



*motive april 1964*



# motive

MAGAZINE

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FRONT COVER: **SISTER MARY CORITA, I.H.M.**, is a professor of art at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles, Calif. Her interpretation of Easter for this cover concerns the words from the ending of Gerard Manley Hopkins' poem "Wreck of the Deutschland" which read, "let him easter in us."

COVER 3 sacred design poster

COVER 4 dietrich bonhoeffer

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WHAT WILDEYED MURDERER

*We should not worship suffering. The world's a spinning rack where suffering indicates that all goes well, they're alive, and not curled up in the ominous hush that death dictates as its first condition: no screaming there. Each man crowns himself with the thorns of past transgressions; sharp spears of deeds spare no rib of pain: around the cross crashed common lightning, usual blood. Who earns our reverence should be gay, should laugh much in the face of suffering; while the rack turns and tightens, he should smile at the sense of touch. Suffering is too common to be worth anything; joy too rare to be priced. The saint we search for must enjoy the earth. What wild-eyed murderer suffers less than Christ?*

—J. PETER MEINKE



# OIL AND POLITICS

FEW could deny that foreign investment and foreign management have played a strategic role in the economic history of many Latin American countries. Today more than \$11 billion of United States money, public and private, is invested in Latin America. Of this total, approximately 80% is private capital—this is more than a third of all direct U.S. private investment abroad. Since World War II the value of U.S. private investment in Latin America has risen as high as 43% above the value of this investment in Western Europe (1954); as of 1960, this difference had lessened to 20%, still some \$2 billion (source: U.S. Department of Commerce).

That American firms play a strategic role is not doubted, but, of course, is often resented. Moreover, dispute readily and rightly arises when considering the implications of this role for the sound development of Latin American economies. Has not the guiding concern of foreign firms to exploit one area of a country's economy precluded the expansion and diversification of this economy? And how frequently, with what results, have foreign firms understood the social, as well as economic responsibilities they have toward the Latin American countries as a result of their pivotal importance? Can foreign business provide for the further development of Latin America?

Perhaps the most brilliant social scientist in Latin America is Raul Prebisch, "the Jean Monnet of South America." Present director of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America (ECLA), and former head of the Central Bank in Argentina, Prebisch has led in supporting a Latin American common market. He readily concedes that there are many things that only foreign capital can do and notes that the importance of U.S. private enterprise in the economic development of Latin American economies cannot possibly be exaggerated.

Prebisch realizes, however, that progressive elements in Latin America do not "believe in" the United States. They look upon U.S. foreign policy as largely a function of our business interests. Genuine grievances, past and present, and economic misunderstanding have made policies of encouraging foreign investment politically suspect and unpopular. Since Franklin D. Roosevelt's faith in the United

States has diminished steadily; only very recently have there been signs that this trend may be reversing.

An explanation of this "loss of faith" is obvious: for most of the last two decades, U.S. policy, instead of supporting progressive reforms in Latin America, has concentrated almost solely on the importance of foreign private initiative. Because the difference between a Social Democrat and a communist has rarely been officially acknowledged, if understood, business oriented administrations have failed to encourage, support, and identify this country with the democratic movements in Latin America.

Such an example of unenlightened U.S. government policy underlies the allegation that foreign investors interfere in the politics of the host country. Early warrant for this charge can be found in the action taken by the administrations of Theodore Roosevelt and Taft to protect American bondholders' interests. With the backing of the "Roosevelt Corollary" to the Monroe Doctrine, customs houses were seized by the United States in the Dominican Republic, Haiti, and Nicaragua, during a period when most public revenue in these countries came from customs duties. The full-scale military occupations that developed from these customs receiverships showed that direct government action on behalf of U.S. investors in Latin America could be carried to the point of overt military intervention.

When Mexico expropriated foreign oil interests in 1938, the Roosevelt administration exercised a policy of restraint that made U.S. investors realize that they could not count on automatic government intervention. If progress were history's most important product, Roosevelt's action might be encouraging evidence of it. The history of our relations with Latin America since his time, however, shows that "progress" has a discouraging tendency to elude, if not delude, the makers of U.S. policy. The participation of this country in the June, 1954 "revolution" in Guatemala and the April, 1961 fiasco in Cuba seem to confirm the old suspicion that, in the words of Adlai Stevenson, "The United States has been primarily concerned with making Latin America safe for American business, not for democracy."

As a resident of Venezuela, which has more



# IN VENEZUELA

BY WILLIAM GREEN



Latin American country, I have been called upon to explain the following embarrassing incidents more than once:

In March, 1954, the foreign ministers of the Latin American countries and the United States participated in the 10th Inter-American Conference at Caracas. During this conference, matters of economic and social reform were to be given top priority. U.S. Secretary of State Dulles, however, stayed in Caracas only long enough to make certain that a series of anti-communist resolutions were passed, and to go to church. The matters of economic and social reform apparently did not warrant his attention.

Several years later, and several million dollars before Marcos Perez Jimenez was overthrown, the Venezuelan dictator was decorated with the Order of Merit by the Eisenhower Administration. The citation praised the dictator for his activities before and after becoming president. Since he had overthrown a democratically elected government, maintained concentration camps, suppressed the trade union movement, outlawed the country's majority party, stolen an election, and was maintaining a colossally corrupt police state, this seemed rather strange. Meanwhile, as many Venezuelans point out, American businessmen in Venezuela flourished in the artificial boom and found cause to praise the accomplishments of the dictator's rule.

As if this were not enough, at the outbreak of the revolution that overthrew Perez Jimenez in 1958,

ren, wrote to Pedro Estrada, head of the hated secret police—"I wish you success in putting down the people's revolt." Several months later however—Warren's well-wishes to the contrary—the "people's revolt" succeeded—it was Estrada to Spain, Jimenez to Miami, and Nixon to Venezuela on a "good will" tour. And some still wonder how anyone except a communist could have spat upon him!

