

1963 · Motive · december

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CHRISTMAS

Christmas Day in Venice

R. Tolozko '66

DEC 16 1963

MOTIVE MAGAZINE

POST OFFICE BOX 871, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37202

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front cover art: christmas day in venice by raymond toloczko, watercolor, ink, and collage, 1956.

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motive is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation through the National Student Christian Federation. Published monthly, October through May, by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church; John O. Gross, General Secretary. Copyright © 1963 by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

Subscription Rates: individual subscription, 8 issues, \$3. Single copies, 50 cents. Optional discount subscription plans for groups handling their own distribution are available; information on request.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tennessee, under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1102, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized July 5, 1918.



... AND THE LORD WHOM YE SEEK,

SHALL SUDDENLY COME TO HIS TEMPLE, EVEN THE
MESSENGER OF THE COVENANT, WHOM YE
DELIGHT IN; BEHOLD, HE SHALL COME, SAITH
THE LORD OF HOSTS;



Mao

When they asked me for an interview and took my picture as I painted with brush and ink, I thought no harm would come of it, and some Koreans might even be pleased to know that an American was studying at Seoul National University. And there was one, a high school girl from Pusan, whose response was so enthusiastic and so beautiful that I could not ignore it. She must have been a romantic, for she said I looked like Venus, and she wanted to call me "sister."

With more curiosity than caution, I answered her, and wondered what might grow through such a correspondence. The picture she sent showed her face to be sensitive, quiet, a little pensive, somewhat like the letters she wrote, filled with quiet yearnings. Her letters always began with a description of the wind blowing in from the sea, or the sound of the

rain, insistent and sad outside her window. How could I know that her creative mind was weaving fantasies, stories I took for facts: her father was seriously ill of cancer, probably dying, and she had to work hard to care for him; her mother worked at a girls' high school in Pusan, so didn't have enough time for him. She would graduate from high school very soon, and wanted to become a writer, but it was hard to find time to write since she was always near her father. My heart went out to her, for my own father had died recently, and I wanted to comfort her, encourage her. I sent her a copy of Psalm 32, although I knew she wasn't a Christian.

My hope that our relationship would grow toward removing the many barriers between us was threatened when she said her mother would be in Seoul soon, and wanted to see me, to ask a small favor. A favor—how many Koreans ask favors of Americans! Was she just another self-seeker, wanting me for a friend so I could help her? Couldn't we be friends just as two persons? Why must we remember that I am an American—rich, favored by history—and she a Korean—poor, crushed by history? Couldn't the barriers of race, language, religion, money, history be broken by friendship? In her, I hoped, and waited.

It was late at night when her mother came, apprehensive, into my small room. Her hands—rough, brown, trembling a little—made my smooth, white fingers into those of a queen. Her face—lined, gaunt, tired—could not hide the years of poverty, illness, and insecurity. I wanted to breathe life into her, to give her something. Hope or love. But she wanted only one thing, a job for her daughter. I must know many Americans, and maybe I could arrange something, she pleaded.

Not ready to answer, I mentioned her sick father, and gave my sympathies in stumbling Korean. Her answer, hesitant and hushed, startled me: "She lied to you." A look of sorrow flickered over her mother's face, and I suddenly realized the vanished pride, the desperation that brought the woman to my room. "Her father died ten years ago, and I have worked

AND FOR ALL

by MARIAN M. THOMAS

as a cook since then. She cannot finish her last year of high school because I do not have enough money to pay tuition," she apologized. "Her father is dead?" I whispered unbelievably, trying to remember what other things I had taken as true. Her mother seemed to be interceding for her: "She didn't know that you live just like a Korean, in a small house, with little money. She thought you, an American, could not understand her miserable situation, and she wanted to hide it from you." How could I be angry? Wouldn't I have done the same thing? What words, thoughts, actions would I be driven to by endless poverty and insecurity?

In the hurt of being deceived, I needed and wanted, somehow, to break through the wall between us: her fear that I would pity her, misunderstand her, and my fear that she would use me, deceive me again. How I wanted her to be able to tell me her true situation, to call me "sister" without some hidden motivation! I begged her mother to tell her that I could understand why she had lied, but I could not, as her sister, allow her to continue lying. Yes, I forgave her, I was not angry, I assured her mother. On an impulse, I hurriedly wrapped up a ring of mine, a small silver and turquoise one, and asked that it be given to her.

"Yes, I'll try to help her find a job," I said weakly, as we walked out into the night, toward the alley; she leaned heavily on my arm, and her hand was old in mine. "If only I could be close to you," I furtively wished within myself.

How halfheartedly I tried! I felt a traitor to her high hopes that I would find a job, to her thankfulness for my continuing friendship despite her lying. I was ashamed, but I could not get rid of the resentment I felt for her asking a favor of me. Finally, having received negative replies to a few inquiries, I wrote that I couldn't find any way to help her, but I hoped we would continue our friendship. If I had written boldly and truthfully, I would have said, "Please! Don't let our love depend on my doing favors for you! Love me as a person, as I love you as yourself!"

The passing months underlined my bitter conclusion: her love *had* depended on what she could get from me, and the wall could not be broken. The haves and the have-nots could never be reconciled, there was nothing to be done. I added her name to the list of people and events which had disappointed me, and by the time I was ready to leave Korea, I had convinced myself that my hope of reconciliation could never be realized.

Why then did my heart leap so with the voice: "There's a girl standing outside who wants to see you. She says she is from Pusan." It was late, only thirty minutes before curfew, and tomorrow I would be on my way back to America. But I forgot my tiredness and the neglected details of my departure, and hurried out into the dark yard. Dark, but I saw her face clearly—more mature than the picture, more pensive. She smiled shyly and took my hand, leading me out toward the alley. On her finger was the small silver and turquoise ring, and its being there sent a shiver of amazement and expectation through me. Her long dark braids swung over her thin cotton blouse as she spoke softly, in the sing-song accent of Pusan, "I knew you were leaving soon, and I had to see you."

Outside in the alley, the familiar weathered shops, walls, roofs, and street lights imprinted themselves on my memory, and accompaniment for her voice: her past, her love for me, her lies and feeling of shame and guilt, her joy in our friendship. Arm in arm, feeling bodily the reunion of our spirits, we wandered down the alley, and I cursed the curfew that would end these moments of truth. Pausing under a dim street light, she pulled a small box out of her worn purse, and saying, "Please wear this," slipped a small gold ring into my hand. It glimmered as I put it on, matching the shine of the silver band on her finger. Not talking, silent in understanding, we walked slowly back up the alley. I would not see her again, perhaps, but that was not the thought which filled me. Rather, I knew I had been wrong. The wall was broken, once, and for all.



the poetry of Carlos Drummond de Andrade

BY JOHN NIST

CARLOS DRUMMOND DE ANDRADE is the greatest living poet of Brasil. The work of Drummond is distinguished by the attributes of artistic supremacy: originality, intensity, variety, and amplitude. Drummond, as of 1962, had published ten major volumes of poetry: *Alguma Poesia* (1925-30), *Brejo das Almas* (1931-34), *Sentimento do Mundo* (1935-40), *José* (1941-42), *A Rosa do Povo* (1943-45), *Novos Poemas* (1946-47), *Claro Enigma* (1948-51), *Fazendeiro do Ar* (1952-53), *A Vida Passada a Limpo* (1954-58), and *Licao de Coisas* (1959-62). The first nine volumes have been collected into *Poemas* (1959), a book that runs to 359 pages of rather closely printed text. Thus the amplitude.

Mere size of poetic output, however, is of secondary importance. It is the quality of the quantity that really counts. And the percentage of Drummond's artistic success is very high. The quality of the work, moreover, is a true image of the quality of the man, for above all else Carlos Drummond de Andrade is a perfectionist. It is this attribute of perfectionism in him that dictates much of Drummond's passion

for social justice and compassion for human suffering, much of his personal reserve and shyness, his sense of temperamental inadequacy and moral failure, his humility and heroic dedication in the presence of his art. It is this attribute of perfectionism that accounts for his insistence on his own human impossibility, his own isolation and abstraction, that makes him emphasize the internal and psychological state, the confessional soliloquy as perhaps the best means of expression. He forces his art to operate by means of irony and humor, satire and cynical wit, brutal tenderness and faithful despair: all the tactics of an idealist who avoids being completely crushed by the oppressive sense of reality through an oblique approach to it, a reversal statement of it, a passive-resistance surrender to it.

Born in Itabira, in the state of Minas Gerais, on October 31, 1902, Carlos Drummond de Andrade burst upon the artistic consciousness of Brasil with the publication of his first volume of poetry in Belo Horizonte in 1930. By that time the first phase of the Modernist Movement, led by Mario de Andrade and Manuel Bandeira, had about exhausted its intel-

lectual orgy of negation. The sonnet, rhyme, regular meter, and academic phraseology had gone down before the total warfare of the Modernists. Free verse had divorced itself from conventional Portuguese syntax and the falsely poetic; the Brazilian line had taken on humor and could now substitute the direct image for both the general and the allegorical image; form and emotion could correspond at last in the simultaneity of the lyrical state with its expression. And thus it was that in *Alguma Poesia* Drummond represented the general aesthetic position, accepted in Brasil ever since the Symbolists, of opposition to the cliché, to stylized "poetic" diction and "appropriate" literary convention. Like his Modernist predecessors, Drummond united the universal with the intimately personal in his work; and like them, he permitted no limitations upon his poetry: neither musical, rhythmical, conceptual, social, nor euphemistic.

But there was a difference. In the Rebellion of 1930, Drummond championed facility and the uncharacteristic, but in his work the word itself became a concrete thing with special weight, sound, unique meaning—an irreplaceable entity. For Drummond especially, the word meant more than merely a tool and a means; it became an end in itself and the very basis of poetry. He created a curious juxtaposition of the scholarly word with the vulgar, and thus modern Brazilian literature achieved through his poetry the ennoblement of regionalistic and popular expressions. As a master of the delayed cultural envelope, the interpretive reference, Drummond has always delighted in a partial and temporary obscurity. His fellow countrymen also enjoy in his poetry the qualities of sensuous correspondences, synaesthesias, apparent contradictions, anthropomorphizations, dehumanizations, objectifications of the abstract, and subjectifications of the concrete.

Believing that rhyme is useless unless the words agree in an association of ideas, Drummond in 1930 dropped his new approach to poetry into the Modernist Movement in Brasil like the stone he saw in the middle of the road ("No meio do caminho"):

*In the middle of the road was a stone
was a stone in the middle of the road
was a stone
in the middle of the road was a stone.*

*I shall never forget that event
in the life of my so tired eyes.
I shall never forget that in the middle of the road
was a stone
was a stone in the middle of the road
in the middle of the road was a stone.*

The most popular present-day Brazilian novelist, Erico Verissimo, has said that the reaction to Drummond's "stone lying in the middle of the road" was to call its author mad from schizophrenia. The Modernists who came to the defense of Drummond, however, contended that the poem is psychologically sound. For them it represented the "drama of obsessing ideas."

Much of Drummond's poetry moves upon the drama of obsessing ideas. He is obsessed with several convictions of the perfectionist: that he is impossible, that language is absolutely insufficient for the needs of communication, that life is ineffable, that the social order is filled with an injustice of which there is no final resolution, that even though love turns out to be materially useless, one must love in order that existence may become its own essence. These and similar ideas flow from the soul of a man who will admit to no compromise of what should be in the name of what is. This nonadmission of compromise in Drummond is but an outward sign of the inner man: his utterly courageous and incorruptible honesty with the human situation, the word, and himself.

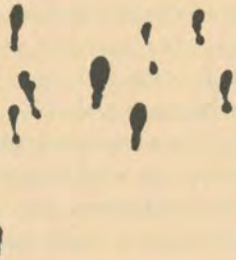
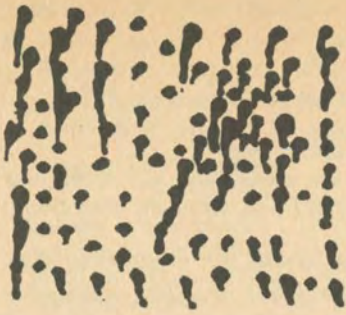
This integrity, joined with his laconic reserve, sets him apart from his countrymen. Thus the greatest modern poet of Brasil is not typically Brazilian. Like the sublime novelist Machado de Assis (1839-1908) before him, Drummond dislikes and mistrusts the condoric Latin eloquence of the tropics. Whereas the rhetorician will deceive others and the sentimentalist himself, Drummond seeks to convey in his poetry a hard and spare classical vision of reality. In so seeking, of course, he bears witness to both his ancient ancestry and his early environment, for he is a curious mixture of Scot and Mineiro. Perhaps it is this very transplant of royal Scottish blood to the literally rusty hills of Minas Gerais that evoked the following confession from Drummond ("Confidencia do Itabirano"):

*That's why I'm sad, proud: made of iron.
Ninety per cent iron in the sidewalks.
Eighty per cent iron in the souls.
And this alienation from everything in life that is open and
talkative.*

At any rate, it was from the little mining town of Itabira that Drummond got his will to love and his habit of suffering: two key factors in his growth and evolution as a poet.

The will to love in Drummond motivates his social consciousness to create on behalf of the poor and exploited masses of Brasil. As the very center of

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the socio-political trend of the second phase of Brazilian Modernism, Drummond has been—and continues to be—the high priest of compassionate protests against the evils of an unjust world where imbalance of trade, one-crop domination of an agricultural economy, depreciation of the value of the cruzeiro, continual escalation of the cost of living, an inadequate system of transportation and communication, grossly unequal distribution of national wealth, underdevelopment of the Brazilian interior, corruption among government officials, widespread illiteracy and poverty and disease, and the resultant effect of drastically lowering the life-expectancy—all combine to utterly exhaust human hope. Out of the strength of his own despair, Drummond took up the tactics of combative affirmations. His vocabulary became increasingly colloquial, realistic, almost naive, and full of verbal repetition. That repetition, in turn, moved from simple imitation to rhetorical linking, poetical leitmotif, and philosophical refrain. Whereas Manuel Bandeira builds language associations around proverbs, popular expressions, and fashionable phrases, Drummond executes mechanical associations on different models in order to indicate the states of surrender in a multiple personality which moves from the rational to the automatic. All these qualities in the creative process of Drummond can be clearly seen in "José," so popular a poem as to have become a Brazilian national institution:

*E agora, Jose?
A festa acabou,
a luz apagou,
o povo sumiu,
a noite esfriou,
e agora, Jose?
e agora, voce?
voce que e sem nome,
que zomba dos outros,
voce que faz versos,
que ama, protesta?
e agora, Jose?*

*Esta sem mulher,
esta sem discurso,
esta sem carinho,
ja nao pode beber,
ja nao pode fumar,
cuspir ja nao pode,
a noite esfriou,
o dia nao veio,
o bonde nao veio,
o riso nao veio,
nao veio a utopia
e tudo acabou
e tudo fugiu
e tudo mofou,
e agora, Jose?*

*E agora, Jose?
Sua doce palavra,
seu instante de febre,
sua gula e jejum,
sua biblioteca,
sua lavra de ouro,
seu terno de vidro,
sua incoerencia,
seu odio—e agora?*

*Com a chave na mao
quer abrir a porta,
nao existe porta;
quer morrer no mar,
mas o mar secou;
quer ir para Minas,
Minas nao ha mais.
Jose, e agora?*

*Se voce gritasse,
se voce gemesse,
se voce tocasse
a valsa vienense,
se voce dormisse,
se voce cansasse,
se voce morresse . . .
Mas voce nao morre,
voce e duro, Jose!*

*Sozinho no escuro
qual bicho-do-mato,
sem teogonia,
sem parede nua
para se encostar,
sem cavalo preto
que fuja a galope,
voce marcha, Jose!
Jose, para onde?*

*What now, Jose?
The party's over,
the lights are off,
the gang has gone,
the night's grown cold,
what now, Jose?
what now, you?
you who are nameless,
who make fun of others,
you who write verses,
who love, protest,
what now, Jose?*

*Got no woman,
got no speech,
got no love,
can't drink,
can't smoke,
can't even spit,
the night's grown cold,
daybreak has stalled,
the streetcar has stalled,
laughter has stalled,
utopia has stalled,
and everything's over,
and everything's fled,
and everything's mouldy,
what now, Jose?*

*What now, Jose?
Your sweet talk,
your moment of fever,
your feasting and fasting,
your library,
your gold mine,
your suit of glass,
your incoherence,
your hatred—what now?*

*Key in hand,
you want to open the door—
there is no door;
you want to drown in the sea,
but the sea has dried up;
you want to go to Minas—
Minas no longer exists;
Jose, what now?*

*If you could scream,
if you could groan,
if you could play
a Viennese waltz,
if you could sleep,
if you could tire,
if you could die . . .
But you don't die—
you are tough, Jose.*

*Alone in the dark
like a beast of the wild,
without any theory of gods,
without even a naked wall
to lean against,
without a black horse
to gallop away,
you march, Jose!
Whereto, Jose?*

The poem "José" is an excellent example of Drummond's belief that there is no resolution of injustice in this world. Failure in the social order is to be expected. As Drummond says in "O boi," there is a profound aloneness, the suffering of millions

without a curse, the writhing of men who do not let a word of complaint pass their lips. This injustice, furthermore, produces a heroic stoicism in the suffering men that isolates them, like Drummond, in the ineffable experience:

*The city cannot be explained
and the houses have no meaning.*

The only means of attaining explanation and meaning is love, but love does not blow up its storm into the crowded human street. For Drummond, the weather of profiteering, of materialism, remains steady. And because it does, the ox—symbol of exploited man—remains alone, and

In the immense field: the oil derrick.

The materialism represented by the oil derrick joins with the inadequacy of language to make it impossible for Drummond to compose a poem at this point in the evolution of mankind. That is the ironic contention of the poet in "O sobrevivente." Since the death of the last troubadour in 1914, terribly complicated machines take care of the most basic needs:

*If you want to smoke a cigar, push a knob.
Coats button themselves by electricity.
Love is made via radiogram.
Digestion requires no stomach.*

In an uninhabitable world that becomes more and more crowded, Drummond is glad that he will be dead before civilization reaches a reasonable standard of culture. Glad, because seriously, tragically, he sees that

*Men do not improve
and they kill one another like bugs.*

That sight is enough to make eyes cry so as to produce a second flood. And from those tears, Drummond suspects that he has done the impossible: written a poem.

