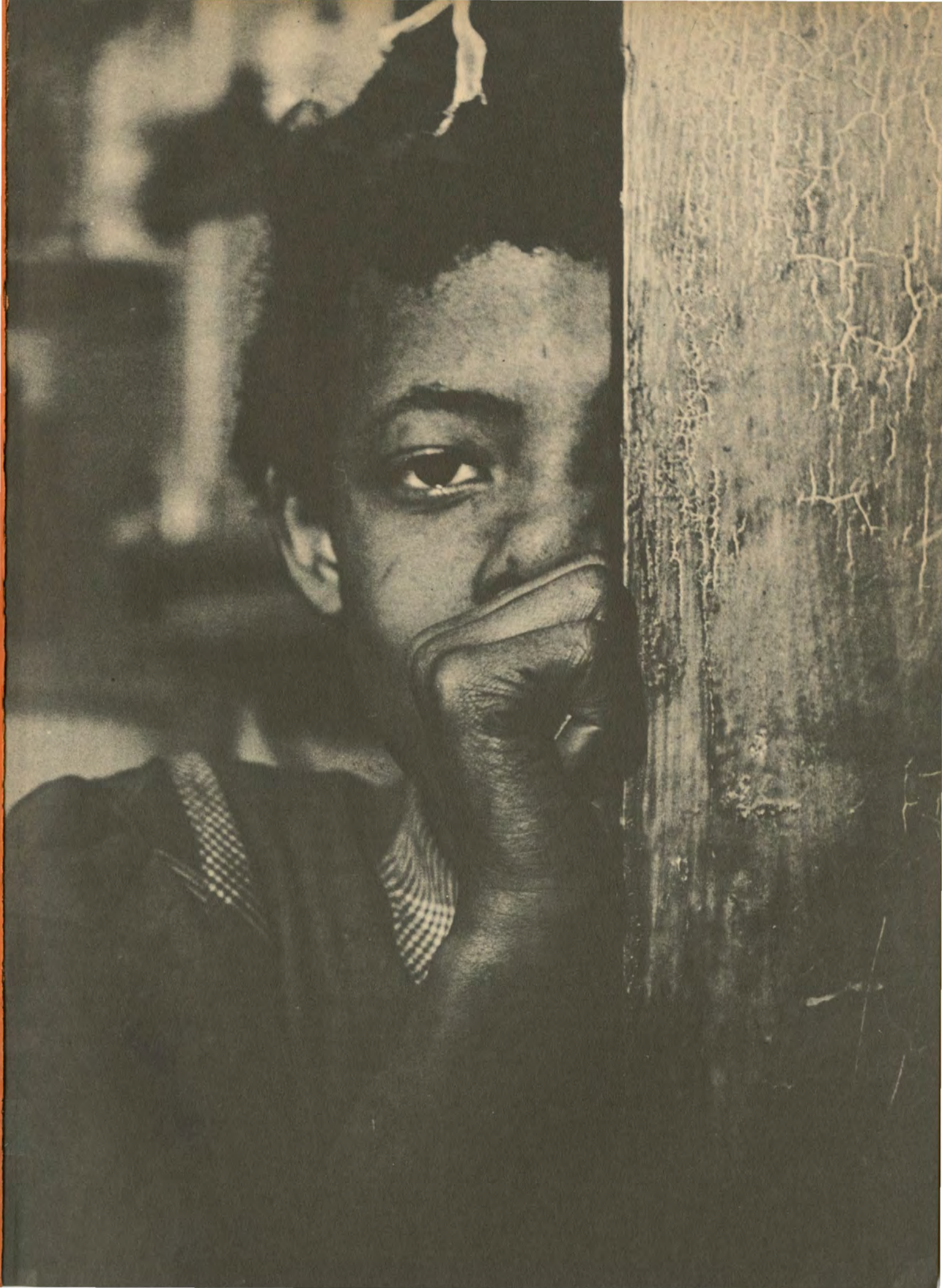


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THE BLACK REVOLUTION

letters to a white liberal

BY THOMAS MERTON

PHOTO: A. R. SIMONS



If I dare to imagine that these letters may have some significance for both of us, it is because I believe that Christianity is concerned with human crises, since Christians are called to manifest the mercy and truth of God in history.

Christianity is the victory of Christ in the world, that is to say in history. It is the salvation of man in and through history, through temporal decisions made for love of Christ the Redeemer and Lord of History. The mystery of Christ is at work in all human events, and our comprehension of secular events works itself out and expresses itself in that sacred history, the history of salvation, which the Holy Spirit teaches us to read between the lines. We have to admit that this meaning is often provisional and sometimes beyond our grasp. Yet as Christians we are committed to the attempt to see some meaning in temporal events that flow from human choices. To be specific, we are bound to search "history," that is to say the intelligible actions of men, for some indications of their significance, and some relevance to our present choice as Christians.

"History" then is for us that complex of meanings which we read into the interplay of acts and decisions that make civilization. And we are also (this is more urgent still) at a turning point in the history of that European and American society which has been shaped and dominated by Christian concepts, even where it has at times been unfaithful to its basically Christian vocation. We live in a culture which seems to have reached the point of extreme hazard at which it may plunge to its own ruin, unless there is

some renewal of life, some new direction, some providential reorganization of its forces for survival.

At present, in a world-wide struggle for power which is entirely pragmatic, if not cynically unprincipled, the claims of those who appeal to their Christian antecedents as justification for their struggle to maintain themselves in power, are being judged by the events which flow from their supposedly "Christian" choices.

For example, we belong to a nation which prides itself on being free, and relates this freedom to its source in Christian theology. Our freedom rests on respect for the rights of the human person, and though our society is not officially Christian, this respect for the person can be traced to the Christian concept that every man is to be regarded as Christ, and treated as Christ.

Briefly, then: we justify our policies, whether national or international, by the implicit postulate that we are supremely concerned with the human person and his rights. We do this because our ancestors regarded every man as Christ, and wished to treat him as Christ, or at least believed this to be the right way to act, even though they did not always follow this belief.

Now if we advance this claim, and base our decisions and choices upon it, we must not be surprised if the claim itself comes under judgment. If we assert that we are the guardians of peace, freedom, and the rights of the person, we may expect other people to question this, demanding, from time to time, some evidence that we mean what we say. Commonly they will look for that evidence in our actions. And if our actions do not fit our words, they will assume that we are either fools, deceiving ourselves, or liars attempting to deceive others.

Our claims to high-minded love of freedom and our supposed defence of Christian and personalist ideals are going to be judged, we believe, not only by other men, but above all by God. At times we are perhaps rashly inclined to find this distinction reassuring. We say to ourselves: God at least knows our sincerity. He does not suspect us as our enemies do. He sees the *reality* of our good intentions!

I am sure He sees whatever reality is there. But are we absolutely certain that He judges our intentions exactly as we do?

Let me cite an example. Our defense policies and the gigantic arms race which they require are all based on the supposition that we seek peace and freedom, not only for ourselves, but for the whole world. We claim to possess the only effective and basically sincere formula for world peace because we alone are truly honest in our claim to respect the human person. For us, the person and his freedom, with his basic rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of

happiness, comes absolutely first. Therefore the sincerity and truth of all our asserted aims, at home and abroad, in defence and in civil affairs, is going to be judged by the *reality* of our respect for persons and for their rights. The rest of the world knows this very well. We seem not to have realized this as well as they.

Another example: we claim that we are really solicitous for the rights of the Negro, and willing to grant him these rights some time or other. We even insist that the very nature of our society is such that the Negro, as a person, is precisely what we respect the most. Our laws declare that we are not simply a society which tolerates the presence of the Negro as a second class citizen of whom we would prefer to rid ourselves altogether if we only could. They assert that since the Negro is a person, he is in every way equal to every other person. And our religion adds that what we do to him, we do to Christ, since we are a free society, based on respect for the dignity of the human person as taught to the world by Christianity.

How, then, do we treat this other Christ, this person, who happens to be black?

First, if we look to the South which is plentifully supplied not only with Negroes but also with professed Christian believers, we discover that belief in the Negro as a person is accepted only with serious qualifications, while the notion that he is to be treated as Christ has been completely overlooked. It would not be easy for a Christian to mutilate another man, string him up on a tree and shoot him full of holes if he believed that what he did to that man was done to Christ. On the contrary, he must somehow imagine that he is doing this to the devil—to prevent the devil doing it to him. But in thinking such thoughts, a Christian has abdicated from Christianity and has implicitly rejected that basic respect for the rights of the person on which free society depends. From then on anything such a man may say about “Christianity” or “freedom” has lost all claims to rational significance.

Only with the greatest unwillingness have some very earnest Southern Christians, under duress, accepted the painful need to ride in the same part of public conveyances with Negroes, eat at the same lunch counters, use the same public facilities. And there are still not a few of these Christians who absolutely refuse to worship Christ in the same congregations as Negroes. Even some Catholics have refused to receive the Body of Christ together with Negroes in sacramental communion: and they have been astonished to find themselves excommunicated officially for refusing integrated schools, when in point of fact they had already by their own action manifestly excommunicated themselves, acting

purely and simply as schismatics, rending the unity of the Body of Christ.

Nevertheless, the inner conflicts and contradictions of the South are not to be taken as a justification for the smugness with which the North is doing just as poor a job, if not a worse job, of defending the Negro's rights as a person. The race “problem” is something which the southerner cannot escape. Almost half the population of the South is negro. Though there are greater concentrations of Negroes in northern slums, yet northern Negroes can be treated as if they were not there at all. For years, New Yorkers have been able to drive to Westchester and Connecticut without going through Harlem, or even seeing it, except from a distant freeway. The abuses thus tolerated and ignored are sometimes as bad and worse than anything in the South.

It is clear that our actual decisions and choices, with regard to the Negro, show us that we are not in fact interested in the rights of several million persons, who are members and citizens of our society and are in every way loyal Americans. They pay taxes, fight for the country and do as well as anybody else in meeting their responsibilities. And yet we tolerate shameful injustices which deprive them, by threats and by actual violence, of their right to vote and to participate actively in the affairs of the nation.

Here I can see you will protest. You will point to the Supreme Court decisions that have upheld Negro rights, to education in integrated colleges and schools. It seems to me that our motives are judged by the real fruit of our decisions. What have we done? We have been willing to grant the Negro rights on paper, even in the South. But the laws have been framed in such a way that in every case their execution has depended on the good will of white society, and the white man has *never failed*, when left to himself, to block or obstruct or simply forget the necessary action without which the rights of the Negro cannot be enjoyed in fact. Hence, when laws have been passed and then contested, and then dragged through all the courts, and then finally upheld, the Negro is still in no position to benefit by them without, in each case, entering into further interminable lawsuits every time he wants to exercise a right that is guaranteed to him by law.

In effect, we are not really giving the Negro a right to live where he likes, eat where he likes, go to school where he likes, or work where he likes, but only to *sue the white man who refuses to let him do these things*. If every time I want a Coca Cola I have to sue the owner of the snack bar, I think I will probably keep going to the same old places in my ghetto. That is what the Negro, until recently, has done. Such laws are without meaning unless

they reflect a willingness on the part of white society to implement them.

You will say: "You can't legislate morality." That phrase may be quite true in its proper context. But here it is a question not of "morality" but of a social system. If we have got to the point where the laws are frequently, if not commonly, framed in such a way that they can be easily evaded by a privileged minority, then the very structure of our society comes into question. If you are responsible for legislation that has only a dubious value, and if as a result the authority of law itself begins to be questioned, then you are partly to blame for the disorders and the confusion resulting from civil disobedience and contempt of law.

I think there is possibly some truth in the accusation that we are making laws simply because they look nice on the books. Having them there, we can enjoy the comfort of pointing to them, reassuring our own consciences, convincing ourselves that we are all that we claim to be, and refuting the vicious allegations of hostile critics who question the sincerity of our devotion to freedom.

But at the same time, when our own personal interests and preferences are concerned, we have no intention of respecting the Negro's rights in the concrete. North or South, integration is always going to be not on our street but "somewhere else." That perhaps accounts for the extraordinary zeal with which the North insists upon integration in the South, while treating the northern Negro as if he were invisible, flatly refusing to let him take shape in full view, lest he demand the treatment due to a human person and a free citizen of this nation. That is why the Negro now insists on making himself just as obviously visible as he possibly can. That is why he demonstrates. He has come to realize that the white man is not interested in the rights of the Negro, but in the white man's own spiritual and material comfort. If then, by making himself visible, the Negro can finally disturb the white man's precious "peace of soul," then by all means he would be a fool not to do so.

Yet when we are pressed and criticized, and when the Negro's violated rights are brought up before us, we stir ourselves to renewed efforts at legislation, we introduce more bills into Congress, knowing well enough how much chance those bills have of retaining any real significance after they have finally made it, if they make it at all.

The Negro finally gets tired of this treatment and becomes quite rightly convinced that the only way he is ever going to get his rights is by fighting for them himself. But we deplore his demonstrations, we urge him to go slow, we warn him against the consequences of violence (when, at least so far, most

of the organized violence has been on our side and not on his). At the same time we secretly desire violence, and even in some cases *provoke* it, in the hope that the whole Negro movement for freedom can be repressed by force.

DO NOT CLAIM to be either a prophet or even a historian. I do not profess to understand all the mysteries of political philosophy, and I am, thank God, not a sociologist. But I question whether our claims to be the only sincere defenders of the human person, of his rights, of his dignity, of his nobility as a creature made in God's image, as a member of the Mystical Christ, can be substantiated by our actions. It seems to me that we have retained little more than a few slogans and concepts that have been emptied of reality. It seems to me that we have little genuine interest in human liberty and in the human person. What we are interested in, on the contrary, is the unlimited freedom of the corporation. When we call ourselves the "free world" we mean first of all the world in which *business* is free. And the freedom of the person comes only after that, because, in our eyes, the freedom of the person is dependent on money. That is to say, without money, freedom has no meaning. And therefore the most basic freedom of all is the freedom to make money. If you have nothing to buy or sell, freedom is, in your case, irrelevant. In other words, what we are really interested in is not *persons*, but *profits*. Our society is organized first and foremost with a view to business, and wherever we run into a choice between the rights of a human person and the advantages of a profit-making organization, the rights of the person will have difficulty getting a hearing. Profit first, people afterward.

You ask me, indignantly, to confirm these vicious allegations?

It appears that the one aspect of the Negro demonstrations that is being taken most seriously in the South is that *they hurt business*. As long as there was talk only of "rights" and of "freedom" (concepts which imply *persons*), the Negro movement was taken seriously chiefly by crackpots, idealists, and members of suspicious organizations thought to be under direct control of Moscow, like the NAACP. But still, all this talk of Negro rights, especially when accompanied by hymn-singing and religious exhortations, could hardly be taken seriously.

It was only when money became involved that the Negro demonstrations finally impressed themselves upon the American mind as being real.

We claim to judge reality by the touchstone of Christian values, such as freedom, thought, the spirit, faith, personalism, etc. In actual fact we judge them by commercial values: sales, money, price, profits.

It is not the life of the spirit that is real to us, but the vitality of the *market*. Spiritual values are to us, in actual fact, meaningless unless they can be reduced to terms of buying and selling. But buying and selling are abstract operations. Money has no ontological reality: it is a pure convention. Admittedly it is a very practical one. But it is in itself completely unreal, and the ritual that surrounds money transactions, the whole liturgy of marketing and of profit, is basically void of reality and of meaning. Yet we treat it as the final reality, the absolute meaning, in the light of which everything else is to be judged, weighed, evaluated, "priced."

Thus we end up by treating persons as objects for sale, and therefore as meaningless unless they have some value on the market. A man is to us nothing more nor less than "what he is worth." He is "known" to us as a reality when he is known to be solvent by bankers. Otherwise he has not yet begun to exist.

Our trouble is that we are alienated from our own personal reality, our true self. We do not believe in anything but money and the power or the enjoyment which come from the possession of money. We do not believe in ourselves, except in so far as we can estimate our own worth, and verify, by our operations in the world of the market, that our subjective price coincides with what society is willing to pay for us.

And the Negro? He has so far been worth little or nothing?

Until quite recently there was no place for him in our calculations, unless perhaps we were landlords—unless we had *real* estate—in Harlem. That of course was another matter, because the Negro was really quite profitable to us. And yet we did not think of profit as coming to us from the beings of flesh and blood who were crowded into those rooms. On the contrary, it came to us from the only thing that was *real*—our estate. The Negro was so shadowy, so unreal, that he was nothing more than the occasion for a series of very profitable transactions which gave us a good solid reality in our own eyes and in the eyes of our society.

But now, suddenly, we have discovered that there are also some real Negroes. For them to be real they must have the same kind of reality as ourselves. Reality is estimated in terms of (financial) worth. And so we discover that there are a few Negroes who have money.

Why has this rich Negro suddenly earned the grace of our benevolent attention? Because he is a person, because he has brains, because of the fantastic talents which alone could enable him to be a professional success against such inhuman odds? None of this. It is now to our interest to recognize

him, because we can use him against the others. So now, when the Negro claims he wants to take his full part in American society as a *person*, we retort: you already are playing your part as a person: "Negroes over the years," we now declare, "have had a rapid rise in income" (a nice vague statement, but it satisfies the mind of anyone who believes in money); "Large numbers of Negroes drive high-priced cars." Another beautiful act of faith! But here we come with "exact figures":

"It is estimated that there are now thirty-five Negro millionaires in the United States."

What are these statements supposed to mean? Simply that there is no need for the Negro to make such a fuss, to demonstrate, to fight for recognition as a person. He has *received that recognition already*. "Thirty-five Negroes are millionaires." (Thirty-five out of twenty million!) "Large numbers" drive "high-priced cars." What more do you want? These are indications that the Negro has all he needs, for he has "opportunities," he can make money and thus become real.

What opportunities?

Even though a Negro millionaire may live in a "fine residential neighborhood" he is still living in a ghetto; when he moves in, the whites move out. The neighborhood is taken over by Negroes, and even if they are millionaires, their presence means that a neighborhood is no longer "fine." For a white man it is no longer even "residential."

So that even when he is worth a million, a Negro cannot buy himself, in the land of the free, the respect that is given to a human person.

Doubtless the mercy and truth of God, the victory of Christ, are being manifested in our current history, but I am not able to see how they are manifested *by us*.

II

A LITTLE TIME, perhaps only a few more months, and we will realize that we have reached a moment of unparalleled seriousness in American history, indeed in the history of the world. The word "revolution" is getting around. Accepted at first with tolerance, as a pleasantly graphic figure of speech, it is going to be regarded with more and more disapproval, because it comes too near to the truth. And why? What is a revolution? What does it mean to say that the Negro's struggle for full civil rights amounts to a revolution?

Much as it might distress southerners, the fact that a Negro may now sit down next to a white woman at a snack bar and order a sandwich is still somewhat short of revolution. And if by dint of courageous and effective protest the Negroes who have a vote in deep southern states should actually manage to cast their votes on election day without

getting shot: that in itself does not make a revolution, though it may have something radically new about it. The question is, who will they be voting for? Ross Barnett?

Yet I have often thought there is something true, as well as sinister, in the usual conservative claim to "realism." We must admit that the southern politicians are much more fully aware of the revolutionary nature of the situation than are those northern liberals who blithely suppose that somehow the Negroes (both north and south) will gradually and noiselessly "fit in" to white society exactly as it is, with its affluent economy, the mass media, its political machines, its professional thoughtlessness and its middle class suburban folkways.

We seem to think that when the Negroes of the south really begin to use their largely hypothetical right to vote, they will be content with the same candidates who were up last year and the year before. If those candidates themselves were under any such illusion, they would long since have done something that would get them the Negro votes.

In point of fact, the southern politicians realize very well that if the Negroes turn out full force to vote, and thereby establish themselves as a factor to be reckoned with in southern politics, the political machines of the past are going to collapse in a cloud of dust. To put it succinctly: if the southern Negro is really granted the rights which are guaranteed to him, *de jure*, by the American Constitution, and if he fully and freely exercises those rights, it is all up with the Old South. There are quite enough Negroes in the South to make any really free election catastrophic for the *status quo*. And Negroes, both south and north, are not going to waste time voting for people who sic police dogs on them and drench them with high pressure firehoses, while occasionally lobbing bombs onto their front porches for good measure.

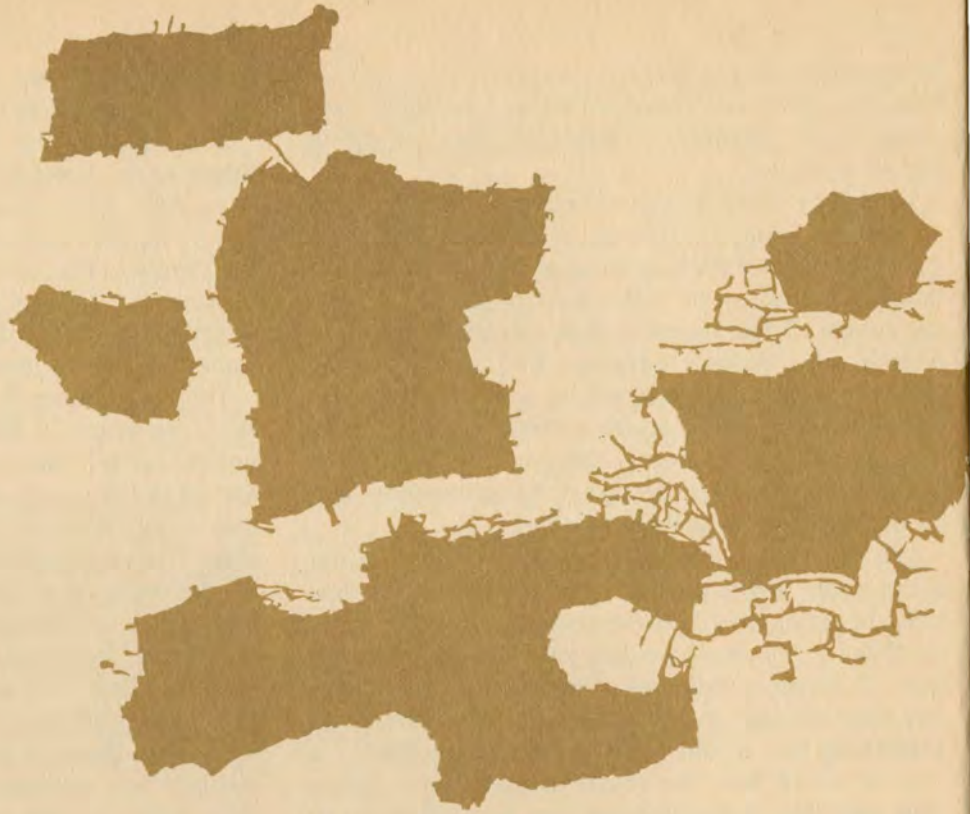
So much for the South. But what about the North? Northern Negroes are already able to put some of their own men into office: but this is only the beginning of what is suddenly becoming a very conscious and concerted drive for real political power. This drive is going to be more and more accelerated by the problem of jobs. With five million unemployed officially acknowledged in 1963, with no indications other than that this figure *must grow*, and with repeated strikes and protests in which Negroes demand to be hired along with whites, there is going to be violent conflict over the limited number of jobs. With the best will in the world, nobody is going to be able to give jobs to Negroes without taking them away from whites, and there is no indication, at the moment, that the whites intend to retire *en masse* and spend the rest of their lives

watching TV so that the Negroes may carry on the work, and collect the paychecks, of the nation.