To be sure, these incidents and others like them can be rationalized in a number of ways. The fact remains, however, that to a disturbing extent they underlie much of the present resentment of U.S. investment in Latin America—always an easy target for criticism of the United States and its foreign policies.

Whether or not the progressive elements in Latin America "believe in" the United States, however, they often remain antagonistic towards, or suspicious of, "capitalism" in general, and U.S. private investment in particular, however they view our government. Hence, an understanding of the resentment of foreign investment in Latin America must surely go beyond, if indeed it could begin with, a pejorative distinction between the policies of a Roosevelt and an Eisenhower.

Capitalism is frequently viewed by Latin Americans as related to them only through the existence of foreign firms in their countries. Where firms are owned by Latin Americans themselves, a sense of social responsibility has been lamentably absent. A natural suspicion of anything foreign is coupled with



nationals: the nature and consequences of capitalism are held in disrepute. The crucial issues of land reform, administrative corruption, and the highly unequal distribution of wealth give extreme solutions a great appeal; these solutions, of course, are highly nationalistic and rarely "pro-capitalist." This is especially true where U.S. fruit and mining companies have helped to overthrow reformist governments or have opposed reform measures.

Furthermore, in the past, foreign firms have paid impressively low wages and maintained poor working conditions. The factual basis for this particular grievance is, happily, disappearing. But the differential treatment once accorded foreign employees in salaries, benefits, and advancement has not been completely forgotten.

Whether or not the resentment of foreign investment in Latin America is entirely justified, it is quite understandable. It warrants special attention because it influences the policy decisions today of many Latin American governments and, moreover, many foreign firms to an unprecedented degree. Foreign investors today are recognizing and assuming to an appreciable extent the economic and social responsibilities they have to the countries in which they are operating. That pragmatic considerations have motivated them to do so should not be disparaged. If there is one thing the Latin American economy does not need, it is the benevolent paternalism to which the "humanitarian" considerations of large firms might lead if they were allowed. And if there is one thing Latin American society could do without, it is that philanthropy which has so often passed for responsibility.

In 1961, Morris Rubin, editor of *The Progressive*, noted: "A new type of American businessman is appearing on the Latin American scene. His breed is not yet numerous, but he holds out genuine hope that, side by side with newly enlightened U.S. government policy, he will play a far more constructive role in the life of Latin America than has been true until now." In September, 1963 Rubin's observation seems even more warranted. Hopeful signs, especially in Venezuela, are becoming apparent, but more so in particular examples than in the general situation. The examples that will be referred to are all found in Venezuela, although others could be cited in other countries. As the Latin American country having more foreign investment than any other—at least half of all private U.S. investment in Latin America—Venezuela merits particular attention.

At present, oil and iron are the chief sources of Venezuela's wealth. The value of oil alone accounts for 25% of her GNP, 55% of her government's revenue, and over 90% of her foreign exchange inflow. U.S., British, and Dutch companies have provided most of the capital and technical know-how for the development of the oil industry, with American companies playing the leading role. Private U.S.

capital accounts for about two-thirds of the gross oil investment, i.e., about four of an estimated six billion dollars. And in Venezuela, the gross oil investment of about 85% of the gross foreign investment. Until 1960, Venezuela was second in the world's production of oil; today she is third, following the Soviet Union. Venezuela remains, however, the largest exporter of oil in the world, and about 35% to 40% of these exports is sold in the United States.

Venezuela's staggering wealth has produced the highest rate of economic growth and per capita income in Latin America. It has also produced, however, explosive tension and a gulf between rich and poor as great as in any country in Latin America. When the revolutionary government of Romulo Betancourt came to power in February, 1959, the country was economically destitute. Moreover, Venezuela's history of violence hardly died with the birth of democracy. Political turmoil and terrorist activity of the extreme right and left have contributed to Venezuela's economic difficulties since 1959. The oil industry has reduced its operations, foreign investment has decreased sharply, and there has been a general lack of economic confidence.

Critics of the government attribute these circumstances to official policies. The government says it is due to a combination of the great debt burden bequeathed by Perez Jimenez, the world oil surplus, and the machinations of its political enemies. In any event, there can be doubt that during the past three years, Venezuela has undergone a period of severe economic stress, despite its high income (government revenues in 1961 were approximately 7 billion bolivars—about \$2.1 billion).

Foreign companies realize that to a certain extent they are the cause of this economic stress as well as its victim, however scrupulous or "legal" their business dealings have been. The exploitation of Venezuela's strategic resources, especially oil, has contributed to an undiversified and hence to a monocultural system with its accompanying evils. It is essential to realize, however, that previous governments are equally at fault for having condoned and often promoted this disadvantageous situation. Since becoming President, Betancourt has revised the arrangements under which foreign oil companies operate; the government's share of industrial profits, for example, has jumped from 50% to almost 70%. Honduras, Panama, and Costa Rica have taken similar action with relation to the banana companies. And foreign businessmen are coming to realize that their interests and the interests of Venezuela coincide—not always a pleasant realization. Accordingly, there is a growing recognition and assumption of economic and social responsibilities by most foreign firms.

As Dr. Arturo Uslar Pietri, a popular Venezuelan intellectual who ran third in the presidential elec-



tion, and speaker at the first "Seminario Internacional de Ejecutivos," sees it: There are many Latin Americans "who are still under the impact of the old form of economic activity and who talk of the private company in the terms of a man of the 19th century, of the liberal Caracas of the 19th century, who can talk of the great 'hacendados' (land-owners)." The businessman "has a preponderant role in Venezuela today, and to the extent that he assumes this role, to the extent that he carries this out, his place will be safer, his function will be more essential, and his image more exact, and because of this, better."

From this conference grew a plan of special interest, a so-called "Dividend to the Community." This plan proposes that one to five per cent of the corporate profit before taxes should go into the socio-economic development of the community. There are a number of organizational problems to be overcome if this proposal is to be carried out, but it is certainly one of the most concrete proposals to come out of this conference.