Drummond, the idealist, clearly reveals his oblique approach to reality, his reversal statement of it, his passive-resistance surrender to it, in the satirically ironic "Cancao do berco." In this cradle song, Drummond—like Shakespeare's Antony—states the direct opposite of what he intends. Thus in a world that bears the alias "Not Important," love and flesh and life are of little value: artificial insemination takes the place of the first, death dissolves the second, and not even suffering remains constant in the third. Under such a devastating reduction of every-

thing to the meanest level of existence, it follows that

*Kisses are not important.
In your time there will be no kisses.
Lips will be metallic;
civil, and nothing else, will be the love
of personalities lost in the great blob. . . .*

The crowning irony, of course, is that under the guise of prophecy the poet has succeeded in describing the present in a dehumanized world devoid of compassion.

In such a world of continual failure in the social order, the only hope for success remains with the individual, who in a time of absolute purification comes to realize, as Drummond does in "Os ombros suportam o mundo," that to die is useless, that life is an order. What kind of life? Merely life, without mystification. The kind of elemental identity in existence that remains after a man has suffered the devastating reduction through all outward appearances back to his soul, stripped of all ornamentation and musical commentary. Such a reduction proves to a man ("Passagem do ano"):

*The comfort of getting drunk.
The comfort of dancing and shouting,
the comfort of the bright red ball,
the comfort of Kant and poetry,
all of them . . . and none is a solution.*

Since life, for Drummond, is fat, oily, dead, unauthorized, the only hope for a solution lies in a surrender to life ("Passagem da noite"):

*To exist: no matter how.
The fraternal delivery of bread.
To love: even in songs.
To walk again: the distances,
the colors, the possession of streets.
Everything we lost at night
is ours in trust once more.
Thank you, faithful things!
To know that still there are forests,
bells, words; that the earth
continues to rotate, and time
has not withered; that we are not dissolved!
To suck the taste of day!
Thank you, bright morning:
how essential it is to live!*

It is this very surrender to life that permits him to look at potentially tragic situations with a touch of humor. Thus in "Consolo na praia," he can remind one who has lost childhood, youth, three love affairs, and his best friend that he owns a dog. In the poem "Aurora," the world is going to end at 7:45, but the

poet—drunk on a streetcar—listens to an invitation to go dancing, even though there is no music. Despite the fact that the world is beyond repair and everybody (grammarian, lover, playboy, recluse) is about to set sail for eternity, the drunken poet extends the heard invitation to dance, because

*Children are being born
with such spontaneity
Death will come later,
like a sacrament.*

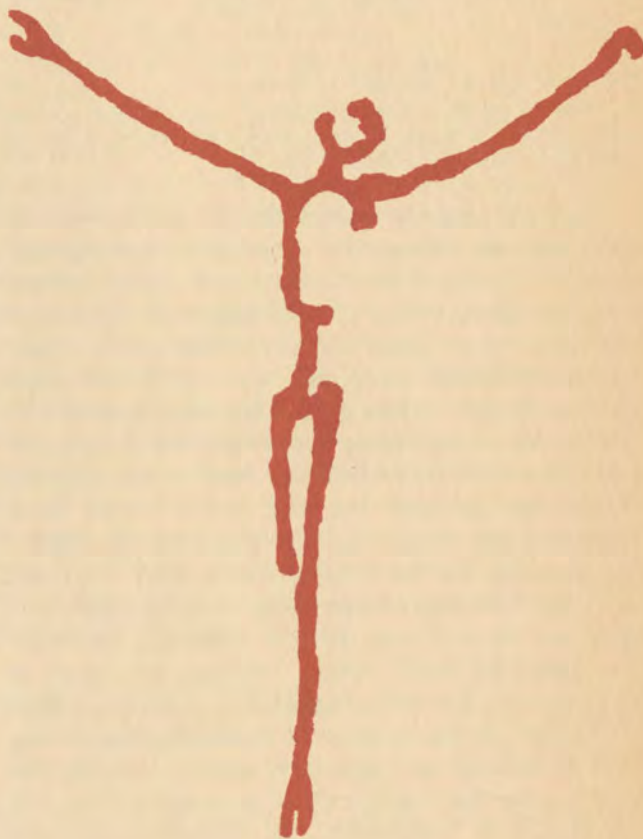
It is this very surrender to life that lets Drummond unite all humanity in the tragi-comic symbol of love and failure in the twentieth century: Charlie Chaplin, the Hitlerian-mustached little Jew, with his walking stick, top hat, and melancholy eyes. In Chaplin, Drummond sees the universal archetype of rejected man, who nevertheless overcomes hunger, cheats brutality, and prolongs love "like a secret spoken in the ear of a man of the people fallen in the street." Thus from his vision in "Canto ao homem do povo Charlie Chaplin," Drummond can rightfully claim to speak with the multitongued voice of human anguish in the accent of compassion:

*Through me speak those who were dirty with sadness and a
fierce disgust for everything,
who entered the movie house with the anguish of rats run-
ning away from life,
there are two hours of anesthesia, let's listen to some music,
let's visit the images in the dark—and they discovered you
and were saved.*

*Through me speak those abandoned by justice, the simple of
heart,
the pariahs, the failures, the mutilated, the deficient, the down-
trodden,
the oppressed, the lonely, the hesitant, the lyric, the dreaming,
the irresponsible, the childish, the affectionate, the mad, and
the pathetic.*

And from that compassionate speaking for all the tender misfits in a cold and pragmatic world, this Brazilian poet shows himself to be a twentieth-century Latin equivalent of Walt Whitman.

Nowhere does Drummond demonstrate his artistic relationship with Whitman and his doctrine of sympathy more clearly than in the "Canto" to Charlie Chaplin. The choice of diction, the stately free-verse cadences, the catalogues, the seemingly outlandish juxtapositions of the vulgar with the sublime, the exaltation of the common, and the intimate universality of tone are all Whitmanesque. And yet in this six-section 226-line masterpiece, Drummond remains his own intense and original self: a creative equal to and brother of the great American who



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wrote before him, not the imitative and derivative disciple. That is why the Brazilian moves beyond the achievement of a Christ consciousness in himself and discovers the miraculous powers of a savior in the pantomime of Hollywood's Harlequin of the baggy pants and the gigantic mushroom shoes. When the mouth of Chaplin smiles on celluloid, it is suddenly dawn—

*And we do not feel the night anymore,
and death avoids us, and we diminish
as though at the touch of your magic cane we could return
to the secret land where children sleep.*

Chaplin's smile is that of the abused brother of mankind, who tramps the world as an exteriorized conscience of all that is innocence in every human being. For Drummond, Chaplin illustrates the lesson that for every failure of love man creates a new law. Armies of that law keep poor starving Charlie away from the chicken under glass. Class consciousness of that law turns the sobered-up millionaire against the pauper friend of his inebriation. Aesthetic awareness of that law converts the love of the cured blind woman to pity when once she sees Charlie's ridiculous features, for the face of reality does not coincide with the image of her dream. And thus time and again the heart of man fails to respond properly to the symbol of itself, simply because that heart is too busy with the task of constantly cultivating false myths that will let it use what it should enjoy, enjoy what it should use, and own without paying the terrible price that transcends all ownership: love. But the failure is mankind's, not Chaplin's, for the silent magician who can change the laces of his shoes into noodles to feed a child's hunger always remains his own simple and sanctified self:

*You are spiritual, and a ballet-dancer and fluid,
but nobody will come here to learn how you love
with the fervor of diamond and the delicacy of dawn,
just as the hut, at your touch, becomes a moon.*

The touch of Charlie Chaplin upon the soul of Carlos Drummond de Andrade is a powerful creative grip, strengthened by the poet's own capacity for suffering—a suffering to match that of the tragic comedian of the silent movie. Underlying that suffering, of course, is Drummond's intense social involvement with the deepest contemporary issues of life. From that involvement Drummond fashions a truly superb climax for the "Canto":

*It was good that you were silent.
In the shade you thought about the keys,
the chains, the striped clothes, the wire fences,
you attracted harsh words, stones, cement, bombs, invectives,
you noted with a secret pencil death by the thousand, the
bleeding mouth
by the thousand, the crossed arms by the thousand.
And you said nothing. And a choking bit, a nausea forming.
And the words coming up.
O demoralized words, nevertheless saved, said again.
Power of the human voice inventing new words and giving
breath to the exhausted ones.
Dignity of the mouth, opened in just wrath and profound
love,
contraction of the human being, irritated tree, against misery
and the fury of dictators,
O Charlie, my friend and ours, your shoes and your mustache
travel along a road of dust and of hope.*

It is no wonder that Drummond, under the influence of such intense social involvement, refuses (as he says in "Maos dadas") to play the role of the romantic, the gossip monger, the decadent, or the escapist.

It is from such intense social involvement, furthermore, that Drummond in his honesty to the word has become, with both courage and humility, the much-needed and much-admired professor of aesthetics to the younger Brazilian writers of his own time and for those who will create in the Portuguese language long after he is dead. In "Procura da poesia," undoubtedly the most remarkable poem about the writing of poetry in the history of Brazilian literature, a work that for its nation has the same cultural importance as Whitman's "By Blue Ontario's Shore" has for the United States, Drummond tells the young poet to beware of confusing art with personal history or with the doctrine of self-expression:

*Tua gota de bile, tua careta de gozo ou de dor no escuro sao
indiferentes.*

*Nem me reveles teus sentimentos,
que se prevalecem do equivoco e tentam a longa viagem.
O que pensas e sentes, isso ainda nao e poesia.*

*Your drop of gall, your face-making of pleasure or of pain in
the dark
are of no account.*

*Do not tell me your feelings,
which capitalize on ambiguity and attempt the long journey.
What you think and feel, that is not yet poetry.*

Because poetry eliminates both subject and object, Drummond advises the young writer not to try to make poetry out of things. He must not attempt to sing his city or his melancholy childhood. It is also a waste of time to dramatize, invoke, investigate,



M.G.

tell lies. The poet must not allow himself to become anxious over his family skeletons, because they are worthless for the purposes of creativity. By way of contrast, however, Drummond believes that

*Before you write them, live with your poems.
If they are obscure, be patient. If they provoke you, hold
your temper.
Wait for each one to actualize and to consume itself
in the power of language
and the power of silence.
Do not force the poem to come out of Limbo.
Do not pick from the ground the poem that was lost.
Do not flatter the poem. Accept it
as it will accept its own form, final and concentrated
in space.*

All this sound advice from "Procura da poesia" is part of a criticism that defines poetry as a language art rather than as an overflow of powerful feelings, whether recollected in tranquillity or otherwise. And in a nation that prides itself on poetic sentiment, it is good to have the sober voice of Drummond to remind immature sensibilities that artistic dedication and achievement involve more than merely putting a pen to paper and letting the ink run.

Drummond's honesty both with the human situation and with the word, however, is but an exterior expression of the deeper, interior honesty with himself. It is this Drummond of the absolute personal integrity who admits that his song which may move men to wake may also put children to sleep ("Cancao amiga"). It is this Drummond who manufactures out

of his meager resources the elephant, whose pure ivory tusks he cannot imitate ("O elefante"). And the eyes of his manufactured beast, his symbolic disguise, are innocent of all fraud. But men ignore the elephant, and therefore the work of the poet, because

*. . . they dare show themselves
under a curtained peace
and only to lid-blinded eyes.*

Yet it is this ignored Drummond who believes in the very core of his spiritual being that love, though materially useless and often unreciprocated, constitutes the one essence underlying all existence.

From his belief in love, Drummond achieves his personal victory in a world of social failure, derives his strength to endure every surrender to reality, and earns the right in "Aspiracao" to dismiss the moral bribes of the world. It is in this poem especially that Drummond demonstrates the independence that has kept, and will continue to keep, him from applying for membership in the Brazilian Academy of Letters. That independence does not want maternal adoration, the smother love of a Katherine Kippenburg, the simple rose of sex, or the election of a geometric friendship into a society of melancholy needs. It aspires rather

*. . . to a faithful indifference
but poised enough to sustain life
and, in its indiscrimination of cruelty and diamond,
able to suggest the end without the injustice of prizes.*

And because he can dismiss rewards as corruptions of moral integrity, Drummond exalts love as its own justification. Thus in the poem "Amar" he demonstrates his capacity for compassion and tenderness and forgiveness, those highest proofs of his personal honesty:

*That is our destiny: measureless love,
to be shared among fickle or frivolous things,
unlimited gift to a complete ingratitude,
and in the empty shell of love—the fearful,
patient search for more and more love.*

*To love our very lack of love, and in our dryness—
to love the implicit water, the tacit kiss, the infinite thirst.*

The man who wrote these lines is one who has befriended many a young writer in his eighth-floor office in the Ministry of Education in Rio de Janeiro. He is also the greatest reflective poet of modern Brazilian literature and one of the very few major lyric voices in the Western Hemisphere during the twentieth century.

LINES IN A SANDBOX

by MILLER WILLIAMS

2

When I was a maker of colored glass
and counted stars
and my thin skin stung with the sting of grass
and time was a liquid in my ears
and I didn't care how the moon was bent
and I didn't care where the seasons went
or the years

when I could spit in a cricket's eye
and see the face
of Jesus in an angry sky
when I could cuss and say my grace
as honestly one as the other and be
washed clean with water and throw my knee
out of place

all that I knew were these three things
the world is stuff
the moon that bends the grass that stings
my house is good and mine I love
the noise my voice is calling hey
these things were all my knowing and they
were enough

1

Domesticated
I sink to the easy chair
of identical days.
Descending link by link to the carpeted floor
the chain of hours makes no disturbance.
The silence is a frame for sounds that have no pulse.
The ticking
the tocking
have worn as smooth as the edge of an ancient saw
and the sounds of coming and going
are the color of rust.

A taxi clears its throat.

Unsure the sun will not return
Night enters the town like a thief
slips through an alley
and crouches behind a post.
Somewhere something briefly me
forgets and remembers and forgets again.
As Adam
in quiet disbelief, remembering Eden,
turned the honeyed apple in his hands
I turn my little ball of years
and my fingers find the contour of the days.

When I was young not as the moon is young
with many births and many growing olds

as the purpling plum is young among the limbs
and old as the tree that weans again and forgets
before the glass was dark
and all my eyes were new
were sound and light
were air and milk and the borrowed breast of my father.
Nothing had been and nothing would be
for time came part by part
and only sleeping held the days together.
Now memory creeps like a habit into my bed.

Before the bypass and the flat hotel
when grass was high on run and tumble hill
and I had given the bosom back
when Saturday was sound and dirt
and Sunday clean as God
was Worthwhile Stories for Everyday
were dragonpawed bathtubs and round rugs
dark under doors and rain and possessive chairs.
when I was a blister on the Summer's face
I thought of the grog six desert days away
ran shot as the screen slammed
wished it was out and eating
my heart swelled with beating and pushed my breath out
but I knew it wasn't. Here school past and Saturdays
where bigger boys played shinney
and fought with knuckles and ballgames
here in this place
all of afternoon six days ago
I generated victory on the aggressing frogs
Now found the prison in the gully wall
Hand sized and hollow black as the church at night
six twigs for bars the carnivorous cave stared back.
Wrinkle nosed
I looked rock eyed lock chinned
and long
but frogs have the colors of shadow
(or an old leather cap or a glove or an apple core)
Unsure of the meaning and being unyearly wise
I laid it in lush grass and made it shade
nose to nose nudged and waited for breath
watched and wondered if frogs are supposed to breathe
Then doubting went away and left me little.
Hot mouths that have swallowed me first gulped me up
and water broke in my throat.
I bent a branch and marked the terrible grave
played at playing
sat on the catroof steps
and puzzled my eyes at the warm unfurious day.

And his name shall be called

O Infant, I hear
the first cry. Christmas-like, the
expected surprise.

And the evening and the morning were the sixth day

See, he is very
young. He has tonsils and frogs
and sleeps all at once.

The sun is half, and apple-dark,
and I go back of the years and under
to the first feel of the broken plum
the burst of the sap and the burn on the tongue.

The sun to the sea crashes.
Unstirred by the breeze or a bird's beak
jigsawed by the boughs that wrap it
the moon like an idiot fruit
hangs that should an age ago
have plopped to earth.

The smell of memory is strong.
I draw your picture in the dirt with a crooked stick
but dimensions belong to boxes.
The end of a tape
left in cutting the curtain size for a tall window
could tell your shape.
But tapes shrink
and I've found old inches sagging together.

The dirt is dry.
The mind must also as the hand forget,
what fell one time ago
in not this earth.

Staring at the great white scar
on heaven's belly where the Greek Fire passed
I hear a distant sound of voices
as syllables sift to children licking sleep.
And hour and evening is outworn.
I have a wife, and must go love her.
I have remembered, as I have sworn,
but these are the only thoughts I have
of the first round room, one time ago,
in a lost earth.

5
I am not old
as the man is old
who drags like a broken leg by the house in the morning
whose brain has lain like a melon
too long on the land
but night looks cautiously into my window
scratches on my screen
the witches in my curtain breathe like sleep.

There are so many motels
and bulldozer blades have worn the hill away
to make a place where children
come to play.

3

Lean long as winter hunger
stronger than the black boar's anger
lighter than the leopard's finger
is my rawhide ribbon
blood bought squaw gnawed
water soaked by moonlight once by sun
this thong is twice more strong
as beetle's tongues
the witch men make their seven secrets over.

When I was a circumcized Methodist
and sold a golden calf
for a little freshman with a rubber bust
the sophomore wearing her cigarette like a ring
the staff of Moses split our holy stone
and we drank like the dry Jews.
I came unconscious of age and consented
beyond confusion and abomination
for I had a three chambered heart like a frog
and eyes that looked apart like a fish

Nightwise I knew and nightly so was won
and saw by moonlight he was Joseph's son.

4

You running slow dreamleaps laughing crystal thunder
You and the swing of a world in motion
the steady crunch of hours on the sand
the splash of sea light catching link by link
the mystery of that most common law
the dropping of the leaves
the stopping of the rivers and the rapids
and the unfailing flow
the rising and the falling
the something who forever
turns and pauses and turns and pauses and turns

In the beginning God

After love, you sleep.
Cars pass the house, and I watch
lights on the ceiling.