This represents, whether we like it or not, a radical threat to our present system—a revolutionary situation. And furthermore it accentuates the already clearly defined racial lines dividing the two sides in the conflict. This means that the Negro is going to continue to be what he has decidedly become: aggressively aware of the power and impact on white society of mere *threat* of revolutionary violence.

The Negro himself is in the presence of a social structure which he has reason to consider inherently unjust, since it has never done him any real justice except in fair words and promises. He also sees that this society has suddenly become extremely vulnerable. The very agitation and confusion which greet his demands are to him indications of guilt and fear, and he has very little respect for exhortations to "go slow" and "be patient." He feels he has been patient for a very long time and that anyone who cannot see this for himself is not being honest about it. He also feels that there is no hope of any action being taken *unless he takes action himself*, and that the steps taken by the government are mere political maneuvers leading nowhere. This means that a well-meaning liberal policy of compromises and concessions, striving at the same time to placate the Negro and to calm the seething indignation of the conservative whites, is not going to avert danger. It may, on the contrary, aggravate it. Hence the "realism" again, of the conservatives, who think that the only thing is to stop violence now by the full use of all the repressive agencies—police, national guard, army—which they themselves still fully control. After all, the traditional line of thought of those who use repressive power to defend the *status quo*, is that they are justified in applying force to prevent a chaotic and explosive outbreak of revolutionary disorder, save many lives, protect property (especially their own, of course) and maintain a semblance of national identity which would otherwise be dissolved in blood. Needless to say, this is identical with the argument which revolutionaries themselves advance for repressing all resistance once they themselves have achieved their aim and have seized full power.

Now, my friend, here is your situation. You, the well-meaning liberal, are right in the middle of all this confusion. You are, in fact, a political catalyst. On the one hand, with your good will and your ideals, your fine hopes and your generous, but vague, love of mankind in the abstract and of rights enthroned on a juridical Olympus, you offer a certain encouragement to the Negro (and you do right, my only complaint being that you are not yet right enough) so that, abetted by you, he is emboldened



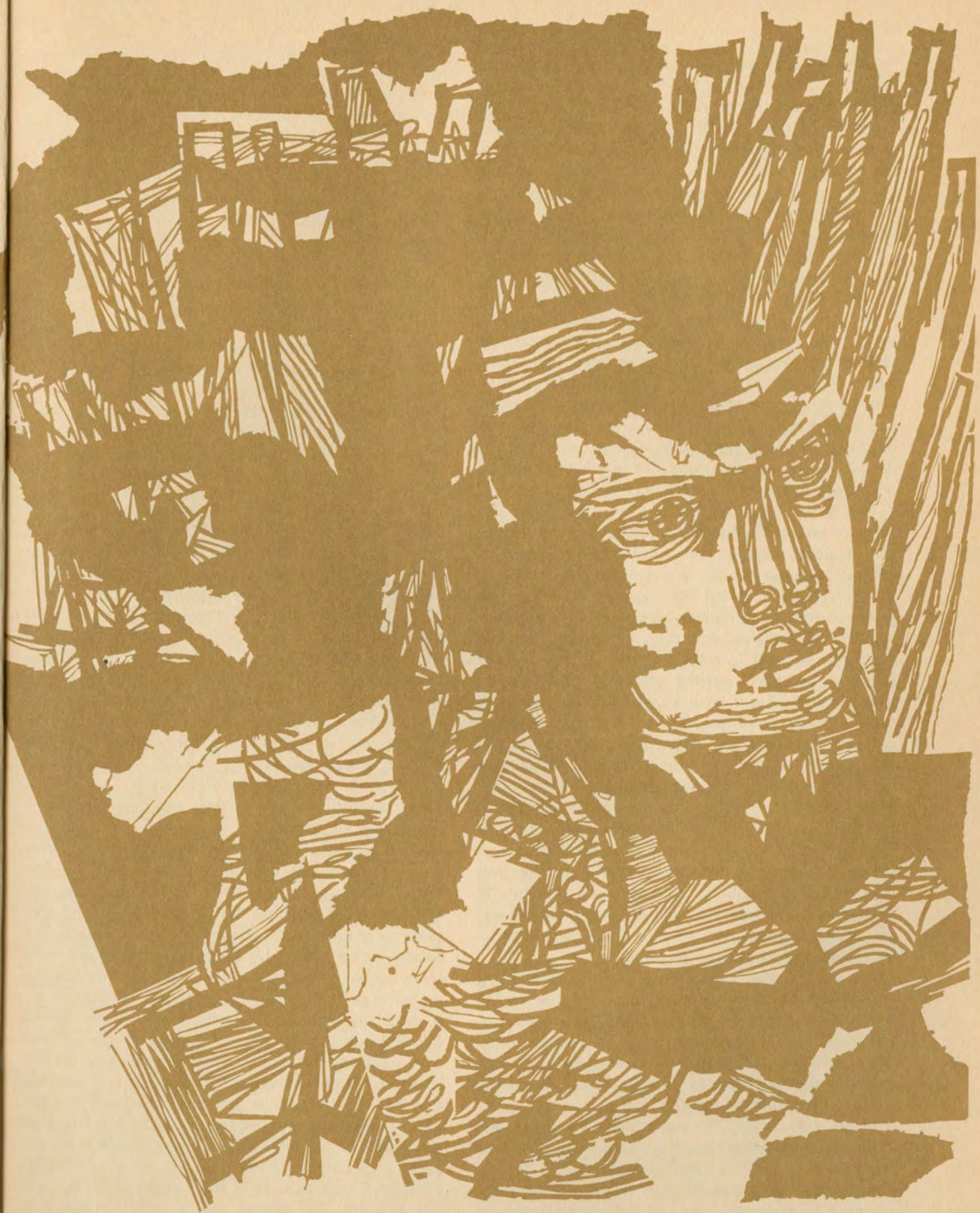
to demand concessions. Though he knows you will not support all his demands, he is well aware that you will be forced to support some of them in order to maintain your image of yourself as a liberal. He also knows, however, that your material comforts, your security, and your congenial relations with the Establishment are much more important to you than your rather volatile idealism, and that when the game gets rough you will be quick to see your own interests menaced by his demands. And you will sell him down the river for the five hundredth time in order to protect yourself. For this reason, as well as to support your own self-esteem, you are very anxious to have a position of leadership and control in the Negro's fight for rights, in order to be able to apply the brakes when you feel it necessary. This is why the Negro emphatically rejects you now. He does not want you in his way. You are more a nuisance than anything else. And you, offended at this lack of appreciation, want to reassure the Negro—you are really on his side, and to prove it you will help him to get just a little more. You will be satisfied with the headlines. You will once again feel cozy with your liberal image—for a few days. Thus you make it possible for him, according to the fantasies of conservative thought, to "taste blood." And conservative thought is not always deluded in its choice of metaphors.

On the other hand, when you come face to face at last with *concrete* reality, and take note of some unexpected and unlovely aspects of what you have hitherto considered only in the abstract, you your-

self are going to be a very frightened mortal. You are going to see that there are more than ideas and ideals involved in this struggle. It is more than a matter of images and headlines. And you are going to realize that what has begun is not going to be stopped, but that it will lead on into a future for which the past, perhaps, offers little or no precedent. But since it is one of the characteristics of liberals that they prefer their future to be vaguely predictable (just as the conservative prefers only a future that reproduces the past in all its details), when you see that the future is entirely out of your hands and that you are totally unprepared for it, you are going to fall back on the past, and you are going to end up in the arms of the conservatives. Indeed, you will be so much in their arms that you will be in their way, and will not improve the shooting.

THESE ARE FRANK AND BRUTAL FACTS, my good friend. But they are the facts on which you must base your future decisions. You must face it: this upheaval is going to sweep away not only the old style political machines, the quaint relics of a more sanguine era, but also a great deal of the managerial sophistication of our own time. And your liberalism is likely to go out the window along with a number of other entities that have their existence chiefly on paper and in the head.

What are you going to do? Are you going to say that though changes may be desirable in theory, they cannot possibly be paid for by a social upheaval amounting to revolution? Are you going to decide



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that the Negro movement is already out of hand, and therefore it must be stopped at any cost, even at the cost of ruthless force? In that case, you are retreating from the unknown future and falling back on a known and familiar alternative: namely the alternative in which you, who are after all on top, *remain on top by the use of force*, rather than admit a change in which you will not necessarily be on the bottom, but in which your position as top dog will no longer be guaranteed. You will prefer your own security to everything else, and you will be willing to sacrifice the Negro to preserve yourself.

But it is precisely in this that you are contributing to the inexorable development of a revolution, for revolutions are always the result of situations in which the drive of an underprivileged mass of men can no longer be contained by token concessions and in which the Establishment is too confused, too inert and too frightened to participate with the underprivileged in a new and creative solution of what is realized to be their common problem.

This is the case at present in the United States. Instead of seeing the Negro revolution as a manifestation of deep disorder that is eating away the inner substance of our society, *because it is in ourselves*, we look at it as a threat from outside ourselves—as a deplorable revolutionary adventure by an understandably dissatisfied minority, goaded on by Red agitators. But this is a totally fanciful view, which removes the crisis from the context of reality into a dream-world of our own in which we proceed to seek a dream-solution. We forget that the Negro is there *because of us*. His crisis is the result of our acts, and is, in fact *our crisis*. Our total inability to see this is turning a common political problem into a violent conflict, in which there is no possibility of real dialogue, and in which the insensate shibboleths of racism drown out all hope of rational solutions. When this happens, even those whites and Negroes who would normally be able to work together to find a common solution, will be driven apart, and the white man will become the black man's enemy by the mere fact that he is white.

As Martin Luther King sees so clearly, if the Negro struggle becomes a violent conflict (and this is what would best please the white racists!) it is bound to fail in its most rational and creative purpose—the real vindication of Negro rights and the definitive assertion of the Negro as a person equal in dignity to any other human person.

"I am convinced," he says, "that if we succumb to be the temptation to use violence in our struggle for freedom, unborn generations will be the recipients of a long and desolate night of bitterness; our chief legacy to them will be a never-ending reign of chaos." (From *Strength to Love* © by Harper Bros. 1963.)

In one word, there is a serious possibility of an eventual civil war which might wreck the fabric of American society. And although the Negro revolution in America is now unquestionably non-Marxist, and just as unquestionably a completely original and home-grown product of our own, there is no doubt that if it resulted in a revolutionary upheaval of American economic and political life, there might be a danger of Marxist elements "capturing" the revolution and taking it over in the name of Soviet Communism. Remote as it may seem, this fits an already familiar pattern, and furthermore it has to be considered because it already dominates the minds of the segregationist right wing.

My question to you is this: can you think of a better way of conducting yourself?

Does all profoundly significant social change have to be carried out in violence and with murder, destruction, police repression and counter repression? Is it not possible that the whites might give closer attention to the claims of Negro leaders like Martin Luther King, who assert that they do not want violence, and who give every assurance (backed up by some rather convincing evidence, if you can remember Birmingham) that the Negro is not out to kill anybody, that he is really fighting not only for his own freedom, but also, in some strange way, for the freedom of the whites? (This is a new and quixotic concept to us, since we are fully convinced that we are the freest people that ever existed.) Is it true that all change of our present social framework is necessarily a disaster so great that any price can legitimately be paid to keep it from coming about? Is it not possible that whites and Negroes might join together in a creative political experiment such as the world has never yet seen, and in which the first

is eating white society and is only partly manifested in racial segregation with all its consequences, *is rooted in the heart of the white man himself.*

Only if the white man sees this will he be able gradually to understand the real nature of the problem and take steps to save himself and his society from complete ruin. As the Negro sees it, the Cold War and its fatal insanities are to a great extent generated within the purblind, guilt-ridden, self-deceiving, self-tormenting and self-destructive psyche of the white man.

It is curious that while some Southern whites are surrounding their houses with floodlights, to protect themselves in case Negroes creep up to murder them in the dark, all the violence in the South to date has been on the part of the whites themselves. Barbara Deming, a white New England woman who demonstrated with the Negro children in Birmingham, was sent to jail with them. The jail was of course segregated. She was thrown in a cell full of white prostitutes and other delinquents, and found them not only furious and hostile towards her, but terrified lest the Negro children (who were still singing hymns after a sublime display of Christian heroism) might rape and murder them in the jail. Curious that these white Southerners (people to be pitied indeed), from their half-world of violence, petty thievery, vice and addiction, were the ones who felt themselves menaced, and menaced by the clear eyes of children! The truth is that they had very good reason to fear. The action of the children was aimed at them, and aimed directly at them. It was an attack not upon their property, their jobs, their social status, but upon their inmost conscience. And unless that attack could be met and deflected, *these people would not be able to continue as they were.*

In all literal truth, if they "heard" the message of the Negro children, they would cease to be the people they were. They would have to "die" to everything which was familiar and secure. They would have to die to their past, to their society with its prejudices and its inertia, die to its false beliefs, and *go over to the side of the Negroes.* For a Southern white, this would be a real "death" indeed!

This is the radical challenge of Negro non-violence today. This is why it is a source of uneasiness and fear to all white men who are attached to their security. If they are forced to listen to what the Negro is trying to say, the whites may have to admit that *their prosperity is rooted to some extent in injustice and in sin.* And, in consequence, this might lead to a complete re-examination of the political motives behind all our current policies, domestic and foreign, with the possible admission that we are wrong. Such an admission might, in fact, be so disastrous that its effects would dislocate our whole

economy and ruin the country. These are not things that are consciously admitted, but they are confusedly present in our thoughts and fears. They account for the passionate and mindless desperation with which we plunge this way and that, trying to evade the implications of our present crisis.

Unfortunately, not all Negroes can appreciate the Christian foundation of non-violent action as it is practiced by the followers of Dr. King. Many Northern Negro leaders, and especially the organizers of the Black Muslim movement, categorically reject Dr. King's ideas as sentimental. They believe that his non-violence is a masochistic exhibition of defeatism which flatters the whites, plays into their hands, and degrades the Negro still further by forcing him to submit uselessly to violence and humiliation. In some cases, the sharp criticism of Martin Luther King is carried so far as to accuse him of deliberately and cynically sacrificing his followers in order to get power and prestige for himself in white society.

This reaction against what is basically a Christian protest leads to another extreme: a black racism as intransigent and as fanatical as that of the white racists themselves. It is true that the Black Muslims must not be painted as a corporation of devils. Yet, the Muslim movement is one of absolutely hostile rejection of all that is white, including Christianity, conceived as the "white man's religion." Instead, Islam, regarded as "African religion" and as the worship of a "Black God" or at least of the black man's God, is substituted for it. Emphasis is laid on the martial and combative elements in the faith of Islam, and the first principle of all race relations is that the white man is never to be trusted. He is worthy only of hatred and contempt. No "dialogue" is possible between white and black, and all that can be achieved is a complete separation. Their aim is to achieve this separation without violence, in so far as this may be possible: but they will not hesitate to use violence if this becomes necessary. Theoretically, then, the Black Muslims do not have a systematic program of violent attack on the white population, as some seem to imagine. But since the separation of which they dream is, and can be, no more than a dream, the tension between the races in the big cities of the North where the Muslims are concentrated, will undoubtedly produce some violence sooner or later. It can be said, however, that the fact that the Muslims are disciplined and organized makes them to some extent an asset: they will certainly try to control violence and direct it. This is preferable to completely uncontrolled and in some ways "uncaused" rioting, exploding at the slightest spark and spreading in aimless fury through whole cities until its force is spent. Yet the Muslims, however disciplined they themselves may be, can

easily start a general conflagration among other Negroes.

THE BLACK MUSLIMS have so far had no influence in the South, and although the Negro spokesmen in the North are often hostile to Martin Luther King, he has immense prestige wherever Negroes are to be found in the United States, though Birmingham was not understood by all of them as a "victory" for their race. It seems, however, that all hope of really constructive and positive results from the Civil Rights Movement is to be placed in the Christian elements. It is also possible that as the movement gains in power, the reasonableness and the Christian fervor of these elements will recede into the background and the Movement will become more and more an unreasoning and intransigent mass movement dedicated to the conquest of sheer power, more and more inclined to violence.

If the Christian and non-violent element in Negro protest is finally discredited it may mean that Christianity itself will become meaningless in Negro eyes. Those Negroes who attack their Christian leaders in the South are usually completely disillusioned with Christianity, if not bitterly hostile to it, because they are convinced that it has no other function than to keep the Negro in passive and helpless submission to his white oppressors. When white Christians express admiration and sympathy for Dr. King, this is immediately interpreted by his Negro critics as evidence for their own negative thesis.

As for the attitude of white Christians toward the Negro freedom movement, Protestants and Catholics alike are at best confused and evasive in their sympathies. One gets the impression that they mean well, and that they recognize the validity of the Negro's protest, but that they are so out of contact with the realities of the time that they have no idea how they can effectively help him. It is true that the American Hierarchy has denounced the sin of racism. Some, but not all, Catholic Bishops have taken action to integrate Catholic schools or to castigate the worst abuses of discrimination. Here and there Christian leaders get together to make encouraging statements. Yet at the same time, even those white Christians most favorable to the Negro cause have been quick to react against the protests in Birmingham and Jackson, censuring them and demanding "more patience" on the Negro's part, sincerely believing that the whole problem can be adequately settled only by the administration in Washington. This, to the Negro, is more than naive. He cannot help but interpret it as evasion and bad faith, and consequently he has little or no confidence in any white Christian group including the Catholic Church.

Evidently, many white Christians will be grieved

and disappointed at this evaluation of their sincere concern over the Negro's struggle for his rights. They will remind the Negro that they have taken certain steps in his favor. They will expect him to be more grateful. I think the time has come to say two things about this attitude.

First of all, it shows that they do not grasp the real dimensions of the problem as the Negro sees it. Like the average liberal, they think that the Negro is simply presenting a few reasonable demands which can be met by legislative action. And, as a corollary to this, they assume that if the Negro were to ask any more than this, he would be unreasonable if not rebellious.

In actual fact the Negro is not simply asking to be "accepted into" the white man's society, and eventually "absorbed by it," so that race relations in the U.S. may finally come to be something like those in Latin America. I think that most Catholics tend, half consciously, to imagine that this would be a reasonable outcome: let the United States imitate those countries that were settled by Catholics in the first place, and where there has never been a very strict color line. Catholic values will triumph and there will be no more racial problems, because the United States will be like Brazil.

As present events in Brazil make quite clear, this is no solution.



The actions and attitudes of white Christians all, without exception, contain a basic and axiomatic assumption of white superiority, even when the pleas of the Negro for equal rights are hailed with the greatest good will. It is simply taken for granted that, since the white man is superior, the Negro wants to become a white man. And we, liberals and Christians that we are, advance generously, with open arms, to embrace our little black brother and welcome him into white society.

The Negro is not only not grateful, he is not even impressed. In fact, he shows by his attitude that he is at the same time antagonized and disgusted by our stupidity. And here, I think, is where all Christians are, innocently no doubt, doing the gravest harm to Christian truth.

For some unknown reason, the white man (especially the Southern white) does not seem to realize that he has been rather closely observed, for the

last two centuries, by his Negro slaves, servants, share-croppers, mistresses, and bastards. He does not seem to be aware of the fact that they know a great deal about him, and, in fact, understand him in some ways better than he understands himself. This information has never been passed on to the white man, who has never dreamed of asking for it. He has assumed that the ideas of the Negro were more or less worthless in the first place. Do Negroes think? Of course not: they just sing, dance, make love, and lie in the shade doing nothing, because they are *different*. They haven't got the energy to think!

The Negro knows precisely why the white man imagines that the Negro wants to be a White Man. The White Man is too insecure in his fatuous self-complacency to be able to imagine anything else.

Consequently, when the Catholic Church gives the impression that it regards the South as a vast potential pool of "Negro converts," in which a zealous and ardent white apostolate can transform a few million Uncle Toms into reasonably respectable imitations of white Catholics, this actually does very little to make the Negro respect the truth of Christ, practically nothing to help him understand the mystery of Christ in His Church.

It is often quite evident that the genuinely warm sympathy which so many Catholics have for the Negro is nevertheless something the Negro himself now accepts only with resignation and disillusionment. What we love in the Negro tends to be, once again, the same old image of the vaudeville darkie, the quaint Black Mammy of plantation days, the Pullman porter with ready wit, the devoted retainer whose whole family has served a white southern feudal tribe for generations. This is a caricature of the Negro of which the Negro himself has long since grown tired, and its chief function is to flatter the white man's sense of superiority. One has yet to find very many Catholics, including especially priests, who are really able to deal with Negroes on an equal footing, that is to say without the specious and fraudulent mediation of this image. Most of us are congenitally unable to think black, and yet that is precisely what we must do before we can even hope to understand the crisis in which we find ourselves, and our best considered and most sympathetic consideration of the Negro's plight is one calculated to antagonize him because it reflects such pitiful inability to see him, right before our nose, as a real human being and not a higher type of domestic animal. Furthermore we do not bother really to listen to what he says, because we assume that when the dialogue really begins, he will already be thinking just like ourselves. And in the meantime we are not too disposed to offend the white racists, either. We still want to please everybody with soft words and

pleasant generalizations, which we convince ourselves are necessary for charity.

A genuinely Catholic approach to the Negro would assume not only that white and the Negro are essentially equal in dignity (and this, I think, we do generally assume) but also that they are brothers in the fullest sense of the word. This means to say that a genuinely Catholic attitude in manners of race is one which concretely accepts and fully recognizes the fact that different races and cultures are *correlative*. *They mutually complete one another*. The white man needs the Negro—and needs to know that he needs him.

White calls for black just as black calls for white. Our significance as white men is to be seen *entirely* in the fact that all men are not white. Until this fact is grasped, we will never realize our true place in the world, and we will never achieve what we are meant to achieve in it. The white man is *for* the black man: that is why he is white. The black man is *for* the white man: that is why he is black. But so far, we have managed only to see these relationships in a very unsatisfactory and distorted fashion.

First of all, there was the crude initial concept: the black man was *for* the white man, in the sense that he belonged to him as his slave. But in the relationship of master and slave there is no correlative responsibility. The master is like God, who cannot enter into a relationship with a creature: the creature can only enter into a relationship with Him. So the Master could do what he liked with the slave, and perhaps, incidentally, he might find himself, without realizing it, living to some extent *for* the slave whom he had come to trust and love. But though there was a germinating humanity in this "relationship," there was no sense of a real social obligation to slaves as such, who therefore were never really admitted to be human beings. Thus though the South of slavery days was a kind of Eden for the white man (and is still remembered in the southern myth as Eden) it was without human significance because it was empty of basic truth: the truth of *Man* was absent, because here were two different kinds of men who were supposed, in the order of nature, to complete one another as correlatives, and one of them was not admitted to human status.

THE CIVIL WAR CAME, and the Negro acquired a human status on the books of law: but only on the books. In actual fact his position was even less human than before.

To assume the superiority of the white race and of European-American culture as axiomatic, and to proceed from there to "integrate" all other races and cultures by a purely one-sided operation is a

pure travesty of Catholic unity in truth. In fact, this fake Catholicism, this parody of unity which is no unity at all but a one-sided and arbitrary attempt to reduce others to a condition of identity with ourselves, is one of the most disastrous of misconceptions.