U.S. firms likewise have been trying to contribute to the progress and development of a country beset by an undiversified economy. Whoever's "fault" this may be, it is a fact that must be coped with if Venezuela is ever to realize her economic potential and restore the sorely needed confidence in the country's economy. Two worthwhile attempts are being made to cope with this problem.

Creole Petroleum Corporation has complied with a variety of government requests, e.g., approximately Bs. 768 million (about \$192 million) has been extended to the government to assist in such ways as the underwriting of short-term treasury bills, purchases of housing mortgage and other bonds, advance payments of taxes and related measures.

But of even more importance to the problem of an undiversified economy was the establishment in August, 1961, of the Creole Investment Corporation, a wholly-owned subsidiary. The broad objectives of the CIC are to contribute to the diversification and expansion of Venezuela's economy, to increase productive capacity, create new jobs, increase the use of local raw materials, and to conserve foreign exchange. This organization was established with an initial capital of \$10 million to make minority equity

investments in new or expanding Venezuelan businesses not connected with the oil industry.

With business confidence low and investment capital extremely rare, Creole's action gave the economy a tremendous psychological lift. Thus far, CIC has invested or assumed commitments to invest Bs. 24 million (about \$6 million) in twenty-two different companies. Investments to date have been in industrial activities, livestock, and agriculture, because these sectors offer the most effective and immediate means of achieving the objectives of the CIC. The total capitalization of these firms, including equity capital and long-term financing, will be over Bs. 116 million (about \$29 million). More than 1,500 new jobs are being created directly, in addition to thousands of other jobs in associated industries. Many of the products of the twenty-two companies replace goods that formerly were imported.

A second case that warrants study is that of Sears, Roebuck de Venezuela. Sears has eleven stores in Venezuela—seven are managed by local people, four by Americans. Only fourteen of Sears' 1,200 employees are Americans.

In recent months, Sears has had many millions of bolivars of merchandise and equipment destroyed by terrorist groups (the same has been true with Creole). In spite of frequent terrorism, largely on the part of F.A.L.N. ("Armed Forces of National Liberation"), a tightly-knit underground group of extreme leftists, Sears' president and current president of the Chamber of Commerce still speaks of "confidence in the future of Venezuela." He recently announced Sears' plans to build two new stores and to provide funds for the expansion of two Venezuelan factories during the present year. These plans never escape the eyes of potential investors, be they foreigners or nationals. Their implications for restoration of confidence in Venezuela's economy are important.

About 80% of the articles sold by Sears are made in Venezuela. According to a recent company announcement this percentage will go up as refrigerators, stoves, washers, and air-conditioners are purchased from Venezuelan factories.

In addition to setting up many factories, Sears has given the economy further assistance by providing a market for local industry which heretofore had been lacking.

**T**O meet the social responsibility they have before the community at large, both Creole and Shell Oil have large foundations. The nature and extent of their operations show a decided trend away from that misguided, if charitable, philanthropy that in the final analysis has meant little to Latin America in the past.

The Creole and Shell Foundations were established in 1956 and 1959, respectively, to contribute



of social conditions, Creole has tended to emphasize assistance to education and research, while Shell has concentrated on the agricultural development of the country. Both have budgets of approximately \$1 million per year.

Making few direct donations, both foundations are concerned about encouraging Venezuelan social initiative. Hence, both have subsidized to a great extent the Instituto Venezolano de Accion Comunitaria (Venezuelan Institute of Community Action). This civic association was organized recently to aid community development movements, whether organized by government or private initiative. Where there are no such movements, I.V.A.C. hopes to create them. Under one of I.V.A.C.'s programs, short courses are being given to large numbers of residents of small towns and urban slum areas, designed to stimulate self-help projects. Whereas the I.V.A.C. programs were initiated and are completely carried out by Venezuelans, at this point it is almost entirely financed by foreign firms.

Thus, these foundations, aside from making grants, have undertaken research and action programs related to long-range social problems in Venezuela's society. They have aimed to give focus to a search for knowledge, to strengthen a certain field of endeavor, and to assist in the reformation or changing of an institution. Above all, they have provided "risk capital" for experimentation and testing of new ideas. In Venezuela, at least, they have had a catalytic effect on the Venezuelan private sector, making the latter more aware of its social and civic responsibility.

Along with the social and economic responsibilities that are being met, there is, perhaps, an even more encouraging sign. U.S. business may, for the first time, be acquiring a "long-range view." Too often in the past, their short-sightedness has not allowed them to understand that democratic social reform is the most certain way to build the stable economies that can withstand the promises and threats of communism. Thus they have tended to think in terms of short-range benefits and have stood opposed to the reforms that might well do them initial harm. The trend towards an attitude that shows a depth heretofore absent is evidenced clearly in a recent speech given by H. A. Jarvis, president of Creole—a company whose investment in Venezuela is the largest single investment in any one country by an American company.

In a talk entitled "Latin America: A Continent on the Move" given before the Annual Meeting of the Associated Industries of Georgia, Jarvis spoke of the ferment now going on in Latin America:

"There is no denying the fact that transitional processes, such as the one now being experienced in Latin America, are not conducive to conventional investment.

worse, will increasingly affect our own stability and growth. Thus, we have no choice but to give our full support to Latin America when it needs that support—*right now*, during this period of transition."

A "NEW type of businessman" has appeared on the Latin American scene. His breed is becoming more numerous. This, however, cannot be looked upon and understood in terms of Latin America alone. Since men like Andrew Carnegie started talking about "stewardship," the businessman's attitude has gradually shifted. The "organizational revolution" that has altered the character of business in the United States is having noticeable repercussions in terms of our business abroad. This revolution has replaced the old entrepreneur who bought cheap and sold dear. In his place we find the "organization man" whose ethic is really foreign to capitalism. Hence his concern with "image" and "public relations." He is acquiring a "social conscience" and a general sense of responsibility that have not been the outstanding characteristics of his predecessors.