And it came to pass

Breasts, full with purpose,
hang like ripe apples: food for
the round world beneath.



ANGEL

Olen Bryant

BY THOMAS BRUMBAUGH

Olen Bryant is both a craftsman and teacher. He has developed a personal idiom which is consistently expressed in his wood, stone and ceramic sculpture. It has brought him considerable attention in regional and local shows. His remarkably lithe, and in the best sense, classical figure of a girl, shaped from a five-foot cedar log, won the Nashville Art Association's prize for sculpture in 1962. Other directly carved colossal heads and life-size figures in apple, cherry, elm, linden, walnut and creosoted pine, are dignified and reticent in mood.

Although he prefers large-scale problems, Olen Bryant's small unglazed terra-cotta figures are particularly fresh and appealing. He uses coarse native clays with monumental effect, and an earlier series of pouter-pigeonlike fat ladies has given way to a large family of whimsical "angels." Usually mounted as self-sufficient individuals, they take on an alertness in groups, however, with their various gestures and moods played against each other. A series of three-foot-tall ceramic angels, developed from the smaller studies, are harsh in mood and raw-surfaced; pathetically earth-bound, heavy bodied, with truncated or rudimentary wings. One thinks of awkward, flightless birds like the emu or the moa.

"I dislike and avoid conscious elegance," Bryant writes of an Indian Gupta dynasty torso which was under discussion in our correspondence; yet his own concern with the texture of wood and clay, and his feeling of responsibility for carrying a piece of wood through to the conclusion implicit in the material have led him perilously close to the elegant at times.

Paradoxically, his concrete reliefs, suspended on metal webs against dark wood backings, are casual and sketch-like. A number of anthropomorphic pots are similarly bold with delicate decoration.

In his classes at Union University (Jackson, Tennessee) Olen Bryant teaches drawing, weaving, ceramics, and sculpture—"permissively." He feels the student must not only be allowed to find his particular way, but also must be led and disciplined by the various media. The teacher is a catalyst; the art student, rather than sitting on the other end of it, should be at work with hammer and chisel on Mark Hopkins' proverbial log. Suspicious of words used to describe what are untranslatable visual statements, Olen Bryant's sense of form and style (words he distrusts) is grounded on what is reasonable and workable.

Because he grew up in the Tennessee hills, he seeks out his own materials for work, and finds native stone, wood, and clay congenial. One is tempted to look for regional qualities in his work or to make dubious references to "the American grain." But Bryant is not a regionalist—his point of view is leavened with a keen appreciation of a range of styles from Donatello to Japanese Haniwa; Zorach, Chadwick, Richier, and Marini are his favorite sculptors. He is grateful for what is useful in them and the art of the past, but he single-mindedly pursues his own aesthetic salvation. The single-minded integrity of a dedicated artist may be symptomatic, I think, of the most profound human intuitions and aspirations.

grace and joy

By MARGARET RIGG

OLEN BRYANT, choosing an opulent, rotund figure for his human image, makes spiritual statements with earthy impact.

We might compare his human image with those of two well-known figure sculptors: Giacometti and Leonard Baskin. Giacometti expresses man's aloneness, spiritual hollowness and anxiety through elongated, esthetic, sensitive figures. The surface is rough, the arms so thin they seem like raw bones; the figures stretch out in a wan gesture toward nothingness. His figures are detached and express an inwardness of continued suffering.

Leonard Baskin, also using the human figure to express his vision of the human condition, has created a man-image which is heavy, muscular, ponderous, sometimes disgustingly fat. His work reveals the threat and fear of death and imperious pride in the soul. Few of his figures show humility and innocence. His figures suggest a brooding melancholy or a smouldering malice.

Both of these sculptors are profoundly involved with the plight of man today; both present us with a world of detached but suffering humanity.

But where are the artists today, living in our world and aware of our desperation and confusion, who can effectively present us with some images of renewal, peace, hope? Such artists are few. When we find them we rejoice. It does not mean they and their work cancel out the art of artists like Giacometti and Baskin. What it means, I think, is that somehow an artist has been experiencing and has found a means of sharing what he finds of the goodness and joy of life. But both the Dark and the Joyful visions are deeply meaningful and necessary. Either one by itself would become false: the vision of darkness too easily turning into neurosis; the vision of light and joy becoming, finally, hollow sentimentality. Sometimes, in one artist, there is the power to express both the darkness and the light.

Such an artist is Olen Bryant. His figure **AWE**

evokes a contemporary holy fear. The figure has an aura of estheticism akin to the Old Testament prophets. The brooding, inward quality often linked with "holy figures" is employed differently in the making of the **MADONNA FIGURE**. The long, slow gothic lines, the quiet, contemplative face seem appropriate in an art attempting the shape of the holy. This is perhaps equally true in the figure of **SUPPLICATION**. In spite of the heaviness of the form the face and gesture define the meaning to us. **SEATED ANGEL**, however, introduces a new and somewhat mysterious figure. The very concept of angels in our times seems anachronistic. But, looking more closely we see that this angel has curiously clipped (or stunted?) wings. Or are they wings? Maybe they are arms caught under billowing drapery. Yet the whole demeanor of the body and face bears an angelic innocence and quality of empathy one would want in an ideal angel.

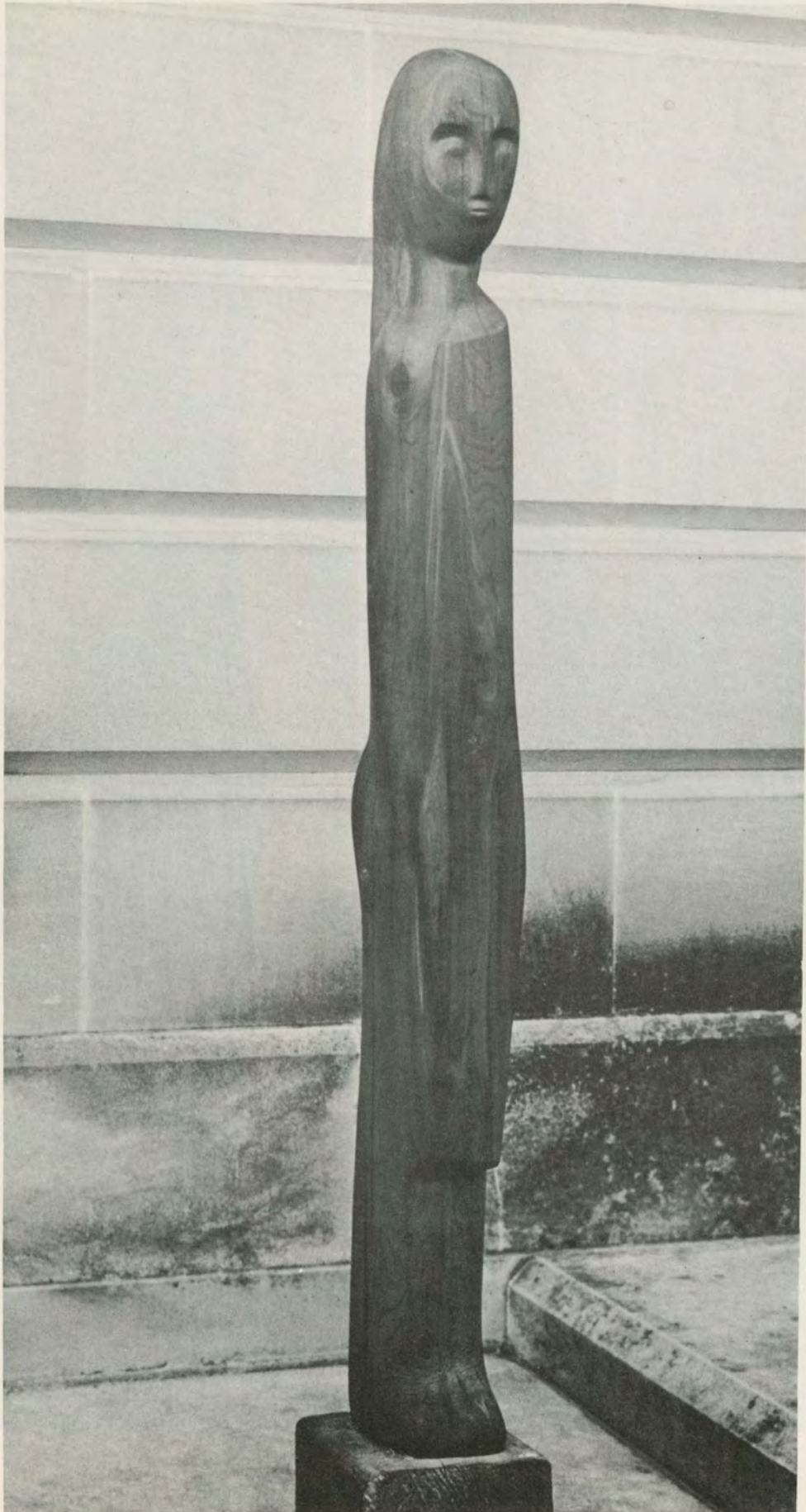
Then there is the curling, corpulent **RECLINING FIGURE**. Such roundness usually suggests, and is meant to suggest a doltish, turgid creature. But Olen Bryant has cancelled this suggestion by his masterful use of tension. The position is an impossible one, a kind of teetering, unrelaxed placidity! Yet the very skillfulness of Mr. Bryant is demonstrated here for we see the contradiction but remain convinced of the validity of this figure. So convincing in fact that we imagine this woman might easily be napping on a couch. Amazingly this is one of the most graceful figures in this collection.

But now we suddenly come upon the playful, fanciful, humorous "little angels." They are clownish, capering, dancing, joyful, even formidable (as in the two seeming to gossip on page 23). With these small sculptures, Olen Bryant gives full range to his understanding and feeling for the pure joy of life, its exuberance and playfulness. He has made hundreds of these three-inch-high figures and each one is an exuberant hymn.



AWE

DECEMBER 1963



MADONNA
FIGURE



HEAD



SUPPLICATION

ANGEL



COLLECTION, JEAN PENLAND
NASHVILLE

RECLINING WOMAN



TWO ANGELS



DANCING ANGEL



CHATTING ANGELS



UNNAMED FIGURE



HORSE & RIDER

Hendrik Kraemer and the problem of religious pluralism

by RAYMOND K. DEHAINAUT

Ever since his classic work, *The Christian Message in a Non-Christian World*,¹ Hendrik Kraemer has been sounding the alarm on the critical situation in which the church is confronted with secularism on the one hand and the resurgence of the great non-Christian religions on the other. In one of his later books² he writes that Christians have not been challenged by the existence and reality of the non-Christian religions more directly since A. D. 312. Our present confrontation with such a multiplicity of religions—which is causing so much uncertainty and misgivings in the minds of many Christians—is very similar to the climate in which the Christian church emerged as the great missionary faith.

In the latest of Kraemer's works, *Why Christianity of All Religions?*,³ he is particularly concerned with

the recent "flood of interest" in the other religions. This "flood of interest" is most apparent on our own college and university campuses. New paperbacks on Buddhism, Hinduism, and Islam are constantly appearing in the bookstore. One writer in the field of comparative religions recently remarked that he and other writers were swamped by publishers frantically looking for more materials to meet the growing demand in this area. Students on campuses all around the country are requesting courses in comparative religions to be added to the curriculum. The influx of international students makes it possible for dormitory bull sessions on various religions to have practicing Buddhists and Hindus sharing in the discussions. It is no longer uncommon to encounter an American student who claims to find more to his taste in Buddhism than in Christianity. This "flood of interest" in the non-Christian reli-

¹ New York: Harper & Bros., 1938.

² *Religion and the Christian Faith*, Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1950, p. 16.

³ Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1962.

gions encompasses a number of widely vocalized attitudes about religion and the religions that are of grave concern to the biblically oriented Kraemer. Some of these attitudes are expressed in the slogans: "There is no need to send missionaries to people who have their own religion." "It is sheer narrow-mindedness and provincialism to say in the face of these magnificent religious systems that the truth rests with Christianity alone." "In the long run, all religions boil down to the same thing."

Kraemer contends that people who make such statements are either lacking in understanding of and commitment to the Christian faith, or are betraying their shallow knowledge of the other religions. Being one who has devoted his life to a study of oriental languages and religions, Kraemer has little patience with those who make those "big-hearted" statements. "The only people who maintain that it all boils down to the same thing are those who have never taken the trouble to find out what 'it all' is. In any case, such a verdict entirely misses the real point of the question, which has to do with truth and the intrinsic value of truth."⁴ Kraemer is not opposed to mutual appreciation of the world's great religions. In his own work,⁵ he has been right in the midst of the developing dialogue, but he does oppose those so-called liberal-minded people who are so quick to recognize the truth of all religions that they fail to understand the nature of religious truth. The tendency here is to think more in terms of similar concepts and rules of conduct than in terms of commitment to a living religious reality.

THE SCANDAL OF PLURALITY

The very existence of the separate world religions disturbs many people today. In the early forties, Harvard Professor William Earnest Hocking stated loudly and clearly that the growing spirit of world citizenship demands that we look for a truth which is bigger than any *particular* claims to the truth. He feels that in a time when men are overcoming so many barriers which separate them from one another, the persistent fact of religious pluralism is scandalous. "The mere existence of religious plurality is commonly felt to be a scandal. First of all by the conscience of the religious man himself, for is not religion man's hold on what is eternal and true for all men, and therefore his deepest bond with his

neighbor."⁶ Religion, say Hocking and others, should be contributing to world order, but in its divided state it sustains the attitudes that the gulfs between East and West, and between Nordic and Jew, are impassable.

LIFE magazine in 1962 printed an article that gave an interesting account of a "typical" American housewife's determination to do something about this scandal. One afternoon while Mrs. Judith Hollister and another suburban housewife were having coffee, they decided it would be wonderful if someone would construct a building in which all the religions could be represented. This Temple of Understanding, as they conceived it, could have a wing for each major religion, and it could be a place where people might come to "pick up some knowledge of the faiths of men and thereby some understanding of the spiritual kinship of men."

Mrs. Hollister, encouraged by her friends and the late Eleanor Roosevelt, launched a campaign toward the realization of her idea. She traveled around the world, gained audiences with several religious leaders and heads of state, hoping to persuade them to support her project. Prime Minister Nehru of India, Sir Muhammed Khan of Pakistan, and others showed interest in the idea while others, including some Protestant and Catholic leaders, were rather cool toward the whole thing. The great majority of the people she has contacted favor the project, and recently an option has been taken on fifty acres of land overlooking the Potomac which is expected to be the site of the temple. Four hundred guests including forty-four Buddhist monks in colorful robes attended a fund-raising banquet in the Waldorf Astoria last fall to hear Sir Muhammed Khan speak in favor of the project. To date, over \$80,000 of the 5 million dollars needed has come in from all around the world.

The idea of having a place dedicated to the better understanding among the religions is not a bad one, and it is not our intention to discredit it. However, we should take special note of the opinions concerning the relationship of Christianity to the other religions that underlie the obsession of Mrs. Hollister to bring the religions together. The attitude she expresses is quite typical of a large segment of our Christian population. She says that she is not concerned with any distinctive aspects of a religion and is not a consistent churchgoer herself, because she cares more about the substance of religion than any

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 13.

⁵ *World Cultures and World Religions: The Coming Dialogue*, London: Lutterworth Press, 1960.

⁶ *Living Religions and a World Faith*, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1940.

particular ritualistic involvement. According to her way of thinking, there is a common substance at the basis of all the religions. Presenting her view, the author of the article mentions that she once took a course or two in comparative religions. She holds that this "common principle" is the Golden Rule, and cites various wordings of this rule from Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Christianity, and Islam.

Kraemer would be quick to point out to Mrs. Hollister that if this temple is constructed as planned, and if she and her friends who attend it enter into any serious study of the various religions, she will be disappointed. For any depth-study of the religions will not reveal a common truth that is merely apprehended and presented in different ways, but rather radically different apprehensions of reality, salvation and the meaning of life. "The more one penetrates different religions and tries to understand them in their total, peculiar entity, the more one sees that they are worlds in themselves, with their own centers, axes, and structures, not reducible to each other or to a common denominator which expresses their inner core."⁷ Many may feel that radical differences do not exist, but the only conclusion that Kraemer can reach after years of exacting and honest research is that the several religions are incommensurable.

WHY MISSIONS?

Professor Hocking's concern over the scandal of religious pluralism is certainly not the concern of a naive layman, however his assertion of the existence of a common "essence" at the basis of all religion seems impossible—both because of his studies of the oriental religions and his theological position which is strongly Christocentric. According to Hocking, the great variety in religions is merely the result of historical and cultural accident. The same history, says Hocking, that has produced the many expressions seems now to be modifying these differences in favor of the common "essence" of all religions. The emerging world culture requires an accompanying world religion that is not to be the result of one religion displacing all others through missionary effort but one that has been "reconceived" by all the great religions working together.

In the early thirties Hocking was the chairman of a laymen's commission which visited mission fields around the world and prepared the famous report, *Rethinking Missions: a Laymen's Inquiry After a Hundred Years*.⁸ This report strongly reflected the

⁷ *Religion and the Christian Faith*, p. 76.
⁸ New York: Harper, 1933.



CRESCENT MOON

R. O. HODGELL

"liberal" climate of opinion which went hand-in-hand with comparative religion studies of that decade. These Christian laymen concluded that Christianity held no monopoly on knowledge of God or on access to him. Churches should continue to send missionaries, but not for the purpose of displacing other religions by Christianity. Rather, they should go to learn what the other great religions have to offer and to share the riches of Christianity so that representatives of the various religions might attain a higher level of religion together.

Hocking did admit that Christianity was a superior expression of the "essence" of all religion in the personhood of Christ. But the truth of Christ is not to be thought of as a truth that is discontinuous from the truth witnessed to by the other religions. While Christianity has had the advantage over the other religions in its superior power of self-expression, free social application, and democratic methods, it suffers the disadvantage of being embroiled with Western civilization. In its ideal character it is the outstanding anticipation of the "essence" of all religion, but it still has something to learn from the other faiths. For example, it can learn much from the strong sense of the majesty of God in Islam, from the serenity of spirit in Hinduism, and from the intense humanity of Confucianism.