It may be true that a French missionary who brings the truth of the Gospel to a West African pagan is bringing him the truth indeed. But unfortunately, the fatal tendency has too often been to assume that *everything* he was bringing, down to his clothes, his table manners, his Cartesian habits of thought, his Gallic self-esteem and, in a word, the infallibility of the *bien pensant* were all pure revelations of God and His Church. In such conditions, missionaries have assumed, with extreme generosity, that their only function was to *give* of their sublime fullness, and that it was never necessary for them to receive, to learn, to accept any kind of a spiritual gift from the native and from his indigenous culture. Material contributions—yes. But nothing else. There has generally been no conception at all that the white man had anything to learn from the Negro. And now, the irony is that the Negro (especially the Christian Negro of the heroic stamp of Dr. King) *is offering the white man a "message of salvation," and the white man is so blinded by his self-sufficiency and self-conceit that he does not recognize the peril in which he puts himself by ignoring the offer.*

But is the white man in a position to recognize the providential character of this hour? If I say that the Negro offers him an "opportunity," the white man will perhaps scrutinize him afresh in order to find out what he has to sell. And what will he see? Something at once disturbing and unattractive. Processions of discontented black men and women carrying signs. Groups of exalted children singing hymns. Frightened but determined people letting themselves be rolled around the street by the power of firehoses. There is courage there, no doubt, and they obviously mean business. But we have courage too, and there is no need at all for us to have the hoses turned on us.

But this is not the point. The Negro, in fact, has nothing to sell. He is only offering us the occasion *to enter with him into a providential reciprocity* willed for us by God. He is inviting us to understand him as necessary to our own lives, and as completing them. He is warning us that we cannot do without him, and that if we insist on regarding him as an enemy, an object of contempt, or a rival, we will perhaps sterilize and ruin our own lives. He is telling us that unless we can enter into a vital and Christian relationship with him, there will be hate, violence, and civil war indeed: and from this violence perhaps none of us will emerge whole.

It must then be said that this most critical moment in American history is the providential "hour," the *kairos* not merely of the Negro, but of the white man. It is, or at any rate it can be, God's hour. It can be the hour of vocation, the moment in which, hearing and understanding the will of God as expressed in the urgent need of our Negro brother, we can respond to that inscrutable will in a faith that faces the need of reform and creative change, in order that the demands of truth and justice may not go unfulfilled.

It is for this reason that the "prudence" and the (self-styled) wisdom of some white Christian leaders may well prove to be a sign of spiritual blindness, and as such it may be decisive in leading the Negro away from Christian truth and natural reason, to embark on a violent and chaotic fight for power characterized only by brutality and pragmatism. In this struggle the lessons given by the white police and politicians in the South will certainly be turned to good advantage.

What the Negro now seeks and expects (or perhaps what he has entirely given up expecting) from the white Christian is not sermons on patience, but a creative and enlightened understanding of his effort to meet the demands of God in this, his *kairos*. What he expects of us is some indication that we are capable of seeing a little of the vision he has seen, and



of sharing his risks and his courage. What he asks us is not the same old string of meaningless platitudes that we have always offered him in lieu of advice. He asks us to listen to him, and to pay some attention to what *he* has to say. He seriously demands that we learn something from him, because he is convinced that we need this, and need it badly.

Negro writers like James Baldwin have repeatedly demonstrated that this conviction lends an extraordinary power to their words. There is no question that they have more to say than anybody else writing in America today. Many have read their books and heard their message, but few are prepared to understand it because they simply cannot conceive of a white man learning anything worthwhile from a Negro. Still less can they imagine that the Negro might quite possibly have a prophetic message from God to the society of our time.

In simple and Christian terms, I would say that

the message is this: white society has sinned in many ways. It has betrayed Christ by its injustices to races it considered "inferior" and to countries which it colonized. In particular it has sinned against Christ in its lamentable injustices and cruelties to the Negro. The time has come when both white and Negro have been granted, by God, a unique and momentous opportunity.

We have this opportunity because the Negro has taken the steps which made it possible. He has refused to accept the iniquity and injustice of white discrimination. He has seen that to acquiesce in this injustice is not virtue, but only collaboration in evil. He has declared that he rejects both the physical evil of segregation and the moral evil of passive acquiescence in the white man's sin. But this is only the beginning. Now the white man must do his share, or the Negro's efforts will have no fruit.

The sin of the white man is to be expiated, through a *genuine response to the redemptive love of the Negro for him*. The Negro is ready to suffer, if necessary to die, if this will make the white man understand his sin, repent of it, and atone for it. But this atonement must consist of two things:

- 1) A complete reform of the social system which permits and breeds such injustices.
- 2) This work of reorganization must be carried out under the inspiration of the Negro whose providential time has now arrived, and who has received from God enough light, ardor and spiritual strength to free the white man in freeing himself from the white man.

I state these two conditions as nakedly and unequivocally as I find them in the words of Negro leaders. My only comment is that in making these demands, they are committing themselves very heavily to provide answers, in case we should ever ask them any questions. The Negro is saying that in effect *he has answers*. So far, his actions at Birmingham make his claim credible. I, for one, am willing to hear more. But I must admit there is as yet a certain vagueness in the inconclusive remarks so far advanced concerning the future. I am not too sure the Negro knows, any better than anyone else, where this country is actually going.

Yet this is a challenge and a very bold one. The Negro leaders are making some fantastic claims. And they are perhaps all the more fantastic because those who make them have half despaired of ever being heard. Certainly, all the official good will of the Administration is in no sense an acknowledgment that these claims have even been considered in their depth. That is because Washington is professionally capable only of seeing this as a political issue. Actually, it is a spiritual and religious one, and this element is by far the most important. But it is the ele-

ment that no one is ready to see. A white detective in Birmingham, watching scores of Negro children file into the paddy wagons, gave expression to the mind of the nation when he said: "If this is religion, I don't want any part of it." If this is really what the mind of white America has concluded, then we stand judged by our own thought. What is demanded of us is not necessarily that we believe that the Negro has mysterious and magic answers in the realm of politics and social control, *but that his spiritual insight into our common crisis is something we must take seriously*. By and large, in the midst of the clamor of every possible kind of jaded and laughable false prophet, the voice of the American Negro has in it a genuine prophetic ring. Who knows if we will ever get another chance to hear it?

In any case the Negro demands that his conditions be met with full attention and seriousness. The white man may not fully succeed in this—but he must at least try with all the earnestness at his command. Otherwise, the moment of grace will pass without effect. The merciful *kairos* of truth will turn into the dark hour of destruction and of hate. The awakened Negro will forget his moment of Christian hope and Christian inspiration. He will deliberately drive out of his heart the merciful love of Christ. He will no longer be the gentle, wide-eyed child singing hymns while police dogs lunge at his throat. There will be no more hymns and no more prayer vigils. He will become a Samson whose African strength flows ominously back into his arms. He will suddenly pull the pillars of white society crashing down upon himself and his oppressor. And perhaps, somewhere, out of the ruins, a new world (a black world) will one day arise.

This is the "message" which the Negro is trying to give white America. I have spelled it out for myself, subject to correction, in order to see whether a white man is even capable of grasping the words, let alone believing them. For the rest, you have Moses and the Prophets: Martin Luther King, James Baldwin and the others. Read them, and see for yourself what they are saying.

IT IS RELATED that when Mohammed was seeking the light, he thought of becoming a Christian, and he went to some Nestorian Christians in a corner of Arabia and sought a sign of the truth of Christianity from them. In order to see whether they had faith, he asked them to show him the credibility of the Christian message by walking barefoot on red hot coals. The Nestorians told him that he was mad. Mohammed, saying nothing, departed from them. And soon the conviction that he sought came to him in the burning heat of the Arabian desert. It was a truth of stark and dreadful simplicity—to be proved by the sword.

the central jurisdiction: dilemma and opportunity

BY JAMES S. THOMAS

The existence of the Central Jurisdiction within the structure of The Methodist Church is a theological and sociological fact of formidable proportions. Its existence constitutes both the present dilemma and greatest possible opportunity of The Methodist Church. When a nation and a denomination are committed to principles which are difficult to express in practice, they face a dilemma. The alternatives are almost too simple to state: get rid of the principles or get rid of the problem.

For two centuries Methodists have held earnestly to principles while seeking various "adjustments" for the problem. These adjustments are strikingly similar to those which exist in society at large. Slavery and segregation were the major reasons for Methodist schism in 1844; likewise, segregation was a major, if not a crucial, factor in 1939 when Union was consummated. The entire jurisdictional system guarantees, among other things, a type of regionalism not unlike that expressed in other areas of national life. The Central Jurisdiction is racial; all other jurisdictions are geographical.

Unfortunately, the Central Jurisdiction issue, like all aspects of race relations, often loses its way in emotionalism rather than finding illumination by fact. There is no definitive analysis of the historical situation which produced the Central Jurisdiction. Hence, a passing glance at history. The present patterns of thinking on race relations, when any form is discernible, come to us out of a past that is filled with historically significant events.

The tendency of many people to refer to the abolition of the Central Jurisdiction as a major goal overlooks the fact that *the persistence of segregation is not dependent upon any one structure*. Except for a brief period of interracial worship during slavery, the



"DO I SEARCH FOR THE WAY SO PAINFULLY UNLESS TO SHOW IT TO THE BROTHERS?"—GOETHE
WOODCUT MARGARET RIGG

churches of America have always practiced separation. To be sure, Methodism both north and south believed in and extensively practiced evangelism to the slaves. Nevertheless, W. D. Weatherford is correct in stating that the preachers in that day "were extremely careful not to suggest the possibility of emancipation but only to emphasize the moral implications of the gospel."

The record includes instances of white pastors of Negro churches, Negro pastors of white churches, and the presence of both groups in denominational bodies. Yet all of these relationships need to be seen in proper historical perspective. In the very early days, the level of training available to Negroes almost demanded white pastors for some newly organized Negro churches until Negro assistants could be trained. The few cases where Negroes pastored white or interracial churches seem to be honestly motivated attempts to attain an inclusive church. But the cases of integrated worship in local churches need a much more careful examination. Certainly, they were not as much expressions of equality as some historians have implied. The existence of the slave system itself approached the ultimate in inequality. Moreover, the passage of Black Codes and the fear of insurrections were clearly motivating factors in the "interracial local churches." There seems to be little reason to argue with H. Richard Niebuhr's view that it was thought necessary 1) to prohibit the instruction of slaves in reading and writing and 2) to supervise their religious exercises carefully. Both of these could be done by including master and slave in the same local church where the slave might receive double insurance "against the doom of eternal bondage and against the damnation of temporal license." The early interracial churches were integrated in attendance but segregated in seating and participation.

Methodist history in race relations does include some undeniably bright spots. The debate on slavery in the church is too well known to require additional analysis. All through its history The Methodist Church has, at times, taken positions of prophetic witness on race relations. These views—often called "radical" and "unreasonable" in the heat of debate—have stood the test of history. No sane man continues to argue the rightness or wrongness of slavery.

The dilemma of Methodism in race relations is unique among Protestant denominations. William Warren Sweet says that "no other church has been so largely influenced by the presence of the Negro in American life" as American Methodism. The fact that Methodists continued to include Negroes within the structure of the church after the slavery schism is, in itself, a most significant point. By the same token, Methodism has an opportunity for in-

clusiveness which is beyond that of any other American church body. This is its fearful opportunity. Whether another limited adjustment will be sought or a full move toward inclusiveness made, is the major issue.

There are 10,046,293 members in The Methodist Church. Of this number 370,021 are members of the Central Jurisdiction. There are seventeen annual conferences in the Central Jurisdiction. Six of these cover the same geographical area as that covered by white annual conferences within a given state. These are the Central Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Louisiana. Five other conferences are located in states containing similar white conferences. These are Texas, West Texas, Mississippi, Upper Mississippi, and Tennessee. The additional six annual conferences are—primarily for racial means—dispersed over wide areas. These are Delaware, Washington, East Tennessee, Lexington, Southwest, and Central West.

ONE has only to name the location of these annual conferences to point out that abolishing the Central Jurisdiction is not enough. It is at the level of the annual conference where segregation exists most firmly. It would be relatively easy to remove the Central Jurisdiction as a symbol of segregation and keep the fact on which the symbol is based. This would be no progress for The Methodist Church. It would simply change the names of the segregated structures and shift the debate from the general church level to the jurisdictional and local levels. Such a move would be unfortunate for two primary reasons: first, it would provide the dangerous illusion that Methodism had solved its segregation problem; second, it would leave the Negro membership with the burden of negotiating with areas in which segregation is most rigid and in which few signs of acceptance exist. It is an axiom in race relations that no problem is properly solved until it is solved locally.

Another way to view the situation is in terms of proportions. Suppose it could be assumed that the Northeastern and North Central Jurisdictions would accept Central Jurisdiction annual conferences on a basis that would inspire mutual respect and confidence. This would mean that a total of 120,197 members would be transferred. It would also mean that the remaining 253,475 members would be left in the geographical boundaries of the Southeastern and South Central Jurisdictions. Specific plans are just now beginning to emerge for the inclusion of the one-third of Central Jurisdiction membership in the north. No specific plan, except segregated annual conferences, has been suggested for the areas in which the difficulty of transfer is likely to be greatest.

During the present quadrennium, the General Conference Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations has worked on the complex problem suggested above. The first report of the Commission, issued April 29, 1961, recommended a wholesale transfer of Central Jurisdiction conferences into regional jurisdictions. The Committee of Five of the Central Jurisdiction took exception to this report on the following grounds:

1. It spoke strongly to the Central Jurisdiction to move into jurisdictions where no plans were indicated to receive it.

2. It recommended all this movement by 1964, when the reluctance of these jurisdictions to plan for this readjustment obviously required some meeting of minds. There are, even now, many sections of the upper south, and even the north, where Negro and white Methodists simply do not know each other.

3. It strongly implied movement first and "working out details" later when, in fact, the process in any complex organization works exactly in the reverse manner.

There were other points of disagreement but these three are sufficient to indicate the need for careful planning.

Recognizing the need for a better understanding of the issues, the Committee of Five called a meeting of over two hundred Central Jurisdiction leaders representing all levels of church life. The meeting was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 26-28, 1962. Its major recommendations were published in a booklet, *The Central Jurisdiction Speaks*. A summary of these recommendations will indicate the major assumptions upon which the Committee is proceeding.

1. It was recommended that the boundaries of the Central Jurisdiction annual conferences be realigned so that no annual conference would extend into two or more regional jurisdictions.

2. It was recommended that a period of extensive preparation be started so that an atmosphere of intelligence and acceptance could be created.

3. It was recommended that invitation to transfer be based upon some understandings of the status and place of those to be transferred.

4. It was recommended that each annual conference designate a committee to work out the many details of transfer. Some of these details had nothing to do with sentiment or desire; they were the facts of legal status, property equities, and financial obligations.

SINCE this report was issued, there have been several joint meetings of the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations and the Committee of

Five. Understanding has been increased and several new suggestions offered. However, it is obvious that a number of major points remain unresolved. It would be instructive simply to clarify these points. There has been some questioning of motives, some feeling that "we must get on with the job," some desire to remove segregation by removing its symbol. Nevertheless, the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations has worked consistently on a difficult problem and has produced a report containing several sound positions.

The Commission's report to the General Conference is likely to contain the following points:

1. The insistence that the Central Jurisdiction be abolished by 1964 or as soon thereafter as possible, through the procedures of Amendment IX.

2. A desire that a special session of the Central Jurisdictional Conference, possibly financed by the Commission, met before June of 1964 to realign the boundaries of the annual conferences.

3. Some provision of pension allowances for transferring Central Jurisdiction ministers.

4. An insistence upon voluntarism as a spirit to be used in the procedure of Amendment IX.

5. The rejection of a target date to complete the transfers.

WHILE this is in no sense a critique of the Commission's report, these points demand some evaluation. They have been continuing parts of the Commission's reports and are considered by some to be an adequate plan for the abolition of the Central Jurisdiction.

On the first point, it must be clear that there is agreement between the Commission and the Committee of Five that the Central Jurisdiction must go. The only viable issues relate to timing, procedure, and planning for the future. It is the position of the Committee of Five that this is a good goal but also a very easy one; it does not go far enough; and it is fraught with pitfalls because of problems which are not even faced on the jurisdictional or annual conference level.

With reference to the second point, it must be clear that there are many nonracial reasons for rejecting a special session of a jurisdictional conference. The fact that the Commission made the generous offer to finance this proposed session only enhances its peril. Added to this is the futility of a special session of the Central Jurisdiction to promote transfer when no similar suggestion was made to other jurisdictions that would, presumably, receive the transferred churches. But the fact that this sug-

gestion could persist as a serious proposal for so long underscores the need for better understanding.

The differential in pension rates and salaries needs to be reconciled. The Commission has done a good job of outlining the problem and making recommendations. However, the focus is on figures rather than human relations and the two must someday be brought together. The primary task is, undoubtedly, the proper relationship of the minister to the annual conference from which he will receive his salary and pension.

Much could be said about the failure of "voluntarism" as it is popularly understood. The failure to come out with a clear and detailed plan for inclusion of the Central Jurisdiction is largely due to a misunderstanding of what voluntarism really means. During this quadrennium, a great deal has been said about the need for the Central Jurisdiction to abolish itself. The annual conferences are expected to wait for invitations which other jurisdictions will "voluntarily" extend when they are ready to do so. "This should proceed as soon as all conferences affected are ready for this move." (First Report, Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations.)

Such a view leaves many unanswered questions: When will all conferences be ready? How is this readiness expressed? What are the structures designed to increase readiness? What does the Central Jurisdiction do in the meantime? In other words, there is no plan for the inclusion of the Central Jurisdiction beyond the limited suggestions of Amendment IX of the Constitution. This is obviously a rather unusual way for Methodists, so given to detailed planning in other areas, to act in this case. One has only to read the suggested plan of merger of The Methodist Church with the Evangelical United Brethren Church to see an illustration of this point. Many fears are expressed by some Methodists over the plan to "integrate" the church. They are fighting against situations which they imagine to be in store for them. But the view that Negroes will suddenly desert their local churches for the privilege of interracial worship is not based upon sociological fact—nor is it sound to say that no Negroes will wish to join white churches. The sociological realities of situations are usually overlooked in the heat of debate.

The basic goal which is desired is the freedom to move about, to worship in Christ's Church, to find significant identity on the basis of one's humanity rather than one's color. The main point is the opportunity to share fully in the life of the Church—as a Methodist—wherever this happens to be. Such a decision will run up against built-in facts of homogeneous racial communities which are rarely taken into account in studies of this kind.



Courtesy, The Catholic Worker

A. DE BETHUNE

All over America, the phenomenon of residential segregation is supported, purposefully or unwittingly, by city fathers and churchmen alike. Indeed, it is a favorite practice of churches to flee from changing communities in order to avoid the necessity of ministering to both races. Those few churches which have remained in interracial communities have rarely had the financial or moral support that they needed for this new and complex ministry. These churches have not only known about the practice of fleeing interracial communities; they have been a part of the process.

This inevitably means that Negro churches are, for the most part, located in all-Negro communities, both in the North and in the South. White churches are likewise located in all-white communities. Often, when white congregations face a changing community, they will sell the sanctuary to Negroes. Sometimes this is done without any reference to denomi-

nation. As well-intentioned as this gesture may be, it is part of the process of perpetuating purely racial local churches. It is a significant fact that few churchmen have openly analyzed this process. Some who have vigorously advocated abolishing the Central Jurisdiction have tacitly protected this process of built-in segregation.

The end result is obviously that all-Negro and all-white local churches are the accepted pattern of American church life. Realism demands the recognition that this well-planned situation will exist for some time to come. However, this should be no excuse to close the doors of annual conferences, districts, and jurisdictional conferences. For example, the geographical situation is such that in some upper-South areas only careful planning *against* it could prevent inclusive geographical annual conferences and districts.

THE Methodist Church has been clear in stating its policy on race. This has been done in Episcopal Addresses, General Conference legislation, and periodic meetings of boards and agencies. Nevertheless, there are obviously many people who are quite shocked when an attempt is made to do something concrete about these pronouncements by the church.

The need for local action, however, will not be put off forever. Since 1948, Methodist resolutions on race have been so unequivocal as to suggest immediate action. To be sure progress has been made since that time. But progress means many things to many people and is often accepted as a bonus by some when, in fact, it comes through the hard struggle of others. It is, therefore, necessary to point out concrete ways in which The Methodist Church can take convincing steps toward inclusiveness.

1. The admission of all persons to local Methodist churches, on profession of faith, in accordance with paragraphs 105 and 107 of the 1960 *Discipline*. This paragraph would seem to be inclusive enough; the term "all persons" does not allow room for equivocation. Nevertheless, there have been considerable debate and even arrests* over the practice which this paragraph recommends. The General Conference can make this policy so clear that the denial of membership on the basis of race cannot be defended on the basis that "it does not apply to race."

2. The deliberate development of a joint fellowship and strategy to meet the common needs of coterminous geographical areas. One of the tragedies of recent racial tensions is that Methodist ministers—some white, others Negro—have had no way of alleviating racial tensions through joint action and reconciliation. Indeed, these pastors, in most cases, did not even know each other. If bishops and district

* SEE P. 29—EDS.

superintendents would take the lead in this kind of joint fellowship, they would find no need for a new paragraph in the *Discipline* or another recommendation from a Commission.

3. Joint planning would permit The Methodist Church to remain in changing communities and develop a relevant ministry to all.

4. The finest in program and personnel is needed. Some interracial local churches have not had the moral and financial support which they needed for this unusual ministry; others have been given too much "show case" value thus proving to be embarrassing when resegregation takes place.

These four steps can be taken on the local level without any further steps in legislation. Obviously, however, they would have little meaning unless the fragments of various resolutions to be inclusive are brought to bear upon the total structure of the church.

This brings us to the General Conference. In several different places, the record has been made abundantly clear. One of the latest such records comes from the Council of Bishops, meeting in Detroit, Michigan, on November 13, 1963. Among other things, the statement said:

We urge our pastors, upon whom rests the responsibility of receiving persons into the church, to receive all who are qualified and who desire to be received without regard to race, color, or national origin; and we individually and collectively pledge them our support as they do so. The Methodist Church is an inclusive Church.

This suggests that the General Conference can urge each jurisdiction to accept this policy of open membership the earliest possible date. The futility of requesting the Central Jurisdiction to accomplish this task unilaterally is too obvious to need elaboration. Each jurisdiction will need to adopt realistic plans which will involve *all* segments of the Central Jurisdiction.

The General Conference can also adopt such legislation as will facilitate the inclusiveness and merger of institutions, agencies, and annual conferences, of the Central and other jurisdictions where geographical unwieldiness can be a barrier. For example, in the use of Amendment IX, the General Conference can review any overall plans for the transfer of Central Jurisdiction annual conferences rather than leave the matter to an inadequately planned interim between 1964 and 1968.

Also, the General Conference can call upon all jurisdictional conferences and annual conferences to develop joint committee work with its Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations. The number and complexity of matters related to merger are amazing. It is unlikely that any group of thirty-six persons can do this without a great deal of assistance from people who know the situation best.

APARTHEID

unmasked

If you lived in South Africa today, you would not be free to choose where to live, eat, or sit. You would not be free to date or to marry the person of your choice, or even to choose a movie, theater, beach—or graveyard—at will. You would not be free to choose your employer, or the kind of work you'd like to do, or the university you'd like to attend. In fact, with rare exceptions, you'd not be allowed to go to a university at all, but would have to attend one of the recently established Tribal Colleges.

If you lived in a rural area and wished to move to a city, you would be subject to rigid restrictions. You would be able to remain in the city only as long as the authorities saw fit, and on their conditions. You would have to carry a reference book with you at all times. This reference book incorporates some two dozen permits and registrations, an irregularity in any one of which could result in your being arrested and treated like a common criminal. And a special permit is required if you should enter any but a specified area of the city after curfew hours.