The aim of business in the new sense is to avoid controversy and protect the organization. In Latin America, however, American business cannot avoid controversy, not only because it is foreign and a logical target for political hostility, but because a business from which a government solicits loans is financially dominant to a degree not known in the U.S. In complying with the requests of the Venezuelan government to underwrite treasury bills and purchase bonds, for example, Creole does help the government and the economy for the time being. But, in the long run, the significant role that foreign capital is thus being asked to play may well prove detrimental to the country at large.

Hence it remains doubtful that business can provide for the developmental needs of Latin America. In noting the importance of U.S. private enterprise in the economic development of Latin America, Raul Prebisch was correct. However, in claiming that this importance cannot possibly be exaggerated, he should be questioned. Development certainly cannot be construed as a function of private capital and "social-mindedness" alone—especially when private investors are often called upon by their governments to be guided by foreign policy considerations. This is only to say that political forces, in Latin America as well as the U.S., often choose, in effect, objectives other than that of maximizing the rate of economic growth. Economic calculations always operate within a fairly severe set of limitations. Both business security and the development of Latin America demand, far more than a new attitude of business, a massive shift in U.S. foreign policy.





## THESIS

*derivations in elizabethan literature from  
old english symbology in beowulf and  
consequent correlation with  
eastern kentucky dialects*

*his pocketwatchchain tinkled as  
he clamped a cage on truth in  
truth said there! you little truth I got you this time*

*built an honest and familiar cabin for  
his soul past which walked many men and women and  
if at all did note the snug strange pattern of  
timber and a metal roof and a well nearby said  
how foolish how  
useless utterly except for  
him inside and even then  
but one day passed one past the door ajar and  
heard him humming songs of love and universe  
as firelight danced its cadence as  
the notes reverberated from  
his timber walls*

*the tune is nice but oh  
that strange and useless structure  
said someone as he wandered to  
his unwallled public shed where  
he was living in what he called gods wind with*

*everybody*

*wondered once when the public tv set broke down how  
come he could not hum but  
being easy to laugh did so and  
forgot the useless cabins wartlike in  
gods wind . . .  
wondered when the tv would be fixed  
lay down to sleep  
between two chickens and a neighbor*

—CAWOOD



fiction:

# naked before

BY THOMAS ROUNTREE

THEY did not see it at first, because they were returning from the washhole where they had seen each other naked and could not forget. Even after all four were dressed and climbing bare-footed up the steep that slanted behind the old church where the summer rains had cut the ruts out red and ankle-deep, the memory of nakedness held them in withdrawn kindredship.

Marvin felt his chest tingle against the warm air, and he knotted the sleeves of his shirt tighter about his waist. He and Rupert brought up the rear and listened while Bo Fred and Pete did most of the talking. Pete's chest was bare and its scant fine hairs showed brown.

"A woman looks the purtiest without nothin' on," Pete said. Bo Fred, the tail of his loose shirt flapping with his steps, agreed as if he had seen it and knew.

Marvin looked at Rupert with his shirt buttoned on, reaching his long arms down to push on his knees as he followed up the other rut, but Rupert's face was just as long and say-nothing as ever.

"They do look purtier," Marvin said, watching the muscles of Pete's back in the dusk and feeling he should agree, because Pete was big and burly and had strength to back up what he said. Besides, he might really know.

Pete looked back at him, and all his looking down was not because he was ahead. "How would you know, Marvin?" he demanded. "Who told you?"

"Nobody," Marvin said stoutly. "I got eyes, ain't I?" But realizing he might have sounded too knowing, he added, "Ain't my aunt goin' to have a baby?"

"Who told you first, Marvin?"

Marvin sulked and looked ahead.

Pete slowed as he topped the rise. "Who told you, Marvin?" His voice was pleasant, too pleasant.

Marvin pressed his lips together and looked at Bo Fred watching Pete approvingly. Then he looked down at the rocks on the church yard. "You did, Pete."

"Who told you how they have babies, Marvin?"

"You did, Pete."

Pete laughed as if he were watching a bug he would step on if it ran away from him. "Who told you how they holler sometimes when they come and they think they're gonna die?"

Marvin hesitated. "I guess you did."

They had stopped now, all four, and to Marvin it was like listening to the preacher and waiting for someone to call out amen. He felt as if he were standing over there in the grass, looking at himself answering Pete like an amener. He waited for another question.

"Look!" Rupert said in his high, straining voice. "Look thy." Rupert had moved into Dorcas a few years before from the country where the people in his church insisted on *thee's* and *thou's* and such, but Rupert sometimes put them in where they did not sound right. "Look over thy!"

Rupert did not talk much when Pete was asking somebody something, but this time he sounded insistent, and they looked—back the way they had come through the trees and fields, back toward the north. And they saw it, spreading out all over the sky where it should not be: a glowing of scarlet that fanned into orange, as if somebody had burned all the woods miles away and now the smoldering coals from it were heating up the sky behind the stretch of trees.

"What in hell happened to the sun?" Pete said.

"That thy ain't the sun," Rupert said, and he spoke as though he knew something for once that Pete did not. "That thy's worse than the sun."

"What you reckon it is, Pete?" Bo Fred said.

"Don't ask me," Pete said, but he kept looking north. "Maybe the woods are on fire. Come on, let's go on uptown."

Pete turned and started away past the church. Marvin was a little surprised to see him hurry as if afraid, but he did not mind, because it meant Pete had forgotten his questions. Thinking of the threatening glow in the north, Marvin wanted to run, but he made himself walk. As he looked at the others, only Rupert seemed not to hurry.



# the fire

"It won't do no good to run," Rupert said, but he stayed up with them as they walked rapidly along between the two rows of hushed Negro houses, nobody saying anything.