Kraemer had Hocking and the Laymen's Report particularly in mind when he wrote *The Christian Message in a Non-Christian World* for the International Missionary Council which met in Tambaram, India, in 1938. In the book he branded the report as being devoid of any theological sense and a total distortion of the Christian message which reduces Christianity to a mere immanent and cultural phenomenon. He warned that council that such views could only lead to the demise of the Christian mission. His concern did not receive unanimous support at the meeting, but a definite turn toward a more Christocentric theology of missions was stimulated.

A CONFSSIONAL APPROACH

According to Kraemer, the only genuine encounter that can take place between people of different religions must be between those who are convinced of the truth of their respective faiths and are existentially involved in them. It is much easier for those who maintain a position somewhat detached from any particular faith to make glib statements about

all amounting to the same thing. When Mrs. Hollister and Prof. Hocking talk about the existence of the Golden Rule in all religions, they overlook the fact that Christianity is not so much the acceptance of certain rules or conceptions as it is commitment to a Person. And that person is Jesus Christ who becomes the very center around which everything in the Christian life revolves.

Any detached stance in relation to the religious problem, so-called "scientific" or otherwise, falsifies the religious quest for truth. The only authentic stance for the Christian in relation to Hinduism or Buddhism is out of a strong commitment to the truth revealed to him in Christ. This truth becomes the criterion for judging the truth encountered in other religions. Christ can be the ultimate criterion of all truth only for the person who is prepared to take seriously, without reservations, the witness of the Bible regarding the Person of Jesus Christ.

In many ways, the noncommittal person is more of a problem to the Christian faith than the orthodox Muslim or Hindu. Between committed persons there can at least be a real *Auseinandersetzung* and not a mere exchange of shallow religious concepts.

In all his books on missions since *The Christian Message*, Kraemer has spoken out strongly against all reservations expressed by Christians concerning the finality and uniqueness of the Revelation in Christ. Any hedging on the statement that Christ is the Savior of the World endangers the church's mission. "This question of truth is particularly urgent for the missionary cause, because missions inevitably must lose their vital impetus if this conviction becomes thin or turns out to be invalid, or is held with an uneasy conscience and a confused intellect."⁹ A letter from Kraemer on the subject of religious syncretism was included in the recent book edited by Gerald Anderson,¹⁰ and in it he says that in spite of all his warnings, the church has not yet faced up to the danger of syncretism. Without awareness or intention, many responsible church agencies are still conceiving and performing missions in an amateurish way.

Kraemer's main thesis that the revelation in Christ is the ultimate embodiment of the truth and the criterion for judging all claims to religious truth is the pill that many Christians outside the stream of Christian orthodoxy have difficulty in swallowing.

⁹ *The Christian Message in a Non-Christian World*, p. 106.
¹⁰ *The Theology of the Christian Mission*, "Syncretism as a Theological Problem for Missions," New York, McGraw-Hill Book, Co., 1961, pp. 179-183.

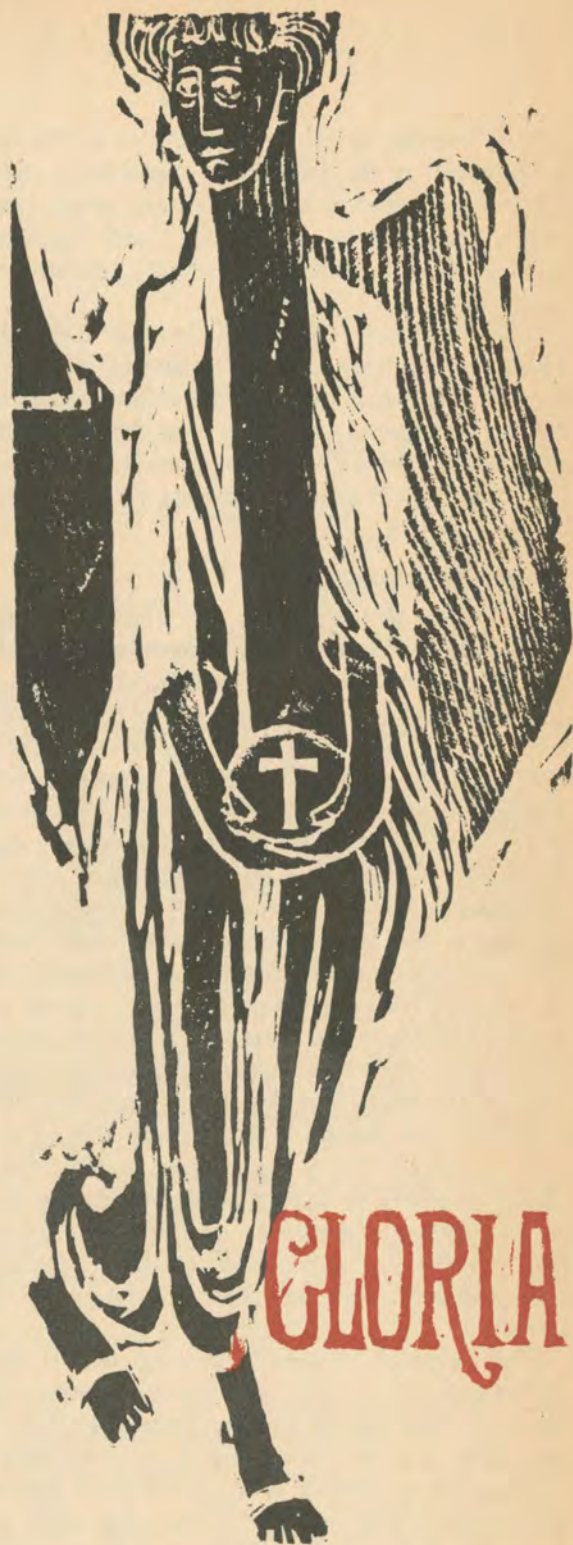
But those who take the time to read his writings may be somewhat relieved when they discover that he never claims that empirical Christianity is the measure of all religion. He is quick to admit that the historical church has always been an imperfect bearer of the Revelation. The Revelation of God in Christ as witnessed to in the scriptures is the criterion by which we must evaluate the truth of all religion including the truth of Christian religious manifestations.

Kraemer is often labeled as a disciple of Karl Barth, and this is partly true in that he spells out the content of his "biblical realism" in terms of the continental revolution in theology. With Barthian zeal he said a strong "nein" to the World Missionary Conference at Jerusalem (1928) which drafted statements to the effect that all great religions, including Christianity, were really elements of one common, universal truth.

Like Barth, Kraemer insists on the radical discontinuity between the Revelation in Christ and the religions. "Religion speaks about what man thinks of God, Revelation speaks of what God thinks of man." All religion, including the religion in Christianity, is an attempt on the part of man to climb up to God and to save himself by his own effort and wisdom. Religions like Hinduism and Buddhism are basically religions of self-realization or self-salvation.

Although Kraemer has been strongly influenced by Barth, he is opposed to the Barthian preoccupation with "pure doctrine" which fails to face up to the question as to how God has worked in the other religions. Every expression of the universal religious consciousness must be carefully studied, but one must steer clear of any type of natural theology which conceives the gospel as essentially the fulfillment of the other religions. Christ always remains *sui generis* or of a totally different kind than all other revelations.

One of Kraemer's recent opponents has been Professor Bernard Eugene Meland of the University of Chicago. Meland holds that the contemporary mode of thinking can no longer accept any scholastic notions concerning an absolute. Any gospel that one puts forth as a norm is never the Revelation itself, but always a human response to it. Meland says that he is basically at odds with Kraemer: "His sharp swing away from the contemporary stance of relativity to the reassertion of an absolute stand is bound



WOODCUT

JOE ALDERFER

to issue in arbitrariness or in pretention to that which, in the name of the case, is not available to man. For if man is alienated as Kraemer asserts so confidently, how is it possible to apprehend so decisive an act of truth as God's revelation with the finality of an absolute?"¹¹

The Methodist theologian Harold DeWolf also wants to know how Kraemer's claim for the absolute-ness of the gospel escapes the relativism of all religion. If any part of Kraemer's understanding of the Word is human and relative, then there is no basis for accepting his absolutist claims or his doctrine of discontinuity.¹²

THE HUMAN APPROACH

In answer to the charge that Kraemer is absolutizing a personal confession of faith, we can only say that this is the only alternative for a person whose total existence and understanding of truth have been informed "in Christ." The reality of God in Christ, even though mediated through imperfect cultural symbols, is absolute for him and is the center of his own history. Those who fail to take into account the existential nature of a missionary faith can never understand the assertion that the New Testament witness to the truth is both the absolute truth *for* man and *about* man. The New Testament understanding of man's sin has no place in many apprehensions of reality expressed by the various religions. The impossibility of salvation by one's own works is fully appreciated only by the person who has experienced the blessed gift of Grace in terms of his own personal history. Whenever a Christian proclaims to others that salvation is only through Christ, he is uttering a confession of faith out of a strong commitment to the object of his faith which is the only authentic religious stance for a finite human being.

The value of Kraemer's position lies in the fact that it is fundamentally a confessional approach. His constant war against contemporary relativism may give some the impression that the confessional point of view has to depend on an absolutistic philosophical position. But this is not the case with biblical theology. Being finite, there is only one possible

standpoint from which man can make statements about ultimate reality and his relationship to it, and that is from a standpoint of faith. The confessional statement concerning truth does not draw its vitality from detached intellectualistic observations concerning religion and culture but from a faith commitment. The man of faith has learned from Hume, Kant, and Kierkegaard that he cannot depend upon the philosophers for information concerning ultimate reality, and that the God revealed in Christ can be known and proclaimed only in faith. The contemporary philosopher or world-thinker may be able to help the man of faith clean up his logic and understand how he is using religious language, but he himself, like all men, must take some particular faith-position in relation to the Ultimate.

THE CRISIS IN MISSIONS

Bishop Lesslie Newbigin and others have been reminding us that the very essence of the church is mission, and when the church ceases to be mission it ceases to be the church.

In the light of Kraemer we can see that those who share the attitudes of Hocking and Mrs. Hollister are a threat to the vitality of the church. An amalgamation of the religions may be in the spirit of world unity, but it certainly does violence to the spirit and integrity of religious faith. Christians feel that they have received something in Christ that they must share if they are to be true to their Lord. When Christians begin to have reservations about sharing the gospel, something has happened to the church.

Perhaps the biggest challenge to the mission of the church is not the other great religions as much as it is secularism. The warnings about the great resurgence of the religions have been somewhat misleading, as this revival has been so closely tied to the rise of nationalism. The Christian today finds himself in an encounter with the non-Christian religions and with the secular world of indifference to religious concerns. In both types of encounter he needs to be reminded by Kraemer that unless he possesses a strong personal conviction that Christ is the Savior of the world and the answer to its deepest needs, there can be no mission and no church.

¹¹ *The Realities of Faith*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1962.

¹² Gerald H. Anderson, *op. cit.*, p. 208.



FAIR PLAY PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS

AMOS 'N' ANDY 'N' NAACP

By
RICHARD R. LINGEMAN AND JERRY NACHMAN

ANDY: Kingfish, I'se regusted.

KINGFISH: Why is dat, Andy?

ANDY: Well, Kingfish, me 'n' Amos mo' or less been legal partnahs fo' twenty-fi' yeahs, an' in all dat deah time he done been on dis show on'y five o' six times, at de most.

KINGFISH: Oh, yeahhhh . . . I sees what yo' mean deah. You gotcha self a reglah sticklah of a problem deah, ain'tcha?

ANDY: You ain't just whistlin' Dixie, Kingfish. Amos, he done call up de N.C.A.A. and P. and put in a fo'mal complaint claimin' we discriminatin' against him on dis show.

KINGFISH: Dat ain't too good, Andy. You know, dem fellahs on de N.P.C.A.A. don' mess. When dey hears dat you been discriminatin' 'gainst a colored fellah dey makes lotsa trouble.

ANDY: Uh-oh. Watcha suggest, Kingfish?

KINGFISH: Watcha do now is phone up Amos and ask him to make a guest appearance an' I'll notify de N.N.A.P.C. Listen, when dey see Amos on de show dey bound to stop harassin' you, so to speak.

ANDY: Kingfish, you is a natchal-born genius . . . Ah bows low to your superior mentality.

KINGFISH: Hey, don't let the P.A.A.C.N. hear you

talkin' 'bout superior mentality. Den you really be in hot water! (TO HIMSELF) An' I be in hot water too, if Amos git on dis show regular I be out of a job! Fortunately, I'se got an idea . . .

scene two

KINGFISH: Ev'ything goin' off accordin' to clock-work. De C.C.P.A.N. been alerted and dey gonna have a man over here to see Amos gets a fair shake from now on . . .

ANDY: Hey, Kingfish, here comes dat Amos guy now. What am I s'ppose to say?

KINGFISH: Just pretend you two's old friends.

AMOS: 'Scuse me, you Andy Brown of de so-called "Amos 'n' Andy Show"?

ANDY: Dat ah is. You must be de fellah dey calls Amos.

KINGFISH: Allow me to introduce mahself. I'se George Stevens, representin' de C.A.N.A.P.

ANDY: You? But you ain't . . .

KINGFISH: What Mistah Brown means to say is dat ah ain't 'bout to tolerate no discrimination in dis heah comedy act. If it say "Amos 'n' Andy" den we at de A.A.N.C.P. demands dat Amos get fifty

per cent of de humor, ain't dat right, Andy?

ANDY: You is in charge, Kingfish, you sho' is.

(A rap at de door)

KINGFISH: Who's deah?

(VOICE): I'se from de N.A.A.C.P. (Door opens)

KINGFISH: HOLY SMOKE! It's Sapphire!

AMOS: Say, what's dis all about? Ah thought you was . . .

KINGFISH: Well, you see ah's sort of an advance man . . .

SAPPHIRE: Ge'oge Stevens! You sneak back here! Ah see your weas'ly spine tryin' to slip out de door.

KINGFISH: Aw-w-w me-e-e

SAPPHIRE: Wait till ah tell Mama 'bout dis, Kingfish. Yo' name is gonna be M-U-D wid a capital Mud.

AMOS: You heah 'bout mah complaint, Sapphire?

SAPPHIRE: You betcha ah hear 'bout yo' complaint, you worthless darkie!

AMOS: Whuffo you call me worthless darkie? Accordin' to mah rights ah is entitled to one half de laughs around heah. De N.A.C.—whutevah it is—s'pose guarantee ah gets dem.

SAPPHIRE: Dey ain't gone be no mo' laughs fo' nobody aroun' heah.

KINGFISH: Why, Sapphire, honey, what you tryin' to say?

SAPPHIRE: Ah's sayin' dis: you better start lookin' for honest work 'cause ya'll are fired. You nothin' but a bunch of lazy good-for-nothin' *Nee-gro* stereotypes.

KINGFISH: Sterio—which?

SAPPHIRE: Stereotypes. De hometown chapter of de N.A.A.C.P.—fo'merly de Loyal Daughters of de Dark Side of de Moon—has officiously stated dat Jim Crow humor got to go. Ah am herein empowered to enforce their decree. From now on ya'll will refrain and desist from such unnegritudinal humor or else skedaddle yo' black selves off de air.

AMOS: But whut kin we do?

SAPPHIRE: Ah suggests you integrate yo' humor with all deliberate speed.

KINGFISH: But Sapphire, honey, how we gone do dat?

SAPPHIRE: Ah has brung yo' some expert help.

(GOES TO DOOR AND CALLS) Come on in, honey. (ENTER ALAN EMBARCADERO, AN APPARENTLY CAUCASOID TYPE.) Dis heah yo' new producer, Alan Embarcadero.

EMBARCADERO: Hellohelloworldhello. Down to business, shall we? Now put this concept on the Lenox Avenue IRT and see if it gets off at 116th Street. Are you with me so far? Goodygood. Here is the big picture as I see it. Basically a sitch comedy, *hein*? Goodygood. Amos, from now on you'll be winging it whiteface. Can do?

AMOS: Whahtface?

EMBARCADERO: *Whiteface*, booby.

AMOS: Dat what ah say—whahtface. Well, ah guess ah can.

EMBARCADERO: Goodygood. We'll arrange for diction lessons for you. I think you'll qualify under the President's Retraining Program in the new Civil Rights Bill. Andy, you'll be an Indian houseboy, and Kingfish, you'll stay coon and play a visiting African exchange student. The fez and robe bit for audience acceptability. We can't knock down all the TV color barriers at once. Now what's big these days on the tube? Hillybilly humor, right? So in this show, Amos, you play a sort of hillbilly Bob Cummings. The gimmick goes thisaway—a rich relative has left you a fortune on the condition you live a playboy life like he did. So you set up digs in a penthouse with your old Indian buddy as a houseboy and start diggin' the chicks. How does that grab you? Give me your honest gut reaction.

AMOS: Mah gut say one word. He say 'ugh'!

ANDY: Mah gut say de same thing.

KINGFISH: African exchange student—great day in de mo'nin'!

SAPPHIRE: Whut's de mattuh with ya'll. Dis heah is yo' big opportunity to advance yo'selves.

KINGFISH: Like dat famous modern humorist Dick Gregory say—Ah sat in at a lunch counter for one yeah and when dey finally give me de menu dey didn't have what ah wanted! Let's head for South Africa, men. Even a *minstrel* show better den another Beverly Hillbillys!

REVOLUTION

right BY ALLAN C. BROWNFELD

or

BY HOYT PURVIS left
?

PHOTO BY A. R. SIMONS

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE STUDENT LEADER, LONNIE KING, SPEAKS TO GATHERED STUDENTS ABOUT NONVIOLENCE.



revolution: the right

BY ALLAN C. BROWNFELD

HEADLINES have been made this year by freedom riders, sit-ins at amusement parks, legislative chambers, restaurants, and renting offices, and the Washington March. It has been the year of the "civil rights revolution" and of the "Negro revolt." But there has been a contrary—and quieter—revolution also at work. Less prone to make headlines, this revolution has been largely ignored. The prevailing view has been that this is a "liberal decade" filled with New Frontiers.

America today is not in danger of civil war or rebellion by force of arms, but she is involved in serious decision-making, and it may be the most crucial period in our history. We have not had a significant debate about political fundamentals since John Calhoun, nor any serious considerations equal to the analyses of Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, and Adams. All of us have adopted a kind of political pragmatism which rejects principle and philosophy. It has resulted in a society not of constitutional law but of whim, not of delegated powers but of assumed responsibilities. We have refused to adopt a philosophy and have replaced it with drift. Now, in the opinion of many, we are drifting beyond the point of no return and the time has come to halt this drift.