All these restrictions, and innumerable more, would apply to you by law if you were one of the eleven million Africans.¹ The three million whites² are also subject to many restrictions, but not nearly as many, nor as humiliating. Comparatively few of the whites are even aware of their own restrictions, and the majority of whites would not regard the myriad racial laws and security regulations as unjustifiable encroachments upon their freedom.

The aim of all this legislation is the segregation ("apartheid") of racial groups in order to preserve the "purity" of the "white race" and to perpetuate its complete domination of the country. Space does not permit even a sketchy outline of the historical

development, or of the intricate complexities of the situation. Nor does it permit an adequate explanation of, for example, the ineffectiveness of the United Party (the official Opposition) and the apparent hopelessness of effecting a change by constitutional means; the way in which a secret religio-political organization (the "Broederbond") virtually has gained control of the country through the ruling Nationalist Party; why the vast majority of the population is completely disenfranchised and has no representation in the Legislature.

For the same reason this article will not discuss such academic questions as whether or not South Africa is a police state. Rather it will attempt to expose a few of apartheid's terrible injustices, inhuman cruelties, savage assaults upon human beings and human values, and its distortions of the Christian faith. Apartheid is defined by describing some of the things that apartheid does. This is a moral, existential and theological interpretation of apartheid.

¹ Most whites in South Africa (eleven million) are in fact Africans, as they have no other homeland; but the term is applied to all dark skinned people and those inhabitants of Africa prior to white settlement. The government refers to Africans as Natives and Bantu, but these terms are used only when unavoidable.

² The legal definition is: a person who "(a) obviously is a white person and who is not generally accepted as a Coloured person; or (b) is generally accepted as a White person and is not in appearance obviously not a White person" (1).

³ The term **Afrikaner** generally designates the sixty per cent of the whites whose mother tongue is Afrikaans, a language which developed from the Dutch spoken by the first white settlers. Their forebears were known as Boers. (Significant numbers of British settlers began to arrive early in the nineteenth century; the first Dutch settlement was in 1652.) Some have tried to replace the linguistic criterion of an Afrikaner with an ideological one, *viz.*, the racial ideology of Afrikaner Nationalism. The ruling (mainly Afrikaner) Nationalist Party vacillates between the two criteria according to political expediency.



CITIZEN

ROBERT HODGELL

THE Afrikaner Nationalists³ hit upon apartheid as a slogan which summed up their fears, dreams, principles and policies, and it carried them to victory in the general election of 1948. Their real political enemy, however, was and is not the United Party. Standing over against Afrikaner Nationalism, toughened by the threat and embittered by the hatred of the devotees of apartheid, is African Nationalism. This is the Afrikaner's real opponent. It is strangely and profoundly disquieting—almost awesome—to see two nationalisms, born upon and rooted in and irrevocably pledged to the same soil, locked in apparently mortal combat. At present, Afrikaner Nationalism seems to hold all the aces; and it is playing the game ruthlessly. It acknowledges no rules. It bends—or breaks—everything to the absolute demands of apartheid, which is really not its slogan, but its god. It ignores with cool desperation all the indications that its god is in fact hastening it on toward its own destruction in that kind of demon-possession which turns ordinary men into fearsome and unscrupulous tyrants who inflict diabolical punishments upon their “underlings”—the Africans.

Apartheid has decreed that virtually anyone in South Africa who opposes it is a communist. Any such person may therefore quite justifiably be dealt with in any way ranging from intimidation into quiescent silence, to liquidation. The effectiveness and nature of the person's opposition will determine his fate.

Army, navy, air force, police, political police, “rifle commando's” and civilian reservists have all been welded into one of the largest and most effective, best-trained and best-equipped military machines in Africa. Defense spending has risen from \$62 million in 1960 to \$220 million, higher than at any time during World War II. Throughout World War II military service remained voluntary. It is no longer voluntary. The enemy? “You must not think we are arming in order to shoot down the black masses,” said F. C. Erasmus, Minister of Defense, on Oct. 5, 1959, in Cape Town.⁴ Pressure of world

⁴ Quoted in *South African Crisis and U. S. Policy*, American Committee on Africa, 211 E. 43rd Street, New York 17, New York.

opinion expressed through U.N.O. and other channels, has shifted the Government's emphasis from "internal" to "external" and "communist" enemies.

The General Law Amendment Act of 1962,⁵ known as the "Sabotage" Act, was designed, according to the Minister of Justice, to render subversive elements and communists harmless and to punish saboteurs. Sabotage is defined so broadly that anything from an act of war, to a minor act of "wrongful and willful" tampering with "any property" could technically be regarded as sabotage. The Act empowers the Minister of Justice to prohibit a person from performing any act whatsoever; and it violates basic judicial principles. Trials are held without jury before a judge of the Supreme Court. There is no pre-trial examination unless the Attorney General rules otherwise. Anyone acquitted can be retried under the same law. The burden of proof of innocence is on the accused, and there can be no appeal.

The International Commission of Jurists, after investigation, concluded that "the Bill reduced the liberty of the citizen to a degree not surpassed by the most extreme dictatorship of the Left or the Right. This measure is a culmination of a determined and ruthless effort to enforce the doctrine of apartheid, and is not worthy of a civilized jurisprudence . . . under the guise of combating communism, the Bill drastically reduced the right of free assembly, of free speech, of freedom of the press, and freedom of movement" and was "a major, if not final, step towards the elimination of all rights of the individual and the rule of law." The *Johannesburg Star* (May 14, 1962) commented: "The Government is saying in effect, that the State is in mortal peril and that the civilized principles of justice must therefore be abrogated. The familiar pattern of liberty being destroyed in defense of liberty is thus being repeated."⁶

At least one of the reasons for rushing this Bill through Parliament was the impending termination of the sentence imposed in 1960 upon Robert Sobukwe, a Methodist lay preacher and leader of the young and vigorous Pan-Africanist Congress of South Africa (PAC). The Act came into effect on the day Sobukwe was to have been released, and he is now detained "indefinitely" on Robben Island. Only the solitary Progressive Party member of Parliament, Mrs. Helen Suzman, voted against the Bill; all the United Party members voted with the Government, although one of their members, Hamilton Russell, subsequently resigned from the United Party because of this issue, and the United Party is now

⁵ Fully summarized in a *Survey of Race Relations in South Africa*, 1962. South African Institute of Race Relations, Johannesburg, pp. 26 ff.; cf. p. 55.

⁶ The Act which was to end sabotage, however, was followed by a spate—comparatively speaking—of acts of sabotage.

belatedly and, one fears, vainly calling upon the Government to rescind the "90-day clause."

This Act gives the Minister of Justice such powers to detain people convicted of certain political offenses for indefinite periods; and to detain people "for interrogation" for renewable periods of ninety days (i.e. "this side of eternity" according to the Minister of Justice) until such time as they have, in the opinion of the Commissioner of Police, "replied satisfactorily" to all questions. One ninety-day period alone, however, violates the limit placed by the Geneva Convention on the length of time for which any prisoner may be held in solitary confinement.

These political prisoners are held incommunicado without trial, without legal representation or counsel, and without right of appeal except to the police themselves. Prisoners may make complaints to the magistrate who will visit them at set intervals. (What kind of "safeguard" this is may be judged presently.) The names of persons thus incarcerated are no longer disclosed by the Government; reports about specific arrests under the law are neither confirmed nor denied. Hence there is no way in which anyone outside a limited number of Government officials can ascertain who is being held, or how many people are being held, or under what conditions or for what purposes or how long they are being held.

Some news, however, is beginning to filter out. Political prisoners have described in affidavits and statements savage third-degree methods which they say security police have used to extract "confessions" from them. For fear of reprisals, some of the men who made the statements and swore the affidavits would do so only on condition that their names be withheld. Both the Minister of Justice and the Commissioner of Prisons have dismissed the allegations as nonsense, but there has been no official move to investigate these extremely grave allegations which are easily credible under present conditions. And as only Government officials have access to the prisoners, the onus of proof or disproof rests solely with the Government. Airy dismissals cannot possibly suffice, especially as the Government is using 90-day detainees as witnesses in at least one sabotage trial. The statements themselves have an authentic ring. The content of the descriptions is strikingly similar, but the language is not stereotyped. The reader may judge from the extracts of affidavits which were printed in an article by Colin Legum in *The Observer*, Nov. 3, 1963:

B. was arrested in Cape Town last June, and was transferred to Pretoria in August. "On arrival I was called into an office where I found Lieutenant S., who asked me some

questions which I was unable to answer. Then S. said he had no time to waste, I should be taken away and shock my brains into remembering. . . .

"They immediately took me to another office, where Sergeant G. and another ordered me to undress myself. I was left with only my underpants. They started to hit me while undressing with clenched fists. For some days I could not open my jaw. They handcuffed me and ordered me to squat with my knees protruding above my arms which were handcuffed so that I was placed in a helpless position.

"A canvas bag was pulled over my head to the neck, which made breathing very difficult. . . . I could feel something tied round my two thumbs and my left little finger. From there I felt the electric shock as if it were being switched on and off time and again. At the same time they kept on asking me questions as they switched off, and when I refused to answer the questions they switched on.

"At one stage I felt a blow on the right side under my armpit as if it was a kick. They did this to me until I promised I would answer the questions, and then they removed the handcuffs and the canvas bag. I was ordered to dress."

. . . . Much the same story of repeated assaults and subsequent application of electric shock is described by 33-year-old M., who was questioned about two other detainees and about Looksmart Solwandle, who, the police say, committed suicide in prison.

"I felt a shock on my arms. I again started to cry. As I was crying they kept on saying 'talk.' After a while I said all right I will talk. They then took the canvas bag off my head and the *kierie* [stick] from between my legs, and I was then able to stand up. . . .

"They had a list containing a lot of names and asked me if I knew the names of seven people. . . . My reply was that I did not know any of them. They again put the canvas bag over my head and the *kierie* between my legs and proceeded as before.

"I again said that I will talk, and then they said I should talk whilst in that position, and they called out the names again one by one and I admitted that I knew them. . . . They then told me that those boys were being sent out of the Republic of South Africa for military training and that when they finished training they would come back and kill the whites. . . ."

Two of the detainees tell in their affidavits what happened when they tried to report the assaults to the visiting magistrate, who, according to the Minister of Justice, Mr. B. Vorster, is supposed to ensure that the detainees are properly treated.

L., a 40-year-old member of the African National Congress, says: "I saw the visiting magistrate and reported to him that I was assaulted by the police. In reply the magistrate said: 'You also wanted to go to Tanganyika to learn and come back and kill the whites so they are doing what they like on you.'"

An attempt to clarify the circumstances of the death of Mr. Solwandle, a former newspaper seller of the now defunct left-wing newspaper *New Age*, was abandoned last week. Dr. Lowen, lawyer for the dead man's family, withdrew from the inquest because he said he did not want to expose himself or witnesses to prosecution.

Demands for an official inquiry into the treatment of the detainees are also being made within South Africa. Hamilton Russell, a former United Party

Member of Parliament, has statements and affidavits from ex-detainees which add further confirmation to the allegations quoted:

"The 'Water Treatment' (prolonged submersion in cold water), the 'electric treatment' (during which a man is tied down, sprayed with salt water and then electrically massaged in an agonizing way), and the 'gas mask treatment' (suffocated to unconsciousness) were cited by Mr. Russell as examples of alleged abuses under the 90-day detention clause."⁷

Quite apart from this particular aspect of the South African police state, there are many other malevolent features of apartheid. One of the most important is education.

During April, 1963, three young Methodist ministers—two white, one black—fasted for one hundred and one hours on the steps of the University of Natal as a public protest against the exclusion of one of them from graduate studies because he is black.

In 1960, the Rev. Gladstone M. Ntlabati was appointed by his church to work in Durban. Having already graduated with a degree in divinity, he enrolled at the nearby University of Natal, did further research in theology, and gained the B.A. Honours degree. When he tried to enroll for a higher research degree, the University regretfully informed him that the Extension (sic) of University Education Act forbade his enrollment unless the written consent of the Minister of Bantu Education was obtained. The Minister refused to give his consent, and the protest was, of course, unavailing. When asked in Parliament why he had refused, the *Cape Argus* (April 24, 1963) reported that the Minister gave two reasons. First because the applicant "apparently contravened the law in 1960 by illegally enrolling at the University of Natal." Second, because the applicant, "instead of following the way of negotiation, preferred to take part in a public demonstration by starting a sit-strike and fasting on the steps of the University." In fact, Ntlabati's white colleagues initiated the demonstration. It was also pointed out to the Minister in Parliament that he was not sure that Ntlabati had broken the law ("apparently contravened . . ." the Minister had said). But the Minister stuck to his decision.

Ntlabati's fate points up some features of governmental control of education in South Africa. Although the Government denies it, its educational policy is demonstrably based upon a carefully developed religio-cultural concept called Christian National Education (CNE), which is remarkably reminiscent of "education" in Nazi Germany (Hitler had some ardent supporters among Nationalists in South Africa; the present Minister of Justice, Mr.

⁷ The Johannesburg Star, November 30, 1963.

Vorster, was interned during the War for his alleged Nazi support.). CNE is based upon a peculiar South Africa interpretation of Calvinism and its concomitant Afrikaner Nationalism. It condemns evolution because it is "contrary to predestination." History and geography must be taught in the light of God's decree that Afrikaner Nationalists should rule South Africa and ought to have the final say in all racial matters, being the "senior partner" to the other races. Any teacher who disagrees with these doctrines is "a deadly danger" to the community. Religion is the key subject and must permeate all the rest, and history and geography should be used primarily to inculcate "the love of one's own, which is nationalism."

CNE maintains that there must be "no mixing of languages, no mixing of cultures, no mixing of religions, and no mixing of races." All education must be in the mother tongue; this applies to Afrikaans, English-speaking whites, Asiatics,⁸ and to all non-Whites (among whom there are many tribal languages) including the Cape Coloureds.⁹ Parents cannot act as individuals, only as groups holding certain ideas, and the Dutch Reformed Churches will exercise the necessary discipline over the doctrine and lives of the teachers. All authority in school is "borrowed from God"—there is no appeal against the discipline of the Dutch Reformed Churches, nor can any criticism of Church or State be allowed. University education must be "Christian" (CNE's definition only). The sciences must not be experimental or teach evolution. It must be taught that the State is superior to the individual and its authority beyond dispute.

Finally, CNE decrees that African and Coloured education must be "Christian National" and self-supporting, and both sections taught that their real happiness lies in being separate and inferior. "Native education should be based on . . . non-equality and segregation; its aims should be to inculcate the white man's view of life, especially that of the Boer nation, which is the senior trustee . . ." (Article 15 of the principles and programme of CNE, published in 1948).

These demented and racially obsessed chimeras have been steadily implemented during the Nationalist regime. The principle of modern public finance, that the richer section of the community, in its own interest and in the interest of the nation,

⁸ This term generally denotes the Indians and the comparatively few Chinese in South Africa, but excludes Cape Malays (whose identity has been lost in the Coloured group), and the few Japanese, who have been "accepted by the White group as White"! (This results from South Africa's search for trading partners; Japan has responded favorably.)

⁹ The early settlers brought Malay slaves with them to the Cape Colony. Miscegenation between the Malays, the African tribes in the vicinity (the Hottentots), and the whites produced the Coloured "race." Legislation variously defines a Coloured as a person who is neither White, African, nor Asian, or who is of mixed descent. (one and a half million)

should pay for the facilities to promote the welfare of the poorer section, is being suicidally jettisoned. The expenditure per African pupil in State and State-aided schools has decreased steadily since 1953. For the period 1961-62, the total amount provided for all African education, from primary schools to "university" colleges, was \$28 million (an increase of only \$4 million over the past four years); the figure for Whites was well over \$140 million. That \$28 million should be spent on the education of eleven million Africans, and \$140 million on that of Whites living in the same country is a flagrant injustice in itself. When other factors bearing on the situation



WOODCUT

OTIS HUBAND

are taken into account, it is a towering crime. Examples of such factors: the vast majority of Africans live below the breadline, whereas the Whites enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the world. Yet the minimum cost of putting an African child through high school is *higher* than the minimum cost of putting a White child through. African wages are a mere pittance compared to white wages. (If Africans in South Africa earn more than those in other parts of Africa, it is due to higher living costs in South Africa and, in any case, is irrelevant to the issue at stake.) There has been much self-congratulation recently about *proposals* to raise the minimum wage of African workers to \$2.80 per day, but this proposal is still very far from realization. Meanwhile, during 1960-61, the approximate average wage of Africans employed in private manufacturing and

construction industries was \$42 per month, over against the \$204 per month paid to Whites. And an African's response in a recently published letter, to the \$2.80 per day proposal is that his human dignity, his status as a human being, is more important to him than \$2.80. It is precisely his human status which apartheid denies him.

The Bantu Education Act of 1953 was the first major step taken towards degrading African education to the level of ideological indoctrination in accordance with CNE principles. One of the first provisions of the Act was therefore to remove control of African education from the English-language churches, which had long carried the main burden of non-White education. All the other provisions follow the pattern of CNE. These may be summarized by quoting some of the statements made by Dr. Verwoerd when introducing the Bantu Education Bill to Parliament, and during the parliamentary debate which followed, in 1953 (he was at that time Minister of Native Affairs). Every sentence is profoundly significant: "When I have control of Native education," said Dr. Verwoerd, "I will reform it so that Natives will be taught from childhood to realize that equality with Europeans is not for them . . . People who believe in equality are not desirable teachers for Natives. . . . When my Department controls Native education it will know for what class of higher education a Native is fitted, and whether he will have a chance in life to use his knowledge. What is the use of teaching the Bantu child mathematics when it cannot use it in practice? . . . that is quite absurd." And finally, his statement which puts apartheid in a nutshell: "The Bantu must be guided to serve his community; there is no place for him in the European community above certain forms of labour."

It is into this mold that all "education" in South Africa is being thrust. One must expect such omens as the Extension of University Education Act which, *inter alia*, forbade the "open" English-language Universities from admitting any more non-White students, with a few exceptions which are directly controlled by the Minister concerned. It restricts the higher "education" of non-White students generally to Tribal colleges, which it called into being, and which are strictly based upon and rigidly controlled by CNE principles.

Enlightened and informed newspapers, periodicals and books (including many classics) which are basic in any Western democracy, are rigorously excluded, often for the most astonishingly ridiculous reasons—the logic of which is incomprehensible in a free society. Government retains direct or indirect control of every conceivable aspect of the operation of these colleges. And one of the addi-

tional but ulterior objects to which they contribute, is the reassertion, perpetuation, and deepening of the divisions between the various African tribes. In recent years the tribal and other divisions between African groups have become increasingly blurred, and even ceased to exist in some areas. As the Africans always have the sticky end of every deal, and as they are potentially, actually, and necessarily the greatest enemies (and, of course, the *raison d'être*) of the system, the more divided they are among themselves, the weaker will be the opposition and the more effectively can it be controlled. The Nationalists have always operated on the principle of "divide and rule."

Such are the ways of apartheid. Many volumes could be filled in recounting the atrocities which have been perpetrated in areas of human life other than those touched on here—the suicides, the broken lives, the emptied careers, the families which have been torn asunder across racial barriers; the exiles; the dull, uncomprehending anguish in the eyes of children; the rising well of hatred; the lust for revenge—all at the behest of apartheid.

Many volumes could be, and have been, written in defense of the system. But at least two conditions have to be fulfilled before one can even begin to justify apartheid. (1) One has to accept the ideological basis upon which it rests, namely, that the supremacy and domination of Afrikaner Nationalism, which is euphemistically and blasphemously called "Christian civilization," is the "will of God" and must be maintained at all costs. (2) One has to forget the individual and think in terms of the group and the interest of the group. One has to ignore the cost of apartheid to human beings, whose very humanity is daily and hourly being stripped away—and this applies to non-white and white, to the oppressors and the oppressed. One only has to see and hear South African police and politicians in action in order to see how they are being dehumanized by the implementation of apartheid, and to see that apartheid is the enemy not only of non-white people, but also the enemy of man himself.

The demands of apartheid are absolute and inflexible. The demand is that there shall be no other gods before apartheid, and all other things are justified in meeting this demand. In short, it is one of the classical manifestations in contemporary history of the demonic. As such, it crosses every boundary and confronts humanity at large as an institutional embodiment of evil.

Apartheid is therefore not a "domestic concern." It is not a local god. It is greater and more sinister than the sum total of its devotees. And being the kind of embodiment of evil that it is, it constitutes a moral crisis in the world community.



CRUCIFIXION JIM McLEAN

GOD HAS NOT LEFT HIMSELF WITHOUT A WITNESS

BY J. PRESTON COLE

THE Christian world was shocked thirty years ago to discover how blurred the line had become which distinguished the church from culture as exemplified by the German nation. We were aware that the church is always a fallen church, but we were amazed to discover just how fallen. We pointed the prideful finger of accusation at a church which could condone the Aryan doctrine—if not its consequences—in order to preserve its own existence. We reasoned that this was the logical price paid for the privileges of being a state-church, and we prided ourselves for our fine doctrine of the separation of church and state. What happened in Germany—we were certain—could not happen here.

How shallow that judgment was! Today we know that a church can sell its soul to preserve its life just as completely in the free-church tradition as in the tradition of the state-church. One can scarcely imagine a more complete identity between church and culture than exists now in the American scene. The norms of society have become the norms of the church. The mores of society now have the sanction of the church. The criteria of success which the world employs are now the criteria of the church. Society is striated ethnically, economically, educationally and racially—and so is the church. Society is committed to perpetuating and defending the barriers to social interaction—and so is the church. Society has created pockets of isolation for those whose existence threatens its homogeneity—and so has the church. Middle class society has fled to the suburbs to ignore the problems of urban existence—and so has the church. Success is measured by society in quantitative terms—it is not otherwise in the church.

It simply is not possible to distinguish where culture ends and the church begins. Those who make the decisions which determine the future of the community are also those who make the same decisions in the church—and on the same basis. That church is successful which seeks to protect itself in order to preserve its establishment. The paradox of losing one's life to find it is not observable in the

church. And surely that pastor who takes seriously the paradigm of Jesus Christ will prove not only the last but the first term of the paradox: he who loses his life will find it.

One need not look beyond the nearest congregation to document these charges, but if further documentation is needed, let us cite a case. On World Wide Communion Sunday—when posters in the narthex of virtually every church in Methodism depicted all the races of mankind gathered around the Lord's table—three young ladies were arrested in Jackson, Mississippi, in their attempt to attend church. The reason: two of them were black. (The Lord, it seems, in Jackson, reserves separate—but equal?—tables for his disciples.) The next day, with only fifteen minutes notice and with the benefit of only five minutes' legal counsel by telephone, the girls were convicted for trespassing and disturbing public worship and sentenced to a year at the state farm plus a fine of \$1000 each. Appeal bonds of \$1000 each were provided by the Woman's Division of the Methodist Board of Missions and the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. This was the only immediate official support which Methodists gave to these students. No Jackson layman or pastor, no Mississippi district superintendent or bishop intervened in their behalf.

At the request of Edwin King, Methodist chaplain at Tougaloo Southern Christian College in Jackson where these girls were students, a staff member of the Church Federation of Greater Chicago flew to Jackson to appraise the situation. His response was prompted in part by the fact that two of the students arrested were from Chicago. His report motivated five Chicago ministers and one layman to go to Jackson to stand by these students in their legitimate claim to equality before the altar of God. Four of the ministers, one Tougaloo faculty member and seven Tougaloo students were also arrested. If these Chicago men had not responded, in all probability there would have been no response. And yet, as a national Methodist executive has said, "If The Methodist Church does not face up to the crisis in Jackson,

its effective witness in the cause of civil rights in this generation is lost."