When they reached Wyman Curtis' store, Wyman and two customers were outside straining their eyes at the sky. Wyman did not have a laugh in his taut voice when he called to them, "What you boys been up to? You set them woods on fire?"

"Yeah, we's smokin' rabbit tobacco," Pete answered, but he did not stop to talk, and all four kept walking.

From behind, one of Wyman's customers said in a husky voice, "Brother Smith, that sky sho undone. If I hears one of them trumpet things, I's just natchly headin' east."

At the railroad depot the street lamps were burning, but they looked dim, as if they had come on too early.

Pete and Bo Fred turned down the tracks. "We'll see ya'll later," Pete said. "I'm goin' home." He whistled as they left, when any other time he would have been bragging to Bo Fred. They did not pick up rocks to throw at the rails either.

Marvin stared at Rupert and glanced fearfully at the sky behind them. It was growing brighter. "What you guess it is, Rupert?"

"Thy ain't no tellin'." He shook his head as if he suspected what Marvin did, and they hurried on.

Beyond the depot, on one of the two blocks that comprised Dorcas, they saw two men in front of the barber shop and they stopped. One man was leaning against an iron pole that supported the roof over the sidewalk. He had his hat off and was shaking his head at the sky as Marvin watched him. The other was hastening toward a pick-up truck, angrily trying to zip his jumper.

The man against the pole laughed and called after the other, "Been tellin' you you'd go to hell, Johnson. Now it looks like it's comin' to you."



WOOD ENGRAVING

HANS ORŁOWSKI

Marvin and Rupert looked quickly back at the glowing sky, then toward the tracks to find Pete and Bo Fred out of sight. Suddenly, as if only now allowed to, the two of them ran, kicking up dust behind them until they reached the highway on the other side of the block. The road that passed the filling station and led on to Marvin's house was dirt too, but it was blacker and their feet stirred up less dust. Before they reached his house, they saw old man McDowell standing on the sidewalk and half resting on his home-made, hickory walking stick.

"Ain't no use to run, boys," he said. "It's comin' just like the Good Book says it will." He shifted his stick calmly, but excitement was in his voice. "I knowed it was a-comin'. I could-a told 'em! The Good Book says they'll be a beast, and if that there dictator across the waters ain't a beast, there ain't no such thing. And he's got a son, ain't he? He's the other beast."

Marvin and Rupert stopped, listening eagerly,



triumphantly.

"The Book says no man can buy or sell except he had the mark of the beast," he said, fervor shaking his voice. "And if that ain't what them people over ther're doin', well, sir. They can't breathe without his sayin' so. I tell you, boys, the time has come, and that's it a-comin'." He pointed toward the flamelike glow in the north.

As they looked, Marvin saw the people, and he wondered how long they had been there. They were all silent or just muttering, clustered out in the back yards, though there were empty yards too. Some were holding babies, some standing idle, but none leaning on anything, except here old man McDowell, who seemed to know what it was all about and did not seem to mind much. In fact, he looked right glad.

Marvin felt the quiet of the people as if it were settling on him. It was like smothering under cover on a hot night. He felt an abortive, helpless whimper within and was ashamed as somewhere behind them a baby started crying.

Mr. McDowell glared directly at him and lifted his stick at his chest so that he felt it bear against him harder than if it had actually touched him. "It's the end of the world, young feller. You better quit goin' without your shirt uptown where ladies are, and you better start prayin'." The old man gave them a harsh, prophetic stare, then turned and shuffled away toward town, mumbling and dragging his cane as if he suddenly no longer needed it.

Marvin looked at Rupert, and he abruptly felt the bottom of his stomach seem to fall away, leaving him empty and sick—sick like when he swallowed medicine and it did not want to stay down.

"I don't feel good, Rupert," he said.

"He's right," Rupert asserted. "I know it. It's comin'."

"Hush," he said. "Hush!" And he started running again, this time from Rupert, because something wanted to rise inside him as it had when he hit his thumb with a hammer and tried unsuccessfully to laugh to keep from crying in front of the others. But as he ran, he listened, and Rupert was right behind, gaining on him. When they reached his house with the church across the road, Marvin stopped short. No one was standing in the yard at his house, not even his mother and father.

"Where are they?" he said unbelievably.

"I'm goin' to the church," Rupert said as if he had not noticed. He looked at Marvin questioningly, but Marvin shook his head.

"Don't they know what's comin'?" he said.

"Maybe they're gone," Rupert said. "I'm goin' to the church."

"I'm goin' in and tell them. Come on." But Rupert

the steps. As he opened the door and took a quick glance backward, he saw Rupert had crossed the street and now stood looking up at the church spire.

Marvin closed the door and stopped in the hallway and listened. From inside the front bedroom where his aunt was came the sound of someone breathing so loudly and laboriously that it seemed inside the hallway with him. He moved urgently toward the door, but before he reached it, it opened and his mother stepped out. She looked straight at him a moment before she seemed to shake off a worrying, cumbersome thought she had brought from the other room.

"Where've you been, Marvin?"

He got his breath. "Mama, we've got to go. It's comin'. I saw it—all over the sky out there. Come look."

Mama heaved a sigh, but her short, stocky body did not relax with it. "I saw, son, but it can't be the end, not with everything else going on." She glanced uneasily at the door she had come through, the door that hid the loud breathing. While she looked, a moan came from inside.

"Where were you?" she said, looking back at Marvin. "I needed you to go for the doctor."

"We's comin' from the washhole, Mama, when we saw it." He paused and searched her face for more denial of what was on its way. "Mama, I'm scared. Old man McDowell said this was the end. And, Mama, it looks like it!" He stomped his bare foot on the floor, suddenly angry at the way she stood there not worrying about the end of things. "We've got to go! Where's Aunt Lou?"

"She's sick, son. Quit that stomping. You're too old to still do that. Your dad's gone for the doctor. That's what I needed you for."

"It won't do her no good, if that's the end."

His mother turned toward the kitchen door. "It won't do her any good," she said, "if we don't get the doctor and it's not the end."