Part of our American heritage is the pursuit of liberty and opportunity symbolized in the expansion of the western frontier. The philosophy of life and government which formed such an America was founded in the initial belief that each man was responsible for making the crucial decisions in his own life. The function of government, it was said then, was not to support the people, but the responsibility of the people, on the other hand, was to support the government.

In this kind of society honor was important, family life was closely knit, religious values were strong, and an unlimited optimism was prevalent. It was, however, no utopia and no one should contend that it was. Some inequalities were written into the law, and some of our "rugged individualists" used their individualism to the detriment of others. But through our legal system we decided that one man's freedom ended where the freedom of his neighbor began. Liberty without law was anarchy. But, by the same token, law without liberty was tyranny. This, perhaps, we are yet to discover.

Our whole concept of nationality was unique, for previous nationalities involved unities of race, religion, language and cultural background. Americans were unified in none of these. "Where liberty is," Ben Franklin said, "there is my country." This was what our ancestors yearned for; this was the American dream. This is the issue upon which the coming political debate will center.

What is liberty? It is different from license, different from what Rudyard Kipling called "the law of the jungle," different from what many current critics term "social Darwinism." Liberty does not mean that men are free to endanger their fellow citizens, and it does not mean that they can say whatever they please. Justice Holmes said that "freedom of speech does not involve shouting 'fire' in a crowded theater." Freedom can exist only within the patterned order of law, and the function of government, according to the philosophy of the Founding Fathers, is to provide the framework within which men may be free.

The men who formed our government in 1776 did not think they were bestowing liberty upon the American people. The American people, as all people, have this as a natural right and when it is tampered with by men, as it was prior to the Revolution, it must be restored. The whole concept of natural rights and natural law, as developed by Thomas Aquinas, Thomas Hobbes, and John Locke, has come under increasing attack by critics who claim that liberty is a creation of government, that man as an individual is not only meaningless but barbaric, that only through a collectivity can he civilize himself. Therefore the function of government is not to protect the liberty man gets from God but to bestow and manipulate this liberty at will. What such political thought forgets is that if liberty is bestowed by government, it also may be denied by government and man with no innate right to his life and his liberty becomes helpless before a tyrant.

Why has America allowed itself to be victimized by such a negative philosophy of man, a philosophy which holds each of us incapable of caring for his own individual needs? How can Americans have accepted a philosophy which states, in effect, that one man cannot look after himself but that several will be able to care for all the others?

Americans were jolted out of their traditional pattern of thinking by the failure of the economy resulting in the 1930 depression.

We had a depression not because of our traditional values but partially because we had violated them and because of conditions outside our control. The speculation of the "roaring twenties" involved a rebellion against all traditional economic laws of balanced budgets, thrift, and value received for money expended. It was an adoption of a philosophy which, at its root, was a rejection of the austerity and belt tightening of the World War I years. Just as the twenties witnessed what has often been called a "social revolution" so it also witnessed a frenzy of artificial economic activity, the creation of great wealth in the imaginations of ambitious men but not in the productivity of the able, or the hard work of the determined.

The American people, however, never really understood that the problems of the depression could not be solved by any "New Deal" in the minds of social planners. We were, in fact, in as depressed an economic condition during the Roosevelt years as we were before them. Economists generally agree that it was not Franklin Roosevelt but World War II which took us out of the depression. The New Deal, however, somehow convinced the American people that the opposite was true.

What this means is simply that the general consensus of the American people about the nature of their society was changed by an event which they have generally misunderstood. The new consensus which they have is that government must be a silent partner in every business, and a controlling force in every life. This new, and self-proclaimed "liberal" consensus is in direct opposition to the philosophy of government written into our Constitution.

The history of the Western World has moved from tyranny to democracy and back to tyranny again. The French Revolution is a modern example of Plato's hierarchical estimation of the worth of various political systems. Mass democracy, he predicted, would of necessity develop into tyranny, just as "liberty, equality, and fraternity" ended at the guillotine and the Reign of Terror.

The drafters of the Constitution were aware of these dangers. They were unwilling to create a nation in which the means of tyranny would simply be shifted from the hands of the Crown to the hands of a popular majority. It was the means of tyranny in any form which they sought to destroy. The men who fought in the Revolution fought not for power,

but "for liberty or death." It is "sophisticated" to discuss the American Revolution in psychological and sociological terms and to call it "a revolution of businessmen," of men concerned with their profits and not their freedom. This crucifies history at the altar of economic determinism, and obliterates the



simple truth of our history—that what was sought was liberty.

To insure real freedom, power in society should be diffused in the hands of many and not centered in the hands of the few. Therefore, the national government was given specific areas of jurisdiction—raising an army, coining money, conducting foreign affairs. Those rights not given to the national government or denied to the states remained with the states themselves. In addition, the Bill of Rights withdrew some subjects from the authority of any government—religion, free speech, press, and assembly. If we had a mass democracy then 51 per cent of the people could vote to eliminate the free speech of the other 49 per cent. This kind of government was feared and a Constitutional Republic and a representative and limited democracy were created instead. The liberty of the citizen was to be found in no whim of the majority but in the clear limits written into the law.

But today the national government is in the fields of agriculture, health, education, and welfare. Individuals, whether they want to or not, are compelled to pay social security taxes "for their own good." Modern liberals have forgotten the warning of John Stuart Mill, a liberal of another day, that "imposed good is as bad as imposed evil." Our tax structure is used to redistribute wealth, no longer allowing individuals to profit from the fruits of their labor. Assaults are being made upon property rights, telling

businessmen with whom they must deal under the amorphous name of the "interstate commerce clause." Arthur Krock recently called this general trend "the twilight of private property rights."

Obviously we have said farewell to the philosophy written into the Constitution. There has never been a Constitutional amendment altering the idea of checks and balances and division of powers but by drift, court decree, and a growing lack of respect for law, we have abandoned these Constitutional injunctions. We have now adopted what we had always feared, a government of men and not of laws. But those who have gloried in this drift are in for a shock by the coming conservative revolution.

In the last fifteen years college students have been increasingly concerned with the basic premises upon which their society seemed to be operating. In their classrooms they heard their professors, nurtured in the thirties, clamor against the evils of big business and laissez faire government, while in the day-to-day world they saw labor unions bottling up whole industries and whole cities, and workers being forced against their will to join labor organizations operated by men such as Harry Bridges, Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa.

In the classrooms they were taught of the danger of monopoly and the virtue of government interference, yet in the world about them it was clear that it was the government which held the omnipotent power over their daily lives. It was the government which decided minimum wages, tax rates, social security levees, draft status, with whom they could go to school, and to whom they might sell their house. They were told that business was too powerful yet they saw business bearing the brunt not only of taxation and regulation but of presidential whim as well, as when Presidents Truman and Kennedy sought control of the steel mills in their different ways.

But even more important than all this, they now hear that the "American philosophy" is merely an historic relic. The stress has changed. It is equality that is important, and not liberty. What we have is a generation in search not only of itself but also of the human values which can make life in the mid-twentieth century something better than a contest of nuclear stalemate, something better than a slow movement toward the mediocrity of a mass society in which not only are men classless but also lifeless and without identity.

Young people seeking excellence in society find themselves face to face with a philosophy which has

devoted itself to a line of democratic leveling, saying that all men are not only equal under the law but equal in fact. If we are all equal, then excellence in literature or mathematics or physics is the equivalent of excellence in street-cleaning, bricklaying, or tap dancing.

For a period young people withdrew from society and looked inward. This was the so-called "silent generation" of the fifties. But now, in the sixties, all has changed. America, at last, is in for a real challenge to live up to its history.

In 1961, Indianapolis editor M. Stanton Evans wrote *Revolt on the Campus* (see *motive*, Jan., 1962) in which he described the fervor of the conservatives on the nation's campuses. He pointed out that these students are busy publishing magazines, such as *The New Individualist Review* at the University of Chicago, *Analysis* at the University of Pennsylvania, *Insight and Outlook* at the University of Wisconsin, and *The Campus Conservative* at the University of Virginia. These publications are thoughtful, less filled with political slogans than with serious political thinking. These students are concerned not with partisan politics in the Nixon vs. Kennedy sense but the basic premises upon which we are going to hang not only our political but national hats as well.

The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists is an organization devoted to spreading the conservative philosophy. It publishes excerpts from the Federalist papers, and essays by Irving Babbitt. It has sponsored conferences on campuses around the country, bringing in speakers such as Russell Kirk, author of *The Conservative Mind*, and William F. Buckley, Jr., the older brother of today's young conservatives.

Buckley, now thirty-eight, stirred the academic community when he wrote his famous condemnation of the liberal academic community, *God and Man at Yale* (1951). Buckley, a former editor of the *Yale Daily News* (as is Evans), criticized the monopoly of socialists, atheists, moral relativists, and Keynesian economists at Yale and at other universities. Buckley shattered two myths. One was that liberals really practiced the academic freedom they advocated; the other that conservatives were anti-intellectual and concerned only with profits.

Conservatism in America had allowed itself to fall into the trap of believing its critics. Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt* was not the embodiment of conservatism. William Buckley knew this. He knew that Hamilton, Calhoun, Madison, Adams and even Abraham Lincoln represented a conservative tradition in a conservative country. It was, however, a tradition which seemed to be losing by default.

Buckley's book came when it was needed. Its influence mushroomed. Soon thereafter *The National Review* was begun and as a conservative periodical devoted to commentary and reviews it rapidly surpassed its counterparts on the left, *The Nation* and *The New Republic*. If there was some doubt as to the existence of a large, vocal, and concerned group of conservative intellectuals, this doubt was now made irrelevant.

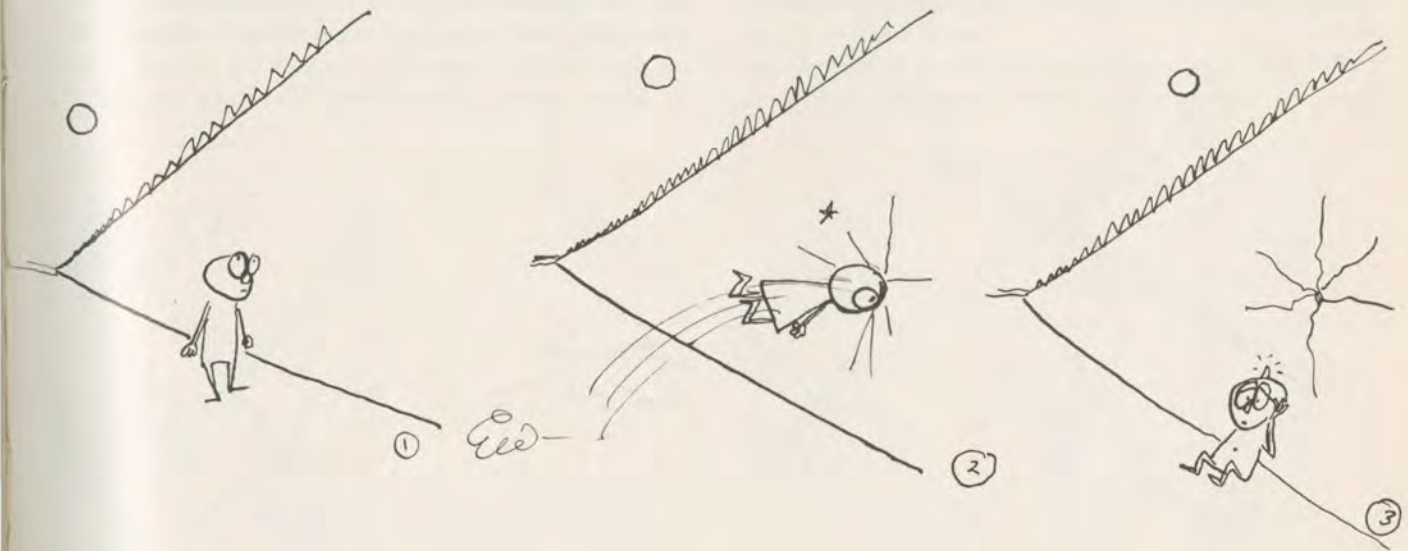
The real story of the coming conservative revolution may be found in the vigor and enthusiasm with which young conservatives are filling their ranks and pursuing their goals. They have formed an organization called Young Americans for Freedom which now has chapters on most of the nation's larger campuses. At a Madison Square Garden rally not too long ago they cheered the words of Barry Goldwater. This rally, in the eyes of many, looked like the wave of the future, and not the activities of those liberal student groups which are merely remnants of the distant past.

For the liberals are right. America has indeed moved on from the thirties. It has moved to the kind of position which is permitting a new generation to see that the Marxism and economic determinism

fostered by economic crisis cannot really guide a free society, not without worthless money, national debt, and widespread servitude. The bureaucracy cannot make us more free but only more subservient. A new generation is rising against the liberal slogans they have heard.

It is the loss of individual identity, sublimation of differences, striving toward uniformity, which has led Americans to apply to their politics the philosophy they have accepted for their lives. But the slogans don't work, and the matinee idols do not belong on Capitol Hill. It is up to this generation to restore greatness to America, and meaning to our purpose as a nation. If we do not succeed, then there will be no winners but only a great blandness which was once the hope of the world, which was once America. This will be the coming Conservative revolution. It will be a revolution for values, and not against them. It can restore dignity to man, and liberty to his life.

This conservative revival is the real story of the day. Americans, even those who fear it as "reactionary," will discover that the ideals of a free society aren't quite that out of date. Liberty never was popular. It must be fought for in each generation and it is the young conservatives who today lead that fight.



BREAKTHROUGH!

BY JIM CRANE

revolution: the left

BY HOYT PURVIS

MOST observers would agree that there has been an upswing in political interest and activism among students in recent years. There is considerably less agreement about what motivates the concern, and what eventual direction the action is to take.

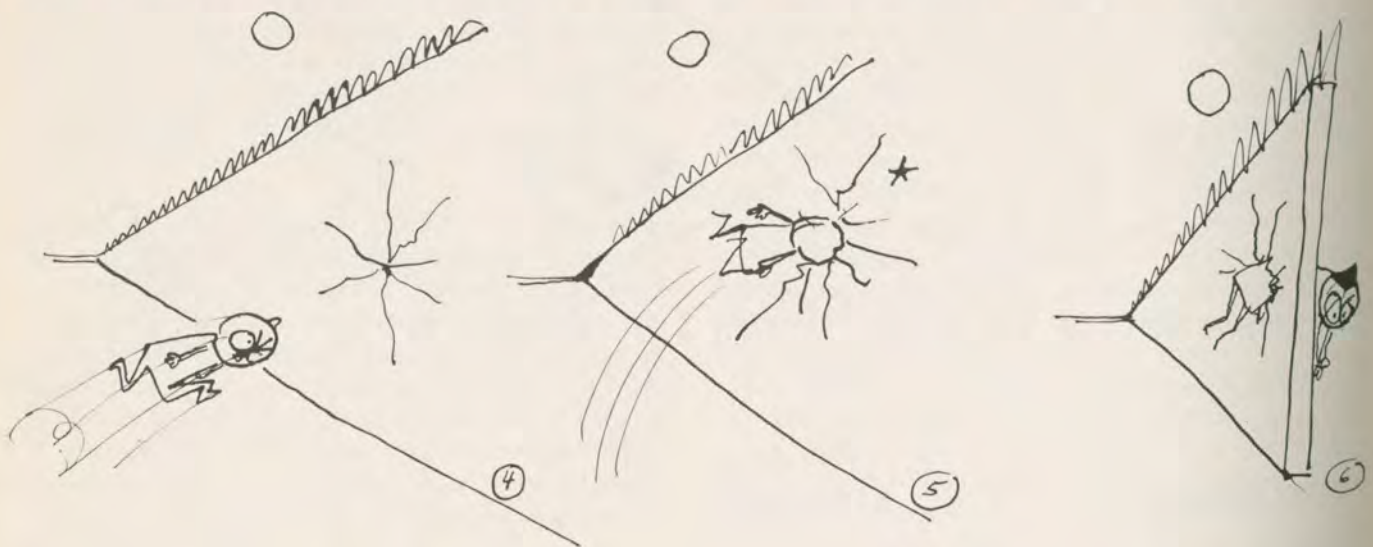
Certain adherents of conservatism loudly proclaim a "quiet revolution of the Right," and look upon themselves as today's martyrs and tomorrow's political saviors. But while "quiet" right-wingers are making their cause known (like Robert Gaston, head of the California Young Republicans, who said Democrats are "thieves, crooks, liars and trash"; General Eisenhower "destroyed the Republican Party"; the United Nations is "nothing but a gigantic communist front") many of the concerned young Americans find little magnetism in this political pole.

Among those who do care, and this excludes a still-large group of unconcerned, complacent "slick, fat cats," the feeling persists that conservatism has been unable to divorce itself from demagogues capitalizing on emotion in the racial issue; oversimplified dogmatism on foreign affairs; lack of concern about social problems; and overused generalizations of history.

Frankly, only a small percentage of students look upon the contemporary political struggle as a formal

ideological battle. Ideology may be involved, but issues and personalities are the dominant focal points. The whole question of ideology is rather spurious. Few American political fights have been fought on a strict ideological basis. Yet the "new conservatives" keep pitching ideological patter. What is this ideology? Traditional conservatism has been the defense of established institutions. But the new conservative, desiring the security of identification with an intellectual movement, scurries through history in search of forebears, seeking to conserve an intellectual tradition which doesn't exist rather than institutions which do.

The truth is that ours is a liberal democracy; indeed many philosophers proclaim there is no such thing as an illiberal democracy. The basis of operation of this democracy is a venerated, idolized Constitution. Government by this Constitution depends on such institutions as moderate, nonideological political parties, never mentioned in the document. It is this Constitution which remains at the center of most controversy among advocates of political causes. To the conservative, endowed with some sort of divine infallibility, the Constitution can be read only one way—his way. This is exemplified by the businessman who wanted his school board to adopt certain conservative literature for use in



the classroom. He said, "It just gives the truth. I didn't know there were two sides to it."