This apostasy cannot be dismissed as the work of those outside the church, or of hot-heads or "red-necks" who frustrate the intentions of the "good people" of the church. The action was accomplished through the tacit consent and the active collaboration of the leaders of the church. Mayor Thompson, a pillar of the Galloway Memorial Methodist Church, directed the arrests on the steps of his church, and Deputy Police Chief Ray, a Sunday school superintendent, directed the arrests at Capitol Street Methodist Church. While many leaders of the church in Jackson betrayed the agony of a divided conscience, many more are single-mindedly committed to perpetuating the double culture. One pastor indicated that if white ministers and Negro students attempted to worship at his church again, he would not only consent to their arrest but would sign the complaint. When Paul's words to the church in Galatia were cited to the effect that in Christ there is no such thing as Jew and Greek, slave and free, male and female (Gal. 3:23), this pastor replied, "That's the way you interpret it." When these sections of *The Methodist Discipline* were cited—"The house of God must be open to the whole family of God," and "If we discriminate against any persons, we deny the essential nature of the Church as a fellowship in Christ" (Par. 2026),—he replied, "We don't agree with that part of the *Discipline*."

That the doctrine of segregation takes precedence over the doctrines of the Christian faith in the political life of the church in Mississippi is abundantly apparent. The "moderates" in earlier Mississippi delegations to General Conference were purged in the election of this year's delegation which is headed by a man who is the legal counsel for the state's Sovereignty Council, an instrument of segregation in Mississippi. Of twenty-eight young Mississippi Methodist ministers who last spring signed a "statement of conscience" with respect to the racial crisis, only twelve remain in Mississippi today. The former pastors of Galloway and Capitol Street churches, who supported but did not sign the statement, were forced out of the Mississippi conference. More than sixty seminary-trained Methodist ministers have left the state since 1954—many of them involuntarily. Edwin King, the chaplain and dean of students at Tougaloo Southern Christian College, was ordained but refused admission to the conference because of his involvement in his student's protests against racial discrimination.

NO, the sickness is not confined to culture. It has infected the church as well. One can scarcely distinguish the principles of the church in Mississippi from those which constitute its

cultural context. There, society is pledged to defend a two culture pattern, and the church is prepared to battle to the death to sustain it. The church in Jackson has become the sanction of the *status quo*, a pillar in the social structure which sustains this evil. There is little awareness that the church is not the white man's church, but the Church of Jesus Christ. There is no apparent consciousness that membership in the Body of Christ is not ours to grant; it is the right of every man, a right which was bought and paid for by Jesus Christ, a right which is appropriated *sola fide*.

And how is it back in Chicago? How is it in the bailiwick of those who went to Jackson to make their witness? Simultaneous with the Jackson crisis a school boycott was in progress in Chicago. Almost a quarter of a million children stayed home from school protesting a double standard of education in Chicago which has its roots in a bifurcated culture and which is sustained by the "good people" of white middle class society. Chicago has inherited the problem of Mississippi. The mass migration of Mississippi's illiterate poor to Chicago has created a social problem of gigantic proportions. The relief rolls have mounted to a multimillion dollar level. Slum landlords exploit the public's racial bigotry for all it is worth. Buildings are overcrowded, exorbitant rents are charged and the property is allowed to deteriorate with virtually no maintenance. Real estate interests sustain a clearly defined frontier between white and Negro neighborhoods. A Negro family is allowed to move into an all white neighborhood and rumors are circulated. Panic sets in and the white man flees, selling his home for a fraction of its value to the realtor who then sells it to a desperate Negro family who will pay far more than its worth to escape the ghetto and the slum.

As the white man flees, the church goes with him. Church after church has been sold by the mainline Protestant denominations, as in fear they have relocated in the suburbs or farther from the inner city. As the explicit neighborhood school policy of the Chicago Board of Education has created overcrowded, segregated, and inferior schools, so the implicit neighborhood church policy of Chicago's churches has created decimated, segregated, and destitute churches.

When open occupancy bills are introduced in the State Legislature, bus loads of good church going people flock to the Capitol to protest this potential threat to their way of life. And when for one brief moment it appeared that the school boycott might possibly cost the job of the school superintendent and bring about a change in policy, the good church-going white middle class parents countered with a demonstration of their own and brought about a hardening of the policy and an endorsement of the

superintendent by the Board of Education.

NO, in Chicago—as in Jackson—there is a two culture system. And the church in Chicago—as in Jackson—is in the main the sanction of this system instead of its critic. In Chicago—as in Jackson—the norms of society are the norms of the church. And in Chicago—as in Jackson—the leaders of the church and society are the same. While the cultural norms of Jackson and Chicago may differ in certain respects, the church in Chicago has just as surely sold out to its culture as has the church in Jackson.

As a result the church cannot witness to society—it *is* society! We cannot reasonably expect the church to act with relevance in the social crises of our time because its members are not committed to any truth which transcends the norms of its society. It is a false premise to suppose that the church's members joined the church out of certain Christian convictions which they felt impelled to embody individually and corporately. The members of the modern church join for a multitude of reasons, but that is rarely one of them. The contemporary church has lost its voice because it has lost its integrity. But simply because the church has lost its voice does not mean that God is silent. God has not left himself without a witness. He has a Word for the world. It is the same Word he has always spoken. It is the Word which became flesh in Jesus Christ. But who are the bearers of that Word?

When I look for that Word, I find it in the strangest place. I find it not in the sanctuary of the church, but in the world. And yet this is not really so strange. It is most appropriate that we find it in the world. If the church does not take the world seriously, God does. If the church will not witness in the world, then God has other spokesmen. He has not left himself without a witness. If his voice cannot be heard within the structures of the church, it will be heard without it.

Which church is the Church—the church gathered for worship behind its locked doors, or the church gathered on its doorstep knocking to get in? These students in Jackson have seen the murder of Medgar Evers, and still they knock. They have been beaten and imprisoned, and still they knock. They are *chosen* people; they have been elected to speak God's Word in this time: Let my people go!

But God has already set these people free. Many of the young men and women at Tougaloo Southern Christian College are *already* free—profoundly and fundamentally free. They are the slaves of no man. They are in bondage to none. But most important, neither are they in bondage to themselves. In them one detects little evidence of bitterness or hatred or reverse prejudice against the white oppressor. Even in students who have been severely beaten for their

convictions, there is only a quiet determination to witness in reconciling love no matter what the cost. To such young men and women you cannot say, "Be patient. It takes a long time to eradicate the prejudice of centuries. Perhaps your children or your children's children will find justice and equality." These people are already free. It is the white man who is enslaved.

The contrast between the attitudes of those in positions of leadership within the established church and those who seek admission at its doors leaves little room for doubt concerning where the gospel of reconciling love is being proclaimed in word and deed. From the lips of clergymen and laymen one hears words of bitterness and hate. While from the students who have suffered imprisonment, indignities, and physical punishment the pervasive attitude is that of righteous impatience and relentless love.

From these students I learned the meaning of an incarnate theology. From their faith I gained the strength to walk with them up to the doors of my church and to suffer with them the humiliation of being denied access to the house of God. But if I was denied communion there, I received it from the hands of a trustee in the Jackson jail, who became my minister, bringing me—when no one else would—the communion elements of coffee and bread and sharing a Word of Life when he asked each morning with a certain poignancy, "How ya' doin'?" I saw the Lord incarnate in those who know that Resurrection *follows* Crucifixion, that Life arises out of Death, that one must lose his life to find it. I found the eschatological hope enunciated in that theme song of the revolution, "We Shall Overcome." And I found my atonement bought with human suffering, bought by a Negro student who was bruised for my iniquities, yet he could say, "Father, forgive them . . ."

NO, God has not left himself without a witness. He has elected those whom the world has rejected to be the witness to his Word. And we must learn that Word from them. Their crisis is our crisis. This social crisis is the church's crisis too. It is the test by fire. Racial equality and civil rights is not the whole gospel, but it is the point at which the Gospel focuses in this historical moment. It is the crucial event in which we are confronted with the most important decision we shall ever make: the decision in which the faith becomes incarnate, or stands revealed as unfaith. There is no other way to an incarnate faith than through the agony of decision. Religious education is just preparatory. Prophetic preaching is at best catalytic. In the end we face the inevitable choice which alone confirms us in the faith.



WOOD ENGRAVING

HANS ORŁOWSKI

the service of the church to the world

BY JOSEF L. HROMADKA
TRANSLATED BY MILOS STRUPL

THE question before us is quite simple: What do we, as members of the church of Christ, owe this world—the people among whom we labor and the society in the midst of which we stand?

People of every society are strengthened when they encounter a genuine and fervent testimony about the reign of a forgiving love over the world, when they encounter individuals of a burning heart and scrupulous honesty who kneel before the holiness of the God of truth and justice, of forgiving pity and love. What would happen if among us and in the world such genuine testimony became silent, if all the lights of true faith, love, and hope went out? If our congregations or churches perish, then it will be for this reason: in place of a genuine faith has come a false piety, and in place of a joyful and ministrative love the so-called Christians have begun to content themselves with religious custom, self-righteousness, and attempts to save that which inwardly has atrophied. This is the mission even of our present-day congregations and each one of us individually: to proclaim, quietly and humbly, urgently and with power, by words and with our whole human being the message that Jesus of Nazareth, friend of publicans and sinners, man of pain and sorrow, yet victor over weakness and sin, wants to be both the Lord and servant of the present-day man, of our present-day society, no matter whether people believe or do not believe in him, whether they acknowledge or do not acknowledge him, whether they listen to him or turn away from him. The question remains whether we believe this message, whether we have been formed by it, whether in ourselves we mirror the radiance of the ever-present Jesus Christ, and whether we are willing to give ourselves in man's service without any claim of recognition or reward. This question cuts deep into our souls and forces us to a stern self-examination; it challenges us to be stern and truthful with ourselves, to be always ready for new beginnings. Without penitent self-examination we shall not

achieve that inner freedom nor become the revitalizing power in our society.

Professing believers, in all eras of the church of Christ, have asked themselves this question: In what sense are we beholden to serve this world? There have been sincere individuals who fled the world in order to keep their faith pure and to lead their life without stain and without temptation. However, it is interesting to note that precisely these individuals sooner or later recognize that faith easily becomes a spiritual selfishness if it is not directed toward earthly tasks, and that the humanity of a believing man hardens and turns barren when it is not nourished by a constant desire to serve. A true faith constantly tests itself, yet it is constantly oriented outward, into the fullness of life. Not even our personal testimony exists for our personal pleasure. Rather it exists that men may be served in their pains and needs, in their struggles and effort of labor. In Jesus of Nazareth the God of love and holy pity came to man, to *man as such*, not just the member of the church. Jesus was driven from the synagogue, was persecuted by the Pharisees and Temple guards, but precisely because of this his mission blazed forth to the people in market places, among the hedges, to sinners, rejected, degraded, staggering in unbelief through this world. The prophets and the apostles constantly point in the direction of the world. In the light of their testimony faith ceases to be merely something limited to the Temple and worship, an ecclesiastical and religious custom, but turns into a gigantic struggle for man, both in his private and public tasks.

The point always is, *where do we live?* What particular human situation, what concrete society, what people in their everyday relations and obligations? If today we are occupied with the service of the church to the world, we cannot apply ourselves merely to supra-temporal relations between the church and the world. We must have before our eyes *today's church and today's society*. We stand in the midst of penetrating changes of our political, social, cultural, and spiritual life. During the last few decades we have passed through deep revolutions. We are still passing, and will for a long time pass, through the reconstruction process of our social orders. None of us can escape this reconstruction and his responsibility for it. A large segment of our church membership was not prepared for today's situation. Painfully, step by step, we have had to reconcile ourselves to what was happening about us. Many have waited long for the return of the old conditions and are slow to recognize that we are standing in the midst of a historic process in which many things will yet change, but not in the direction of the past. The difficulty of our struggle consisted in the fact that revolutionary times always destroy many, even

precious, human values, and that our time as well is characterized by many a loss. I tried, therefore, to understand those who look around with anxiety.

REVOLUTIONARY changes do not take place without serious human, moral, spiritual, as well as material losses. The history of mankind has passed through many periods such as ours. New social strata—which had not been well prepared for their task—are rightly getting into the leadership of the society, and these strata must first learn how to arrange and govern public life. He who has truly believed the gospel and has set out on his journey in the footsteps of his Master is able to understand, freely and abundantly, this situation and these facts. Yet not only to understand. He realizes that he belongs to our people, for better or for worse, that he is responsible for the lives of his fellowmen in the present-day society which is being born and built in difficult circumstances, frequently with great mistakes and errors. He can weigh the depth of historic changes which pass through the whole world, terrible catastrophes of the past decades, millions of graves, which effected also the necessity of the sociological, political, and social transformations. We shall remind ourselves especially of the fact that the Christian churches have passed up many an opportunity to make the life of the poor and the slighted more tolerable. For this reason he takes upon himself, in a penitent responsibility and love, the tasks of his society; he considers and seeks always how to help his people in quite specific difficulties, failures, losses, and pains. He is on guard against a malicious and false self-righteousness. The question is, precisely along the way of the gospel, where it is necessary to help, as by his testimony of faith of which we have spoken, so by his personal devotion in the fulfilment of his duties without any personal claims of recognition and privileges.

Our socialistic society experiences today many economic, moral, and spiritual difficulties. Partly for the reasons which we have just discussed, but also because our era is charged with international controversies, danger of a new catastrophe, cold war, and various attempts to weaken the establishment of new social orders. It was necessary to say this so that we might point out in detail some tasks which await us, if we want to understand correctly our service to the world. We can perform our service to the world effectively only if we are truly a church—a communion of true faith, devoted love, and courageous hope. The life of the church is measured by its consciousness of responsibility not only for the members of its congregations but also for the man outside the boundaries of the organized congregational life.

Service to this world, into which we have been

placed, means in essence a *spiritual struggle for the man* with whom we live, regardless of whether he believes or does not believe, is active in politics or works in the factory, the office, or in the country. I have noticed that following the first session of the Second Vatican Council, Catholic theologians and bishops have registered joy that the Catholic Church is entering a real dialogue with the modern world. Until recently, the Catholic Church since the time of the Reformation—and especially since the time of the Enlightenment—was characterized by her effort to enclose herself within her hierarchical, liturgical, and sacramental fortress. She was in a continuous rebellion against what we call “modern man” and “modern society.” Even when Pope John XXIII proclaimed and called for the Second Vatican Council, many Catholic prelates—as well as non-Catholic observers and critics—expected that the Council would mobilize the spiritual, ecclesiastical, and ecclesiastico-political forces against the modern world in general, but especially as it is being shaped in the socialist sphere. Much to the surprise of the present-day society the direct opposite has been manifested. Conservative and reactionary groups have not been entirely suppressed. But the Roman Church has, by and large, come to understand that it has not been called to exercise power, but to serve and to understand man as he is in his frailties and cares, in his unbelief and in his longing for new orders. We must speak with this world, as it has developed and is developing in consequence of scientific and technological progress, social and political upheavals, with understanding, sympathy; with determination we must take on ourselves its frailties and difficulties, and must bring it our testimony of faith, as well as of our Christian or Protestant existence. It is a step forward, enormous and unexpected, of the Roman Catholic Church. Something analogous we see more and more even in those Christian circles which until recently considered social revolutions as something transitory, and the secularization of modern life as a misfortune which it is necessary to cure. Through God’s gracious and providential guidance we are being awakened on every side, across the borders of our ecclesiastical organizations, to a realization that we must comprehend modern man with the same love and comprehension, with the same dedicated service with which our Lord came to us in order to heal our sicknesses and infirmities, to understand our cares, and to stand in our place.

Only in this relation of a free faith and comprehended sympathy shall we be able to *understand* people and present-day society just where they are really sick, or where there lurk for them various dangers. We have a special task which no one can perform in our stead: to take care that in the new society



WOOD ENGRAVING

HANS ORŁOWSKI

as it is being shaped, in new social and labor relations, man might stand and do his work in his fully liberated, genuine, dignified, de-egotized humanity. We consider an effort in behalf of new, more just orders—political and social, economic as well as international—necessary and justified. However, we must never forget that these orders need protection from dissolution and corruption. And that will happen only when they have been born by men who are completely truthful, have a fire of conviction, are honest, reliable, who have a dedicated love, and with the knowledge that “none of us liveth to him-

self, and no man dieth to himself" [Romans 14:7]. Our fellowship of faith in the gospel ought to be such an environment in which there grow up such human beings. The atmosphere of our congregations, when it is nourished by a genuine faith in the presence of the crucified and risen Lord, will never conserve, save old customs and practices. On the contrary: It will always be a fertile soil for those people who are aware of their responsibility, who live by God's forgiveness and mercy, yet who are ready for ever new wonders of the Holy Spirit, are not afraid of any changes or revolutions and do not run away from any danger or difficult task. The Lord has been for a long time destroying and bringing to ruin that which had outlived its usefulness and lost its meaning, and had been sweeping away old temples and sanctuaries in order to plant and tend in their place a new vineyard and a new field.

The church is a communion of families, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters. He who has believed in the power and the truth of the gospel is obligated to shape in this sense his environment as well, to pass on to his children the bequest of his faith. Nothing in this world can replace education in the family, no matter how perfect our educational orders and institutions might be. With a full understanding for an effort to unify education and instruction, we recognize ever more urgently our responsibility to give precisely to this socialist society of ours the most faithfully reared children, children filled with the fire of faith and the ardor of conviction. Such children not only will not be a destructive element in the building of new social orders; they will be a cement. They will be a support to all those who are passing through difficulties and doubts; they will be a constant remedy against cynicism and laxity, against laziness and dishonesty, against that spirit in which man fortifies only his egotistic desire for profit.

With this is connected our care for families, especially the fidelity and purity of matrimonial life. Our best educational means will be insufficient if they are not based on a firm, kind, but at the same time a responsible family life. Even here we must not forget that the newly built society, the new economic relations, and the technological transformation of our life are imposing new tasks on us, even as to family and marriage. The older generation, which still remembers the time before the Second, and especially before the First World War, frequently cannot even get over its astonishment over the extent of social and economic changes which affect relationships between parents and children, man and wife.

Likewise the gradual leveling of differences between the city and the country merits our careful attention. Much of the patriarchal atmosphere in

our families has vanished forever. Women, for the most part, are employed. Families are frequently torn apart as a direct result of the new structure of society, sometimes almost too dangerously. Moreover the conventions we had been used to, in the city as well as in the country life, are losing their validity.

Then there is the question whether in all the confusion of today's era, in the necessary tempo of the new life, our society as well as we ourselves have enough spiritual and moral foresight to prevent the moral, and thus human, harms in our environment. Old conventions, habits, but also the authority of the old moral commandments and laws are gradually disappearing and the society, which is perpetually in transition, does not fill, cannot fill with sufficient speed the vacuum, the emptiness thus created. Do not take my words as a judgment or a condemnation! In part we are obligated, in our freedom of faith, to be able to comprehend the reality such as it is. It is our duty to understand, with an inner necessity and courage, the legitimacy of today's life. Modes of our education which were valid only half a century ago today are losing their effectiveness. Respect for the sanctity of moral obligations and commandments is being subjected to a difficult testing. The old system, not only the political and social, but also ecclesiastico-religious, has disintegrated. New ideological, moral, and spiritual concepts of the world, life, and man emerge.

However, on the ruins of the old orders we have not yet reached the level where people fully and existentially become aware of the fact that no society, not even a socialist society, can avert disintegration, if individuals and families, parents and children, husbands and wives are not inwardly fortified by the knowledge that above man, importunately and inescapably, a sacred obligation of truthfulness and purity, fidelity and mutual devotion is valid. At the same time I also want to underscore this second fact: Not even we, churches, congregations, and members of congregations have escaped all the consequences of the tremendous revolution, collapse of the old values, and a merely gradual shaping of new labor relations and a firm foundation for human bonds. A realistic view of our faith and a consciousness of our own spiritual and moral exhaustion make us one with the people around us. For precisely this reason we must be deeply permeated by the Word which is, at one and the same time, both the source of a joyous liberation and the expression of a stern responsibility. All the moral wretchedness as we see it about us is *our* wretchedness and *our* weakness.

We, too, are passing through shocks. *Our* family and marital life, too, bear the traces of this era of transition. *Our* congregations, as well as the congregations of all the churches in the modern world, are hit by the consequences of the enormous historical shocks, collapse of the old practices, customs, and

orders, technological achievements and scientific discoveries.

We do not understand the present-day era, we do not understand the present-day man, and do not have the inner light and strength to furnish authority for those divine commandments which have been valid from eternity, are valid today, and will be valid even tomorrow for the good of the society. Not even the best socially and economically arranged society can suppress faintness and disintegration if in its people has died the consciousness that above them is valid an unconditional commandment of truth and love to man, purity in relations between man and woman, and in the simple service of honesty and reliability in the places where we have been stationed. If today we hear that young people easily succumb to a cynical view of their obligations to society, that youth already in their early years lightheartedly transgress the obligations of purity; when we hear so much of the disintegration of marital life, of contempt for life which germinates and grows in the mother's womb; yes, when we hear that here and there are more abortions than births, then we ask ourselves just what we have done to forestall this trend. And out of love for the newly built society we must anxiously search for new ways of reform. However, I repeat: Only a genuine love for man who is at work on the construction of the new society, only a penitent awareness of our guilt and responsibility can bring here a healing remedy. Understand man not according to your likes and dislikes, but in the light of the gospel, and love him!

And to this society we are also indebted such an upbringing of our children which, in the end, even though at present people do not comprehend it, is and will be a blessing in the building of new social orders. If we insist on our obligation of a true upbringing in the spirit of the gospel, we are convinced that thus not only shall we not break the solidarity with our people, but shall not even set up hindrances to a higher cultural and political consciousness. On the contrary, through the upbringing of our children in the spirit of the gospel we shall put into the foundations of our society that knowledge of responsibility, purity, and dedicated service, without which human relations sooner or later disintegrate. The question is not some unbecoming claim. The question is the awareness of our responsibility to our Master and Lord, Jesus of Nazareth, and also to the man who is standing next to us, regardless of whether he believes or not, and whom we want to help in his unique political and socio-economic tasks.

The socialist society, in my judgment, needs extraordinarily high spiritual and moral presuppositions. For precisely this society is built not on the foundation of personal interests and non-obligatory freedom which stems from them. This society is

built on man's solidarity with man, an individual's responsibility to the society. The interest of the whole is above the interest of the individual. However, this society also makes great claims on the man in his vocation, what is called "the productivity of labor." Many people complain today that they must work extraordinarily hard and that greater claims are laid on them than was the case in the old society. *It cannot be otherwise!* Not only do we stand on the ruins which have been caused by a terrible catastrophe, and for the removal of which an extraordinary effort is needed, but we have also been thrust into an era of terrible discords in the present-day international life, sometime overtaking our strength.