Marvin clenched his fists and stomped again. "Mama!"

She stopped and turned, anger in her face. "I said quit that, and I meant it. Now you get out of the house and stay quiet, but stay in hollering distance. I may need you." She pushed the door open and went into the kitchen.

A loud moan came from the bedroom and he stepped to the door. He balled his fist and said in a loud whisper to the door, "Shut up!" Then he turned and half fled out the front, letting the screen slam behind him.

On the bottom step, before his foot reached the ground, he stopped and looked. Across the street Rupert still stood, only he was staring, not at the





INK DRAWING

JEAN PENLAND

church spire now, but toward the north as he faced Marvin's house.

Marvin hurried over to him and looked at the northern sky to find that the flame-color had fanned up higher and seemed to be spreading to the left and right.

"Mama ain't worried," he said, his voice catching, almost questioning.

"Thee, thee, thou," Rupert chanted softly to himself. Then he seemed to hum through his nose.

"I said Mama ain't afraid," Marvin repeated.

Rupert turned toward him and his face was serene and glowing. "I'm not afraid," he said. "I'm ready. You want to go to the church, Marvin?"

Marvin glanced at the church and at the big sycamore to the side of it. "I don't know." Then he looked again at the sky. At the back of the garden beyond the house, the branches of a chinaberry tree stirred with the breeze and the sky behind it appeared to flicker like a blaze. Marvin's stomach felt strange again, with a dull ache like a bad tooth that would ache right on until it was pulled.

"Yes," he said. "I'll go."

Just as they reached the steps of the church, a car stopped in front of the house. Turning, Marvin saw two men, one with a satchel in his hand, climb hurriedly out and quickly enter the house.

That must be Dad, Marvin said. I ought to go get him."

But Rupert caught his arm with surprising strength and held him, trying to shake him, until he turned from the house. Then he led Marvin up the steps.

"Them thy grown people stay too busy to know the world's endin'," he said soberly, almost sadly. "And thy ain't much time. Open the door."

Marvin reached up without thinking and found the key on the nail in the entrance roof stay and let themselves in. The inside was almost dark, but the light from the north lit up the stained glass windows in the rear and shed a faint colored glow all the way up to the choir loft behind the altar and pulpit.

He felt Rupert catch his arm again. "Up thy," he said, and they walked up the carpet between the aisles to the altar railing.

"Kneel down," Rupert said, and Marvin obeyed just as if the preacher had told him.

"The best way is without talkin'," Rupert said. "He'll hear you. But if you have to talk, go ahead. Back home we'd shout, but this ain't a shoutin' church, and this ain't a happy time, unless you're ready. Now you go ahead."

Walking around the railing, Rupert came up in front of Marvin and stood looking down at him. Slowly Marvin bowed his head and tried to think what to say.

"Dear God," he said to himself, and then he stopped. Instead of thinking of God, he was thinking of the fire in the north, of the way the flames flickered behind the tree, and he suddenly felt sweat on his face as if it were growing steadily hotter. He sucked at the air and held his breath a moment. He wanted to jump up and scream and run, but he could not. It was as if Rupert were standing there holding him down by the shoulders.

Then he heard Rupert begin to chant again: "Thee, thee, thou." His voice was soft with a high, tenor quality. The chant rose and fell and nearly died out only to come back like a song from far away.

Listening to it, waiting for it to rise and die, Marvin slowly became conscious of only those words: "Thee, thee, thou. Thee, thee, thou." The words were like time, and he was lost in it as in a dream where he floated with the clouds in the breeze. With the up-and-down of the chant, he seemed to fall and climb on the currents without effort.

Before him passed pleasant things: hot afternoons with him in the porch swing behind the ivy vine and a light wind blowing; coasting down a long hill on his bicycle, his body relaxed, his shirt tail out and flying; the sweat on his brow and the sun on his back, a rake in his hand and him kneeling, digging nut-grass and tracing the map-like roots through the earth. Then there were his family and his friends,



all smiling pleasantly and easily just as they had the times when he had liked them most.

Just as he remembered the burning in the north and wanted to rise up in rebellion, he felt Rupert's finger touch his shoulder as he said, "Thee, thee." When he said, "thou," the finger lifted.

With the touch went the rebellion, and Marvin waited. Again Rupert's finger touched him and lifted with the "thou." Something in the touch felt as the window screen had that time when he had placed his hand on it and felt the current from the radio ground wire attached to it. It tingled and felt alive. Finally he looked up just as Rupert's finger rested on him again.

Rupert was looking upward, his lips chanting the words slowly toward the ceiling. With "thou," his hand lifted and pointed toward the spot to which he was chanting.

Marvin watched, waiting for the finger to find his shoulder again. As it did, he felt words coming from him, words that would say things he did not understand. All he heard his voice say was, "God, God, God," but he felt that all was said when the three words were gone.

When the finger touched his shoulder again, Marvin said, "It's all right, Rupert. I'm ready."

He closed his eyes and lowered his head and let his hands hang off the other side of the railing. He was ready now, but he was sad because the end had to come, for it meant all this here—all his family, friends, remembrances—would be leaving and many be separated forever. Nothing would be the same. But he was ready now; he would not rebel again.

Rupert's chanting had stopped and his hand was not touching Marvin's shoulder any more. Softly he said, "At the washhole—we shouldn't—a mentioned them naked women." He fell silent again, as if uncertain of what he spoke.

Suddenly Marvin thought, "Since I'm ready, why don't I face the fire instead of keepin' my back to it like I'm runnin'?" He lifted one knee and turned from the altar, and in his mind he was repeating, "Thee, thee, thou." His eyes were open.

It seemed minutes, hours, before he saw the change. And even then the realization was slow in coming. The church was dark now, and in back, the windows showed just a faint glow, as if only moonlight was beyond them. Everything was quiet, even Rupert, and as Marvin looked for him, he was standing beside him on the carpet and staring at the windows too.