Others view the Constitution as a broad, even ambiguous document, setting forth general principles to be applied to the times. The democracy resulting from this approach has not been without its defects; the achievement of democracy, as of other systems of ideals, is always largely a matter of degree. But one can hardly deny that it has helped to provide both the rationale and institutional conditions for a freer and more humane America.

In this respect many young Americans are looking for improvement in and a high degree of attainment of democratic principles. They look to those who call themselves conservatives but they see no signs of positivism or progress. Conservatives throw up the attractive idea of individualism, but this reeks with paradox—at the base of their conservatism is a distrust of individual human reason. They say that liberty has been sacrificed for equality, but how can liberty exist if equality of opportunity is not the right of every man? The concern here is for rights within the public domain—voting, education, equal protection—not social leveling or some sort of percentage-perfect quota in every collective undertaking. Conservatives conveniently overlook and distort this problem. Do they equate liberty with exclusion of large minorities from standards of equality?

The main trouble with these antimajoritarians, as James MacGregor Burns says, is that they see not the people but a caricature of the people. If the popu-

lar majority really constituted a glob of mindless, herdlike persons, with mob instincts, we should build barricades against them. But there is no nationwide mob. People are divided by endless social, attitudinal, economic, and, obviously, political differences. Furthermore, the problem of the tyranny of the *local* majority seems much more worthy of current concern.

To hear a conservative decry bland mediocrity in the United States is a welcome sound. Almost any interested student would share this disapproval of the stagnancies of society. But what are the conservatives going to do about it? Wouldn't there be even more cultural casualties if everyone were subjected to the one-way thinking of the Right?

Already we have a great impairment of our communications channels, and if there is administrative management of the news it is no more serious than the vehement, unobjective lines put forward by conservative media monopolies in many areas. Only fifty-two of our cities still have competing newspapers. It is fine to disparage the hidden persuaders, status seekers and pyramid climbers that Packard has written of, but where does the blame for these ills lie, and what remedies have conformity-demanding conservatives offered?

The same lack of a positive approach applies to foreign affairs and labor matters as seen by the conservatives. The simplicity of "less socialism and more action on Cuba" hardly fits the tumultuous world of the sixties.



Clearly we need a reorientation on foreign aid, but not with a Passman or Ellender at the helm. The Clay Report pointed out—to those who were interested—many of our deficiencies in this area. It emphasized that we try to do “too much for too many too soon.” Not all the answers are dollars. The United States must manifest its belief in human dignity and liberty if we really wish to lead the contemporary world with its communist competition, its social revolution, a world where the white man is in the minority. The negativism of anticommunism and dollar diplomacy will never substitute for an America living up to American ideals.

With respect to labor, this is a time for social realism and not a simple antilabor policy. It is not just a question of too much labor strength, or too much business strength. One of the most important issues that must be faced in our time is that of automation (capitalism’s kindly dinosaur) and it must be met by government, labor, and management working together.

The list could go on, but the result always is the same. Students do seek a forward-looking program—which the conservatives clearly don’t offer. It is especially hard to envision a Rightist revolt when there is much evidence today of a continual and vital movement among students, the basis of which is obviously not conservative.

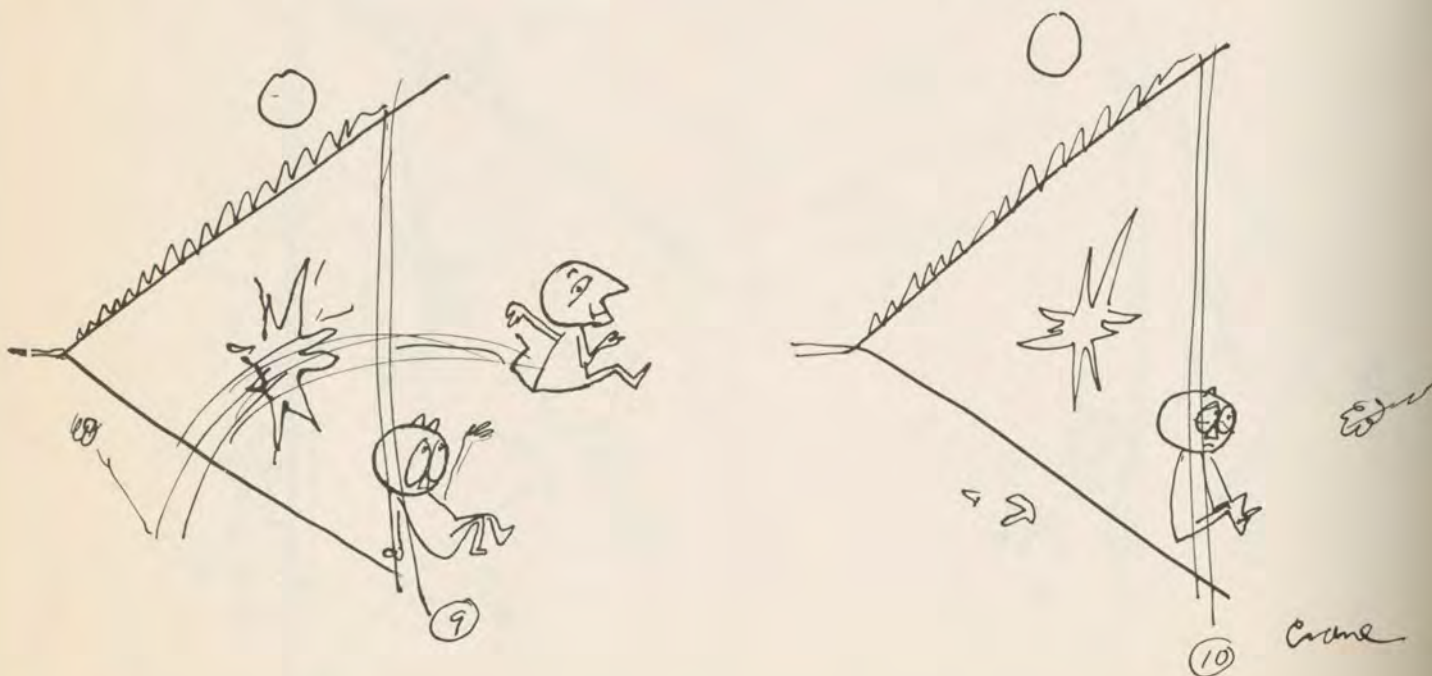
Most evident example is the civil rights movement. Since four Negro students conducted the first sit-in at Greensboro, North Carolina, in February, 1960, the pace and success of civil rights activity among

students have been phenomenal. It is not slacking. In fact, an increasing number of students are concerned with this drive for equality of opportunity.

An additional manifestation of this activism is the Peace Corps, a highly successful innovation which has given youth volunteers the chance to serve the country in the underdeveloped areas of the world. There are many other internationally oriented programs which have strong student backing.

Students have also supported nuclear disarmament, the United Nations, abolition of capital punishment, freedom of expression on campuses and broader civil liberties. Many students behind these campaigns obviously have been sincere and dedicated. Their causes have not always been popular and the achievement of any success has demanded a persistency that glory seekers and adventurers are unwilling to contribute.

All this is not to deny the existence of a conservative campus element. The thesis that collegiate conservatism is burgeoning, however, is questionable. Many who claim to be young conservatives are uncertain as to what it is they are defending. For some it is a continuance of the old notion of conservatism as business liberalism. Others remain radical aristocrats, ill at ease in and displeased with today’s society. They conceive of an age with less democracy, less industrialization, with sharp distinctions between a ruling elite and the masses. But their rejection of reality and of our existing political system makes it impossible for them to be traditional conservatives. Others are amazingly vague as to the nature and



source of the threat to whatever it is they wish to conserve. Liberalism is the announced foe of many, but few agree on its meaning. Lacking real foes, imaginary threats are fashioned of various other "isms." In part, this confusion reflects the fact that economic prosperity and political consensus tend to make attacks on domestic enemies somewhat superfluous.

But despite their confusion on ideas, conservatives have become better organized of late. They have found some previously lacked sources of articulation, such as William Buckley's *National Review*. Like Buckley, the magazine is clever and critical, even if somewhat shortsighted, particularly on foreign affairs. But in spite of this welcome addition, students are still more likely to read *The Reporter*, *The New Republic* and *The Nation*. Authority for this statement is no less than the *National Review* which recently published a report of liberal taste in periodicals. The survey declares that moderate liberalism—not conservatism—is the ascendant political mood among students. These conclusions were products of a poll by Educational Reviewer, Inc., a survey organization whose president is Dr. Russell Kirk, a high priest of conservatism. It was conducted among a cross section of contemporary collegians.

These students face a society with many dilemmas. In addition to those already mentioned, there are problems as varying as the warfare state and the defense establishment on one hand, and the welfare state and oversocialization on the other. These moderately liberal students are looking for answers. They are seeking positive and progressive approaches. How then can there be talk of a "conservative revolution" when it rests on such an essentially negative basis? True, there are "negative" revolutions, such as the Latin American military junta take-overs, and perhaps this is not an inappropriate analogy here. Such take-overs are always with the avowed intention of "guiding the people" toward a more democratic government. They but choke and abort democracy. They always intend to protect the people from communism, but too often they halt reforms and the extension of liberty to all citizens and install a ruling caste. The conservatives claim that victory of the causes they espouse will insure "real" freedom and protect our form of government; but, as in Latin America, the purpose and likely result differ greatly from the advertised goal.

The soothsaying Rightist cannot overcome the inherent negativism of the unlikely and misnamed action he foresees. Already the initiative has been seized, and the movement is in the opposite direction. The young American wants improvement and change, peace and freedom. The answers and actions which he seeks are not to be found in today's "conservatism."



THE SHELTERED ONES

R. O. HODGELL

ARMAGEDDON

A play in one act by Stanley Solomon

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

God

Satan

A Lover of God

SCENE: A bare stage except for a huge boulder in the middle which covers most of the stage and extends to the edge of the apron. Blackness on all sides, for the scene represents the "still point of the turning world." On the boulder, sitting at opposite ends and back to back, about ten feet apart, are GOD and SATAN. We know immediately that SATAN is SATAN from his black costume, his pitchfork lying near the boulder, his horns, and any other of his usual props that the stage manager can think of. And we know that GOD is GOD from his white, flowing Michaelangelic robes and his magnificent beard and his halo. But on a closer look, as our eyes adjust to the eery lighting, we notice that GOD'S robes look worn, his beard frayed, his halo drooping. SATAN looks none the better for wear either. There is a long silence, both characters staring into the void (that is, the wings), neither glancing around at the other. They have been sitting there for a long time.

SATAN

(Shouting into the wings) GOD is dead!

GOD

(After a pause) Weary perhaps, but not dead.

(Pause. GOD has not looked at SATAN.)

SATAN

(Turns toward GOD) You might as well be dead, for all anyone cares, you cold and cracked antique left lying in some forgotten niche of the universe. No, you are not dead—because you never were alive!

GOD

My child, your bitterness will not suffice for eternity. I am out of time and you are in it. And you will never be with me until you allow the warmth of heaven to thaw the ice of hell, or until you wish to be with me.

SATAN

(Angrily) What do I care about your damn company! I can't stand you, and one of these days I'm going to get rid of you. That's a promise. As soon as I figure out a way. . . .

GOD

To get rid of a nonexistent God? You always contradict yourself when you get angry.

SATAN

Bah! I still maintain that you're a fiction, a creation of my mind. Just let me alone and don't speak to me.

(He turns his back on God and contemplates the universe. After a short pause, he resumes speaking.)

One thing about sitting on the edge of infinity—the view is certainly monotonous. Nothing but the usual galaxies, meteors, atmosphere. . . . Things do run smoothly, though.

GOD

I designed them that way.

SATAN

(Slamming a fist into a palm) Boy, would I love to

be done with you and your bragging about how you made this and how you made that! Who believes you? And who's interested anyway?

GOD

It's you who are always contemplating the universe, not I.

SATAN

Well I'm not really interested in it. It's just a meaningless machine. And monotonous.

(He stands on the rock.)

GOD

Why are you shaking the rock?

SATAN

I need a little exercise. Besides, I'm bored and trying to change my perspective on the universe.

GOD

(Paternaly) Be careful. You know you always trip when you get up. You've no sense of equilibrium.

SATAN

Oh be quiet! You don't exist! (He sits. A pause. SATAN is thinking.) But the problem is: do I exist. I wish I could prove that I don't.

(For the first time, GOD turns to SATAN, who is looking rather grim. GOD moves near SATAN and puts his arm gently around him.)

GOD

Of course—figuring your way—you can't possibly exist. That conclusion is self-evident.

SATAN

(Glumly) You know I never cared a rap for theology. I haven't any skill at reasoning. Why don't you explain to me why I don't exist?

GOD

If I don't exist, you could not exist either, for as everyone knows, all things that postulate being for themselves are by way of derivation from God, who is ultimately predicated as essence.

SATAN

(Shaking his head) There you go sounding off again like a doctor of philosophy. I don't understand a word.

GOD

Try, Satan. I am that I am. You've heard that before, haven't you?

(SATAN nods yes.)

Well, if I am defined as the manifestation of goodness and you are to exist solely as a contrast to me, then since I do not exist, you have nothing upon

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which to establish your contrast. Thus, you cannot exist either.

SATAN

(Mildly interested) Say, that sounds right!

GOD

However, it is wrong. For after all I do exist. And you do too, no matter how often you wish you did not.

SATAN

(Moves away from GOD) Spare me your reasoning. I won't follow it. All I know is how I feel about you, and that is—I can't bear you.

GOD

Let us talk about this. Tell me why you feel this way.

SATAN

Gladly. In the first place, I can't stand your pretense of being the almighty-know-it-all of the entire universe. You always butt into everything that's none of your business, just as you're doing right now. But when those miserable beings, whom you call your creations, get on their hands and knees to ask you for something, you're nowhere to be found. And for another thing, I hate abstractions and metaphysics and hot air—and that's all you are. You don't even have a name. This Zeus, Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, Halvah, Father-Son-Holy Ghost double-talk is a lot of nonsense to cover up the nothingness that is you.

GOD

(Preparing for a discussion) Then you assert that materialism is the essence of all being?

SATAN

(Contemptuously) Metaphysics! I defy your arguments, your conclusions, your reasoning. No explanations are needed, I tell you.

God is dead.

(With vehemence.)

God is dead!

GOD

(Patting him in a fatherly way) Shush, you'll wake the people out there.

(He means those in the audience.)

SATAN

(Turning toward the audience) Are the people still there? I was sure they had left. In fact, I saw them leaving.

GOD

Yes, that was another night. They go and they return. They always return to the theater.

SATAN

Fools. Why do they keep coming back? Have they nothing better to do?

GOD

They are watchers. Like you, Satan, they watch for the progress of eternity.



ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

SATAN

(Fascinated by the audience) They all look alike!
(A man in clerical dress has changed his seat in the rear of the audience for one in the first row. The intensity of his concentration on the play is evident from his expression and his rigid posture.)

Look at that one. *(Points to the man in the first row.)*
What is he staring at?

GOD

The image of infinity before him. He is a lover of God.

SATAN

A lover of God? The fool! There's no one to love!
(Turns to GOD.)

Nothing exists, neither you nor I. You least of all, Nobodaddy!

GOD

Nobodaddy? How amusing a name for me. I haven't heard that for a long time.

SATAN

(Annoyed) Bah! How you contrive to get under my skin with your confounded calmness. Why don't you ever get angry?

GOD

That's a quality of mortal creatures, not of God. You are forever asserting man's point of view and demanding human limitations to divine attributes.

SATAN

Well why don't you act like a man, sometimes? You never do, and that's why they *(Indicates the audience)* hate you. Yes, they hate you and have always hated you because of the terrible inhumanity of God! And that's why we want to get rid of you!

(Agitated, he gets up on the boulder and walks about, but he trips. He gets up and sits again.)

GOD

There you go again. Calm down. You can get rid of me later.

SATAN

Don't act like the heavenly father to me. I have an antipathy toward the inhuman, for it is not real.

GOD

Must God act like man to prove his reality?

SATAN

Your sophistry leads nowhere.

GOD

(Smiling) I have no particular desire to lead anywhere. God rests where he is. Motion is a sign of desire, human desire.

SATAN

Without motion there is no life. That's another reason why I don't believe in you.

GOD

(Sardonically) I suspect, then, that you don't believe in the unmoved mover theory.

SATAN

That doesn't make any sense. . . . Besides, I can't understand it. I just don't think about any philosophic nonsense. All I have to do is to live like those people out there who ignore you completely. Once I stopped thinking about you, you'd disappear.

GOD

And so would you, Satan. But fortunately that will not happen, for you must comprehend that I do exist.

SATAN

You exist for fools like him *(Points to the man in the first row)* who have so stupidly misunderstood life that they have determined to live for you rather than for themselves. Sure, they will believe in you, for they have nothing else—and without you they disintegrate into their atoms. Men like these live in the sunlight of your imaginary glory because they haven't their own illumination. When you breathe, they breathe; and when you die, they die.

GOD

(Reassuringly to SATAN) I am with you till the end of time.

SATAN

(Angrily) Someday I will throttle you, and that will end the myth of immortal God. Then I will live in peace or perish in the void.

GOD

When, my child, when will that time be?

SATAN

If I thought I could do it, I would make the effort now.

GOD

What are you afraid of?

SATAN

You. The fact is, Holy Daddy, that as old as you are, you might be, say, five thousand times stronger than I. You might throw me off this rock if I tried to throw you off.

GOD

That is a provocative supposition. On the one hand, you maintain that God does not exist or that God is dead. And on the other, you insist that I am an accomplished wrestler. No doubt you will go on contradicting yourself throughout eternity.

SATAN

No, not at all. Don't think you can catch me there. My fear of you is entirely psychological. Of course you don't exist in actuality. I created you in my mind and endowed you with all the godlike powers associated with the concept of God. So you see, though I know you are an illusion, I am still afraid

of your strength. If I made the attempt to kill you, I might lose my balance and fall off into that . . . that terrible void there.

GOD

All this is your way of saying that you fear to make the great leap into eternity, from which there is no turning back. You fear to do anything that cannot be undone.

SATAN

I admit that. And it is lucky for you that I fear failure, or I probably would have gotten rid of you long ago.

GOD

It is not failure but success that you fear, Satan.

SATAN

Afraid of that? Ridiculous! Why killing you is just what I want to do. I mean, if I could . . .

GOD

No, for by killing God, you would prove to the overwhelming conviction of everyone that God *did* exist. And this would be terrible for you, since it would prove also that you, and all these people here just like you, are greatly mistaken about the godlessness of the universe. You have spent all this time denying me, when I really existed. You will know that this has been my universe and not yours. And you will know forever that you are what I have made you and that you have killed your maker.

SATAN

That's a lie! Nobody wants to have a "maker." Who needs a father?

GOD

It is dreadful to have a father, but it will be worse to know that you no longer have one. Isn't this the reason you will never try to kill me?

SATAN

If my courage could equal my hatred for you, I would do it. But you are right: I will never do it. I am a coward.

GOD

You could find someone who will do it for you.

SATAN

No one will dare. Not in this cowardly age.

GOD

Have you no sense of history, Satan? Always in the present moment is the culmination of human will and divine sorrow in the action of devastation and horror. There is always the executioner prepared for the execution.

SATAN

Where will I find someone with great hatred, great courage, great enterprise for this task?

GOD

(Points to the audience) Out there.

SATAN

But this requires a man of destiny.

GOD

Destiny waits upon the man, and the man is always

present. In any multitude, there is always one.

SATAN

I will ask for a volunteer. (*Addresses the audience.*) I need the man who always casts the first stone. Who among you will be the executioner? Who is it that will prove God's nonbeing by coming up here to kill him? (*No one responds.*)

Come, come, nothing can happen. Who is it that hates God so much he will destroy him? Is there none among you to rise against this imposture of our minds who claims to be our creator? Is there none who so despises God that he will hesitate to rid us forever of the curse of not knowing? (*Silence. SATAN turns to God.*) It's no use. No one here tonight hates you enough.

GOD

Try someone who loves me! The man who loves God will slay God.

SATAN

(*Angrily*) Another paradox. You incomprehensible metaphysician! If I find no one, I am getting up enough courage to do the deed myself.

(*To the audience.*)

All right then, since there is no one who hates God and has the courage to *disprove* his existence, I call upon someone who loves God to come up and *prove* God's existence, if he dares it, by killing God!

(*No response.*)

Ah hah! No one who loves God either?

(*Finally someone volunteers: it is the cleric in the first row.*)

LOVER OF GOD

(*As he rises in the aisle*) I will do it!

SATAN

Who are you?

LOVER OF GOD

A lover of God.

SATAN

Who would believe that? Would a lover of God be wasting his time in the theater?

LOVER OF GOD

(*Defensively*) But I came only to be entertained.

SATAN

What kind of man are you anyway?

LOVER OF GOD

Dust. Ashes. Nothingness.

SATAN

Come up. I will help you onto this boulder.

(*He helps the man climb on stage.*)

LOVER OF GOD

What shall I do?

SATAN

That which should have been done centuries ago! Disperse the mist that has always hung over our existence. Push God over the edge of this rock.

motive



LOVER OF GOD

Me? Certainly not! I shudder to think of the consequences.

SATAN

But you volunteered! Why did you come up here?

LOVER OF GOD

Well, you know . . . everything's make-believe in the theater, isn't it?

SATAN

No, no, no! *This is reality!* You must go outside for your make-believe.

LOVER OF GOD

But I was convinced by you when you said that God is not here. That's why I came on stage. For you see that as a lover of God I believe in God in reality. So of course in the theater one would not expect to find him.

SATAN

Right! One will not find him *here*—because *here* is reality! And God is not real! Look at him: is he not a ridiculous parody of the grandiose king of heaven? Since he is not real, he is not really here. Go ahead—push him. You will see that your hands touch only empty space.

LOVER OF GOD

Still, I am afraid.

GOD

(*Calmly*) Now is no time to fear. You have spent a lifetime contemplating this decision. Act now. But first understand this: if you fail to push me off this boulder—that is, if I am not really here—then we must all vanish, you and Satan and the audience—for I am the rock upon which all else is built; and if the rock disappear, so will those atop it.

SATAN

(*To the LOVER OF GOD*) You don't believe that, do you?

LOVER OF GOD

(*Dubiously*) I don't know . . . if the law would allow such destruction.

GOD

But if I am here and you push me off, then you will have shown all of them that I am that I am.

LOVER OF GOD

Then I would be a saint, wouldn't I, for proving the existence of God?

SATAN

(*Impatiently*) Certainly. Now hurry up and get it over with.

LOVER OF GOD

I can't! My hands are trembling. My whole body is quivering.

GOD

How thoroughly human of you. This only shows a lack of preparation for the great moment in your life: the assertion of faith. A lifetime you have pondered the question, and still you avoid the answer.

SATAN

God is right! You miserable human being—you're terrified before the great illusion of your own mind.

LOVER OF GOD

I need courage.

GOD

You need faith.

SATAN

I'll ask for another volunteer from the audience.

LOVER OF GOD

No, wait. Don't do that. Give me some time to think. Can I come back to the theater tomorrow?

GOD

But you come back every night! And every night you present the same uninspired spectacle. Now is your chance to act, and to act is to live.

SATAN

(To GOD) He just stalls and stalls. I told you no one would do it.

GOD

He will do it because all men wish to be something more than pawns in the processes of Cosmic Destiny. For good or bad, give man a chance to say he has done a deed of his own free will, and howsoever he cringe and hesitate, he will do it—if only to assert, in spite of all the contrary evidence, that he is as divine as I.

LOVER OF GOD

Can I . . . can I really push God off this rock?

GOD

Yes, easily.

SATAN

No, for he is not here.

LOVER OF GOD

Then it is up to me to settle this controversy—to make God God.

GOD

See what I mean, Satan. God is only God, but man, ah man is much greater—a maker and a destroyer of gods.

LOVER OF GOD

(To GOD) Watch out! Here I come!

(He rushes toward GOD and topples him over the brink, out of sight. SATAN, on his knees, peers over the edge, his back to the audience.)

SATAN

(Horried) You did it! You killed God!

LOVER OF GOD

(Frightened) But . . . but . . . I had no idea. . . . You said he wasn't there. . . . I was taught that God was a matter of faith. . . . How could I know? I didn't believe you could prove matters of faith.

SATAN

(Extremely agitated) You madman! You killed God. Now we know the truth, and the truth is terrible.

LOVER OF GOD

You mean the truth that God exists?

SATAN

The truth that we exist! And we are responsible for killing God!

LOVER OF GOD

But wait. If he is God, then he is immortal.

SATAN

Yes, but what are you talking about? He's mortal because he was killed and immortal because he is

God, but if he weren't really God, he wouldn't have been killed by you. Is that what you're trying to say?

LOVER OF GOD

(Joyously) Yes, isn't that glorious! I feel renewed faith in the almighty power, the benevolent, omniscient, omnipotent, designer, our God. I believe! Stronger than ever, I believe!

SATAN

(Disgusted) In what, you fool? In a dead God?

LOVER OF GOD

(Kneeling) If God ever was, then he must still be. Satan, join me in prayer.

SATAN

(Angrily sitting in the position he occupied at the beginning of the play) Then what was the use of it all? Think of the confusion. We do not know if God exists—only that he did once. Why, this is worse than before. At least before I could believe that he did not exist. Now how am I to know what to believe?

LOVER OF GOD

(Praying, he occupies the same position that GOD had at the beginning of the play) "Our Father, who art in heaven. . . ."

(He continues in a low voice.)

SATAN

And now must I share this rock with that praying murderer? an imbecile and a fanatic? I could almost wish God back.

(Flashes of bright-colored lights.)

LOVER OF GOD

(Exuberantly) A sign! A sign that God lives! Oh, great day!

SATAN

(Extremely annoyed) No, nothing of the kind. Just the stage electrician playing with the lights.

LOVER OF GOD

(Ignoring SATAN) God lives! Then we live too! O great God, to let us slay him to come unto him

(Lights flash again violently.)

SATAN

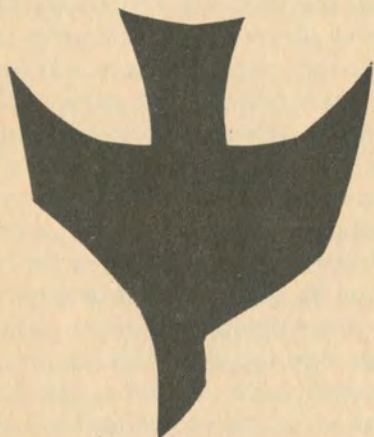
(Shrugging) More riddles and confusions! Ah me, I can't understand any of the paradoxes I've heard tonight. All these flashing lights and metaphysics! Well, that's the modern theater for you—completely unintelligible.

curtain

DA CAPO

*Plaintive, minor-keyed,
Insignificant as a whimper,
Thinning to silence: to plead
Innocence is for one to whisper
To oneself, it is as useless
As crying out that the frost comes, spills
Its white dye and, unless
One is dead already, kills
And crumbles. Innocent, the King's Child
Is born. By fear's need or by whim
The innocent others are killed
In place, or because, of Him.*

—FRED MOECKEL



ANNUNCIATION

*Outside the window the air stirred like rumor
The twilight mountains seemed to hold their breath
But the lake ruffled and the twisting palmfronds rattled*

*The young girl sitting in the stifled room
Staring at her image in the mirror
Her body gleamed within the distance, darkness of the glass
A polished but unripened apple*

*She touched each nipple
Ashamed, she giggled her embarrassment*

*Then suddenly between the dresser and the bed
The light was centered as it entered every corner*

*She was wild-eyed with terror
She was wide-openmouthed with dread*

*For Gabriel from the righthand of God took up his stand
Hysteria transfigured into ecstasy by what he said*

—TONY STONEBURNER



regional drama II:

MINNESOTA RENAISSANCE: a first and second look

By JAMES R. CARLSON

There is a kind of proliferation law operating in the theater which declares that theatrical enterprise stimulates more enterprise, that the theater never really competes with itself for audience attention and appreciation. Evidence of such growth can be traced across the country as the decentralization movement progresses: California, Colorado, Washington, Ohio, Texas, and now Minnesota.

There is no doubt that the new Tyrone Guthrie Theater and its Minnesota Theater Company have put the state firmly on the theatrical map. The imposing building which houses the new enterprise is attached to the Walker Art Center on Lyndale Avenue in Minneapolis (the Walker galleries had already established themselves as a major center for contemporary art). The structure's packing-case exterior evokes controversy, but there is almost unanimous enthusiasm for what is inside. Designed by architect Ralph Rapson in the tradition of the Stratford Festival Theatre, in Ontario, it provides an open-stage thrust into a steeply pitched asymmetrical arena. Contact between performance and audience is intimate and dynamic; the theater is never in repose. Guthrie has bravely admitted that acoustical shortcomings have their source in the actors more than in the architecture.

The professional company which includes a large proportion of young actors, began its season last spring with an adventuresome production of Hamlet. The intention seemed to be a modern intellectualized interpretation seeking to reveal the complexity and ambiguity of decision and action more than their

anguish and passion. This desire to create a thoughtful rather than a passionate Hamlet is an intriguing objective. The production, however, did not achieve its objective and audiences were more often confused by contemporary costumes and stage business than they were challenged by the contemporary implications of eternal tragic themes.

Shakespeare was followed by Molière *The Miser* in which Hume Cronyn's meticulously delineated and beautifully anguished Harpagon was surrounded by an uninhibited company of clowns. Chekov—*The Three Sisters*—came next and provided proof that the open stage could serve the nuance and delicacy of Chekovian "naturalism" quite as well as the broader passions of Molière and Shakespeare. Claude Woolman's *Tuesenbach* was for many the high point of the season in its evocation of frustrated idealism. The Method orientation of American acting serves Chekov better than the older classics, and the new Minnesota company, though it may aim for a more comprehensive style, still shows itself to best advantage when it relies on the low-keyed intimacy of Stanislavskian tradition. The new theater's avowed purpose of including contemporary plays of "near classic" dimension in the established repertoire was fulfilled by Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. It seemed less contemporary and more a part of the establishment than the other plays.

The twenty-week season of the new theater has been counted a success. As a financial enterprise its box office exceeded expectations although it is not intended that it should be a money-maker. As a community enterprise it has aroused an enthusiasm of the same order as that given to the newly established big league baseball team. As a cultural coup it justified the community's pride in being one of the first to add theater to symphony, gallery, and museum in its collection of cultural jewels.

In addition to these conventional marks of success, the new theater is notable for the stimulus it has had on other theater enterprises in the area. In the long run, this influence may be of equal importance to the immediate achievements of the company itself. A local foundation has established fellowships for young actors and other theater artists, as well as a journal, *Drama Survey*. Presently the community is busy devising activities to keep the theater open during the off season (the Guthrie company plays from May to September). A dance series, an opera project, and other undertakings are being initiated. The impressive building and its open stage promise

to be the established center for theater in the area. And already there is talk of disestablishment and an "off-Lyndale-Avenue-movement."

In any case the theater renaissance in the area goes beyond the Guthrie. Whether it would have come at all without the Guthrie is debatable; it is unlikely that it would have come so rapidly. Existing community theaters have been stimulated and new ones established. The college and university theaters are perhaps at the center of the surge; indeed, Minnesota's new wave perhaps responds more to academic than to commercial influence. Certainly more people are engaged in creating more theater than ever before.

But the new life does not necessarily mean the good life. An intriguing article in the Spring, 1963, *Tulane Drama Review* by Herbert Blau of the San Francisco Actor's Workshop asks some embarrassing questions about the burgeoning theater activity across the country. In the midst of the amplification of theater resources and the proliferation of theater centers, Blau reminds us that new developments are not necessarily good developments. He is not inspired by the fact that more people are engaged in creating theater and that more people are to be found in theater audiences. "New theaters and new theater activities," he says, "are not necessarily better than no theaters."

A little of this brand of skepticism when applied to the local scene leads to a more realistic kind of enthusiasm. If increased activity in the community means, as it did one week this fall, the opportunity to see two simultaneous productions of *The Mouse Trap* there is little reason for enthusiasm. The multiplication of theater activity too frequently is the multiplication of mediocrity or worse. The growing audience in the area this winter will get to see a program of road shows in Minneapolis and Saint Paul dominated by such offerings as *No Strings* and *My Fair Lady*, but also a play of the stature of *A Man for All Seasons*. Theater managers have decided that Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is not appropriate fare for St. Paul "family audiences." Controversial or untried plays are passed over or approached as secondary to that which has been proved successful. This is true not only of the Guthrie but of most of the other theaters in the area. No doubt it is important that the Guthrie succeed in its purpose of creating good productions of acknowledged classics and "near-classics," but this is only one of the needs of a decentralized theater if it also is to be revitalized.

Some efforts are, of course, being made and some of these seem promising. A play competition and a program to support and assist playwrights in a university setting have been established. At the summer meeting of the American Educational Theater Association at the University of Minnesota a program for the production of the new plays of established "working playwrights" by university theaters was inaugurated. This may appear to some as an elaborate scheme to share Broadway's death rattle, but enthusiasm from writers and from university producers was apparent. There is promise of a new day, but its dawning is perhaps presaged by theaters other than the Guthrie and by programs which are not often in the foreground. Our attention is attracted to the "Première series" at the studio theater of the University of Minnesota and to Lawrence and Lee's new play, *The Laughmaker*, on its "major" season. Hamline University's theater which has traditionally emphasized the growing edge of dramatic creativity, last spring presented the first production of Judson Jerome's *Candle in the Straw*. Theatre St. Paul has placed short works by three new playwrights on its winter program. A newly founded Firehouse Theatre perhaps best incorporates the local theater's potential vitality. Its season, which started with Jack Gelber's sensation-packed *The Connection* and a pre-New York production of William Golding's *The Brass Butterfly*, promises to concentrate on stimulating, seldom-seen plays and premières of the works of new playwrights.

Such student and amateur community groups dedicated to serious drama may well represent the best available alternative to stagnation at the center of the traditional theater. But, if such is the case, a proper skepticism about the development of an important American theater is invited. In the first place the new play, the provocative serious play, the material not already exploited by film and television should be at the center, not the periphery.

And secondly, the new play and the play that departs from the narrow traditions of what has become acceptable should have the services of well-trained and able performers. This professionalism may be created outside the pattern of the traditional professional theater, but we need to find some way to give the new play benefits beyond those it finds in most amateur and student groups. This is not to disparage the achievement of the dedicated amateur, but he is seldom free to make the commitment which first-rate theater demands.

TWO TRIALS, ONE TERROR

This Sporting Life (Continental)
Winter Light (Janus)
Lord of the Flies (Continental)

Lindsay Anderson, who never directed a feature film before *This Sporting Life*, is dynamite. Watch him: in the next ten years I expect him to shape such films as to make the *Cleopatra* genre die from the sting of its own asps and asepsis. Listen to him:

Fighting means commitment, means believing what you say, and saying what you believe. It will also mean being called sentimental, irresponsible, self-righteous, extremist and out of date by those who equate maturity with skepticism and art with amusement, responsibility with romantic excess. It must mean a new kind of intellectual and artist, who is not frightened or scornful of his fellows; who does not see himself as threatened by, and in natural opposition to, the philistine mass; who is eager to make his contribution, and ready to use the mass media to do so. By his nature, the artist will always be in conflict with the false, the narrow-minded, the reactionary: there will always be people who do not understand the relevance of what he is doing: he will always have to fight for his values. But one thing is certain: in the values of humanism, and in their determined application to our society, lies the future. All we have to do is believe in them. [In *DECLARATION* (London, 1957), p. 177.]

Anderson, born in India of Scottish parents, was a classical scholar at Wadham College, Oxford; he has published widely in British periodicals, and his book, *Making a Film*, is already a classic. He has both produced and edited films for his friends in the Free Cinema movement, and directed six short films including *Trunk Conveyor*, *Thursday's Children*, and *March to Aldermaston*. The feature films of his friends, Karel Reisz and Tony Richardson, have been acclaimed in America, England, and Europe; they beat him to the draw, but he is using the higher-calibre ammunition. I think of him as the Leonardo to Britain's younger generation of directors.

Much more is at work in *This Sporting Life* than the rough story of an apelike man who, as a rigger football star, becomes a big shot. The film is really about love—the inability of the male and female leads to love each other and, perhaps, our frequent inability to love anyone except ourselves. The film is an ugly wail against the destruction of the human spirit, a boulder thrown in the path of the grinding social juggernaut. The final sequence, a ballet in cruel burlesque danced by ape men, should silence any and all rah rah rahs from the cheerleader and the habitual spectator. The finger of indictment points straight into the box office.

Richard Harris won the Best Actor Award at Cannes for his performance as the inarticulate, brutal Frank Machin. Rachel Roberts, for her role of Margaret, Machin's landlady and mistress, won the

British Film Academy Award. The film itself took the International Film Critics Prize as the best film of 1963. But more important than the trophies and accolades is the inescapable seriousness of all those involved in the film. We are assaulted, *forced* to appropriate the passion of the screen characters. The film is a giant step beyond all its British Free Cinema predecessors—*Room at the Top*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *A Taste of Honey*, and the rest—in communicating the loneliness, disintegration, and pathos of British working-class life.

But despite the searing force of this film, it narrowly misses greatness. Machin and Margaret are small individuals, and only shrink further as the film moves toward its inescapable conclusion. Such a view of life cannot provide the fuel for art.

Winter Light, the second part of Ingmar Bergman's trilogy on God, is just as brutal as Anderson's film, but works in silence and near-silence. Bergman uses film like a meat ax, butchering the audience; he has never before recorded such uncompromised misery. By comparison, the knight in *The Seventh Seal* seems a pimply adolescent, gingerly questioning his pastor about the relationship between faith and reason. The film's title—an invention of the American distributor, not Bergman—is an attempt to reflect the chilly atmosphere of the film; but it doesn't mean a thing at bottom. It cannot give the hard irony of the original title, *Communion*—which, I suppose, is thought to be "too religious" to attract American audiences.

In *Through a Glass Darkly*, which began the "God" trilogy, a son found meaningful relationship to his father (read: Father) after living through catastrophe. In *Winter Light*, however, all vestiges of faith are dead, stripped off, and buried. God has gone from spider to silence. Faith is dead, not only in the dozen communicants of a rural north Sweden *cure*, but also in the pastor himself. Experiencing this film is like having a large bucket of ice water thrown in the face: shocking at first, and afterward refreshing.

Bergman is a probing film author, though I can't help wishing he were more probing. He handles themes and subjects which are of crucial importance, yet he has not approached in achievement the films on the same themes of Robert Bresson and Carl Dreyer. Bergman flings the lives of his characters brilliantly across the screen, yet the interrelatedness of their crisis remains unclear. Is Ingrid Thulin, who plays a schoolteacher in love with the pastor, the

real protagonist who demonstrates faith and love, implicitly telling both the pastor and us what a real pastor is? If so, what is her relationship to the hard theology of Pastor Ericsson? Does her life tell us that in reality communion is creative suffering? Unfortunately, she is more the suffering idiot than suffering servant. Is she, too, absurd? The questions rattle about unanswered, like the pastor's final sermon in his all-but-empty church. We must wait in suspension for the third part of the trilogy.

Lord of the Flies seems trumped-up at the outset, and then suddenly gets you where you live. In spite of the strain upon the inexperienced boy cast and director (Peter Brook), in spite of a strained effort to literally recreate the structure of William Golding's novel, in spite of the intricacy of the novelistic fantasy, the film succeeds. It conjures the mental pictures—and the emotional impact—of the novel brilliantly. For those who are completely unfamiliar with the novel, it should be an even more overwhelming experience.

It isn't surprising that the newsweeklies and newspaper reporters have given the film a cool reception. The film's statement is unpleasant, even painful, and many of us behave badly when in pain. Their critical assessments are largely unsupportable: if the film lacks the depths of compassion and terror which are in the novel, that is not to be blamed on an inept film but on confusion of media. A film must blunt and control the visual imagination in a way that a novel does not do. The achievement is, in the end, not different, but simply accomplished in a different fashion.

The story—is there an intellectual left under age thirty who needs to be told this?—concerns a group of schoolboys evacuated from England and nuclear war. Their plane crashes, killing only the adults aboard (*really!*), and they find themselves stranded on a tropical island. And instead of behaving like nice, rational, English schoolboys, they soon degenerate into violent savages. The film is a parable of the nature of children (read: Man) without the restraints of civilization.

What amazed me most about *Lord of the Flies* is that it strongly parallels a film called *Dead Birds* (made by Harvard ethnographer Robert Gardner) about aborigines in New Guinea. Those stone-age throwbacks even today use war and savagery as a form of sport. The Brook/Golding story is fantasy, but this film is fact. Disparate cultural values aside, there is little difference between the English schoolboys and the New Guinea tribesmen. Both remind us that if savagery is in them, it is also in us. All we have are "the Rules" and the signal fire against the raw yelp: "We're strong! We hunt!" Even in an age and a culture which confuse civilization itself with the preparation for warfare, we can hardly miss the central message.

—ROBERT STEELE

THE LEAP

1.

If I had to stand
On a long white line
And were told that
On this side lay
Full pardon for what
I've done
And on the other lay
Continued pain,
I'm not sure which way I'd step.

2.

I've not been in love
With pain
Nor ever willfully
Sought the desert,
Nor have I ever
Freely lain
With wild,
Relentless flame.

3.

When she came
Her eyes were bold,
And she always picked
That time of day
When darkness loured
Like the stiff cold clouds
Of a snow day
In early May.

4.

If she had not come
The day would have
Remained only a relic
Of a Gothic winter
And the nights would have seemed
One lonely echo
As the lintels of the mind
Began to splinter.

5.

She came and shook out
The tangled night
In the broad, barren marches
Of the black
And with the switch
Of bright measured light
From her eyes
She launched attack.

6.

Now from the time she came
It's near September
And in the night
The bold eyes
Never seem to sleep.
The day of the darkness
One can only remember,
But the heart can always make
One last, long, desperate leap.

—ROBERT LEWIS WEEKS

books

Cleanth Brooks, *THE HIDDEN GOD*. New Haven, Yale, 1963. \$4.75.

As a superscription for *The Hidden God*, Cleanth Brooks quotes Pascal's words: "every religion which does not affirm that God is hidden is not true." This choice of quotes, which provides the idea for Brooks' title, is interesting because *The Hidden God* deals not with "religion" but with literature, not with God but with man's image in contemporary literature. Yet *The Hidden God* is an appropriate title, for it is God's hiddenness in the human situation—God presupposed in man's courage and tragedy and glory—which Brooks wishes to suggest.

The Hidden God concentrates on five modern writers: Hemingway, Faulkner, Yeats, T. S. Eliot and Robert Penn Warren. It cannot be claimed, however, that Brooks has found something "Christian" in all these writers. His presentation of Hemingway is too stoic and reminds one of Tillich's statement that Stoicism is the only live alternative to Christianity in the modern world. Faulkner remains a tragic writer who has learned much from the biblical tradition. Elsewhere Brooks has observed that Faulkner's tragic vision is possible only as part of southern culture with its roots in the biblical understanding of sin and its tragic experience as the only segment of the United States ever defeated in a war. W. B. Yeats, of course, rejected Christianity but developed his own unique religious aesthetic. T. S. Eliot is the only one of these writers who has taken the decisive step toward a positive Christianity, while Warren, in Brooks' words, presents "experience redeemed in knowledge."

Brooks, for many of us, has performed an invaluable service in his defense of the integrity of art. At times, however, his concentration upon the "structure of poetry" has seemed too neo-classical. Speaking of Hulme in *The Hidden God*, Brooks approvingly writes: "[Hulme's] 'classicism' derives from a clear distinction between religious doctrine and poetic structure. It is romantic poetry which blurs that distinction, competing with religion by trying to drag in the infinite. With romanticism we enter the area of 'split religion,' and romantic 'damp and fogginess.'" Nevertheless, in *The Hidden God* Brooks shows some signs of softening his classicism in the direction of an unconscious existentialism. He cites Faulkner's criticism of secularism and rationalism, Yeats' preoccupation with myth, Eliot's use of poetic indirection (which touches a Kierkegaardian note), contradiction and his vision of the abyss, and Warren's "critique of secularizing rationality." In this general context, he interprets the mind of his literary companion, Robert Penn Warren, saying: "Animal man, instinctive man, passionate man—these represent deeper layers of our nature than does rational man. Considered from the standpoint of pure rationality, these subrational layers are, as we have seen, a contamination, something animal—or actually worse than animal, imbecilic, an affront to our pride in reason. But it is in these subrational layers that our highest values, loyalty, patience, sympathy, love are ultimately rooted. These virtues are not the constructions of pure rationality. . . ." For this reviewer, who has had the privilege of discussing many of these ideas with Brooks, the softening of his neo-classicism in *The Hidden God* is a welcomed note which we hope will be sounded again in his soon-to-be-published work on Faulkner.

At this stage in the religion-and-arts movement, it may be unnecessary to reiterate the importance of the imaginative life of the arts for religion. However, Brooks puts the matter pointedly in his statement that "The death of the imagination is thus a stage in the death of the spirit." What this means



VIRGIN & CHILD

ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

has already been spelled out a few pages earlier: "The truth of a poem does not reside in a formula. It cannot be got at by mere logic. . . . It is a piece of—perhaps I should say an 'imitation' of—our fluid and multiform world. That is why fewer and fewer people can read such poems as Warren's "Original Sin: A Short Story." Perhaps if we could read poetry, we might understand our plight better: not merely because we could hear what our poets have to tell us about our world but because the very fact that we could read the poems would itself testify to an enlargement of our powers of apprehension—would testify to a transcendence of a world abstracted to formula and chart. A growing inability to read poetry may conversely point to a narrowing of apprehension, to a hardening of the intellectual arteries which will leave us blind to all but that world of inflexible processes and arid formulas which may be our doom."

The Hidden God, written by one of our finest literary critics and a Christian layman, should go a long way in dispelling the notion that contemporary literature is for the Christian but a desert of "dry sterile thunder without rain"!

—Finley Eversole

motive

Paul M. Van Buren, *THE SECULAR MEANING OF THE GOSPEL*. New York, Macmillan, 1963. 205 pp., \$4.95.

The aim of this book is to develop a Christology that will satisfy the philosophical school of linguistic analysis as well as biblical theology and Chalcedon. Analytic philosophy is chosen because it is supposed to best represent the empirical attitude of secular thought. After an introductory survey of Chalcedon and its contemporary interpretation, Van Buren eliminates the "existentialist" (sic) theologians Bultmann and Ogden as reliable interpreters of the secular meaning of the gospel. Van Buren's constructive proposal begins to emerge in the chapter on religious language where he concludes by choosing Hare's concept of "blik." A "blik" is a commitment to look at the world in a certain fashion and the way of life which results from this orientation. A "blik" has meaning since rules can be given for its verification. We could "verify" a man's claim that Jesus is the key to his way of looking at the world, since we could "ask him questions and examine his actions." (p. 147) Because the gospel gets its "blik" from the historical figure Jesus, Van Buren prefers the term "historical perspective." He develops the content of this perspective through an interpretation of Jesus as the man who was free for others. But it is Easter, rather than this picture of Jesus, which is the basis of faith, because Easter was a "discernment" situation in which Jesus was seen by the disciples as the one who had power to awaken freedom in them. The freedom of Jesus became "contagious" at Easter: the disciples "caught" it and thus received a new historical perspective.

Van Buren gives further translations of biblical language about Jesus, but the heart of his project is reached in the chapters where he seeks to demonstrate that the demands of Nicaea and Chalcedon can be met by his approach. The word "God," which has been shown to be either meaningless or misleading by analytical philosophy, will not be used. In the doctrine of the Trinity the place of God the Father is taken by the assertion that faith consists of a single "orientation to the whole world." The Son is translated as "life lived in freedom and love" whose norm is the history of Jesus. The Holy Spirit refers to the fact that the Christian "acquires this orientation by being 'grasped' by its norm." (p. 161) Chalcedon's language about human and divine natures becomes for Van Buren the "history of a free man" (human side), and the contagiousness of that freedom and the new historical perspective that arises from it (divine side). In a final chapter Van Buren quickly sketches the way the classical loci of theology (Creation, Revelation, Sin, Justification, etc.) can be interpreted in a similar fashion. He concludes that his Christology preserves the conservative concern that the "objective fact" of Jesus be central while doing justice to our empirical way of thinking. He is aware that many will be troubled by the fact that his reduction of Christian faith to its historical and ethical dimensions seems to truncate traditional Christianity. But he asks what "more" we could speak about in a secular age that demands an empirical anchorage for our language?

Van Buren's book is both a joy and a disappointment. It is a joy, not only because it is well written, but most of all because it is one of the first theological discussions with linguistic analysis that gets out of the jungle of natural theology with its abstract "gardener in the clearing," and deals with Christology. He has indeed given us a suggestive contribution to a "non-religious" interpretation of the Bible. The disappointment of Van Buren's work is that he has chosen too narrow a base for his interpretation. This is seen from the first pages where he limits the meaning of "secular" to empiricism as typified by the

way of seeing man and the world in natural science. Surely modern man's self-conscious responsibility for history is also an integral part of his secular attitude. The narrowness of Van Buren's approach is even more evident in his attack on Bultmann. He fails to see that his own "historical perspective" ends by having much the same content and logical function as Bultmann's "self-understanding" and similar formulations used by Gogarten, Ebeling and Michalson. He allows the constricted empiricism of the analytic movement to prevent him from drawing on the broader empiricism of phenomenology. His central category of "freedom for others," which is occasionally linked with "openness" and "love," remains undefined (a surprising omission for an empiricist). Yet these same categories of "freedom for others" and "openness" are central to the Christologies of Bultmann and Gogarten where they are developed concretely and "empirically." This same narrowing of his philosophical sources along with his extreme Christocentrism is behind Van Buren's rejection of the word "God." For Bultmann and Gogarten the new historical perspective we receive in Jesus includes the acknowledgment of a "surd," something that will not divide up without remainder into our "blik." It is the acknowledgment of a boundary to man's existence, of the fundamental mystery of his being which is not accessible to a "subject-object" grasp. This is not a natural theology in the old sense since they only speak of this mystery as God on the basis of the history of Israel and the history of Jesus. This is, of course, offensive to an empiricism that considers itself the final criterion of meaning and reality in the world. Even so, I think it could be argued that the use of the word "God" is meaningful in the sense of the "weak" verification principle that Van Buren himself uses, since the man who acknowledges this mystery will live in a certain way (openness to the mystery of his neighbor and the darkness of the future) and will ascribe this way of life to its disclosure in the history of Jesus.

Despite the disappointment that Van Buren has crippled his argument by rejecting the very theological work that could be his most helpful ally, it is still a joy to read his book. As long as we do not simply substitute Wittgenstein for Heidegger, theology will be able to learn a great deal from linguistic analysis, and Paul Van Buren has ably demonstrated this. His book deserves the thoughtful attention of every Christian intellectual who claims to be a "modern man."

—Larry Shiner



Albert Johnson, *Drama: Technique and Philosophy*. Valley Forge, Pa., Judson Press, 1963. 282 pp., \$6.95.

Sometimes in our culture the professional worker, whether he be in industry, politics, education or the church, gets a rough going over by critics. Some of his critics commonly assume that to be professional means to be without enthusiasm and to be blind to concerns beyond his own field.

But a professional is a person who has taken the trouble to learn how to do a task well. He professes something. He has some standards, and he sees no special virtue in the aimless waste and casting about that characterize the amateur. A professional combines purpose and skill, philosophy and technique, and he does easily, patiently, and quietly the job that taxes the amateur to the limit. He is precise in the definition of his responsibility. He achieves his aim without waste and without foolish fanfare.

Albert Johnson's *Drama: Technique and Philosophy* shows high regard for professionalism in the theater. Written by a professional teacher, director, and playwright, the book presents a splendid introduction to the theater arts. Johnson, a member of the faculty at the University of Redlands since 1951, is himself the author of more than a dozen published plays. He and his wife Bertha founded the University of Redlands Drama Trio which has played to audiences in theaters across the nation. Johnson's major productions have been telecast by both NBC and CBS networks.

Drama: Technique and Philosophy evidences the careful work of a professional who disparages neither the educational nor commercial stage. All theater people today, Albert Johnson believes, must look to the problem of purpose. They will restore the theater to its rightful place by affirming the theater's ultimate religious and moral ground. And they will increase the enjoyment of the theater by increasing participation in it and knowledge of its arts.

Johnson is not as pessimistic about Broadway as he might be. To say that no good comes from our commercial theater, he contends, is to express blind prejudice. Every season "Broadway turns out one or more plays which people are better for having seen." The trouble with Broadway is that it is captive of a vicious necessity "to make more money in order to make more money."

Aside from his own confessions of faith, you can tell that Johnson is a religious man by the fact that he is boxed in by no secular notion which prevents his seeing significant things happening in all kinds of unlikely places. He appreciates the solid work being done in many community playhouses in the United States. The commercial theater, the screen, and television, are vitally dependent upon both the community theater and the college and university theaters. Artistically, the non-commercial theaters often surpass the stuff that gets "rave reviews" on Broadway. Johnson includes in Chapter 10 an article he once wrote for *motive* (April, 1958) entitled "Drama's Ancient Future Home." He sees many evidences that drama is returning to its home—the church. The most significant drama in the future may well be produced in churches. He presents some evidences of the return of drama to the church. (This reviewer wishes Johnson's choices of plays for use in the church could be more thorough. His list is short and inadequate.)

Drama: Technique and Philosophy contains, however, the essential survey of theater lore for the beginning student. It presents a philosophy and a history of the drama, together with discussions of techniques of how to develop competence in theater arts. The book contains detailed instructions on directing and acting, an excellent bibliography, and a list of colleges and universities that offer graduate work in theater.

—Woodrow A. Geier

OUTLOOK FOR POETS

All dying poets go to hell in our time.

We take the long hot journey down—

No Vergil to be our guide,

Heat like a bony hand on the back of the neck—

And find the tall dead poet waiting in the dark,

The one who, lost in our time, always stood

In the shadows and fumbled a cigarette in the park,

Playing with images of plums and plates.

In the land of our dying, cellar-bound in Tennessee

Or in the fog-struck fields of Arkansas,

The birds on fiery wing go flinging circles,

Overhead the violent cardinal and the jay.

We do not understand ourselves or look for paradise

But wear invisible eyes and shock our modest ears

By the profanity of self-discovery.

—ROBERT LEWIS WEEKS

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