We live constantly, in the era of nuclear energy, on the borderline between peace and war. All this inflicts immense losses on material goods. New nations with almost two billions of undernourished or hungry people are a great exclamation mark to us, a call for help. This means that we all must work more than was the case in times of a quiet, normal life. All the while we are making mistakes which are always connected with an era so supremely dangerous and responsible. The believing Christian, the church as a communion of brethren and sisters whom love binds together and who have been sent out into the world as messengers of God's deeds, must have an understanding for these facts. However, precisely because we do have this understanding and want to be one with the working (and often exhausted) man, the more so our gospel calls us not only to personal responsibility, but also to the upbringing of such young members of the society who will always be in their place, themselves will gladly and joyfully bear the most difficult obligations, and will always stand firm where truthfulness, honesty, reliability, and trust are necessary. What enormous and beautiful tasks are these! Not with groaning, but with a joyful love for the man of this modern world of ours we want to bring a service which—I repeat—*no one can bring in our stead.*

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" [John 3:16]—that already here, in this world, he might live in the atmosphere of a liberating love. Where there is faith and such self-denying love, there is a joyful freedom, there obligation and commandment are not a heavy burden, but a great, unmerited gift. Even our socialist society will recognize—and already is beginning to recognize—that our existence and our education not only do not corrupt but, on the contrary, regenerate, refresh, and build. Of course we repeat: a genuine faith, a love without guile, and a joyful expectation of ever-new gifts of the Holy Spirit. The heaviest service and the most strenuous labor become a joy and a grateful obedience.

Two Poems jotted on a
timeworn
schedule

BY R. R. CUSCADEN



abandoned station

Two girls in long, white dresses stand
On the wooden platform. They do not
Speak. There is no sound; only the rush
Of wind and station smoke and time.

The agent is done with the telegraph key.
The sun is warm on his thick, shirt garters.
The train is due. The schedule reads: Two
Hundred miles to Chicago in only six hours.

A boy, his cap pulled tightly down, sits on
The baggage wagon. The baggage man stares
Down the glistening tracks. His long beard
Is motionless on this one Sunday in time.

What they have waited for has come. It has
Needed no train orders. But right on schedule
Has warped the platform, rusted the telegraph
Key, and boarded up every single window.

three views from a late train

I. The Wreck at Dongola, Illinois

A reason for everything, you once said.
I gagged that down, along with much more.

But you were always right. Look here: a
Splintering of wood, a crush of metal, a
Wrenching away; a terrible disordering of
Things: a box car stranded upside down—
A giant beetle helpless on its back.

What was the great appeal of the obvious?

II. Cairo: The Bridge

In Illinois, the railroad is bound on the
West by the Mississippi, on the south by the
Ohio. To leave the state is to cross water.
I think of the bridge at Dubuque, at St. Louis.

The train casts a shadow on the sluggish water.
I see a slow, clockwise swirl of water.

III. Bardwell, Kentucky

The sun glistens on the tar paper roofs.
What a softness lies under the trees!

People are growing old here; the train's passing
No longer enters into their imaginations.

It is loneliness that finally moves us the most.

BY MARGARET RIGG

HANS ORŁOWSKI is one of the rare masters of the art of wood engraving in the contemporary world. Few artists today want to accept the restrictions and discipline needed to become expert in so difficult a technique, particularly since there are so few commercial outlets.

Wood engraving does not have a long history as an art medium. The technique developed out of the older tradition of the woodcut and became popular in the 19th century.

At first the craftsman-illustrator simply transferred the artists' drawings to his block and cut them for purely commercial reproduction.

In a sense wood engraving is an artists' art. And the men who submit to it must follow the path of perfection which the medium demands. In the United States two men have outstanding reputations as wood engravers: Fritz Eichenberg and Leonard Baskin. In Mexico at the time of the revolution in 1910, Jose Guadalupe Posada became enormously famous with his political caricatures and Dance of Death series of wood engravings.

Hans Orłowski, then, may be numbered among these refined artists. He is known in Germany for his painting, but his engravings on wood seem to be much more inventive and powerful.

Orłowski has illustrated many books, stories and poems, but in none of them is he bound by the story or the words. Images spring from under his graver's tools and possess a life of their own. He brings a total emotional and intellectual response to bear upon the meaning and import of the texts.

His illustrations for the *Psalter* show this magnificent meeting of the literary and the visual at their point of greatest unity within the book page. Like Kenneth Patchen,* Hans Orłowski deals with the word as well as the image, but with a totally different result. Orłowski is skilled as a designer of typefaces and often creates a new type for a particular edition which he is illustrating. His clean, definite, highly rational sans serif type is the perfect counterpart for his wood engravings. Of Orłowski's *Psalter* illustrations, many are figures. But the nature-images predominate and seem to be more completely expressive. With a set of these prints and a copy of the *Psalms* anyone can see for himself how truly the artist has understood the nature of the psalmist, the flavor of the Old Testament, the richness and variety of the religious dimensions with which we are confronted in the *Psalms*. We are swept from black despair to resounding hope in the space of a few lines. Anger, vindictiveness, overpowering love, laughter, pride, weakness, pain and anguish, joy—all human experience floods through the *Psalms*. Orłowski has delivered all these, somehow, into visual formula-

* See January-February *motive*, pages 52-61.

tions. The flashing fury of the rampant lion, as if in wounded rage, is the visual counterpart of the emotional depths found in Psalm 22. It is this animal, proud and strong, which seeks solace in the midst of its anguish. Orłowski knows and can formulate this into art.

But he can also render visible the tenderness and quiet strength found in Psalm 1. His tree form is far more than a picture to go along with the third stanza. As he conceives it, it is the embodiment of the total psalm. It partakes of the same majesty.

Perhaps what is most amazing is the *part* of the psalm which Orłowski chooses to suggest the whole psalm. For instance, for Psalm 104 he shows us locusts. The devastation retold in that psalm is awesome; the power of God bears down upon the enemy in a series of unfolding horrors. This is a picture of nature turning against man.

The fullness of the earth and the goodness of life are affirmed in Psalm 65. Is it by chance that Orłowski chose to show pomegranates? Traditionally the pomegranate is the symbol of resurrection, renewal, and plenty.

There are 29 wood engravings in this *Psalter*. We see at once how selective Orłowski was about his visualizations. He understood the scope and its heavy demands. Only a mature artist, technically and spiritually, could attempt the *Psalms*. In his notes to me about his illustrations he says: "The problem of these 29 wood engravings was the spiritual interpretation of the text into images. The freedom of the artist must not become arbitrariness. Each cut line, each space, is constructed and is responsible for itself. Yet each must have an intended relation to every other line and space. . . . The black and the white spaces—both have the same function of carrying the image. The decisive designing element is the black line. The rigorous command in this art is the elimination of all accidents in printing the block, the renunciation of all external attractions from these accidents. . . . As for the typographical composition, it is non-dogmatic, being aware of formulation and gives any part of the book a look peculiar to itself. . . . The wood engraving and type become the congenial foundation of the printed book; as unity of text and image."

Now in his seventieth year, Hans Orłowski continues to unite words and images in his own unique way, with accumulated knowledge which belongs as much to his disciplined hand as to his years of living.

It is hard to express the satisfaction which is experienced by an artist seeing these wood engravings. The cutting, the line, the control, the balance and evocative command are so masterful. The laymen of the arts who does not understand the years of patient maturing which these engravings represent can still respond to the total effect which is at once spiritually and humanly expressive.

As the critic Denis de Rougemont has said of such power in art, it evokes the sense of the sacred. This, I think, is applicable to Orłowski. But his sense of the sacred is in the tradition of the great humanists who embrace the natural world from its loftiest reaches to its most pitiable misery in an understanding and a compassion rarely seen among Christians.

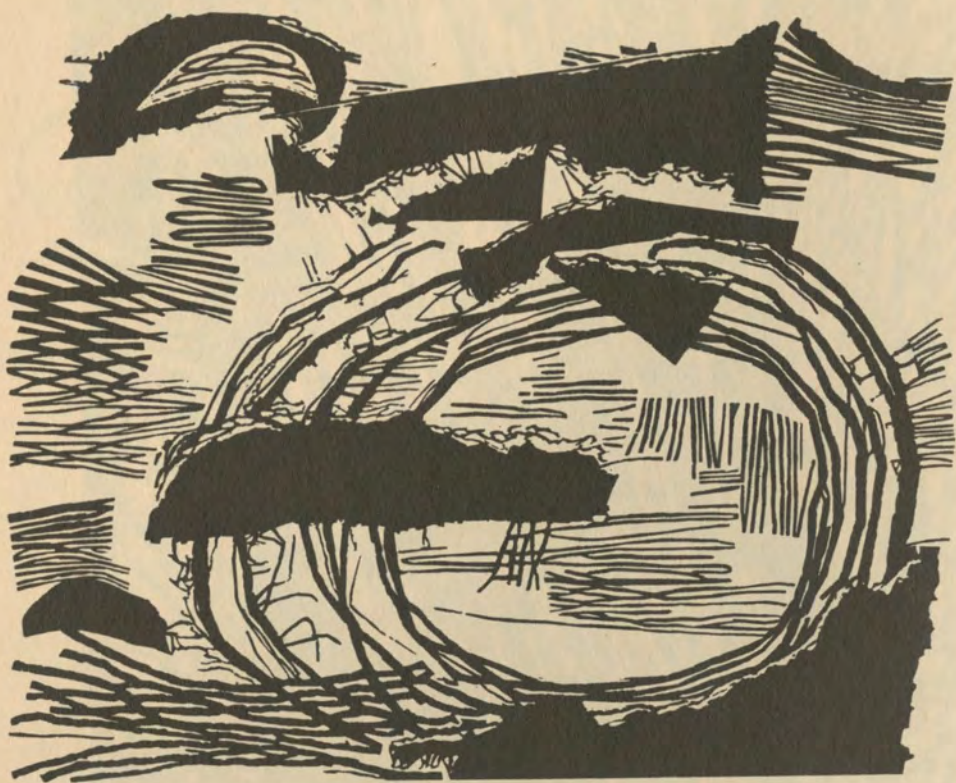
HANS ORŁOWSKI was born in Insterburg, East Prussia, March 1, 1894. He now lives in Berlin where he works both as a wood engraver and painter.

Besides the *Psalter*, his illustrated editions include Heinrich Heine's *The Plague in Paris*, Hans Matthau's *Works of Love*, and *The Last Judgment*, compiled by Orłowski from the Book of Revelation. He has also illustrated works of Ovid, Schiller, Samuel Beckett and Robert Nathan.

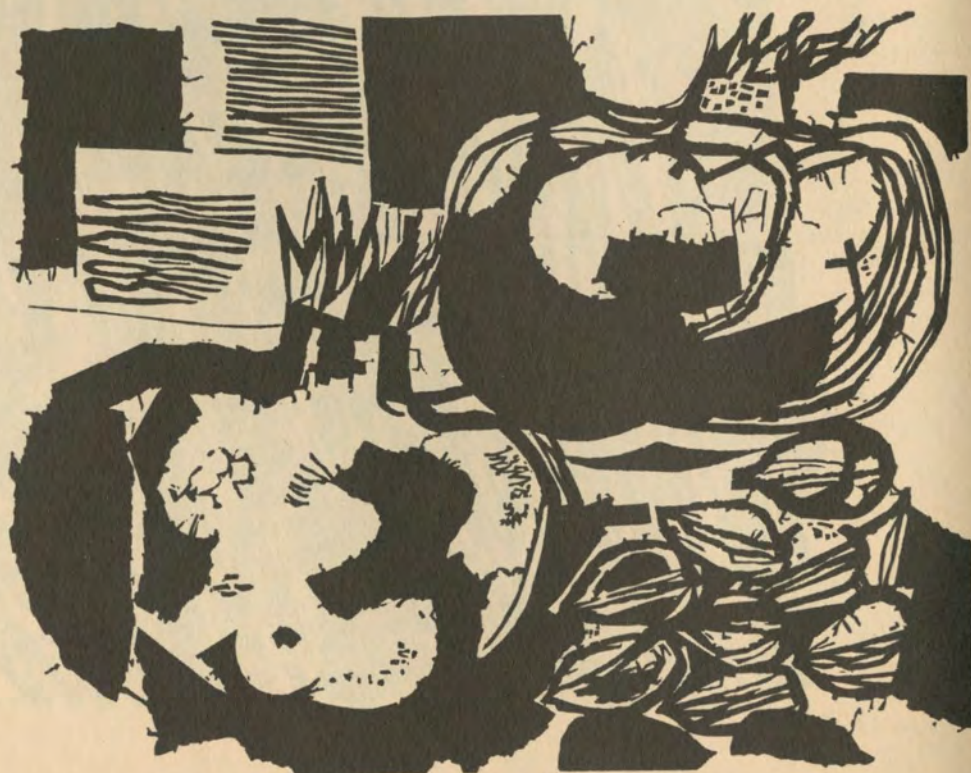
From 1922 until 1945 he taught at the Berlin Polytechnic Institute, and since 1945 he has taught fresco and mural painting at the Berlin School of Plastic Arts.



PSALM ONE



PSALM FIFTY-SEVEN



PSALM SIXTY-FIVE



PSALM ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN

PSALM SEVENTY-EIGHT



PSALM ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR





PSALM TWENTY-TWO

MARCH 1964

43

fiction:

path with goats

BY DAVID CORNEL DeJONG

The maddening and incredible thing had happened yesterday, and in the beginning Joe Humphrey hadn't been in it, and here in the end he felt compelled to keep Joe out of it.

Let the only unsavory part remain that he had taken an undignified bicycle spill in the midst of goats, along the railroad track, at the wrong side of town, where neither he nor Joe had any civic or fashionable right to be seen. It could be that simple.

Here he was sitting in his classroom, and it was fifteen minutes before his first class, and he knew the knock on the door would come any moment, yet he wasn't prepared and instead he felt on the defensive. Well, what are schoolteachers, of the male gender, made of anyway nowadays? He asked himself the question apologetically, and waited for the knock on the door, staring fixedly at the empty school desks in front of him, as if they had been marshalled there to be silent but prejudiced witnesses. Silence was always prejudiced.

The path over which he had sped on his bicycle undeniably did flank the railroad tracks. In spite of the straightness of the tracks the path was crooked and weedpocked; there in particular, where the town was also designated as crooked and unsavory, and officially so. It was a breeding place of crime and juvenile delinquency, and he a teacher of Mark Herford High School shouldn't even go cycling past it. By a tricky application of gerrymandering, Mark Herford School managed to keep its skirts clean of the section. "Keep it off the premises and it won't smell you up," Oakes, the principal was sure to pronounce in a casually jocund style each time one of the students was caught there and had to be taught the hard way that they had been out of bounds, in spite of everything. If worse came to worst the offenders were let go, to attend the con-

solidated high school—where they truly belonged, didn't they now? Where progressive standards were negligible, now weren't they?

On the other hand, the path along the tracks was the shortest and safest way home for a cycle. But that amounted to another kind of logic, which wasn't progressive.

So he, Albert Davenport, ignoring his own and the school's reputation, almost daily took the path home, never bothered by the lone train, which made its daily run in the middle of the morning. After the train had passed the goats were staked out, to add a sort of piquancy and quaintness to the humdrum tracks, because the element that lived along the track were sub-standard, illiterate in a fashion, and perhaps indefinitely foreign. They kept and fed and milked goats; enough said.

It was a pity, then, that he rather liked goats along his path while mounted on an untoward bicycle. "Just watch out for the piebald kind, Albert," he had admonished himself pleurably yesterday afternoon, pedaling faster, leaning across the bike's handlebar like a Parisian, but not like a man, a teacher, with civic responsibility, speeding past a settlement of undesirables and their fauna.

The school year was almost over, and he had stayed well past school hours to read final English composition themes on the subject of "Spring Fever." He had felt released, and aloud, in the late afternoon quiet, he had rehearsed what he would say to Natalie: *Naturally, I wasn't behaving like the proper molder of John Herford's youth, skirling along on a foreign-built wheel, brushing past goats and being plucked at by brambles and for that matter even honky-tonk jukebox music.* His words were a bit pedantic, but Natalie was that kind of a girl and wife. She was prepared to look for sly humor, a deft turn of phrase, even a modicum of sarcasm,



WOOD ENGRAVING

HANS ORLOWSKI

particularly among his first words of greeting; and gradually, in a sort of British fashion, as if she meant to be a little shy of humor, she'd realize that what he told her was quite funny, and she might start giggling in her belated and moderate fashion. He and Natalie simply weren't spectacular, and yes, let's have it, rather fumbling in civic-consciousness.

"Careful now, Mister Davenport," he had had to admonish himself a moment later, in school-boy tones, as he barely brushed by a white goat with nubbins of horns, and immediately another one with a head-piece which rose drunkenly and insouciantly above a sort of prophet's brow. No wonder this part of town was a crazy and lawless bailiwick: the very goats made it so. But those two goats merely stood their ground, quivered indignant beards and jangled their chains with pastoral complaisance.

The goat-danger over, he cocked a wary eye at the clusters of sad frame houses and loud little bistros which almost intruded upon the tracks. Trees were at a premium there, so that every bit of the music blared loud and generously. Even so, the entire settlement seemed to have turned its back on the railroad tracks, its bucolic goats, and his lonely journey on the bike. Apart from the music, he could hardly detect anything amiss in "that hotbed of grime and crime," though as a Herford teacher he was asked to. Everything looked self-contained and self-occupied. But what had he expected to see, anyway? "As one of our teachers, and that is why we have all male teachers, we may expect you to keep your eyes open." It was another Oakes adage, which intruded as he looked at the houses, seeing nothing.

Of course, there was no one here of consequence to watch his behavior, and immediately he felt like scooting and careening just a bit more freely. In his bicycle basket the class themes, "What I think of Spring" or if you prefer, "What Spring does to me,"

rustled and fluttered cozily beneath his briefcase.

Then more goats had come jutting from the path-side weeds and bushes. Suddenly there had been six or seven, dull puce, mauve, pearly and pure white, with their horns askew and their eyes shrill with deviltry. At that spot the music came with a loud clatter of syncopation, and perhaps the spirit of the music had entered the goats. They acted as if they would just as soon go darting across his path, pulling their chains taut, for him to trip across. And a man in his position shouldn't take a spill amid the foreign goats of honky-town. A car now, that would be different, but still not along the railroad tracks. So far the disapproval of his riding a bicycle had amounted to little more than cajolery. It seemed to be involved with his duty toward his wife and baby, and the stable section of town he lived in, where a red French bicycle might be a disturbing novelty. On the other hand he was young, comparatively speaking, and Herford would mold him. Odd, that—that some teachers should be molded, too!

Intent on another goat directly ahead, and musing over his slight defection, he had missed entirely the action going on in a clump of sumacs flanking him on the left, at the rear of a shack-like vino-shop. When he saw the motion, he had thought lightly: *oh, just fool kids*. Spring fever and all that. It was all there in the school themes.

Then he realized that these kids, three of them, louts of more than kid-proportion, were tugging a tawny goat straight across his path. The next instant he had been tumbling headlong across the handlebar of his bicycle. His briefcase had gone sailing, and the theme papers had fluttered, like scared hens, across the shrubbery.

In shock and anxiety he had shouted: *Oh for God's sake, of all, of all the damned monkey-tricks!* picking himself up dazedly, staring in confusion at the three young fellows who were trying to make themselves invisible among the bushes. The goat kept prancing around him.

Angrily he had taken a few strides toward the three. From their behavior it had been obvious that all three were either drunk or hopped-up. That they might be dangerous besides, he hadn't stopped to realize, aware suddenly of an elderly man with a Napoleonic lick of hair across his forehead, who stood grinning at the backdoor of the vino-shop. The next moment, because he was trying not to see the older man, perhaps, his attention had focused on the largest of the three young men, a straw-topped fellow, who was trying to crawl beneath the strands of a barbed wire fence, keeping his face averted, as if he were afraid. Then he had recognized him.

Okay, Joe Humphrey, it's you. I can see you. And I can see you're—you're drunk! he had shouted, but the next moment he silenced himself in guilty confusion. Already he had committed himself too much.

Already he was beholden, and in spite of his indignation, and injury, that was at that moment exactly what he hadn't wanted to be—beholden to Joe Humphrey.

He had brushed angrily at his ripped trousers, then set his bicycle upright, and made a start at retrieving the class themes. By the time he had straightened out again, he had seen Joe and the other two crouching through the backyard of the wine-shop where the elderly man, still grinning widely, held a door open for them. Only then had he been aware of the stingingly loud juke-box music from the shop. Near him the goat kept glaring with quivering beard.

He hadn't even stopped to count the themes on Spring Fever. After a while he had slapped his briefcase on top of them and mounting his bicycle stiffly, he had sped furiously away telling himself all the while: *Okay, okay, I didn't recognize him. Not Joe Humphrey. Not our greatest prize, our salvaged student, our superb athlete. Okay Okay, we haven't got that sort of a problem at John Herford, there is no drunkenness, no ribaldry, no delinquency in which a star student could participate. It simply isn't possible or credible. It isn't realized. It belongs to the realms of Satanic darkness. Ha, Joseph Humphrey is a star, who has been gathered-in from impossible parents to be made perfect by John Herford's extra special progressive uplift. What I saw was something unreal. Besides, I can't even recall the two other punks, can I? Okay, I was the one who was drunk, with the goats, on my bicycle.*

He had repeated his words in anxious fury, speeding harder, in order to get home and between his own walls. He would have nothing to do with Joe's complicated remorse and diplomatic sense of guilt, which would be bound to come to fruition by tomorrow at the latest. That remorse with all its special public and social entanglements would be gross, mean, burly, triple-faced and sly, a face-saving for Joe and school both. He had even wanted to keep his indignation and injury free from it. At that moment he had understood the temper of John Herford High School furiously, but correctly. He had known that he'd be made to play a role, and he was not going to play that role—except in his own way.

To gain perspective, he had pedaled more slowly then, and had started feeding himself exact details about Joe Humphrey. Joe's father was a drunkard—and he had chuckled a little at the irony of the wine-shop—and Joe's mother was a narrow religious crank, tortured by morals. Why, the mother even deplored that Joe was an athlete who had to exhibit himself at public games. Above all, and in spite of everything, Joe was officially a clean, wholesome and honorable athlete, with an open and respectable mind as to his own worth, and the pride of the school as well as the town. He was a particular prize, because he hadn't belonged, but he had

become John Herford-rehabilitated. Joe knew he was inviolable, especially now at the end of his Junior year. It was quite acceptable that he was the most inviolable student in the school.

So then, Albert Davenport, what now? He a mere English teacher at that special and sacrosanct school, naturally, he had better dismiss this mishap from his mind pronto. He shouldn't even show a glimmer of it to Natalie. That would mean involvement. This was madly private. The trouble with Natalie was that she had righteous indignation, which would lead her to expect fair play, which would never fit in with John Herford's ideals. *Be furtive then, Al*: he adjured himself.

Still in the act of composing himself, he had turned from the railroad path into a sedate avenue of proper maples and oaks. The improper railroad tracks and its environs and its events were behind him. He had decided to tell Natalie that an unpredictable goat, plus the low sun in his eyes, had caused his stupid fall. Joe Humphrey's intentions would have to be coped with later.

One minor trouble to his intentions was that he had had to cycle past the Humphrey house. It was a bungalow with a vine festooned veranda, with lowered shades and peeling paint. It was obvious from the house that in it Mrs. Humphrey could keep her chin up meekly, but her morals high, in spite of her husband and in spite of Joe's fame. In fact, Mrs. Humphrey peered at him and his bicycle with shy indignation, which he managed to glimpse and which hadn't helped at all to face Natalie more equably, barely fourteen houses down the street. So close that suddenly he had realized that Joe himself might come walking over with his complicated remorse—wearing it like a school jersey—before the evening was over. He had decided compulsively that he'd ask Natalie to get a baby-sitter while they went off to the movies at once. On the other hand it would take Joe to sober up, let's say, about three hours? About three or four hours, with the correct instructions to bolster him up! What would be the use of a movie.

Natalie had said that his trousers were beyond mending, that he must be more careful with goats after this, and wasn't he possibly feeling the aftermath of his fall, because he acted incredibly confused and rather wayward? *Hadn't you better not take the bicycle tomorrow?* she had suggested, with proper concern. *I am and nothing can stop me,* he had answered illogically, making something emotional out of it, her expression said. *Would you like to take in a movie after dinner?* she had asked, consoling. *Hardly,* he had said, *a movie tonight would drive me crazy.* A couple of aspirins then, she had suggested an hour later, but Joe Humphrey had not been mentioned between them.

Joe Humphrey was standing in front of his desk. He had walked in soft-footed and humble, but he looked clean-cut and clean-scrubbed, and terribly, almost righteously sober, and accordingly slightly bellicose, as if he'd taken a lesson from his mother. He presented his best, bluff, seventeen-year-old front. "Mr. Davenport, may I speak to you a minute?" he asked with proper deference, and he began waiting with a sort of remorseless candidness in his bearing. Obviously he had all the strategy on his side, carefully lined up.

"Yes, Joe," he said.

The crew-cut lowered itself a little in a coy gesture of shame, possibly a travesty on shame. "About last night, Mr. Davenport. There in Honkie town, at the railroad tracks. I don't know what to say, except maybe I oughta say first I didn't know it was you on that bike. I didn't expect it was you and I wouldn't've done it. Well, anyway you saw how it was, Mr. Davenport."

"Yes, Joe. You wouldn't have done it if you had known it was me. I think you've made that clear."

"But," and Joe looked slightly more defiant, "but, well, of course, I was kinda looped. That's it. I'd been drinking that there wine. You know how it is, bein' spring and all, and the other fellows. So you saw where I was and with who."

"I don't know whom you were with and I couldn't tell from my peculiar vantage point that you were drunk on wine in particular. You kept your face averted and you went crawling away through a barbed wire fence."

"I was stinko, Mr. Davenport, and you know I was."

"In that case, I'll take your word for it, and why don't we leave it at that, so that we can make your remorse entirely your own? You know, a really private affair? And I'll dismiss the rest of it as a prank," he said, trying to control his exasperation.

But Joe squared his jaw and his tawny eyebrows started beetling. A moment later, however, he had himself properly under control once more. "But, Mr. Davenport, I tole you I was stinko. And now I'm trying to do the right thing, the way my mother taught me. I wanna come clean and face it. In fact, Mister Davenport, you've got to back me up. You see, I already came clean with Coach Danver last night."

"You told Coach Danver last night?" he asked. "Before you came to me? And you did go and tell your mother?"

"Why should I tell my mother and get her all roiled up?" Joe protested. "Why should I wanna do that? It's just what she'd want to expect. But I had to come clean; I had to get it outa my system, didn't I? So I told Coach."

"I suppose you're trying to tell me you got to

Danver first before I could. Is that what you mean, Joe?"

Joe shrugged elaborately, as if to suggest that nobody in his right mind, least of all a pip-squeak of an English teacher, could be foolish enough to ask that sort of question. Not for him, and expect an answer. He waited again, but by now his mien was unmistakably hostile.

"Why not leave it alone? Why come to me now, Joe?"

Joe smiled a condescending smile. "Naturally, if that's the way you wanna take it, Mr. Davenport. Except I was ready to make good and come clean, the way my mother taught me, even if she don't like athletics. And I confessed last night I was looped, and you know what that means at a school like John Herford High. But if that's the way you wanna take it, well, what's a fella gonna do?" Joe strode huffily out of the class room, leaving the door open.

He got up mechanically and closed the door. It would have made things so simple, to have acted the role of a good scout, a real man, a big brother, and to have given Joe an avuncular scolding. Except that that, too, would have fallen short of what Joe expected. There was more to it than dressing the boy down and expressing a willingness to cooperate with Coach Danver and get the clean lad back onto the right track. There had to be a hundred percent participation in Joe's guilt, for dear John Herford's sake, with all the proper sentiments rampant. He could still make some sort of gesture.

No solution of any sort had presented itself when the gong sounded and his first class started straggling into the classroom. It was a private thing, all right, as he had suggested. But it was strictly for himself. He had done evil in the sight of John Herford's mores.

When his third class of the morning had barely left the room, Coach Danver stood in the open door grinning at him. The pink-healthy face seemed constructed of condoning willingness with a smile. The thinnish athlete-voice wished him a fine morning, and Danver came shambling toward his desk with right hand extended. "Well, Al, it seems our star athlete made a fool of hisself after school last night, and it was you who caught him with his pants down so to speak. I figure, though, that Joe's pretty much cured already, but let's see if we can straighten this thing out between you and him."

"Straighten it out?" he repeated warily.

"The boy's conscience and his reputation, that's what we have in mind, Al," Danver said briskly, smiling with all his polished teeth. "Al, it's spring, and sure you know what that means to a healthy kid. Then look at the way he was brought up, that mother

of his'n for instance, always makin' the kid feeling guilty as hell, it hardly matters what he does. So he goes strayin' off to the wrong side of the tracks with a coupla buddies. And he does it. It ain't like he was visitin' a cathouse now, is it? But you and me know we can't leave this thing like you're tryin' to leave it now, Al."

"Why not? I told him I couldn't tell what he was drunk on or how much, or even how much at fault."

"But that's pussy-footing around the problem. That's what you call duplicity, I think," Coach asked with a clear smile. "It isn't what the boy's learned to expect. He wants and needs something bigger, something that'll wipe all the slate clean. You wouldn't want to make a crooked and half-cooked thing outa it in the boy's mind, would you, Al? Consider the kid's background, man."

"Look, Danver, I wanted to skip the whole thing. I didn't even mention it to my wife. I don't think I can honestly cope with the convenient remorse and that overt rehabilitation complex of Joe and stay honest myself. It's a strictly private thing with me."

"That's a selfish and cold-blooded way of arguing, Al. We who are older and more experienced owe it to the boy. He was the one that came clean first, and there ain't many that woulda done that. It seems to me Al, your attitude is just plain prissy and sly. That's why in the first place we've got all men teachers here. As for the kid, he'll be wonderin' all through his life what you're holdin' against him. Maybe, Al, if you'd ever tried coaching you'd understand how really honest a healthy boy can be. There's sportsmanship involved, Al." He rocked back on the balls of his feet, all patronizing gruffness.

He didn't answer. Whatever logic he could still make for himself would be considered something oblique, unhealthy, perhaps effeminate. "I think I have said all I care to say," he said slowly. "I prefer to drop the matter. I'm not even curious enough by this time to wonder what might have happened if some other student, practically anybody except Joe, had been involved."

"But you think it's a mess," Danver wheedled. "And a mess has gotta be cleaned up, doesn't it, Al? Even a mess a puppy makes."

"Definitely. But not this way, with me entirely on the defensive and in the wrong," he said sternly.

"Okay then, Al. Have it your way. Be drippy and uncooperative. Make the kid feel like an outcast. Make yourself a genuine goldplate martyr."

"Joe doesn't feel like an outcast. He feels wonderfully at the center of things. It's built just right for him, and it suits him fine to drag me into his orbit."

"You're nothin' but an unformed and mixed-up kid yourself, are you, Al. Never been through a decent phase of good sportsmanship yourself, have

you, Al?" Danver unveiled all his contempt, and as he loped toward the door, he shouted over his shoulder: "The kid acts twice the man you ever hope to be. You're nothing but a snob and there's little room for snobs in this school. This is a real progressive school, fellah, and what is bigger and more progressive than forgivin', and givin' a boy that's mixed-up a helpin' hand?"

He did not wait at the door for his answer. Coach Danver was gone.

At last it was four o'clock and he could go home. He needed to go home, even on that bicycle, but when he tried to pass the principal's office, the door was wide open and Mr. Oakes sat facing him behind his desk. "A little matter, Davenport," Oakes said with his best intonation. "And close the door, please."

Then Oakes relaxed with an urbane smile. "Davenport—you've been with us two years. And this term is just about over, and we've all assumed you'd be with us next year, because you like us and our principles."

"I've assumed it," he said with dry lips.

"In that case, Davenport, may I suggest that you start matching that assumption with the dignity and responsibility inherent to your position? I honestly had thought, that it was sufficient unto its little diversion, when I suggested to you something like a year ago that you'd try to do without that absurd bicycle of yours. At the time I think I mentioned that it smacked of exhibitionism, and I think I hinted that it might be a splendid thing to be able to tell you apart from the less responsible of your own students, particularly when the eyes of the community are upon you. Oh I know, I know, we tried to be urbane and jocular about it, but a word to the wise is usually sufficient here."

There was nothing to say.

"I see you haven't any answer, so that you're compelling me to be a bit more specific. Last evening, for instance, you went jouncing on your bicycle along the railroad tracks, back of Honkie town, and you went spilling over the goats there, and you were heard using abusive street language, in the presence of some of the students. Now don't tell me that you are still that unformed Davenport, that you can condone all those things to yourself?"

He could only stare at Oakes' pretext of a smile, a smile which had a being and purpose of its own before it deleted itself across the handsome set of uppers. Here was his challenge. Put the cards on the table, and remind Oakes exactly what was at stake, even if so far Joe Humphrey's name hadn't been mentioned. Instead he said: "I am sorry, Mr. Oakes, that I fell over a chain with a goat on the other end of it, a goat that was being *pulled* across my path, and that I used language in keeping with a bad spill, and that there happened to be one student in particular there to hear me."

"And who was that student?" Oakes pounced, insidiously, and irrevocably giving him this final chance to be cooperative.

"I think that by now I prefer to keep that to myself, Mr. Oakes."

"And that is something I find excessively regrettable, Davenport, considering much is at stake by way of principles. By way of so much future happiness and honesty. On the other hand, if you still care to rectify matters, I can call the student in, and we can—among the three of us—still make amends."

"Amends for whom?" he asked, refusing to be beguiled by the encouraging smile. Yet it was that very smile which compelled him to say next: "No, I'm afraid I understand what you mean, Mr. Oakes. And I think I prefer to put a stop to this devious exercise, and to get on my bicycle and go home."

"Home, unequally to your wife and child? Confound them, and leaving a worthy boy's future in jeopardy?" Mr. Oakes asked deftly, but as with relish.

"Yes, so hypocritically in jeopardy, it makes me feel twisted and sick, to see that I have become the victim."

"Yes, I would think you'd realize you're twisted and sick," Mr. Oakes said with his gentlest voice. "And twisted and sick people hardly fit here at John Herford, do they? I really wish you'd grown up sooner to realize that little fact."

He turned abruptly and let himself out of Oakes' office. Running down the short flight of stairs which led to the main exit, he nearly collided with Coach Danver and Joe Humphrey, who stood staring at him in pity. When he hurried past them, each rendered a careful smile of contempt, but just before he reached the door, Joe suggested delicately: "Careful of them goats now, won't you, Mr. Davenport?"



INK DRAWING

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dictum on denver drama

BY WILLIAM E. RHODES

"To play is to love . . . the theatre is an act of love," is about all Rick Collier will say about his work as Denver's leading producer of professional drama. He seems to want to be mute. He is cool. He speaks through his work—theatre. As for many, theatre has become for him more than something about life. It is life . . . a life of service, as sure as that of the teacher, clergyman, welfare worker or statesman.

"Off-Broadway" theatre is what people in Denver call the Trident Theatre, Collier's creation. This is not simply because the atmosphere and choice of plays is that of New York's "off-Broadway." The Trident is in a less-favored, somewhat out-of-the-way neighborhood just off Denver's Broadway, the long, wide, straight north-and-south thoroughfare which bisects the sprawling near-million city into west and east.

Denver's Broadway is glitter, clutter and all traffic. It is the main stem of the city—very western, very Anglo-Saxon, very busy and often very successful. The Trident is in a quiet collection of run-down Spanish-American homes where one can always find a place to park and a chance to exchange sidewalk amenities with the residents. The Trident is very cosmopolitan, very off-beat, very quiet and often very perceptive.

Rick Collier and his wife, stage-named Lisa Allison, found a squat little unused Baptist church in this pocket near the city's center. They made it into a theatre with a minimum of conversion. Spiritual things happen there again these days, though the approach is contrary to the "proper" activities of yore. The outcome at the Trident between cast and audience is frequently electric, even religious, though the former tenants would be hard put to recognize the similarity. There is no question that the dedication of the new missionaries in the building matches the dedication of any who ever served there previously. Moreover, it is hard to imagine how any predecessors suffered more from poverty.

Denver is distant from the recognized centers of culture in America: San Francisco, Los Angeles and Chicago, each over a thousand miles away. This distance could provide a dogged provincialism which would exclude really fine theatre. But it does not. Fine theatre, along with other considerable art and culture in moderation, comes to Denver for special reason: beauty and climate. The power of the multivalleyed Rocky Mountains and the low humidity of the mile-high country have attracted from around the world an unusual number of unusually cosmopolitan and sophisticated people.

This is how Rick and Lisa landed in Denver. Chronologically, Rick has directed and produced summer stock in Bar Harbor with his father; played two years in New York and a year in the Pittsburgh Playhouse; met Lisa

while at Boston University's School of the Theatre, spent part of his Army service at Fort Carson near Denver.

After discharge from the Army, the Colliers returned to New York. Things did not work out too well—near misses of good parts for each, a show where Lisa was the stand-in for the ingenue folded after two nights, and so on. "We got to thinking about Colorado," says Lisa. "Once we had lived in the West, New York was a more difficult place to live. Rick decided to go to Denver, which we felt was the only place to start a small theatre." That move turned the tide for the Colliers and for Denver theatre.

Recently in the Trident, the four-week run of Australian Ray Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* had to be extended. The 150-seat auditorium began to fill to capacity as the run progressed. The word got around in the Denver "arts leadership community" that something important was going on down at the Trident.

Part of the importance is the insistence of Richard Collier that his production and cast be professional. He makes no concession to the kind of theatre which is "an outlet" for amateurs or "a means of growth" for persons of limited psyche or skill. This is not a school for actors. It is a group of pro's who want to stay together and develop repertory theatre. This is a company claiming first loyalty to blisteringly high standards of theatre excellence. They want to communicate with their audience, of course. But they are as choosy as to the kind of audience they want. They want the best.

Another contribution of the Trident Theatre is in the kind of plays brought to Denver. Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, Murray Schisgal's one-acts, *The Typists* and *The Tiger* and Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* preceded *Doll*. Not all of these commanded large audiences though they got good local reviews.

Basic to Collier's productions is the arrangement and atmosphere of the theatre itself. Trident is intimate theatre. The players and audience are not separated in distance, only in elevation. For the *Seventeenth Doll* the stage is made of three eighteen-inch platforms side-by-side. Stage left juts into the seating along the wall so that certain scenes have the same effect as theatre-in-the-round.

Center stage is quite close to the audience—but far enough away from most so that "heavy" scenes maintain grandeur. Stage right falls back from the audience so that exits out the front door of this Victorian Australian house give the illusion of distance by comparison. Center stage is about eight feet deep, including the yard-deep head-high recess already in the wall.

It is unbelievable how much stuff can be packed into this shallow space. Yet the director has cleverly kept plenty of space so that his people can act. As *Summer*

of the *Seventeenth Doll* unfolds, the size of the beefy roustabouts is not hampered by the economical stage, but accented. In fact, in one fight scene the viewer, ducking punches, is convinced that three times as much area is covered as is actually there.

Worth special attention is Lawler's play about middle-age, the diminution of physical power, and the self-deception endemic to changes brought on by time. Two men (Robert Levy and Bill Kruse) come in from the cane fields for the annual five months' "lay-off," after working hard in the tropical sun for seven months. They take to bed and board with two barmaids for the annual five, which includes Christmas and New Year's. There has been youthful fun during these interludes, but now a familiar quality of routine has settled in. That is, until one of the "girls" (whom one never sees) gets tired of it all and marries while the two men are away. A new barmaid (Lisa Allison)—a used, pinched woman, full of puritanical pretensions, mother of a seventeen-year-old daughter who knows nothing of her mother's real life—comes in as a substitute on the request of the remaining regular (Jane Rolland). Then the reality of the impermanence of youthful enthusiasms breaks the characters down to honest self-assessment. As this happens onstage, something of the same self-revelation is going on in the audience.

Olive Leech, the newcomer, wrestles with herself before the men arrive as to whether she will stay or go. Herein, one can see why and how the supposed propriety and morality of middle-aged unattached women is really just fear—fear not of a man but of being "stirred," fear of getting one's hopes up too high again. To get into another affair, even with an attractive man, would not be beyond her ability; it would simply be too much trouble. As one gets older, one just fears "trouble."

Similar insights build within the viewer as he watches the other characters develop during the progress of the play. The massive "Roo" finally has to accept the superiority of the younger man who has replaced him as top guy in the gang. Pearl never really grows up, even though she is a beery near-forty; but her mother springs some surprises of humanity after several scenes of utter toughness. After a quiet, rather awkwardly dull first ten minutes, the play moves and switches and successively opens up brilliantly.

This play was a success in Australia and London but was unsuccessful in New York, probably because of the difficult speech of the native Australian cast. For Denver Collier has removed most of the Australian dialect of *Doll*. This seems to be an improvement. Anyone who has lived with Australians, however, would miss the distinctive slang and power of real Aussie talk. Also, two minor players were so poorly matched compared with the principal five that one occasionally was jerked back from the Australian near-slums to the awareness that a couple of amateurs were "acting."

The honesty of such plays is accentuated by the poverty and casual air of the Trident. The interior of the old church is ordinary. There is no proscenium arch or curtain. Scenes end with blackout. Properties between scenes are arranged under blackout or in full view of the audience when lights are up. Lighting is arranged on bare pipe overhead. The seats are all kinds—all fold somehow, but their designs come from half a dozen eras and probably a dozen old theatres. Pegboard has been put

up around the walls and painted a streaky light blue with water paint. Half a dozen provocative contemporary paintings are exhibited at the back. The tall, narrow, plain glass gothic-type windows on the sides have been painted over—black at the top and claret below; the double-size window at the audience's back has been painted with browns and great simple line drawings of the double masks of the dramatist. There is an exuberance in this old building which in itself heightens the effect of the play.

What next for the Trident Theatre? Rick Collier has not made his announcement. It may hinge on the availability of top talent for a particular role. It may hinge on the length of the present run. Just now the Trident has become incorporated as a non-profit institution. Certainly Collier and his company are scrambling about to insure that there will be a "next." Financial help is needed. So far, Denver has not come up with the kind of support that is found in Houston, Dallas or Minneapolis. Now is the time for all good men in Denver to come to the aid of their players.

While the Trident is doing its specialized and professional work—mostly with new plays—other groups continue, usually with established favorites. For example, in the beautiful, lavish Bonfils Theatre, the Denver Civic Theatre's fourth production of the season—Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*—opened in February.

University Theatre flourishes in the Denver area. The University of Denver School of the Theatre, which has had three decades' direction by Dr. Campton Bell, continues to be the pacesetter for the region. Edwin Levy of that faculty stages the Central City Opera each summer, as well as two or three things on the campus during the year. Teaching along with Bell and Levy have been Kathryn Kayser, Robin Lacy, and R. Russell Porter over the years. This strong teaching and directing group has begun to break up, however: Robin Lacy, leading set designer, left for Yale last summer. Then Dr. Bell died suddenly in December.

Professor Russell Porter has been appointed head of the School of Theatre. He will continue the policies of Dr. Bell, policies which included constant innovation and on-the-spot teaching by major contemporary directors and actors of recognized success.

On this academic year's calendar at the University of Denver is Brecht's *Mother Courage*, and Anouilh's *Time Remembered*; *Italian Straw Hat* and *Paint Your Wagon*; and *The Taming of the Shrew*—this last as part of a Shakespeare festival which brings major scholars to the community.

The University of Colorado is coming on fast intellectually. It has made a firm commitment during the last few years to excellence by drastically raising admission standards, tuition rates and faculty salaries. Science and the arts have been especially favored. The Department of Theatre this year has mounted *Gideon*, *The Firebug*, *Misalliance*, *Three Men on a Horse*, *OEdipus at Colonnus* and *The Music Man*. The annual summer Shakespeare workshop and productions are worthy.

Other collegiate theatres in the area which keep busy include Colorado College, in Colorado Springs; Loretto Heights, a Roman Catholic College for women, which has a fine new theatre and Colorado Woman's College, both in Denver; and Colorado State College (for Teachers) in Greeley.

film

RESNAIS: SUBSTANCE & SHADOWS



WOOD ENGRAVING

HANS ORLOWSKI

Alain Resnais' *Muriel* was premiered in this country at the first New York Film Festival held last fall at Lincoln Center. Resnais has a following here because his films give the cocktail set something to talk about. *Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour* and *Last Year at Marienbad* are still "in" and lots of people ask lots of people what they think of one or the other of these two films. Now they can ask about *Muriel*. I have done it myself and have yet to get a satisfying answer. Some like it immensely—but can't say why. Many others are mute until I say I was bored by it, and then they admit they were bored, too. Very few have the audacity to say they think it is a thin and empty film.

This young French director has talent, so we should be hesitant to damn his work. Also there is the chance that he is shooting so far beyond our ability to grasp that he is exposing the rutted conventionality of audiences—particularly U. S. ones. One of the finest documentary films of the century was made by Resnais, *Nuit et Brouillard* (*Night and Fog*). He made this half-hour film before he started to make feature-length films. It forthrightly presents the reality of concentration camps; it is quiet and deeply moving. Governments should show this film to their citizens. One comes away from the film resolving to rout all latent Nazism that may exist in us and never give up the battle for the humane treatment of all human beings everywhere.

"*Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour* . . . makes an angry comment

on the world of atomic bombs" . . . (*New York Times*, March 20, 1960). Evidently this was written as an announcement of the film before it was seen. The film made no comment—angry or tranquil—about atomic bombs. Hiroshima was used as a backdrop for a simpering story of remembered love. While it was more interesting than many films—and parts were brought off with skill and novelty—the film dragged and meandered. On its surface it had the signs of an exciting and innovating film. Inside it was made of sawdust.

Last Year at Marienbad had an opulent veneer. Its form promised excitement. Every time-space experiment tried in the history of film was included, and was pleasing to look at—for a while. The film, despite its repetitive ornateness and arty obscurity had a polish that engulfed would-be film sophisticates. As a compilation of the techniques hammered out in the twenties, it was original. It failed, however, because it takes more than form to make a good film.

Muriel is dull for the same reasons that *Last Year at Marienbad* was dull. It seems endless. One does not get deeply involved with its characters, subject, or milieu. The viewer is kept at a distance from what is going on. It is as if he is always looking through a frosted glass. He feels he is being played with, though no one has told him what the game is. Consequently one leaves the theater admiring the color and the attempt to tell a story in a fresh way, but not caring to see the film again.

The failure of the film is in the sprawling and trivial nature of its content. As a record of pathetic U.S. architecture replacing bombed-out Boulogne, it may have interest as a bit of regional and period documentation.

Episodes, events, characters—all seem to be of little importance. All are like endless wallpaper filling the screen rather than moving images going toward a destination. As a film director, Resnais failed to be selective. The characters are the essential failure of the film and explain its monotony. They do not reveal themselves in interesting or understandable ways. They do not become persons we can identify with. When we have no interest in Helene, about whom everyone else revolved, nothing and nobody can take on any character. She is shadowy and her *melange* consists of passing shadows.

To this observation, it is possible that M. Resnais and disciples will cheer, "Good! That's just what we want." This is the truth of Helene, the central figure in the film. She is empty. Her life, the life of her family and friends, the life of Paris and the world are all empty, hollow, ridiculous . . . all disgustingly ordinary. Perhaps this is a contemporary film if it depicts our times—the nonexistence of persons who are stuck in glass and concrete in a nonexistent Boulogne—without a past and with no future. The wars have snuffed us out. We can't feel and we can't love. In our shiny new buildings and new fur coats, we are refuse, old tin cans, empty bottles, junk that has been thrown in the dump.