Marvin stood and they looked at each other, then hurried down the aisle and outside without speaking.

The sky in the north was almost back to normal. Only a trace of scarlet and orange smeared the horizon, and dark was slowly blotting out that.

While they looked, shaken with wonder and con-

sternation, the door across the street closed and Marvin's father and the doctor walked out to the car. They turned and glanced at the sky.

"Just about gone," his father said. "Probably scared some people."

"You're right," answered the doctor. "First time I know of that the lights ever showed this far south. Must be dust in the air—it's so reddish."

"I've never seen them before. I thought it was the woods till you told me."

"Must be a storm at the Pole, or something," the doctor said. He got in his car. "Keep her quiet and call me if anything develops."

The car pulled away and Marvin's father went back inside the house.

Rupert touched Marvin's arm and nodded at the sky. "Maybe we saved the world," he said softly and solemnly. "Maybe God saw us two in thy." His lean, pale features were intense with relief and justified faith.

Abruptly Marvin felt shaky and confused at the doctor calling it lights showing south. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know." He ran across the street, leaving Rupert under the sycamore.

"Where you goin'?" Rupert called. "Now is the time for thanks."

But Marvin did not stop.

As he eased inside, he heard the loud, even breathing from the bedroom and his father and mother talking in the living room.

"It was hard, wasn't it?"

"God knows, yes," his mother said. "And just a false alarm. If only her husband was here, it might help her knowing it's yet to come. It's bad, Jim, it's bad. And the real thing is still to come." Her voice, tired and almost crying, sounded as if she had buried her face against his shoulder.

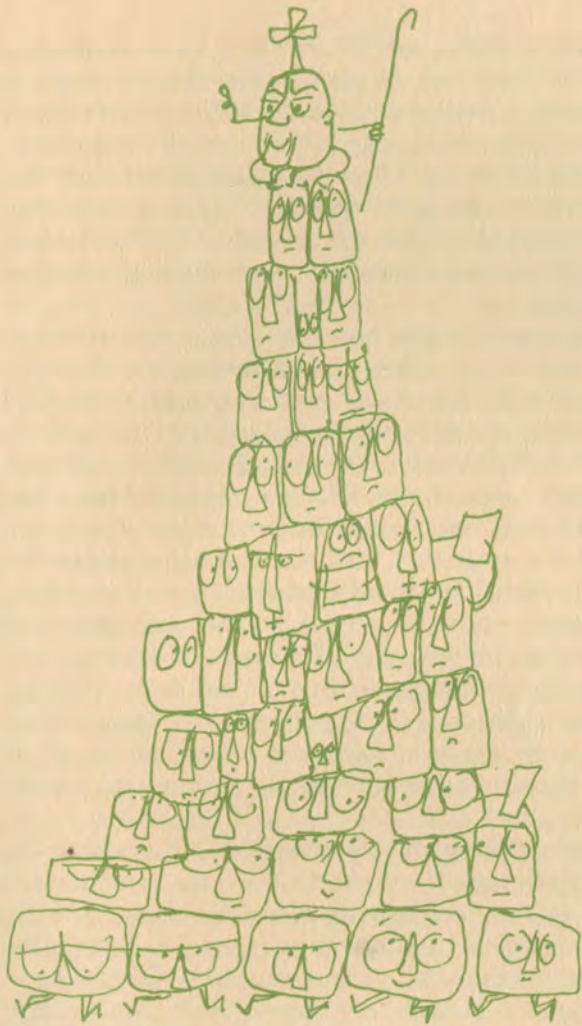
As he looked at the bedroom door, Marvin felt weak and sick in his stomach again. He recalled what Pete had told him about childbearing and the fear of death, and he was ashamed he had told the door to shut up. Aunt Lou had a right to moan, even at a false alarm.

Suddenly he did not want to be in the house where people were, and he hurried down the hall and out to the back. Running to the garden gate, he flung it open and ran out to a clear place on the side where all the onions had been pulled up, where no one would see him.

He had been ready, and it had not come. He felt cheated somehow. Aunt Lou had had to get ready too. But a man had done that to her, had made her moan and cry with pain by creating a new being. And that being would have to wait for the end, the end that should now be past.

But even as he thought this, he knew the fiery urge to create was in him too; and without looking at the darkening sky in the north, he sat down in the soft earth and quietly cried.





DRAWING BY JIM CRANE

# dialogue or dissonance ?

BY ELWOOD B. EHRLE

THE church and the university are, at the moment, diametrically opposed to one another in what they are trying to do. The church—even in its many educational endeavors—is encrusted with dogma and ornately embellished with sundry absolute and ultimate proclamations about man, his universe, and his God. The university, on the other hand, is methodically muting these proclamations by fostering a world view in which change, relativity, probability, and ultimate indeterminism describe the essence of existence. Martin Buber, in *Between Man and Man*, symbolizes the religiosity of the modern world view in his concept of the “narrow ridge.” He wrote, “I wanted by this to express that I did not rest on the broad upland of a system that includes a series of sure statements about the absolute, but on a narrow rocky ridge between the gulfs where there is no sureness of expressible knowledge, but the certainty of meeting what remains undisclosed.” If today’s student learns anything at all, he learns to recognize that he is walking this “rocky ridge.”

Our world of changing concepts is very different from the static *Weltanschauung* of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which still dominates much of our religious life today. Our hymns (which contain some excellent music but questionable theology), our creeds (which apparently were once “full and adequate rules of both faith and practice” but are now barely comprehensible), and sermons (which are often irrelevant as well as trite) are painful symbols of the archaic and unintelligible utterances by which the structure but not the essence of the church is perpetuated.

This indictment of the church is made by one who is vitally interested in the mission of the church in the academic community. As a member of the faculty, I frequently participate in discussions and conferences concerned with the interchange between faith and reason. Throughout this involvement, the confused voice of the church is usually discernible.

The modern college student is confronted with the emerging *Weltanschauung* of the mid-twentieth century. He is concerned with the products of analysis and synthesis, the outpourings of our laboratories, libraries, and classrooms. In the midst of these concerns, the church seems weak, irrelevant, and at times irreligious to the student.<sup>1</sup> Yes, irrel-

<sup>1</sup> My “definition” of church is quite simple: by it, I refer simply to a group of people. Beyond this, one becomes embroiled in irrelevancies. The important point is that a church is a group of people. Perceiving this, one can proceed to treat it, interact with it, and enter into relations with it as one would with any other group of people.



gious. I can be quite sure of this. I have been and continue to be a student. I have heard the confused voice of the church. I have had the good fortune of counselling many students abandoned by the church. Yes, abandoned! Not intentionally of course—quite innocently—but effectively abandoned just the same.

Some have said that our modern scientific society will be responsible for the death of the church. I believe the responsibility lies elsewhere. The church is, and has been, meticulously killing itself by its indifference to the *Weltanschauung* which is capturing the minds and spirits of men looking toward the twenty-first century. What cognizance does the church take of the evolving, acentric universe? What real understanding does it have of our emerging knowledge of the origin, development, and operation of our own intellectual, creative powers? What intellectually respectable concepts does the church have about man's place in this kind of universe?

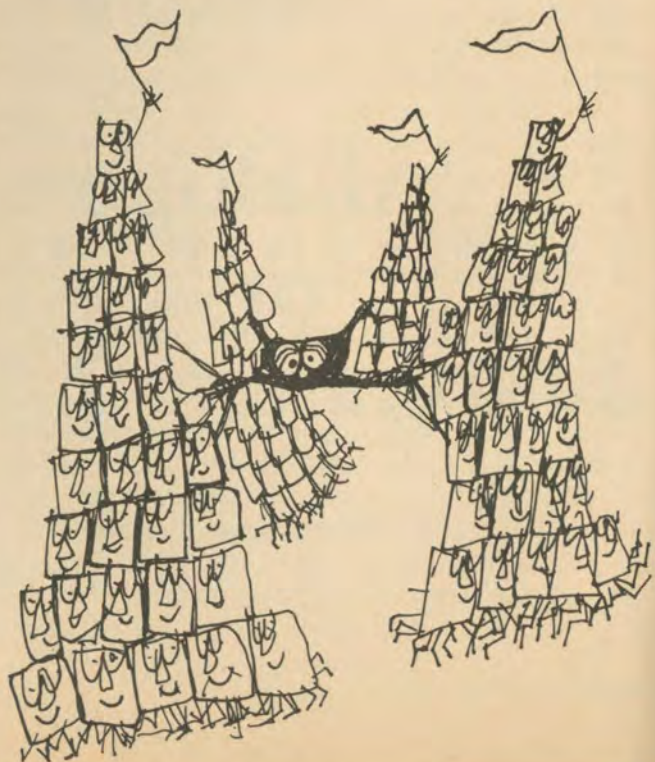
There are about ten billion stars in our galaxy, and innumerable galaxies beyond our own. In one galaxy among this multitude, around one rather mediocre (by cosmic standards) star, you and I occupy the third planet out. When you got up this morning, did it occur to you that this is where you are? Have you been preoccupied with the minutiae of the foreground or does your vision extend further? Another perspective within the new world view is that of time. Do you measure time in days and years, or in the hundreds of millions of years that we humans, like other species on this planet, have been in development? The church has not yet learned to recognize its responsibilities for rethinking its message in the face of the realities of the universe in which we live. This is the universe being religiously described to our students, and the one in which they must live as we move into and beyond the space age.

Some propose that the church must simply "care" for students during the course of their grappling; provide a "home away from home." The opposite is more likely true. Until the church begins to foster spiritual growth with the same intensity that the universities are fostering intellectual growth, there will continue to be insufficient students departing from the campus into the larger community to care for the church! The continuance of the vital message of the church, from a mythologically oriented civilization into an analytically oriented civilization, is one of the central problems of Christendom. This transition from a mythological orientation to an analytical one requires "shifting gears." If the church is to bring its message into relation with the emerging world view, it must develop a more viable dialogue with the academic community than has been evidenced heretofore. The academic community

of dogma, creed, and doctrine that has accumulated around the church. Because it bears the obligation to discover, it must determine what the church is trying to do in the development of whole, responsive, responsible beings. The university cannot cure the ailments of an outmoded theological system. The church cannot "save" the university. Both can, however, profit immensely from a continuing articulate dialogue.

If we accept the necessity, then, of a dialogue between the church and the emerging world (represented by the university), we must consider the kind of system in which both can work productively toward common goals. One which suggests real possibilities is the church-related campus ministry. This approach is well known in most major denominations. A crucial spark lies here. Through dialogue this spark can be fanned into flames of growing enlightenment for both the church and the university. Too often the confrontation of these two produces only heat. Too infrequently it produces light. One ray of such light in the campus ministry. The problem then is to design a system in which the results of this ray can be magnified far beyond its present feeble glow.

The outcome of any system is a function of at least two major factors: 1) the nature of the raw material fed into the system, and 2) the design, plan, or program (in the computer sense) built into the system. In our vital campus ministries the raw materials are the students, concerned faculty, and capable clergy who are present on the campus scene. It is an





embarrassment to the academic community that we know so little about the student as a person.<sup>2</sup> We have many studies on peripheral and trivial attributes of the student personality, but we are lacking in any real knowledge of their thought and belief system. What percentage of entering college students really understand the traditional theological dogmas dealing with the virgin birth, resurrection, grace, eternal life, sin, and many others? How do they interpret and understand these concepts; how do they relate them to the world unfolding before them? Furthermore, we know very little about the entering students as psychological and social beings. How do they view the world, the church, the campus, their peers, and themselves? We don't know, but we must set about the arduous task of finding out.

**H**OW do campus ministries take shape? