but the ASCM has kept the question of witness and mission before the group. One reason why the idea of denominational groups has some appeal is the supposition that this would strengthen the mission on cam-



BURNING BUSH WOODCUT ELIZABETH EDDY

pus. However, many fear denominational groups because this pattern would divide and fragment the already limited witness and mission to the Australian universities.

The various ASCM branches usually sponsor a preaching mission to the university once every two or three years.

One other aspect of the ASCM which should be noted is the "Schools' Branch." This is work with high school students; units of the ASCM are formed at the schools. There is renewed emphasis in this work, and the ASCM has appointed a full-time staff worker for this ministry. (Is this a possible area for work by the NSCF? The high school student can accept, digest, and appropriate what ten years ago was regarded as suitable only for college students.)

The ASCM has made many contributions to the world in which it lives, and not the least of these is an Australian-type "peace corps." While the ASCM initiated this idea, it has now been delegated to World University Service. Australian graduates were sent to Indonesia to work in Indonesian jobs at Indonesian salaries, etc., and the idea met with a great deal of success. (This project was instituted long before the Peace Corps and has the advantage that these emigrants *pro tem* do not go as paid ambassadors of their government.) The ASCM has often advocated discussions on some of the great questions facing Australia. (Many ASCM members favored the handing over of Dutch New Guinea to Indonesia.) Often the ASCM has been far ahead of the institutional church in this area, but never so far ahead that the church has not heard what the ASCM has said.

MOST Australian universities have written into their charters or constitutions that religion shall not be taught, but in recent years there has been a new interest in religion by the faculties and administrators of the various universities. Only the University of Sydney awards degrees in divinity, and while this movement does not appear to include the offer-

ings of a B.D. degree there are indications that religion will be taught in several universities. Some universities have appointed, and others are intending to appoint, chaplains who will have as their main task pastoral guidance, not preaching. In the Australian university pattern, most of the university residential housing is provided by denominational colleges, whose prime task is to provide accommodations for the students, but they also include some teaching and tutorial instruction. These new developments within the Australian university scene indicate a possible new day for the religious groups on campus, if they are able to grasp it. These developments are all the more interesting and encouraging in that the universities have developed these ideas themselves, rather than as the result of pressures from the churches.

The climax of every year for the ASCM is the annual national conference, usually attended by 350 or more delegates. After this national conference, there follows "the officers' conference" for the leaders of the movement. This national conference relies heavily on ASCM people who have been in the movement for a long time for its leadership. The national conference is strategically important, for it is here that the ASCM determines its direction for the ensuing year.

The importance of theological discussion perhaps characterizes the life of the ASCM. These discussions usually revolve around some of the ecumenical leaders—D. T. Niles, Hans-Rudi Weber, etc. Of the "big name" theologians, Bonhoeffer has brought forth much discussion, and here again we see the interest of the ASCM for the relevance of the church to the world. The ASCM does not have the interests in the arts as they are found in student religious life in the United States. Part of this is due to cultural reasons, for the Australian arts are in many ways still in their infancy. Many forget that although Australia is about the same size as the United States geographically, it has only eleven million people. The smallness of the ASCM also limits the amount of "specialization" that can take place within its life. The ASCM has deliberately fostered an emphasis on theological questions as they relate to the church and the world, and there is no doubt that this emphasis has been vindicated.

As the ASCM faces the future, it is still struggling with the problem of the mission of the church to the university. Neither the ASCM nor the IVF has made any inroads in the vast number of Australian students who have no contact with the church. In any attempts to evangelize this student population, the ASCM must not sacrifice its peculiar calling in the religious life of the Australian church and the university community. The task before the Christian in the Australian university scene is immense, but there is every indication that the ASCM will play its part in that task.

Is There a Student Movement?

BY PHILIP ALTBACH

ONLY two years ago many observers were heralding the advent of a student generation vitally concerned with politics and willing to exert itself for a "cause." A renaissance of student intellectual and political activity seemed to be in the offing: new magazines devoted to political or literary analysis erupted and large-scale student demonstrations were held—such as the Washington Action Project in 1962 which brought eight thousand students to the nation's capital to lobby for peace.

What has happened to this student movement? Why has the almost spontaneous burst of activity on hundreds of campuses, involving thousands of students and covering the range of political issues, almost disappeared?

The student movement has declined seriously in the past year. Many of the "little" student maga-

zines have ceased publication and many of the student organizations formed only three years ago no longer exist. Student activity now is often a mere shadow of its former self.

Perhaps the most graphic collapse has been that of the conservative student movement—the darlings of such individuals as Fulton Lewis, III (of "Operation Abolition" fame) and Henry Luce. The largest organization on the right, which only two years ago threatened to take over the liberal, two-million-member National Student Association, has disappeared from most campuses. This group, the Young Americans For Freedom, once claiming a membership of twenty thousand, has declined if not fallen. The "young fogies" have seemingly retreated into the woodwork. Many of their publications, which were well financed and impressively printed, have folded for lack of student interest. The hard core of campus conservatives who could be counted on to heckle any liberal meeting is disappearing.

More importantly, the serious thought produced by student disciples of laissez faire economists like Friedrich Heyek and Milton Friedman has stopped. The *New Individualist Review*, a quarterly journal, issued by a group of graduate students at the University of Chicago, publishes irregularly. This magazine features articles of substantial scholarship, though most are well to the right of Barry Goldwater. This journal is not the only one to curtail publication or to disappear in recent months.

Hardening of the arteries has not been limited to the right wing, however. Students have been traditionally liberal, when they have been anything at all, and the liberal student community has suffered major losses. The civil liberties movement, which was sparked by the well-known riots against the House Committee on Un-American Activities in San Francisco, has disappeared from most campuses. Where issues of academic freedom were hotly debated and outcries against the congressional witch hunts commonplace, there is now little but silence. Even the Bay Area student civil liberties groups, which sparked the San Francisco riots, have ceased activity. The flood of literature on the evils of congressional investigations has stopped and students are no longer lobbying their congressmen on this issue. With one major exception, the northern civil rights movement has all but disappeared. When the sit-ins were begun in the South in 1959, thousands



of students on northern campuses rallied in support, contributed money for court costs and bail, and engaged in extended picketing of chain stores in support of the southern students. Now, with racial tension high throughout the nation, there may be a revival of student participation. But as recently as last spring, situations in Birmingham and elsewhere did not arouse the kind of concern among students that the first sit-in in Greensboro did several years ago.

A substantial number of liberal student publications has emerged in the past few years. In addition to the local periodicals—usually mimeographed—which have appeared on many campuses, there are a number of larger, slicker, and more sophisticated publications. A few of these have claimed to be the “voice of the student movement,” though none are looked upon as being such. Almost none of the local

magazines and only a few of the national journals are now in existence. *New University Thought*, perhaps the best known and certainly the most highly regarded, has not been able to meet its schedule of quarterly publications. This magazine, with a present circulation of approximately 6,500, engages in discussions on the nature and direction of the student movement, and seeks to speak for students and younger intellectuals with left-liberal ideas. Other student publications which have completely folded are *Venture*, published by the Students for a Democratic Society (the youth affiliate of the League for Industrial Democracy), *New Freedom*, published at Cornell University, *Albatross*, published at Swarthmore, and others. Many of the magazines which still exist are in financial trouble, and in danger of extinction.

The more traditional groups in the student movement have seen similar declines from the peak of their activity in 1959 and 1960, though most have been able to weather the storm and some are in a better position today than before 1959. The Young Peoples Socialist League, which took an active part in organizing northern civil rights and student peace movements, has reduced its activity substantially. Even traditionally “radical” student centers, such as Chicago, New York, and Berkeley, are not supporting YPSL chapters with the same strength as before.

Similarly, campus CORE and NAACP groups have lost many supporters and have become less active. As noted earlier, the civil liberties groups are dissolving, and many of the “dissent forums” formed to bring controversial speakers and programs to the campus—and usually led by a group of liberal or radical students—have disappeared. In some instances, their functions have been partially taken over by the local YMCA, Unitarian, or denominational student groups.

Perhaps the Student Peace Union epitomizes the student movement. Developed in the heyday of student activity in 1959 and 1960, the SPU has been able to sustain itself for the past three years. This is a substantial feat for a relatively radical student group with little support from the adult liberal community. Indeed, the SPU has grown steadily in both members and affiliated groups—



there are now more than two hundred local campus chapters of varying sizes. In addition, it has been able to spread to areas hitherto untouched by campus political activity of this nature. Schools like the University of Kansas, Park College (in Missouri), Purdue, and the University of Kentucky, and some Catholic colleges, now have active peace groups. Peace issues are becoming vital in some southern schools, and the SPU has strong chapters at the University of North Carolina, the University of Texas, and others, including a few Negro schools.

Despite its organizational cohesion and its slow, steady growth, the student peace movement has shown many of the signs seen so clearly in the rest of the student community. Traditionally active campuses, such as Oberlin, Chicago, Antioch, Swarthmore, Grinnell, and others have lost much of their momentum. Demonstrations, which used to occur almost weekly, now are rare occasions and do not elicit the support they once received. Rallies such as the Washington Action Project of 1962 have not been attempted, and even the outcry at the time of the Cuban crisis did not stir students as did the resumption of nuclear testing by the Soviet Union (followed by the United States) two years ago. Perhaps more important, students seem to be unwilling to take leadership roles on their own campuses. While many still maintain their membership and take an interest in the peace movement, few are interested in committing themselves to it. If this crisis of leadership—which seems to be plaguing much of the student movement—continues, even the activity which now exists may cease.

There are hopeful signs, however. The existence of the Student Peace Union for the past three years

is, in itself, a substantial symbol of hope. College political and intellectual life is more alive now than before the sit-ins began three years ago. Religious groups have begun to assert themselves as centers of intellectual activity. At the University of Illinois, for example, the local "Y" serves as a center of liberal student activity and has opened its doors to a peace discussion group, the campus NAACP chapter, and others interested in exploring controversial issues. Methodist and Unitarian groups, and other Protestant and Roman Catholic student groups, have become more open to liberal political action.

There has also been a trend within the student peace movement toward peace research. Sparked by Tocsin, a peace group at Harvard with a more academic approach than the mainstream of the movement, the Students for a Democratic Society, and segments of the Student Peace Union, this move has shown that students are concerned with the deeper issues of the arms race and are no longer content to accept simplistic answers to pressing problems. Research has included issues ranging from the psychological aspects of the Cold War to technical issues of nuclear test bans.

Many of the students who were activists a year ago are now concerned with peace research. Papers have been published by local SPU or SDS groups and a few have appeared in more widely read journals. This development reflects thoughtful concern by many students and a growing maturity in the peace movement. Indeed, many students who rejected peace activity have enlarged their political consciousness through peace research. If this continues, it is possible that students can make a valuable contribution to alternatives to the arms race.



The rash of activity sparked by the peace campaigns in 1960 and 1962 has also proved important to the student movement. Students are beginning to develop a realization of the necessity for building a community base for peace activity before the movement can become a meaningful part of American political life. The campaigns themselves proved two things: that it is possible to talk to a large number of people about peace issues and that the present movement is a very small minority. These lessons, combined with the practical political experience that many students gained, will be a valuable asset in future actions.

Perhaps the most important, single, mitigating factor against the development of a large and effective

tive student movement in the United States is the nature of the political and intellectual climate surrounding students. Unlike some European and Latin American countries, our students have no tradition of student activity and organization. In addition, they have found that they have very little influence over the Establishment. When students have committed themselves to a cause, they have been thwarted at almost every turn by blatant attacks from such groups as the House Un-American Activities Committee, subtle pressure from university administrators, parental veto or social ostracism. It is difficult to reverse the trend toward conformity and privatism which occurs on campus as well as in the broader society.

When students have acted for one or another cause, they have generally been unsuccessful. The eight thousand students who were in Washington lobbying for peace were lectured to like children by congressmen and administration officials, some of whom had less information about the various factors of disarmament than the students had. Chain-store picketing and protest demonstrations in the North have gone unheeded in the South, and the House Un-American Activities Committee continues unabated. As large and well-planned demonstrations have little impact outside the campus, students increasingly feel that they "can't do anything anyway" and cease to try. The result is that an important source of social protest is stilled.

In addition, students acting for peace or demonstrating for civil rights seldom have real roots in the community. This sense of isolation frustrates students, and has caused many to give up their efforts. However, the quieter—yet necessary—community spade work of getting issues to people has been undertaken by an increasing number of students. As more students realize the nature of their isolation and begin to work against it, their roots in local communities will become deeper. The recent student interest and leadership in voter registration projects in the South—sponsored by the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and others—is an example. This past summer, the YMCA and YWCA, the National Student Christian Federation, Quakers, and others sponsored voter registration projects throughout the South.

The recent civil rights demonstrations in Washington, D. C., and the continuing local campaigns—North and South—may well mark a turning point on the campus as they have in the Negro community. Thousands of students participated in the Washington march in August and thousands more in the less spectacular yet dramatic protests, marches, sit-ins, and kneel-ins throughout the nation this past summer. These activities may indicate that the student community will be able to revitalize itself. By the same token, the signing of a nuclear

test ban treaty in Moscow in July may mean the beginning of a resurgence of student peace activity.

Students have a role to play in the civil rights and peace movements. Students are the logical intellectual catalysts in many local situations. Practically no other group in our society is as free to protest.

Despite the need for student leadership and the hope for renewed student concern and activity, there are a number of problems which the student movement must face. Because students desire to play an effective and "responsible" role in society, they have not broken away from the liberal rhetoric of the Kennedy Administration and the "Liberal Establishment." Though many students were critical of the Administration's handling of the Cuban crisis and have looked vainly toward Kennedy for leadership in civil rights, they have refused to make any substantive criticism of the Administration. There is a lack of radical thought among students—radical in the sense of going to the root of important social problems. Under the Eisenhower Administration, students felt that they were alienated from the center of power and could afford to pursue radical alternatives. Now, they are afraid of losing the tenuous contact with the Administration. Students have been increasingly discouraged by Kennedy's failure to implement much of his program and have tended to leave the student movement with a feeling of betrayal.



Without adequate and consistent leadership, sustained student activity is impossible. It is true that the majority of the students who involve themselves in the movement do so with little commitment. They are attracted by a fear of nuclear destruction, a realization that Negroes are entitled to equal opportunity, or because protest seems to be the "thing to do" on a particular campus. Unfortunately, these motives do not have the force to keep the student involved in the day-to-day organizational work so necessary to a vital movement.

Such work falls to individuals with a broader commitment to social change—pacifists, socialists, Christians, and the like. And, unfortunately there is not an oversupply of such individuals on the American campus. The result is a movement which falters when the original adherents are discouraged or bored, and do not continue their participation. Though a few students are willing to work for a full year without pay in the peace or civil rights movements, often losing college credits in the pro-

cess, it is generally true that the student movement has not built the kind of leadership cadre that it needs.

Finally, the decline of student activity has also been a sign of hope. Students seem to be no longer satisfied with simplistic solutions to major social problems. They are asking questions about their motives for participation in the movement and about possible solutions to important issues. Peace research, voter registration campaigns, the northern student movement—these are all indications that students are going beyond the apparent issues. On the other hand, such searching has caused many students to withdraw entirely into academicism, and has removed them from any active role in the student community. A realization of the complexity of the issues has made many throw up their hands in despair instead of trying to deal with the issues constructively and with insight. If these students were able to combine their intellectual consideration of the issues with a moral concern to act, the student movement would gain a great deal. Until this happens, the rift between the "action" groups and the small research-oriented study groups will widen.

What can be said about the student movement? Clearly, it has seriously declined in the past year or two. Groups which flourished on a number of campuses have ceased to exist, periodicals have folded, and those students still involved have a feeling that something substantial has slipped through their fingers. The picture is not entirely bleak, however. The viability of groups such as the SPU and the continuity and quality of some of the student magazines are encouraging. The tremendous growth of the civil rights movement may provide a needed impetus to substantial student activity.

The future of the student movement is unclear. Obviously what is needed among students is the kind of dedication and moral commitment found in the Negro civil rights movement coupled with the intellectual analysis of basic issues that students can give. Social action among students has always been in the minority. Now, the student community finds itself at a crossroads. It can either play a significant part in the revolution taking place in America and the world, or it can continue to be a passive observer and abdicate a vital responsibility.

where do you live?

Where do you live?
What address?
"Did you say number 58 or was it 58 and 1/2?"
End of the microscope, telescope
Point of the prism, triangle
Line, level, shade, color, shadow, blur
On Halloween and the Feast of Corpus Christi.

"It's entirely a matter of perspective, dear students."
"Is that an answer, doctor?"
"You're an impertinent young man!"
Questions, hollow eyed and leathery, hang, black in the loft
Impertinently bleeding over poorly bandaged margins:
Punctuation, please!

Where is my real self?
Is there one or many?
I hear some shadow wandering over grass that turns to stone
Sobbing words
Past witches mending orange brooms by fires, green
Toasting the moon with ale
On the Feast of Corpus Christi.

"Dear students, it's all a question of. . ."
"I heard you the first time."
—WALTER L. HOWARD, JR.

st. george and the sea dragons

The sea was warmed with
the sea dragon's uneasy breath.
Rumors said a new St. George
was preparing a quest.
He drove a motor boat
and wore an asbestos vest.
The dragons could not understand
why St. George must kill.
They no longer burned beer halls.
Never kept a maid in distress
without her signed consent.
No gold was guarded.
The only answer that seemed
rational was that St. George
will have a two weeks' vacation.

—DUANE LOCKE

holiday

Red, yellow, orange, and green bloused
women walked with dark-blue suited men
along the swaying, flag-bedecked pier.
A shirtless man in a sailboat warned,
but all thought he was singing a funny song.
This was their last holiday, and all sank
into the sea. It was a festive occasion.
The men drowned with much glee,
but the women drowned more colorfully.

—DUANE LOCKE

How To Write A Term Paper Without Really Trying (with footnotes)

BY MIKE ROSENE

THE final examination,¹ like gunpowder and the pogo stick, was an invention of the Chinese.² Authorities³ agree that the "final"⁴ as we know it today was developed by Wu Wang, an Emperor of the Chou Dynasty, who flourished⁵ around 1100 B.C. It could have been 1200 B.C. or 1047 B.C. Unlike Arabs and sophomores, the Chinese have always been vague about dates. As a matter of fact, the inventor's name may have been Chou Kung or even Chao Wang instead of Wu Wang. I couldn't care less myself.

Anyhow, the Chinese invented the final examination and then forgot about it, being sensible people in those days. They were building a wall at the time, and figuring out different ways of making rice easier to eat,⁶ and the final exam concept was stolen by Western barbarians,⁷ among whom it continues to thrive.

One of these barbarians was a Greek wrestler named Plato, who was a so-so heavyweight on the Olympic team. Plato was something of an idealist and was repelled by the necessity to be uncouth in the ring. Eye-gouging was not in his line, although he could always hit you with a nasty syllogism. Even the heavies weren't drawing at the gate that year. Sparta had just defeated Athens in a big league war, and the drachma had been devaluated. Athletes were being paid off in summer school scholarships and Plaid Stamps.

After Plato was pinned three times by a middleweight Sophist from Thebes, he decided to quit the ring and take up poetry, another nonunion occupation. He still wasn't eating regularly.⁸ One day when he was loitering in the Agora he ran into an ex-fan of his named Socrates. Socrates was having trouble

with his wife at the time, so he became a philosopher,⁹ and advised Plato to do the same.

Although Plato was a single man, he did fairly well as a philosopher,¹⁰ and eventually started a private school in Athens—Peripatetic Polytech. All the lectures were conducted in the open air and on foot, due to the vagrancy laws and the fact that poor old P. Poly was not a land-grant college and had an endowment of only 457 drachmas. A small prefab cost more than that to erect, even in those days, so Poly had no buildings whatever and only one window box full of ivy.¹¹ Plato also shocked the academic world by admitting women,¹² whose place had previously been in the home.

Plato wasn't satisfied with the curriculum, figuring it was a cinch even for veterinary majors. One day¹³ he met a Singer Sewing Machine salesman named Marco Polo, homeward bound to Venice from China. Polo was a gregarious chap¹⁴ with total recall. He told Plato about that old Chinese invention, the final examination, and other forms of Oriental torture. Plato was enthusiastic about the examination gimmick, and introduced it into his school.

After Plato died in 347 B.C., a summa cum laude type named Aristotle became the new prexy of P. Poly. Aristotle had been Plato's star pupil in the old pre-prefab days.¹⁵ He had never had the slightest trouble with Plato's final exams himself, being a fast man with a word, so he decided to toughen up the curriculum and try to wangle a foundation grant for old Peripatetic.

He went to Delphi to consult the Oracle, but acoustics were poor that day. The Oracle gave him a Ben-

¹ Etymology obscure. Leaf through the twenty-volume Oxford and see what you can find.

² Originators of mah-jong.

³ Two people I met on a bus last week.

⁴ Colloq. Not considered good usage by Old Oxonians.

⁵ As in *Green Bay Tree*. V. trumpets, flourish of.

⁶ Without success. As Pierre Armand von Lucullus once observed: "Rice? Is food? Nuh, nuh, nuh. Is for weddings!"

⁷ Us.

⁸ Except for Cassius Clay, this phenomenon is still universal among poets.

⁹ A posteriori.

¹⁰ Contrast with our own time. Today retired athletes usually open supermarkets or end up on the Supreme Court.

¹¹ Chapman's Homer, "The Odyssey," line 1647.

¹² Origin of coed.

¹³ Thursday.

¹⁴ Founder of Rotary International.

¹⁵ Teacher's pet.

zedrine tablet ¹⁶ and told him to do his own thinking for a change.

Aristotle sat down on a convenient plinth and turned on his upper lobes. In no time at all ¹⁷ he came up with the term-paper idea.

Bystanders claim that he fell off the plinth when inspiration struck him, and then ran all the way back to Athens shouting "Eureka" at the local hinds and kine.¹⁸

No use quibbling about it, Aristotle revolutionized educational theory with his term-paper concept. It was foisted on the undergrads at the University of Alexandria in 113 A.D., at the U. of Paris in 967, and at Heidelberg in 1234, along with saber cuts and weinerschnitzel. Today few campuses can afford to get along without term papers.

The morphology of the term paper is relatively simple, and any sincere freshman can master this prose form by keeping a few points in mind.

For example, good wind is important. Pile up the words by the quire or even by the ream, and you'll do o.k.¹⁹

Footnotes should exceed the text itself in bulk, if possible. Lard heavily with ibids, op cits, vides, and et seqs.

Bibliography. Always list at least five hundred books, pamphlets, and unpublished mss., whether they pertain to the subject or not. Invent a few titles if necessary. You'll be quite safe. Statistics show that no one has ever read a bibliography.

The best way to write a term paper is to borrow, highjack, or lease a copy of an old one submitted several semesters ago, preferably by a straight-A student. Some tacticians claim that a good paper never wears out.²⁰

¹⁶ Sulphate of benzylmethylcarbinamide.

¹⁷ 0:00.0

¹⁸ Usually attributed to Archimides, a Syracuse boy.

¹⁹ Typical grades based on volume as follows:
under 5 pages—F
5-10 pages—D
11-20 pages—C
21-40 pages—B
41-100 pages—B+
over 100 pages—A

²⁰ On the other hand, some professors have memories like an elephant.²¹

²¹ A hairless, four-footed mammal, family Elephantidae, esp. genera Elephas and Loxodonta.

finis



TWO POEMS

BY

JOYCE ODAM

RAGE

*Now that you
have hammered down
the walls
and smashed the windows
of your cage,
what will you do
when night fills
all those empty places?*

*What does a room become
unfleshed of boundaries;
what does
a man become, unfleshed
of other things?*

THAT WAKENING

*and were you
glad
when you shook free
of all that burden
and let
the current have you.
how was that wakening.
how did it
feel
to have birds
shy from your transcendence.
how did it feel to be
the vapor
and the dust.
had I
grown cumbersome against
your final visit.*

*you would have paused
one thoughtful moment
in your swirling,
resisted once
the sweet unfurling,
and if you touched me then
in my first grief,
did you tell me. did you.*

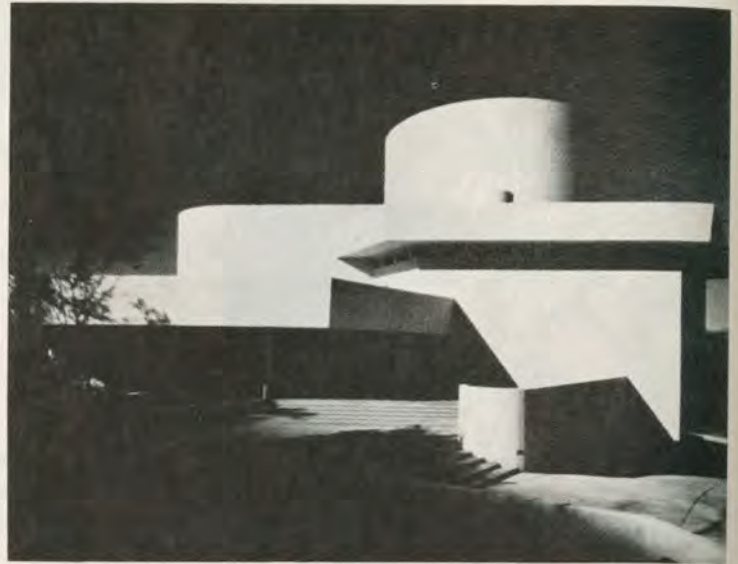


WOMAN 1961

NOVEMBER 1963

OTIS HUBAND

37



DRAMA IN DALLAS

Dallas likes the arts and talks a lot about them. The pity of it is that there is more "about" than commitment to them.

Dallas has a provocative history of meddling with drama. In the recent past there was the committed and vigorous Margo Jones and the theater that bore her name. She unearthed some of the contemporary luminaries including Tennessee Williams and William Inge. When she died, however, the theater she guided lost its vigor.

But drama will have its way. Last year the **Pearl Chappell Theater** got going well under the direction of Mrs. Chappell's son-in-law, Robert Glenn, in a newly renovated space. The group did fine work, including a well-staged and produced "Three Penny Opera," only to have the rug yanked out by the Dallas Fire Department on a technicality. There simply has been no money to mount new quarters apart from the ancient barn on the back of Mrs. Chappell's lot.

Theater Three, in makeshift downtown quarters, leads a vigorous if financially precarious life. Norma Young, the impetus in the organization, does fine experimental work and is sensitive to current dramatic movements.

There are the usual importations, the most important currently being the road show engagements of Broadway successes under the Theater League's aegis at the Municipal Auditorium Theater. More significant are the State Fair Musicals, which are Dallas productions, running through the summer months. Memorable from the season just past were Ginger Rogers in "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" and Carol Burnett's "Calamity Jane."

Dallas drama must, however, now rest its case with the Dallas Theater Center. Most of its eggs are in that glittering nest. Let us hope it incubates something that will be hatched to greatness.

The Dallas Theater Center is an amazingly appropriate image of Dallas itself. This claim may, no doubt, seem wildly inappropriate to those who fight and bleed in the cause of drama as presented by the folks at the Center.

It is quite correct to point out that Paul Baker and Company are lusty fighters in the cause of good contemporary art, and they man with vigor the fortifications against the endemic philistinism of the Southwest. They are forever trying to cut through the banal and trivial and present the significant. As artists, the company is the butt of the snipers and do-nothing critics who are great on sophomoric generalizations backed by a marvelously wide-ranging ignorance. Its leaders are fully aware of Dallas' reputation for hugging the artist while he is good for a bit of exploitation in the cause of prestige, and then casting him out alone, forsaken and not a little bewildered.

An analogy can be made, however, between the Theater Center and its immediate environs—Dallas and the stretches of the Southwest that surround it. There is no good excuse for the city, except that there it is: it is located on no natural point upon which great cities are supposed to develop—no harbor, not even a river (even a little motorboat that tried to make the trip up the Trinity from the Gulf last spring was forever getting caught on snags, sand and mud), and all the railroads went to Ft. Worth, with an occasional spur built over to Dallas

This article is the first in a series of seven reviews of contemporary regional drama in the United States. The point has been argued that the most creative work in the American theater goes on not in New York, but in isolated communities and campuses across the country. The assertion is debatable; we want to help make the debate possible.—THE EDITORS.

By ROGER E. ORTMAYER

to pick up whatever odds and ends of freight might show up. The cattlemen built their stockyards in Ft. Worth and the farmers did their shopping there. There is no excuse for Dallas except that there she sits—building more skyscrapers since the war than any city in America outside Manhattan, boastfully pointing to her ever-changing skyline and whistling at the ever-changing hemline as dictated by Neiman-Marcus. The Metropolitan Opera Company regularly has a season in Dallas, but Dallas has her own **Civic Opera Company** which she is confident is much better than the Metropolitan. Dallas is forever editorializing about her progressiveness and courage and yet she fosters the insane throwbacks that cluster about General Walker, initiated and headquarters the National Indignation Society, to say nothing of keeping an eighteenth-century throwback in Washington as Congressman and suspecting Senator Goldwater of too much liberalism.

Better, however, look at the Theater Center in terms of what it is and does and then as symbol.

When the initial conversations that led to the Center were held, the **Margo Jones Theater** was still vital in theatrical circles and Margo Jones exclaimed upon hearing about the original plan: "Glory to Betsy! I second the motion. Let's get started."

With her death, the Margo Jones Theater staggered around for a year or two and then closed shop. And the plans for the Theater Center were injected with new enthusiasm from the loss of the old. The organizers were given a beautiful site upon which to build, with some strings attached which were ultimately to be pulled so that when the dream became fact, it came to birth amidst sufficient con-

troversy, lawsuits and acrimony to produce plenty of publicity.

The building is the kind of wonder that only Frank Lloyd Wright could have produced. It is his only theater and the last of the great buildings he planned, having been finished after his death; but he lived long enough to set the cauldron bubbling furiously. Typically Wright, the building is so aesthetically exciting that the visitor is enchanted. One cannot enter the building without the expectation of dramatic accomplishment. The playing and seating areas are fused. There is unity. The movement of space, so that neither actors nor spectators need protection or separation, is accomplished with a kind of continuum that one senses he is in a space that sums up the meanings and expectations of theater.

The rhythm of exterior forms and spacing, the entry and movement to seating and acting are pure art. One is given "presence." To this point, function and form are one. And perhaps that is all one could ask. It does seem a shame, however, given the biological needs of human beings, that one cannot make a visit to the rest rooms between acts without risking a broken leg. A tall person cannot visit the hidden crannies that house the executive offices without danger of cracking his skull. The costume mistress must chance coming unstitched in her own psyche given the working space she occupies.

Nevertheless, the building is dramatically glorious.

Now to what goes on inside it.

Paul Baker had to be chosen as director of the Center. There could have been no other choice. The dream had been that drama would live in Dallas indigenously. It would live vigorously and coura-

"THREE HAMLETS"



geously. It would be experimental, but it would be permanent and lasting.

At Baylor University (Waco, Texas) Baker had built up a spectacular reputation, operating as a part of what must be one of the most cautious and restrained—morally and aesthetically—educational institutions in America. He had built up a staff that could achieve fine things and captured the imagination of students who wanted to work with him. He was known outside Texas, and although there were (and are) many scoffers, one had the feeling that the downgrading was more from pique than critical assessment.

For Paul Baker is a controversial person. Kindly, generous and likeable in personal relationships, he gives all and expects all when it comes to his art. He suffers no interference with his work. When the president of Baylor rang down the curtain last year on his production of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, one knew that a break was inevitable. Sure enough, one fine day, Baker and almost all his staff left Baylor and the graduate program at the Theater Center became affiliated with Trinity University in San Antonio. (Exactly what the administrative authorities at Southern Methodist University in Dallas were doing to have allowed a much smaller university nearly three hundred miles to the south to grab the

degree-granting affiliation with the most significant art workshop in the Southwest is a most perplexing mystery to Dallasites.)

The close relationship of the Theater Center to a university is central in Baker's planning. He covets and demands academic responsibility. One of the roles that the company meets is the demanding period of integration between the level of work in a college drama department and the level of hard professional competence. He wants to work with those persons who have been hooked by the theater, so that vocationally they want to be involved, but have a long way to go before they are really at home in the playhouse. But he also wants to work at this level of achievement in academically respectable fashion.

At the same time, the Dallas Theater Center seeks to be a significant repertory theater, and probably comes closer to repertory status than any other theater in this country. Many of the members of the company have been with the Center since its opening. Members of the company seem to take on about all possible varieties of responsibility. They act, direct, handle costumes and staging, work at public relations, usher, do lighting . . . about every job that needs to be done. After three years in the Theater Center, they are authentic "theater people."



"THE CHAIRS"

The biggest compliment to the Theater Center and critical assessment as to its quality of work is that most of the members of the company are enthusiastic about the company and believe in its objectives. They like to be associated with it and stay on, often at considerable financial sacrifice.

At the same time exciting personalities in the theatrical world are identified with the Center's program. Charles Laughton, in the years before his death, was an enthusiastic, if somewhat eccentric, supporter. Burgess Meredith and Burl Ives have spent considerable time acting with the company. Renowned directors from points as distant as Australia and Chile have directed plays to add to the repertory. Playwrights long to have the Center put their work into production.

The inviting architectural character of the Center and the restless nature of Paul Baker and his associates result in a wondrous assortment of technical experimentation. Some of it comes off well, but, naturally, the gimmicks often intrude upon the dramatic development of the play. With some of the *avant-garde* plays such as those of Ionesco and Genet, in which "objects" are integral to the life of the play itself, the gadgets and devices do well indeed. For example, I have not seen a New York production, including the excellent Broadway "Rhinoceros" (the weakness of which was that it lacked the essential gimmicks), that is in the same league with the Center's repertory interpretation of Ionesco's "The Chairs." When it comes to "Hamlet," however, the gimmicks seem to get in the way.

The Theater Center imagemakers are dedicated to "experimentation." It is one of the stated objectives. There is, however, a nagging suspicion that gimmickry and experimentation are often equated. This is irritating to the Center's friends and gives a convenient soft spot to attack for its adverse critics.

Perhaps because of this negative reaction on the part of its publics, there seems to be a trend toward presenting more plays that are felt to be popular. Only some such excuse could justify the recurring use of Clare Booth Luce's dated "The Women" which was trivial to start with and today is only inane. The 1963-64 season starts off with Lawrence Roman's "Under the Yum-Yum Tree." I happened to catch it on opening night on Broadway, felt it to be a waste of time then and nothing in the play suggests any revision of opinion is in order.

The remaining announced productions for the fall season include a musical, a Christmas spectacular that combines the children's theater with the regular center company, the repertory production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and Max Frisch's "The Firebugs," which is the only "new" or "experimental" play in the lot. It is fine that Frisch is coming to

Dallas. (That Frisch's "Andorra" closed last season after only a few days on Broadway is no credit to New York. It was a fine production, with admittedly a bit of miscasting, and an important play, but Broadway being what it is, "good" plays have small chance of survival.) Frisch, being Swiss, gives the Center a chance to do a tie-in: Neiman-Marcus is sponsoring a "Swiss Fortnight" in Dallas, so the play will ride along on fashion's shirttail.

I began by claiming that the Theater Center is an appropriate Dallas image. As with the city, there is no good reason for one of the most exciting theatrical experiments in the world taking place on the north Texas plains, except that there she sits. But vigorous and courageous, as she is, there is a hint of schizophrenia. The company is in Dallas, but academic credits are awarded from San Antonio. She prides herself on her progressivism, but has recourse to more and more of the tried and tired. The surface is spectacular, like the Dallas skyline and Neiman-Marcus attire; one of the most appalling experiences possible is to talk to one of these spectacularly made-up women and discover there is no hint of a brain behind those beautiful eyes. The leaders at the Center have brains, no doubt about that, but one wishes there were less attempt to obscure the fact. For instance, last season an evening of so-called "absurd" theater was presented with Albee's "The Sandbox," Genet's "The Maids" and the really great repertory production of "The Chairs" by Ionesco. Accompanying the production was a time of conversation in which one of the play's directors and a popular Dallas disc jockey had conversation together about that type of theater and also responded to questions from the audience. What could have been a fine strategy for engaging the audience with the drama turned out to be a dismal and irritating experience. Neither disc jockey nor director showed the slightest awareness of the existential meanings of "absurd" as presented by the playwrights. They apparently had read selected chapters of Esslin's *The Theatre of the Absurd*, but apart from Esslin's own unreliability at this point, little understanding was discernible, and even Esslin seemed not to have been assimilated.

The most disturbing aspect concerning the Theater Center today is this erosion of its own hard objectives. Perhaps the leaders of the company are too "closed" and the fresh, the radically disturbing new perspective is not admitted. Perhaps. But this is something that can be rectified and surely Paul Baker will not allow his new labors in San Antonio to take away the vigorous and dramatically prophetic guidance the Theater Center must have if it is to fulfill its promise not just in the Southwest, but in the nation and in the world.

The glass echo

BY DICK CLARKE

The front-porch door slammed behind her disrupting the dingy calm as she bustled excitedly through the abbreviated labyrinth of rooms, doors, and halls to arrive finally in the cramped kitchen, where she placed on the wobbly table an elaborate cage and a box which had written on one end: "Open this end to take out bird." Harriet Cole nervously set about preparing the coop, cutting paper to just the right size for the bottom, and filling the water and feed holders. Then with much impatience, she opened the box and forced the wingflapping creature into its new cage.

"Hey, bird! Hey, bird! I love you! Yes, I do! I love you!"

The room resumed its murky silence as Harriet Cole stared blank-faced at the bird.

"Why don't you say something? Huh? Why don't you say something? I'll just take you back and get another bird if you don't talk. Yes, I will! Yes, I will! You better say something!"

Harriet Cole picked up the cage as though to take the bird back to the store and walked into the next room. It was a dim bedroom with two dingy windows overlooking an alley in the drab residential neighborhood. She placed the cage on an old sewing machine in one of the dark corners of the room and said to the bird, "Naw, I wouldn't take it back, hun. Naw, I wouldn't. I love you. Yes, I do. I love you."

Gray-haired Harriet Cole had such huge hips and small shoulders that she looked pathetically conical. One leg seemed to be slightly shorter than the other; so that when she hurried through the maze of rooms and halls, she looked like a mass of churning, incongruous parts, which might at any moment go bounding helplessly into an obtrusive wall. This never happened, however, for Harriet Cole had practiced diligently the running of her maze.

Having made the bird comfortable in its dark corner, Harriet weaved heavily into the kitchen, where she leaned on the sink and gazed into the backyards of several dilapidated houses. She lit a cigarette and coughed. She coughed mechanically several times as the blue smoke climbed slowly up the hazy window glass. A squirrel from the big oak next door scampered across the yard. Harriet Cole smiled. And then the man walked into the yard. He was dressed all in black, causing his face to look deathly white. He stopped and stood stiffly, staring emptily up at Harriet Cole, who gazed back hypnotically. For several moments they fixed each other with their empty stares, as though they were in some strange magnetic way mirroring each other's innermost being.

From far away sounded a melodic strain. Harriet Cole jerked her huge body and turned from the window. With the glee of a child, she then slipped quietly to the bedroom door, peered in at the bird, and in a thick, laughing, course voice cried, "Billy Bird! Yes sir, Billy Bird's going to be its name! Did I scare it, hun? I didn't mean to. I'm not going to hurt that



WOOD ENGRAVING

HANS ORŁOWSKI

baby. Naw, I wouldn't hurt it, hun. Did that baby sang?"

Harriet turned ponderously back to the kitchen and placed a heavy iron skillet on the stove. And then, as though automatic, she turned on and adjusted the various knobs. She blundered across the room to a towering, old-fashioned cabinet and selected a can of okra and a can of beans. These she opened on the worn wall can-opener and hurried back to the stove to empty their contents into two pans. Harriet Cole was becoming increasingly impatient, hurrying as though nothing could be done quite fast enough. She whirled around and opened the refrigerator, removed a package of weiners, and dropped six, all that she could nervously grasp with one hand, into the black skillet. She frantically returned the package to the refrigerator and then turned to glare

into the backyard. The man was gone. Harriet hurried through the maze to the front of the house, where she stared momentarily at the street, and then scuttled back to the kitchen, smiling blankly each time she passed by Billy Bird.

Harriet Cole watched the steaming food carefully, and then, as though a signal had been sounded in the silence, she turned off all the knobs and placed large helpings of beans, okra, and fried weiners on a plate and set it impatiently on the table. Gasping for breath, she then moved laboriously into the bedroom and lay down on her bed. Steam rose lazily up from the food as Harriet lay on her back and gazed hypnotically at the ceiling. Billy Bird watched her from his dark corner.

Harriet had been lying on the bed only a short time, when a man walked stealthily into the room.



BROTHER FIRE, I PRAY YOU BE COURTEOUS WITH ME

ELIZABETH EDDY

The bird fluttered wildly. The furtive arrival peered at the flitting creature in its dark corner and spoke to it in a loud voice.

"How's that bird? Say! How's my bird? Is that bird doing all right?" He sounded as though he were trying to win an argument with loudness as his only resource.

Harriet turned, gazing fixedly out of a blank, smiling stare.

"Has he been singing for you?" said Cain Cole.

Harriet sat up on the edge of the bed and looked accusingly at the bird. "Naw, he hadn't chirped since I put him in the cage. I guess he hadn't got used to the place yet. You better set down."

Cain Cole moved quietly to the table, seated himself, and began eating the flavorless food.

"I'd like to fix something better," said Harriet Cole, "fresh vegetables and all. But you know what that would do to the electric bill."

Cain Cole made no reply, but continued scooping up large mouthfuls. When he had finished eating, he walked into the bedroom and talked to the bird. Har-

riet ate some of the scraps and began cleaning up the mess.

When Cain Cole turned away from the bird and began walking down the hall and into the living room, Harriet followed him, but she stopped when he continued on across the porch and out into the yard. While Harriet stood in an awkward, crossed-arm position, Cain got into his old car and drove away.

Harriet Cole glared after him until his car disappeared from view, then she weaved her way back to the bedroom and sat down on the edge of her bed. The bird peered at her from his dusky corner. Harriet fished a package of Kools out of her apron pocket. Leaning forward to rest her great bulk on her thick elbows and legs, she inserted one of the cigarettes into the corner of her mouth. The lighter flamed, shattering the atmosphere of shadows and reflecting a palid face with sparkling, glassy eyes. As the cloudy smoke curled about the room to bath the dim, gray forms, Harriet Cole raised her great head to fix her gaze on the bird. "How's my baby? Huh? Does the baby like its pretty gaze?"

The red glowing tip of the cigarette made sweeping arches up to Harriet's mouth. Cloudy smoke erupted and billowed into the room as the glowing tip, like a shooting star, streaked away from Harriet's dim face.

And then, as though controlled by a prearranged plan, Harriet Cole suddenly raised herself to an erect position and moved heavily through the apartment to the front door, where she glared momentarily at the street and then rushed clumsily back through the curving maze, past Billy Bird, and into the kitchen. She leaned on the sink and stared down into the yard. The manikin-like man stared back at her. Harriet brought her face close to the glass to get a better view of him. His face, as before, was extremely pale and expressionless. In his rigid stance he looked much like a wax statue which had a lifelike contour, but lacked a living facial expression. Harriet Cole looked long at the piercing eyes of the hollow man, and while she stared, she unmistakably heard the bird singing in the dismal bedroom.

Harriet whirled about in a panic of confusion and gazed wonderingly at the bird; while Billy Bird, through wild, frightened eyes, peered back at her.

"Did that baby sang? Huh? That baby can sang. I wouldn't take it back to the store, hun. That baby don't have to be scared. It can sang can't it, hun?"

Harriet brought her face close to the cage and smiled at Billy Bird. Then she raised herself in an erratic motion and walked into the living room. She sat down on an old upholstered chair and, much like a giant puppet, grasped the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello, Clare?"

"Well, he's gone again.

"Yeah, he's gone off up there to lay up with that no-good tramp.

"I know it. It's a downright shame. Him laying up there with her and everything.

"I know it, hun. And I hate to bother you with it, but I have to talk to somebody.

"Well I appreciate it. You've been mighty good to put up with me and everything.

"Naw, he won't be home till sometimes late tonight. I just don't know what to do. That sorry wad going off up yonder and laying up with that she-devil. I just don't know what to do.

"Well, I try not to think about it, but you know how my nerves are and everything. I still have to take them old pills. Two kinds of them to keep from having one of my spells.

"Yeah, I know it. He's going to hell if he don't straighten up and start living for the Lord. And he used to be such a good man, Clare.

"Well, I hate to bother you with it, hun. You've been so good and everything.

"Did I tell you about my bird?"

"Yeah, he's a parakeet.

"Naw, he hadn't got used to the place yet. I guess he will once he gets used to it.

"Well, all right, hun. I'll be talking to you.

"Well, all right. Bye."

Harriet Cole heaved her weight upward and rocked toward the front door. She leered at the street and then turned to weave awkwardly through the maze, past Billy Bird, and into the kitchen. She lit a cigarette and coughed. The cough sounded entirely mechanical, as though it had an individual existence of its own. She hacked a syncopated rhythm of coughs and gasps and then peered down into the yard. Two lively squirrels were playfully chasing each other around the trunk of a twisted tree.

As the hazy orange sun was setting behind a horizon of deteriorating two-story houses, the dust-covered windows became transformed into a dazzling translucent fabric. Harriet weaved and smiled as the glowing patterns of light and dust changed before her eyes. She followed the sweep of glass drapery until it ended at the back door. The door also contained glowing glass, and on the other side stood the man.

Harriet leaned hurriedly over the sink to peer down into the yard, and then she turned slowly to face the form beyond the glass door. The man stood motionlessly, his white face empty of life. And then he smiled faintly.

Harriet listened to the beautiful melodic strains coming from the bedroom and laughed happily at the golden flecks of light which bathed her in fading warmth. She faced the painted man and screamed long and shrill. And then as she walked slowly toward the hollow image, a sweet dissonance of wild laughter and melodic song filled the blazing room. Harriet brought her face close to the glass and stared into the empty eyes of the smiling white face. The music became louder, then laughter, then a screaming roar, blocking out all except itself. In the silence of the darkening room Harriet Cole stood petrified before her reflection.

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film review: A SPOTTY LEOPARD

Paris, September.

The most coveted award at the Cannes Film Festival has gone to Luchino Visconti's three-hour-long *The Leopard (Il Gattopardo)*, released by 20th Century-Fox. It has the distinction of being the most high-priced film showing in Paris, since *Cleopatra* has yet to open; at fifteen francs, it costs two to four times as much to see as other films, and it isn't worth it. The significance of the *Palme d'Or* has gone the way of the Hollywood Oscars, unless it is given nowadays to honor a director rather than a particular film.

No director has put Sicily on film more lovingly than Visconti. He achieved his first recognition with *La Terra Trema*, also overly long; it concerned the hardships of a Sicilian fishing village. Among his other films have been *Rocco and His Brothers*, *Obsessione*, *Senso*, and *The Job*, the best of the three films combined into *Boccaccio 70*. (Unfortunately his finest work, *Obsessione*, has yet to be shown in the United States.) Visconti is undoubtedly among the greatest Italian directors at work today.

And yet *The Leopard*, for all its breadth and expense, is dull, meandering, and without dramatic stature. It has great visual beauty in sets, costumes, and landscapes, and is worth seeing for these alone. It has many moments when it floats on such a cloud of nostalgia that one feels he might be seeing *The Cherry Orchard* recast in 1860 Sicily. The stiff dramatic spine of a Chekhov play is missing, however, and the film fails.

The film begins with the news of Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily in 1860. The Bourbon monarchy is the loser in the unification of Italy. Prince Don Fabrizio, the "leopard" of the title, so called after the beast in the family coat of arms, continues life in the *status quo ante* by journeying to the baronial summer palace at Donnafugata. The Prince has many abused and restive peasants under his domain; he must either resist change or come to terms with the

new liberal regime. He chooses to cooperate, and cements the shape of the future by arranging marriage between his own daughter and the Red Shirt political boss of Donnafugata. At this point the film collapses into a tepid, pointless love story.

Not only does the film lack dramatic conflict, but the characters seem inconsequential. Alain Delon and Claudia Cardinale are the lovers, and Burt Lancaster the Prince; all three overplay their parts, attempting valiantly to make something of nothing. Lancaster looks the part, and is convincing until we observe that his lips are "out of sync"—he is acting in English, so the dubbed *gaucherie* will not be present in the English-language prints of the film. Then it will be the rest of the cast, all Italian, whose voices are disembodied.

The greatest failure of the film is that Giuseppe di Lampedusa's magnificent novel was not articulately translated into film. The scenario is disjointed and aimless—it seems to have emerged from random underlined passages in someone's copy of the novel, chosen on the basis of photogeneity. If a good scenario had been written, a film comparable to *Gone With the Wind* might have resulted. But the present di Lampedusa-Visconti script doesn't even come close.

The Leopard is enthusiastically recommended for wan European sightseers. After one has looked at a hundred palaces of the lost aristocracy, now dreary and ornate museums, the wish comes to see such palaces inhabited and put to use. While the film as a whole fails to come to life, the leisurely, aimless, superficial existence of the aristocracy is carefully depicted. It is satisfying to see rococo chairs sat upon and rooms brightened by elegantly dressed women. Most of the post-intermission segment of the film weaves through a ball given by Donnafugata's leading blueblood, and it is an experience to be remembered.

—ROBERT STEELE

Graham Greene, *A Sense of Reality*. New York, Viking, 1963. 118 pp. \$3.50.

The four stories which compose this slim book linger in the mind. This is Greene's most haunting, most poetic, wisest book. In it, the obvious world is laid bare, incised, and through the crevice we enter a land of memories, dreams, and ancient hopes. "Absolute reality belongs to dreams and not to life," says the writer of the first of these stories. Still escaping from a mother who tried to shelter him from mysteries, and tired of a world preoccupied merely with facts and pragmatic problems, this writer, William Wilditch, re-enters as he is about to die a childhood memory, a childhood dream. A wanderer over all the continents throughout his life, he comes at death to reconstruct the childhood fantasy where began his strange, intricate quest. The wandering has failed. The man wonders whether he ought to have done something practical, respectable, secure. But the beauty of the dream—an adventure such as Alice's in a cave "Under the Garden"—and the harsh, crotchety wisdom of the ageless and ugly couple who inhabit it have been worth all the pragmatism in the world.

Greene is a religious writer. He is a reporter who cannot be put off by data, facts, and hard-boiled answers. These he handles well enough, as his two-fisted "entertainments" show. When he writes as a Catholic novelist, in *The Power and the Glory*, *The Heart of the Matter*, *The End of the Affair*, he cannot seem to find the vehicle for bridging the tough part of his character and the deeper questions it cannot still. Though powerful in their way, these novels do not quite convince the tough, nor the searching—nor Greene.

In *The Quiet American*, Greene went secular again. In *A Burnt-Out Case*, he took revenge on his Catholic readers, on those who would canonize him, those who would glory in him: now a believer of burnt-out belief. In this new book, Greene is turning up a deeper vein. He has never written so beautifully, with such reconciliation, and searing peace. In "A Visit to Morin," he describes a young nonbeliever's Christmas eve visit with an ailing, old French Catholic novelist, and the latter's unusual paradoxical loss of belief. In "Dream of a Strange Land," he describes a leper's suicide outside the window of a winter party, in what had that morning been the dull home of the duller doctor who had condemned him to a sanatorium.

But in "A Discovery in the Woods," he writes a breathlessly perfect tale of four children of a distant fishing village who discover, impaled inland on reddish rocks, a huge "house" of many levels. The dwarfish children discover the skeleton of a beautiful giant, nearly six feet tall, over a foot taller than the tallest man in their village. They discover four other living children, misshapen and mutated, who rush at them fiercely as they advance, retreat as they retreat—in a stateroom mirror. They recognize the ship as the "Noh's ark" of fading legend, brought up by the tidal wave that followed the mushroom cloud. Unwilling to leave the straight white giant, the youngest child begins to cry "for a whole world lost": "He's six feet tall and he has beautiful straight legs."

On this deeper level of personal experience, in the refusal to avoid the questions of dream, longing, and reconciliation, religious intelligence takes root. Moreover, Greene writes and rewrites; he does not emote. He reveals himself without writing autobiography. With or without belief, these stories are the high point of his art.

—MICHAEL NOVAK

W. Paul Jones, *The Recovery of Life's Meaning: Understanding Creation and the Incarnation*. New York, Association Press, 1963. 254 pp., \$4.50.

As the title indicates, Jones is concerned with the recovery of identity in an age which has lost the sense of meaningfulness in human existence. He seeks to do this in a classical theological context: the relationship between faith in God the Creator and faith in the Incarnation. Jones suggests that contemporary work in the sciences, in literature and the arts, and in theology and biblical interpretation opens fresh possibilities for a creative clarification of this relationship.

While this study is not altogether lacking in insight, it is generally unsuccessful. For one thing, it simply attempts too much. In the space of 254 pages Jones tries to give us: an analysis of the situation of contemporary man (through recent literature), a discussion of the theological implications of modern physics, an assessment of the traditional "proofs" for the existence of God, and an introduction to certain major biblical themes, such as the covenant or the rhythm of sin, judgment, and grace in the history of God and man. In addition he endeavors to outline a Christian anthropology, an interpretation of the sin and fall of man, a Christology (including a critical examination of the classical Christological formulas), a doctrine of the atonement, a sketch of the nature of the redeemed life, and a theological interpretation of man's cultural activity. By trying to handle such a large number of problems Jones is inescapably forced to deal with them in a sketchy manner.

Secondly, this book presents a somewhat erratic argument. Jones has drawn his materials and insights from a number of different sources, but he has not always succeeded in weaving them together very adequately. For example, he argues that the

books

dilemma of modern man is his cosmic alienation, his sense of being cut off from any meaningful relationship with the universe in which he finds himself. On the other hand, he argues that man's intuitive awareness of his contingency provides a kind of beginning for his faith in God the Creator! Can one really take seriously the cosmic despair reflected in contemporary literature and at the same time affirm the universality of man's "sense and taste for the Infinite"? Jones seems to want to do both, but by what sleight of hand does the void in contemporary literature become a positive and intrinsically meaningful consciousness of God?

Jones gives a prominent place to the covenant in developing his over-all understanding. In this connection he accents the triad of God, self, and neighbor and the community of relations which constitutes it. However, when he turns to a treatment

of man's sin, he appropriates rather uncritically Reinhold Niebuhr's picture of man and the "inevitability" of his sin, a picture which in the first instance deals with man without regard to the pattern of relationships which Jones has elsewhere called central. If the covenant and *agape* love are indeed the goal and ideal of creation, should not Jones develop his understanding of man and human sinfulness more in terms of the triad of God, self, and neighbor and its violation rather than in terms of the nature-spirit (or finitude-freedom) duality within man? These examples indicate that Jones has not reflected sufficiently on the implications and interrelationships of the materials he has utilized in developing his point of view.

Finally, all too frequently Jones simply repeats uncritically some of the stock assertions of contemporary theology. He reminds us more than once, for instance, of the shallow optimism of nineteenth-century man, of his belief in inevitable progress. In this regard it is interesting to note that Jones himself believes in continuing progress in at least one important respect—we have more insight into the true situation of man! So he speaks repeatedly of what we are "beginning to see . . ." or "coming to understand . . ." etc. Have we really surpassed the nineteenth century so much, or are we simply charged with the task of understanding the meaning of the gospel in a *different* (though not necessarily more opportune) situation? Or again, in somewhat standard fashion Jones parades before us Sartre, Camus, Kafka, Eliot, Faulkner, O'Neill, and others as the ones who provide the truest picture of the dilemma of modern man—indeed, not just of modern man, but of man as such. But can man's situation be so simply and neatly grasped? Is it not *much* more multiform? Might it not be the case, for example, that the confident and triumphant mood of the Negro mass meeting or the tentative hopes of the emerging nations of Africa and Asia express facets of the situation of modern man perhaps more important than the white, bourgeois point of view of a declining European culture? Even in the latter the replacement of new "gods" by a sense of meaninglessness does not seem to me to be so apparent as Jones would have us think, especially not in the United States—witness the vitality of the "far right," or the resurgence of nationalism and racism. Has not Jones fallen into the trap of seizing upon only one kind of example—and somewhat arbitrarily making that example normative?

This reviewer cannot avoid a sense of disappointment over this book's relative lack of freshness and its failure to be sufficiently critical of the ideas and insights it discusses. Because of these failures, I am not sure that it can do much to advance our understanding.

—THOMAS W. OGLETREE

Martin E. Marty, John G. Deedy, Jr., David W. Silverman, and Robert Lekachman, *The Religious Press in America*. New York, Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, 1963. 184 pp., \$4.

Study and analysis of the religious press in the United States has, strangely, been almost totally ignored by scholars and critics until the publication of this new volume. The lack of such serious study is all the more surprising in a culture currently obsessed with the projection of images, especially when



MONOPRINT

ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

Christians are obliged by their faith to be image-makers of the highest order. Americans have read and looked and consumed uncritically—at least since the advent of democratic romanticism in the early nineteenth century—so the dully parochial flavor of the American press in general is akin in part to the bland taste of the religious press. Readers who avidly purchase *Time*, *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, etc. (which furnish effortless, subliterate articles with a built-in emotional response) seldom will expect anything better from their church or synagogue.

The problem is subsumed in David Silverman's brief survey of "The Jewish Press": ethnocentricity. For Jews, the question is open as to whether ethnic ties constitute a proper religious response, whether those ties center in the ghetto or the state of Israel. But the problem has been compounded for Jews by the dependence of their subculture on European models—only since the ascendancy of reform Judaism have Jewish publications in English emerged. Silverman's essay is diagnostic, not prescriptive; he simply notes that, with the prophetic tradition downgraded into straightforward liberal activism and messianic hope sublimated into Hebrew nationalism, the only distinctive feature of Jewish publications (especially the best ones, *Commentary* and *Midstream*) is a vague nostalgia not so very different in substance from the frequent laments in *Playboy* and *Esquire* for network radio, Krazy Kat, or the Dusenbergs automobile.

For the Christian, however, cultural accommodation is taboo; Martin Marty ("The Protestant Press") and John Deedy, Jr. ("The Catholic Press") therefore present far more stringent analyses than Silverman while confirming that his indictment is basically accurate for the allegedly Christian magazines. Marty's verdict is that Protestant magazines (with the specific exceptions

of *Christianity and Crisis*, *The Christian Century*, and the *United Church Herald*) consistently—and almost belligerently—refuse to “live in the real world”—the phrase crescendos like an angry Wagnerian *leitmotif* through his essay. [motive, in Marty's opinion, “is an *avant-garde* Methodist student magazine which, while perhaps overly voguish, certainly reveals an intense preoccupation with the faith in the real world of the intelligentsia.”] The denominational magazines (“house organs”) defend the vast chimera of Christendom in a vital, secular, and revolutionary world; they reflect *McCall's* four-colorful dream of the Happy American Family, shocked sinless (and silent) by spiraling divorce and birth rates; they persist in denominational hoopla amidst ecumenism and cultural leveling; they greet the space age by calling John Glenn a good, down-to-earth Presbyterian. Marty lays the blame at the door of denominationalism, with its inherent myopia and monomania for building up institutions and laying up treasured statistics.

The Protestant magazines, with few exceptions, have a captive audience, and carefully reinforce their readers' pitifully circumscribed theology; the failure of the press has been the failure to redefine for its readers the limits of the Christian perspective. The failure is not complete, of course, and Marty is quick to point out the excellent records of some Protestant periodicals on some issues, especially the increasingly solid and unequivocal statements on racial justice. On the whole, however, Protestant periodicals have touted irrelevant black-and-white solutions to complex problems, especially the depersonalizing effects of modern society: they prefer to plump for personal piety rather than a genuine recovery of communal responsibility. And although Marty begins his essay by declaring his belief that most Protestant editors have higher aims and expectations for their magazines than do their denominational publishers, he concludes by holding that the Protestant press's poor performance is due not to censorship, but to mediocre aims. If this is a contradiction, it is probably due to oversight. But if it is not a contradiction, it is the most damning criticism of all.

Fr. Deedy's critique of the Catholic press is markedly similar to Marty's essay, though he attributes the source of the problem to control by the Hierarchy—both editorial, through censorship and proscription, and appointive, through the assignment of untrained and inexperienced novices to journalistic duty. The four really excellent Catholic periodicals are published independently—by laymen (*Commonweal*, *Jubilee*, *Ramparts*) or by a group of Jesuits with complete independence (*America*). Control, however, may have its bright side, and Deedy sees the possibility of new vitality for the Catholic press through dialogue with Protestants—the dialogue specifically ordered from Rome. The Catholic press is largely free of the cheap nationalism which drugs its Protestant counterparts; on the other hand, it is predictably more plagued by inability to come to terms with a secular, pluralistic society.

Insofar as an analysis of the religious press is also an analysis of the total religious situation, there is nothing new in this book for the religiously articulate reader: the problems are those already delineated by the growing host of radical critics in/of the American religious establishment. But the book is invaluable in its parallel critique of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish concerns—the sweep makes one dizzy, and the similarity of the authors' conclusions is a provocative, unexpected, backhand contribution to ecumenism. Too, the book is a reminder that at least one old journalistic saw is irrevocably true: that a publication, to be vital, must be both free of censorious control by its publisher and

directly personal in the writings of its editors and contributors, so that genuine dialogue may result. This truism is, after all, informed by a profoundly Christian understanding of ministry, and the circumscription of its ministry is the root sickness of American Christianity, Catholic and Protestant alike.

—AA

Walter James, *The Christian in Politics*. London and New York, Oxford University Press, 1962. 216 pp., \$5.

The basic question confronting Christian man is: What are the proper relationships between man and God? Inseparable from this question, however, is another issue of similar magnitude: What are the proper relationships and obligations between man and his fellowman—between man and society? In simpler terms, how shall we practice what we preach?

One traditional way of answering these inseparable questions has taken the form of paired concepts or paired realms, so much so that the whole history of Christian thought sometimes seems dominated by a sense of dualistic tension arising from paired but opposed notions. Christ himself initiated the dualistic tendency when he paired the rights of God with the rights of Caesar. Augustine continued the process by postulating the “heavenly city” and the “earthly city.” At about the same time Pope Gelasius contributed the “two swords” doctrine. In more recent years Niebuhr contrasted *Moral Man and Immoral Society* and later paired *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness*; even more recently he posed the dichotomy between the “impulse to perfection” and the “impulse to community.” The dualism also exists, of course, in such more common expressions as “church and state,” “the spiritual and the secular,” “the divine and the temporal,” *ad infinitum*.

Alongside the dualistic tradition, however, is another ancient although perhaps more muted theme: *unity*, or the idea of *oneness*. Whereas the dualistic approach seems to emphasize the ironic and the paradoxical, and tends to put man at the uncomfortable junction of irreconcilable forces, the unity approach—embodied in the thinking of Thomists, of supporters of the notion of natural law, and more recently most existentialists—appears at first glance to describe a more comfortable universe in which man is at home and as one with his God and his fellowmen. In this book James clearly subscribes to the unity concept and endorses the idea of natural law, but he is not wholly cheering.

Perhaps the most unusual aspect of James' discursive study is that he tackles head-on questions not ordinarily taken up either by professional or lay students in this area. Most of the traditional literature focuses on the desired relationships between abstract social institutions (i.e., “church and state”) or between abstract man and abstract society, but James is concerned with the proper relationship between very real human beings and equally real governments. Furthermore, he approaches this question from the rather unusual perspective of the individual man and, in an unintended paraphrase of President Kennedy, he in effect says: “Ask not what the state can do for the Christian [or, what the state has no right to do to or for that man], but rather, ask what the individual Christian should do for his state.”

James' book, in the first place, is a gently reasoned polemic which argues that Christian man should—indeed must—become active in politics if he is to serve best his God and his fellowman. In the second place, he examines the problems of choice and conscience which will then confront the Christian when he

tries to practice politics according to the teachings of his church. The book begins with a rambling introductory chapter in which most of the relevant questions are eventually posed, followed by two chapters unsystematically dealing with these issues in the historical context of the early church and then the church in the Middle Ages. By far the bulk of the book, however—Chapters Four through Eight—is an effort to examine the questions by reference to a series of cases and individuals in the relatively recent history of England. Chapter Nine breaks away from this perspective and focuses on Christian political parties “on the Continent” although even here the emphasis is on a comparison of the advantages and disadvantages of explicitly Christian political groupings in Europe as contrasted to the British (and American) experience where no party is explicitly Christian but where Christians presumably are free to work with any party. James, an Englishman with notable credentials both as an historian and as a newspaper editor, brings his impressive knowledge to bear in these analyses, but his focus is relatively narrow and parochial. At a time when gravest political problems seem to be those which divide peoples and nations according to differences in ideology, color, culture and economic attainment, it might have been useful to ask how the concerned Christian could best work to solve these enormous difficulties.

This particular omission is not the only unsatisfying aspect of James' work. He misses the point in concluding that Christ's forgiveness of Pilate may be taken as a symbol of God's eternal willingness to show a special forgiveness toward the nasty little duties which politicians perform. Pilate, after all, was no Christian, and one might suppose that even an infinitely tolerant God would expect a somewhat higher standard of performance from Christian politicians today now that he has given them almost two thousand years to get the hang of it. But if a reader would quibble with both commissions and omissions in James' book, his success in raising the right and the difficult questions surely transcends his shortcomings. It is easy enough to recite the old render-unto-Caesar doctrine, but James raises the far more precise and troubling question as to what Caesar and his men themselves—if they be Christians—should render unto their state and their fellow men in the name of their God.

—VINCENT DAVIS

William Carlos Williams, *Pictures From Brueghel and Other Poems*. New Directions. \$2.25 (paperbound).

This volume is a curious production. In the first place, it is misnamed. The title should also contain the words *and other books*. Both *The Desert Music and Other Poems* (1954) and



“That’s the trouble with us all. We’re not half taken up. And that unused portion drives us crazy.”

Journey to Love (1955) are reprinted in toto. Thus, three books in one. Secondly, the *Brueghel* volume, or section, is not at all a collection of recent poems, as is certainly intimated. Those critics who have been so claiming have my sympathy, but hardly my respect. They obviously haven't read the book: some of the *Brueghel* poems predate both the *Desert* and *Journey* volumes.

But enough of these academic irrelevancies. They will be a real hardship to some overworked, underpaid librarian; but they need not interest us. Williams is dead. That is of significance. There will be, incredibly enough, no more new poems. And there are poems in this *New Directions* volume that even his most ardent admirers may have missed (Williams rarely refused a poem to even the obscurest little mag). Randall Jarrell says somewhere that even a minor Williams poem bears studying. And if some of the poems in the *Brueghel* section seem extremely minor (it is probably significant that Williams excluded them from the *Desert* and *Journey* volumes), all are valuable—as befits a poet whom Kenneth Rexroth has termed, correctly, “the first American classic.”

It has to be admitted that the *Brueghel* section is weak. There are interests, and good poems, of course. A poem “To My Friend Ezra Pound” continues a record of that fascinating friendship. (As always, Williams is not one to mince words: “As a writer of poems/you show yourself to be inept not to say/usurious.”) There are the pleasures of the expected: warm poems to his wife, tender poems about birds and children, the lyrics that dozens of poets have unsuccessfully imitated: “view of winter trees/before/one tree/in the foreground/where/by fresh-fallen/snow/lie 6 woodchucks ready/for the fire” (“Jersey Lyric”). But there is also one of those gaucheries that, too, were a part of Williams: “. . . how/shall we/escape this modern/age/and learn/to breathe again” (from “An Exercise”). I can't imagine anyone willing to imitate that sort of Ayn Randism. Much better is the *Brueghel* cycle itself: ten poems, each relating to a specific *Brueghel* painting. Especially good is “Landscape with the Fall of Icarus,” which Williams nicely manages to turn into a parable of the world (“the whole pageantry/of the year was/awake . . .”) and its enormous disinterest in the plight of the artist within that world (“a splash quite unnoticed/this was/Icarus drowning”).

The *Desert* volume has always impressed me with its insistence upon two themes that obsessed Williams more and more as he grew older: the ultimate worth and essential nature of poetry, and the idea of man as poet. “No ideas but in things,” that favorite war cry of Williams, has been discarded in these poems. “Be patient that I address you in a poem,/there is no other/fit medium./The mind/lives there. It is uncertain,/can trick us and leave us/agonized. But for resources/what can equal it?/There is nothing” (from “To Daphne and Virginia”). “How shall we get said what must be said?/Only the poem” he writes in the long title poem. And later in the same poem: “Why/does one want to write a poem?/Because it's there to be written.”

In many ways, the *Journey* volume is his best. “For what good is it to me/if you can't understand it?” he long ago asked in a poem entitled “January Morning.” In *Journey to Love* the understanding is there for everyone except those without a largeness of heart. Fully half of the book is taken up by

“Asphodel, That Greeny Flower.” It is a long poem addressed to his wife. It is a love poem that could not be put off much longer: “Listen while I talk on/against time./It will not be/for long.” Fittingly, Williams selects the Asphodel, that traditional flower of death, to serve as his key symbol. “I have learned much in my life/from books/and out of them/about love./Death/is not the end of it.” Auden has rightly called this “one of the most beautiful love poems in the language.” But long as it is, lovely as it is, it cannot completely eclipse some of the shorter poems in the volume. The more familiar, and thus perhaps the truer, Williams is in such poems as “A Negro Woman,” “To a Man Dying on His Feet,” “The King!” and “Address” (these last two defend, respectively, Nell Gwyn and Robert Burns). The compassion in these poems is rare in any time, and sadly strange today. Finally, in “The Sparrow” he uses the image of a dead sparrow (“flattened to the pavement”) as a symbol of his own, inevitable death. If nothing else, he remarks, the bird had been *alive*, it had done *something*. Value judgments? They are to be left to others, to those who feel so qualified. For Williams, it is enough to say: “This was I,/a sparrow./I did my best;/farewell.” He will be long missed.

—R. R. CUSCADEN

Gerald Clark, *The Coming Explosion in Latin America*. New York, McKay, 1962. 436 pp., \$6.75.

“In Brazil they are called *favelas*, in Argentina they are *poblaciones callampas*, in Colombia they are *bohilas*, in Venezuela they are *ranchos*, in Peru they are *barriadas*, and they all mean the same: slums. One third to one half of the people in the principal cities of each of these countries live in a nightmare of depression and squalor unequaled even in Shanghai.” (p. 7)

Canadian journalist and author Gerald Clark uses these words to begin a nonsentimental journey into the heart of Latin America. Personalities, conditions and issues are recorded with deep empathy—at times approaching sadness. One cannot read this book without at least partially sharing the author's personal frustration and agony as he witnesses untold poverty, vast political ambiguity and the growing mystique of *Fidelismo* among the disenfranchised.

Perhaps the most distressing, and really the fundamental concern of this book is Clark's analysis of U.S.-Latin American relations. The major problems of poverty, political instability and social distortion are intimately bound with relationships that exist between this nation and countries to the south. For instance, Jose Figueres, president of Costa Rica, points out that, in his country, coffee is transported in a truck made in Detroit, where a worker earns as much as \$20 a day. In exchange, coffee for which producers pay their workers only \$1.50 per day, is sent to the U.S. Such wide economic discrepancies result in a slow rate of economic growth and the perpetuation of certain inequities. The trend in Latin America is steadily in the direction of higher prices for imported, manufactured products and declining prices for exported raw materials (e.g., the price of coffee, the most important export in Latin America, dropped 8 per cent in 1961 and 1962 alone).

One of the real hindrances to healthy economic growth in Latin America is that private investors are hard to find. Most wealthy Latins prefer to “capitalize” Swiss banks. American

interests, with a few notable exceptions, will enter the market only if a highly favorable return on investments is guaranteed, and if American capital is protected from the caprices of political life. The former condition is ordinarily considered more achievable than the latter. The Alliance for Progress, of course, is designed to stimulate social and economic development, but the program's effectiveness depends heavily on private investment and on certain basic reforms such as land distribution. U.S. personnel responsible for administering the fund have no means of enforcing these conditions, and to date there is little indication that landowners and politicians will advocate measures which threaten or dilute their personal interests. Thus Clark believes the Alliance program to be a noble gesture in the right direction but destined to failure unless clearly tied to drastic reform measures. Without these measures he predicts that in many instances the money will be used to pay off debts and trade deficits, a practice already begun in some countries.

Behind these economic matters, however, is a situation of wealth and poverty which originated with the intrusion of the Spanish conquistadores. The exploitation of Indian societies by a powerful European oligarchy eventuated in a deep cleavage between the powerful, rich minority and a subdued, economically deprived majority. It is between these poles that the current drama of revolution is being rehearsed.

As a case in point, the Northeast of Brazil is one of the most desperate parts of the continent. Clark describes as follows:

"... half of Recife's 800,000 inhabitants live in such squalid *favela* (slum) surroundings that, by comparison, Shanghai's slums are almost opulent. Sea water seeps through the ground, making it perennially mucky and smelly. . . . The compensation is that rats have forsaken these damp habitations for higher ground. The only life sustained is that of the human being, who also, when driven by hunger, moves farther into the city to forage through sewers for edible crabs. Drinking water is sold by commercial vendors, and if money is lacking so is this essential. Some of the *favelas* are in more favorable positions, alongside the garbage dumps filled with refuse from the homes of the ninety or so sugar planters who dominate the coastal strip. One hundred thousand of Recife's people are totally unemployed and spend their time scavenging, another 300,000 work a day or two a week. . . . In Recife there are no television antennas over the *favelas*, there are no escapist playgrounds, there are no signs of hope." (pp. 200-201)

In the countryside Clark describes conditions whereby the peasant must forfeit half his produce to the landowner, as well as provide him with personal services for ninety-nine days a year. In some villages in this area not a single newborn reaches its first birthday. This area is plagued by severe droughts that lay waste to crops and human beings. And it is an area where the name of Francisco Juliao symbolizes a glimmer of hope. Juliao, a moderately successful lawyer in Recife, has been defending peasants against landowners in a struggle to obtain basic human rights for them. The peasants are learning the power of collective action, such as sitting on land until it is turned over to them by governmental decree. Thus Juliao has organized Peasant Leagues. In 1962 there were more than one hundred leagues with 80,000 active followers who had taken over 25,000 acres of land in Northeast Brazil.

Variations of this kind of unrest are to be found in all parts

of Latin America. Clark indicates that forces of change are originating in the Left and moderate Left, much to the consternation and distress of U.S. observers. The fact is, however, that while the U.S. might wish for a dramatic leap from feudalism to capitalism in one generation (or even in one election!) it is far more likely that in many Latin American countries societies closely akin to Socialism will evolve. The pressures for change are great and uncontainable. The question is whether or not conservative Latin interests and the U.S. Government will support economic and political alterations that do not look like free enterprise or Washington-on-the-Potomac.

Unfortunately, says Clark, our Latin friends have good memories and most of them do not trust the U.S. The Bay of Pigs only reinforced long-held suspicions of U.S. interests in the Caribbean. Mexico holds bitter recollections of territorial struggles with the U.S., while Nicaragua knows full well the might and significance of U.S. Marines on its soil. The history of U.S. activity, especially in the Caribbean countries, is ambiguous perhaps only to North Americans. To Latins, says Clark, it is all too clear: U.S. intervention when our interests are at stake. Time after time the U.S. has allied itself with the oligarchs and militarists in the middle of a crisis, the persons most anxious to preserve the status quo! There have been some bright moments such as the U.S. support in ending the Trujillo regime in the Dominican Republic. But a sad sequel is the current hint that American oil interests may have played a role in supporting the conservative military junta that removed Juan Bosch, the first president to be elected after the reign of the Trujillos. Bosch was reported to be a moderate of the Left, a man of intellect and vision who might eventually have unified and strengthened his people through a series of much needed reforms.

The fundamental question for the U.S. and for the sources of power in Latin America is whether or not we are able to confront a challenge so bold and immediate. If our response is to be creative, traditional ways of thinking must be revised. "Normal" trade and investment may be wholly inadequate to speed the development of emerging societies in Latin America and elsewhere. What is intervention and what is not intervention, both for the United States and for other powers related to Latin America? The Monroe Doctrine may have described the foreign policy of an era, but that era is gone.

Not the least of this book's virtues is a thorough, provocative discussion of Cuba under Castro. Clark warns that while many influential Latins have rejected Fidel Castro, they have nevertheless understood and applauded the intent and essential form of his revolution. *Fidelismo*, says the author, is a tangible hope that has grasped the imagination of peasants and university students alike. He sees it as a vibrant concept which may be applied in a modified way to the national illnesses of several Latin American countries.

In his concluding paragraphs Clark calls for bold, imaginative intervention in Latin American affairs by the United States. He asks for those energies and resources that naturally support the creative, emancipating forces already at work in Latin America. Such a "new look" would indeed be exciting and difficult. It would at least require a revolution in American thought and political ideology . . . and there isn't time.

—WILLIAM CORZINE

contributors

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Boston University. **BOOK REVIEWERS** this month include: **MICHAEL NOVAK**, currently residing in Rome to observe the Council; **THOMAS OGLETREE**, assistant professor of religion at Birmingham-Southern College; **VINCENT DAVIS**, assistant professor of International Relations, University of Denver; **R. R. CUSCADEN**, well-known poet, and editor of *Midwest*; and **WILLIAM CORZINE**, staff counselor to the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement.

ARTISTS include **ROBERT HODGELL**, art professor at Florida Presbyterian College (graphic art and photography); **JEAN PENLAND**, Abingdon Press artist, Nashville (India ink drawings); **MARGARET RIGG**, *motive* art editor (graphic art and ink drawings); **ELIZABETH EDDY**, Chicago graphic artist who is a newcomer contributing some excellent woodcut prints; **OTIS HUBAND**, Ocean City, Virginia, art professor (graphic art); **HANS ORLOWSKI**, Berlin, Germany, artist also contributing for the first time an excellent

wood engraving print; **BEN SHAHN**, New York City artist (ink drawing courtesy of *The Massachusetts Review*, Winter, 1962); **JIM CRANE**, art professor at Florida Presbyterian College (cartoon). **Note:** page one art by permission from the Board of Christian Education of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

POETS include: **DUANE LOCKE** teaches at the University of Tampa. His poetry has appeared previously in *Targets*, *Nimrod*, and *Bitterroot*, among others. **JOYCE ODAM** writes: "I shy away from personal revelations in these biographical things. I want my poetry to be the stage and the occupant . . . unadorned by me as a possible influence." She lives in Sacramento, California. **NIEL HANCOCK** writes both poetry and fiction at his home in Lubbock, Texas. **FRANK MERCHANT** teaches and writes at Union College in Barbourville, Kentucky. **WALTER L. HOWARD, JR.** teaches history at the University of Dubuque. His collection, *Seed Upon the Wilderness*, was just published.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF OCTOBER 23, 1962; SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher and editor are: Publisher: The Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church, Nashville, Tennessee; Editor: B. J. Stiles, Nashville, Tennessee.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities. (If there are none, so state.)

There are none.

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B. J. STILES, Editor



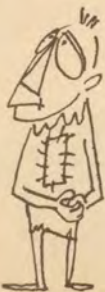
USE ME, LORD! USE ME!



I'LL GO ANYWHERE



—DO ANYTHING



SUFFER SUBJECT POVERTY,
MAKE ANY SACRIFICE . . .



EVEN MARTYRDOM



WELL, STUDYING
WASN'T EXACTLY
WHAT I HAD IN
MIND.



The ministry of Eddie Lee McCall to motive concludes this month. She retires after twenty-five years of patient understanding, benign forbearance, and indefatigable humor. A former employee of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, she stayed on in Nashville, her native city, when that Board moved to New York with the unification of Methodism in 1939. She then became an employee of the Board of Education, and her years of service parallel the inauguration and growth of motive.

She has given service not unlike pastoral care to errant late subscribers, to even more errant editors and editorial colleagues, and to countless students and staff at student conferences throughout the nation. Her ministrations have been those of a chirographer who loves the word and enjoys seeing it find its finest expression in print. Her only "forbidden territory" in the magazine has been the graphic arts, and here—often with tight lip and resigned smile—she has remained silent except for the descriptive by-lines and prolix explanations.

Early in motive's life—during the Second World War—there were editorial skirmishes with church authorities and others which posed a fatal threat to the whole enterprise. Throughout this domestic ecclesiastical war, Eddie Lee McCall stood firm for the magazine. This support—clearly voiced and known in her hometown environs—meant suffering a kind of derision and

some outright persecution. Her loyalty and strength have been characteristic of her entire relationship to the magazine.

Her forbearance and support have been the bread of life to four editors, countless editorial assistants, art editors, secretaries, and scores of colleagues in higher education. Many of these are still related to Miss McCall, for hers was never just a job but a place to serve and befriend others. In the long days—and many nights (particularly the first ten)—of the past twenty-five years there has never been expressed an unwillingness to accept the routine, the too meager salaries, the unending flow of mundane details, and the occasional recalcitrance of those about her. She has run the gamut of jobs in the publishing trade, and when she did not feel competent because of lack of training or experience, she eagerly made it her business to learn.

The continuing link in motive's chain will soon be broken, but because of Eddie Lee McCall, the chain of twenty-five years is strong. In her work is the evidence of a great ministry of a person ordained by her own character to do a great job quietly. The church and journalism are better for her life.

THE EDITORS

Harold Ehrensperger	1940-1950
Roger Ortmyer	1950-1957
Jameson Jones	1957-1960
B. J. Stiles	1960-