If a film maker feels this way and is capable of making us feel this way, something has happened. But if he bores us and leaves us unmoved, then we suspect the depth of his understanding and have misgivings about his artistry. He makes us wonder if we should spend our time or money on nothing more than a game or trick.

—ROBERT STEELE

Samuel H. Miller, *The Dilemma of Modern Belief*.
Harper & Row, 116 pp., \$3.00.

Here we have an exciting book, provocative to read and ponder. Dean Miller (of Harvard Divinity School) sets out to probe "the climate of the contemporary mind, the conditions under which the assumptions and implications of a Christian epoch (have) changed so thoroughly under the impact of technological culture that one (has) to ask how religion itself, or faith, (can) be construed or identified. . . ." Before he can talk about preaching (which is the motif of these Beecher lectures) he has to discern some of "the religious implications of the present world in which religion finds itself uncomfortable or even somewhat unintelligible."

In a fascinating first chapter, Miller finds that three things have happened as modern man has come of age: first, he has lost all sense of unity, and that is both good and bad; second, he has lost his superstitions, and hence lost all mystery and wonder; consequently he feels alienated, "affronted, baffled, pushed away." Hence Miller elaborates "the double meaning of secularity," for it is both liberating and confining, a blessing and a curse. "The world today is stripped down, absolved of all supernatural alliances, scrubbed clean of special events divinely arranged, deprived of . . . miracle. Yet it is God's creation; He made it . . . Our faith now must be in a God not seen directly; a God whose acts are not separable from existence itself; a God in whom we must have faith, not because we have been overwhelmed by direct epiphanies, but because His glory pervades the common structure of things." This sounds like a pre-Robinson version of *Honest to God*.

Whereas once upon a time, and as recently as Milton, there was one "reconciling image" that held the world together and gave meaning to daily life—namely, the image of Christ, the crucified Lord—this image no longer speaks to the sophisticated modern man. Yet men cannot do without images. An image binds and cleanses and invigorates in ways that "bloodless concepts" cannot do. But where are we to get such an image? "The image for which we wait, or the image we must rehabilitate, cannot be one we consciously choose or rationally fabricate. . . . It will rise from the mist and the murk, the very nature of our obscurities . . . claiming . . . riveting . . . fettering. . . ." We will resist it, as we always resisted Christ. "Is there anything man has ever desired with his whole heart that he has not resisted with his brain? The very nature of our freedom leaves us inwardly divided, tormented as often by an answered prayer as by one unanswered. . . . We simply are not strong enough to will one thing, to bear with the one God, to reconcile everything with one purpose." Will the image that redeems this time come from the church? Perhaps. Perhaps not. "We may have to turn our back on the church in order to find what it once had and has lost. Indeed the world in all its lossiness may at last save the church."

In these quotes from Miller you catch the flavor of his language and the honesty of his thought. He writes vividly, and uses extravagant words, for only such quality can convey the intensity of his concern. Perplexing, upsetting, bitter frenzy, bitter anguish, atrophy, paralysis—such words reflect his anxiety about our state of affairs.

Unless someone told him, the reader would never guess that this book arose out of the Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching. Therefore Dean Miller speaks occasionally to preachers. How would you like to listen to preaching by an honest man who is both often perplexed and often in passion? "By perplexity I mean standing in a world where all the signposts are down and the language has changed, and nobody knows where the sun is going to rise; a world where the clocks

BOOKS

are all telling a different time and everybody is late and going nowhere in a hurry. . . . By passion I mean taking hold of the world where it is most mysterious, where it has no shape and shows no meaning; I mean putting the heart under old sorrows until its dry, cracked earth feels the tears that men have wept; I mean holding in both hands the sweet terrible gifts of love and trust, and knowing how poor and cheap and twisted one's heart has been, turning and tangled by its silly vanity and the swaggering bluff of pride."

You hear that kind of man when Dean Miller speaks and writes. He is perplexed; who isn't? He is passionately in love with the world and with men who are perplexed; his readers will become so.

—ROBERT H. HAMILL

Edward Cain, *They'd Rather Be Right: Youth and Conservatism*. Macmillan, 327 pp., \$5.95.

The road from Harvard is indeed forked! Student traffic may still favor the Left, but the young man bearing Right is neither alone nor without direction.

This is a guidebook to the turnings and twists of the road to the Right. It is a comprehensive survey of the personalities, ideas and organizations which constitute the "conservative revival," with concentration on its effects on our college campuses.

For those liberals who automatically equate conservative with John Birchers this book should be an object lesson: great is the variety of style and purpose among conservatives. The wild men are all there—racists, super-patriots, reincarnated Spencerians—but so are the moderate, reflective voices of academicians Clinton Rossiter, Peter Viereck and Russell Kirk.

Cain traces the development of modern day American conservatism from its eighteenth and nineteenth century ideological roots, making clear the significant differences between "traditional" or Burkean conservatives—who stress the preservation of established values and ideals—and the "libertarian" or "propritarian" conservatives—whose central concern is the protection of property rights. These approaches, as expressed in current thought, are of course not mutually exclusive, but by differing emphases they represent two distinct currents in the conservative tide.

Cain's central question is, why the tide? More particularly, why the renewed interest in conservatism in what is usually thought to be the "liberal" environment of college and university? He suggests that the conservative student is not a new force on campus but a newly activated one. Although the oncesilent conservative minority is increasingly aggressive, articulate and well-organized, it is still a minority.

The more strident voice of conservatism on campus is partially a response to a rise in conservative strength in some parts of the country. The mistrust by conservatives, both on campus and off, of what they consider to be the domination of the Liberal Establishment, is hardly new. The conservative revival has sharpened this general resentment and provided channels of expression for it.

New leaders have emerged to give voice and structure to the resurgence of Right wing activity and Cain's provocative sketches of the conservative leadership provide fascinating in-

sights into some of the personalities and causes which jostle each other under the banner of "Renascent Conservatism."

Robert Welch and his John Birch Society, the colorful array of phony religious crusaders offering strange amalgams of distorted fundamentalism and jingoism, and the rabid racists are all effectively dissected. A strain of wry humor runs through Cain's well-documented commentary. "I have always liked to think," he says, "that the Klan was done in by contour sheets."

The direct influence of these way-out Rightists on the college conservative is limited. Young conservatives, suggests Cain, proud of their sophistication and learning, are far more impressed by the theorizing of Ayn Rand, the polemics of William Buckley, Jr. or the dynamism of Barry Goldwater.

For the young conservative, searching for an effective, "intellectual" spokesman for *laissez faire*, novelist Rand offers fictional heroes massive in their rugged individualism and fictional welfare states horrifying in their total mediocrity.

Activist William Buckley, Jr. plays a complementary role in the New Conservatism. Although regarded with some suspicion by the more high-brow student conservatives, Buckley's skill as a debater, energy as a writer and editor, and aggressiveness as a polemicist for economic individualism and "student tailored anti-communism" insure him an honored position in the Olympus of young conservatives.

But chief among the gods is Senator Barry Goldwater, who more than any single factor has served to bring together the disparate elements of the Right wing. If Miss Rand offers the conservative a theoretical apologia, and Buckley a high-powered national publicity and action campaign, Barry Goldwater offers hope of victory. "Goldwater the politician is conservative youth's idol because he fits the bill so perfectly," says Cain. "He carries conservatism just about as far Right as you can go and still win elections . . . the young conservatives must believe that they are championing someone who can win."

These three, in their appeal to the young, demonstrate both the strength and weakness of the current conservative revival. They appear intelligent, urbane and effective as they hammer home the most popular causes of campus conservatives: economic individualism and anti-communism. All three, on the other hand, are likely to use unreflective, black and white approaches to complex issues. Their appeal is frequently more emotional than rational.

These same dangers beset the student conservative in his new campus organizations and publications. Cain's discussion of these student efforts is of particular interest for the future. From the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, little heard of in recent months but described as "conservatism's most dedicated intellectual organization," to the Young Americans for Freedom, which concentrates on political action, the young conservative speaks with more than one voice.

ISI has fostered at least one interesting journal, the University of Chicago's *New Individualist Review*, while the Young Americans for Freedom, on a less academic plane, has sponsored political rallies designed to drum up publicity for the conservative viewpoint. Yet Cain suggests that the basic problem confronting YAF, if it is to have any meaning for the future, is to "demonstrate that conservatism can survive anti-communism."

It is not only YAF which must face this challenge. The future of the conservative revival will depend largely on the young conservatives' ability to evolve a more solid foundation of relevant political thought—at least, for example, to move in the direction indicated by such ventures as the *New Individualist Review*. The unbalanced emphasis in the present stage on what Cain labels "common sense conservatism"—emotional, non-intellectual and often intolerant—is an obstacle to this healthier development. The more reflective approach of a Peter Viereck or a Russell Kirk—an approach more commonly associated with "traditional" as opposed to "propertarian" conservatives—has yet to gain wide acceptance among college students.

The twin issues of anti-communism and anti-collectivism have given life and urgency to today's conservative revival on campus. But the young conservatives have as yet given no clear picture of what they are for.

The result is an alleged "conservatism" that stresses anti-communism but defaults civil liberties, that urges economic freedom but ignores the plight of the Negro, that lauds the morality of *laissez faire* capitalism but sees no moral challenge in the problems of poverty. The posture is one that runs against the traditional grain of student idealism. The anti-intellectualism of many of the conservative student organizations and journals only further alienates the conservative student from the mainstream of student thought.

Cain's analysis of the conservative revival on campus suggests a shaky future for a conservative revival in the nation.

—JOHN BRADEMAS

John Gerassi, *The Great Fear: The Reconquest of Latin America*. Macmillan, 457 pp., \$6.95.

The wave of bitter anti-U.S. feeling that has swept across all Latin America in the past decade is easy to document but difficult to analyze dispassionately. This book, by former *Time* correspondent John Gerassi, is by no means a trite journalistic appraisal of the harsh challenge faced by the United States in its relations with the other Americas. Gerassi has tried to explain the current Latin American-U.S. impasse from his experiences as a roving newspaperman. He certainly has seen more of Latin America than most so-called experts. He has obviously contacted the rebellious intellectuals—as few U.S. diplomats deign to do. He is conversant with the far and mid-Left groups that may become the ruling circles of tomorrow in a number of Latin nations.

The book is divided into seven parts comprising a total of thirty-two chapters. Part one consists of two chapters, one of which etches the sordid facts of subhuman existence which is the lot of almost all the Latin Americans; the other is a less objective, but knowledgeable, discussion of the mishandling of news about Latin America in this country.

Gerassi then examines the three nations he considers the "pacesetters" of a nationalist, revolutionary anti-U.S. Latin America of the near future: Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico. The author then lists (Part III, divided into eight chapters) the other nations of South America, the Caribbean, and Central America which fall into a category he calls the "followers," that is, nations that Gerassi affirms will take up the examples set by Argentina, Brazil and Mexico.

Costa Rica, Uruguay and Bolivia are placed in a special category, and are described in Part IV. They are pictured as partly successful in achieving national self-respect and a measure of representative self-rule.

The fifth part, some seven chapters, analyzes the Alliance for Progress. The author's pessimism regarding the Alliance is emphasized on nearly every page. He maintains that the program is both unrealistic to Latin American needs and badly administered. Too much money has gone into projects which benefit U. S. capital in Latin America; very little, into those that directly benefit the Latin masses.

The role of U. S. capital in Latin America is described in Part VI. Six chapters trace various devices and means used by U. S. capital in Latin America to escape fiscal accountability and show high return on investments in Latin America. Gerassi cites the examples of Guggenheim in Peru, the copper interests in Chile, the petroleum corporations in Venezuela, and others. The enormity of native political graft and the drain on Latin America's foreign exchange gold reserves do not escape Gerassi.

The last part—two chapters—discusses the role of Castro

and that of the U. S. in Latin America. As with so many similar dialogues, this one veers far away from calm reporting and seems apologetic toward the Cuban position.

In a concluding chapter Gerassi offers suggestions for a more viable U. S. policy toward Latin America. These are in the areas of diplomatic policy, military policy, foreign aid policy, and internal policy (operative within the U. S.). Not all are feasible—not many would, I believe, ever be implemented—but all should be carefully considered by the policy-makers in Washington. They form what is by far the most positive portion of this book. It seems to me that if some of Gerassi's policies were put into practice, the United States would benefit by having a much more efficient and effective diplomatic corps in the field.

In a previous paragraph, I stated that the author had seen more of Latin America than most so-called experts in Latin American affairs. I think he has. I do not, however, believe that Gerassi really understood much of what he has seen. His book, fast-moving, often incisive, is nonetheless superficial, too full of generalizations, and frequently factually wrong. He writes as a sincere friend of Latin America, but too often his sincerity degenerates into indignant diatribe, and, I feel, a too-confident

assumption that the extreme Left nationalists of Latin America will develop responsible political leadership.

I find it hard to agree with Gerassi's attacks on the Venezuelan president, Romulo Betancourt, who in five years at the helm of that distracted nation has accomplished more social reform than have all his predecessors over a century and a half. Just because Betancourt does not allow the extreme nationalist terrorists to seize control of Venezuela, does not mean that he is an authoritarian dictator posing as a reformer. Many more such examples of the author's passion clouding his vision could be cited. There is no doubt that Gerassi has the courage of deeply held convictions. One can only repeat with Cervantes that "the road to hell is paved with good intentions. . . ."

This book should be read by all persons concerned with contemporary Latin America. It should, however, be recognized as a work which frequently confuses the sound and the fury with the substance of the Latin American reality. Lines between nations or within them, are never so starkly drawn as he believes. A dispassionate study of Latin American history would have caused the author to revise considerably—if not scrap—much of his book.

—J. LEON HELGUERA

nicodemus

1
*Even a councilman must observe the curfew,
but God so loves the world, it seems silly
walking the long way home, afraid
of barking dogs.*

*The boy who carries the
lantern does not know the world has been
undone. (These small suspicious walls
have been destroyed, there is no
line-and-angle domination.) He thinks
his whistling is the wind, his
rumbling stomach makes the earth quake.*

2
*Our sin pricked God.
We were his breath
scattered in dusty suburbs.
This is the New Inspiration.*

3
*I tell you, Nicodemus, never close
your bedroom windows on this wind.
Let it whistle through the screens,
the curtains fly like elegant ghosts.*

*Taking the unfamiliar way around
confusion's city, do not fear
the singing bones in your Christian ear.*

—GARRISON KEILLOR

scarecrow

*Good Christ, how ludicrous you look!
Crotch deep in tassled sweet corn,
flannel night-shirt loosely tucked
in faded denims, seam-split, gray.
No hands, no feet, but empty, wasted gloves
beg gently, without hope,
for mercy from the Sun.
What unconscious wit
set up your cross of boards
here, where the wind jeers
through the corn's green spears?*

—ROBERT M. CHUTE

free fall

*When I cast you off and when I no more defer
To you for judgment and approval,
When my only merit is my own,
Everything drops fast and fragile from beneath me
As if I stepped into an elevator shaft.
Half-panic! But I can stop the fall
By grabbing fast to cables which I plummet past,
Your cables, which will draw me safely back.
In fact, I always catch a cable—there are many—
After I savor the free fall enough.
I wonder what is at the bottom of the shaft
And whether you would ever find my body,
Or I myself.*

—GEORGE DILLON

CONTRIBUTORS

THOMAS MERTON, an eminent author and Trappist monk, is noted for his penetrating writings about many facets of life. This letter appeared originally in *Ramparts* (1182 Chestnut Street, Menlo Park, Cal.)—a superb magazine which *motive* readers ought to know. Merton is at the Abbey of Gethsemani in Kentucky. **JAMES S. THOMAS** has served for the past four years as chairman of the Methodist Central Jurisdiction's Committee of Five. He is associate director of the Methodist Board of Education's Department of Educational Institutions, located in Nashville. **J. PRESTON COLE** is director of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Chicago. **JOSEF L. HROMADKA** is dean of the Comenius Theological Faculty in Czechoslovakia. His article was adapted from a theme address made before a Synod of the Evangelical Church of Czech Brethren. The translator, **MILOS STRUPL**, recently completed Ph.D. requirements at Vanderbilt University, and is now the Presbyterian pastor in Whitelaw, Wisconsin. **WILLIAM E. RHODES** is chaplain at the University of Denver. **ROBERT STEELE** is on the faculty of Boston University's School of Communications. **LOUISE DeLAURENTIS** is a free-lance writer in Ithaca, New York.

Book reviews by: **ROBERT H. HAMILL**, Dean of the Chapel at Boston University; **JOHN BRADEMAS**, Democratic congressman from Indiana's Third District; **J. LEON HELGUERA**, associate professor of history in Vanderbilt's graduate center for South American Studies.

Fiction in this issue is by **DAVID CORNEL DeJONG**, who is well known for his poetry and translations from the Dutch and Flemish as well as for his short stories. His work seems to be represented in nearly every literary magazine to come into our office recently. Poets include **R. R. CUSCADEN**, editor of the excellent little magazine *Midwest* (289 E. 148th Street, Harvey, Illinois), whose new collection—from which these two poems

come—will be called *The Abandoned Railroad*; **GARRISON KEILLOR**, now studying writing under Allen Tate at the University of Minnesota, where he edits *Ivory Tower*; **ROBERT CHUTE**, one of the few scientist-poets now writing, who is Professor of Biology at Bates College (Auburn, Maine) and editor of *The Plowshare*; and **GEORGE DILLON**, undergraduate (class of '65) at Yale, who is shrewd enough to leave editing to others and stick to his own writing.

Artists represented this month: **EDWARD WALLOWITCH**, featured last month with his photo-essay on death, is sensitive to the great social issues of our time. He roams the streets with his camera, not to invade privacy but to make art. **A. R. SIMONS**, a Southern photographer and a Negro, records the history of freedom as he travels throughout the South. Soon *motive* will publish his series of nature studies, done at dawn for his own pleasure. **A. DE BETHUNE**, an artist who has contributed for many years to the *Catholic Worker*, is also known as a designer of liturgical art. **ROBERT HODGELL**, cover artist this month, has the power to formulate in visual terms the thrust of social realities. Over and over he forges into images the great issues which civilization must somehow meet. **JIM McLEAN**, professor of art at La Grange College (Georgia), is a graphic artist with a growing reputation. He has, along with Bob Hodgell and Jim Crane, contributed to *motive* since the early forties. **ZDENEK SEYDL**, internationally known graphic artist and illustrator, is a native of Prague, Czechoslovakia. One of his famous illustrations for LaFontaine's *Fables* appears at the close of the fiction in this issue; we will be using more of his work soon. As usual, we wish we could afford full color when someone like Seydl comes along. The *Fables* are in black and white, but much of his work is wild with color. **HANS ORLOWSKI** is the subject of this month's art feature, and we suggest you turn there to encounter his wood engravings.

subskribenten, achtung!

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We will continue, of course, to honor claims for lost copies when the error is clearly ours. We appreciate your continued cooperation and patience with our circulatory disorders; at heart (sorry) we do have service uppermost.



THUS SAITH THE LORD



LET THE PREACHER KNOW THAT HE STANDS ON HOLY GROUND. LET HIM HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD. LET HIM SAY, "THUS SAITH THE LORD" OR LET HIS MOUTH BE BOUND, HIS TONGUE TIED. LET HIM FEAR NO MAN. THE WORLD DIES ON THE VOICE OF MAN; HIS PROCLAMATIONS, HIS WISFUL THINKING. LET NOT THE PREACHER USE HIS PULPIT TO CONVINCE OTHERS THAT HE IS A WISE, PRUDENT OR HOLY MAN. GOD IS NOT MOCKED. LET THE PREACHER SAY, "THUS SAITH THE LORD" FOR HE HAS NOTHING ELSE THAT THE EAR OF MAN MUST HEAR BEFORE THE DEAFNESS OF DEATH ENCOMPASSES HIM.

TROUBLE IN UTOPIA

A Fable

by

LOUISE DE LAURENTIS

Rodney was not a watermelon boy. He did not like watermelon. He had never liked watermelon. And he was willing to bet he never would like it. But all the other boys along the street liked watermelon. All their brothers liked it. And all their sisters did too. So all their mothers were sure that Rodney must like watermelon.

Every hot day in the summer when Rodney was playing with Bill, Bill's mother said, "How about a nice cool slice of watermelon, Rodney?"

Rodney said, "No thank you, Ma'm."

Every hot day when he was playing with John, John's mother said, "How about a nice cool slice of watermelon, Rodney?"

Rodney said, "No thank you, Ma'm."

And every hot day when he was playing with David, David's mother said, "How about a nice cool slice of watermelon, Rodney?"

Rodney said, "No thank you, Ma'm." He was afraid it would make people feel mixed up if he said he didn't like watermelon.

But one very hot day, he got tired of saying the same thing, so when David's mother said, "How about a nice cool slice of watermelon, Rodney?" Rodney said, "No thank you, Ma'm. You see, I don't like watermelon."

"What!" exclaimed David's mother. "Why, I thought all little Negro boys liked watermelon." Then her face turned as red as the slice of watermelon. She said, "I'm sorry, Rodney. I didn't mean to say that. You see, I remember when David didn't like ice cream."

Rodney looked at the pretty slice of watermelon with its shining black and white seeds. He was sorry he had made David's mother feel mixed up because he liked her best of all the mothers along the street, except his own mother. He liked his own mother best because she sang so pretty. At David's birthday party, David's mother tried to help them sing Happy Birthday, and she didn't sing it right at all.

That night Rodney had a dream. In his dream, the grass along the street was bright red. The street looked like a big watermelon. Bill and John and David and their brothers and sisters were white seeds. Rodney and his brothers and sisters and all of his cousins, even the ones who lived on other streets, were black seeds.

A big white dog came into town, and he came to Rodney's street, and he ate up the red grass and the red houses and everything along the street. He ate up Bill and John and David and their brothers and sisters. He ate up Rodney's brothers and sisters and all of his cousins, even the ones who lived on other streets. Last, he ate up Rodney.

After that, there was a great storm with lots of thunder and lots and lots of lightning. A huge flash of lightning came down to the place where the big dog was sleeping. The lightning hit the dog and made him sick.

The big dog spit up Bill and John and David and their brothers and sisters. The dog spit up Rodney's brothers and sisters and all of his cousins—even the ones who lived on other streets. Then he spit up the red grass, but now it wasn't red any more. It was green again. Last of all, he spit up Rodney.

Rodney woke up from his dream. He was sitting on the floor beside his bed, and the lightning was still flashing, and he was scared. He called his mother, and she came and helped him back into bed and sang to him. She sang so pretty that everything was all right again except that maybe David's mother still felt mixed up.

So on the very next hot day, Rodney went over to play with David, and Rodney said to David's mother, "Please, Ma'm, may I try a nice cool slice of watermelon?"

David's mother said, "Why, Rodney, I thought you didn't like watermelon." She gave him a nice cool slice, and he took a little bite; then he took another and another until the slice was all gone. He decided it didn't taste too bad, but it didn't taste as pretty as it looked.

The next hot day, he went over to play with John, and he said to John's mother, "Please, Ma'm, may I try a nice cool slice of watermelon?"

John's mother said, "Why Rodney, David's mother told me you didn't like watermelon." She gave him a nice cool slice, and he ate it all up.

But he decided he wouldn't say anything to Bill's mother. He didn't want everybody along the street to think that now he liked watermelon—maybe some day he wouldn't like it again. And he decided he had a right to change his mind even if that did make people feel mixed up.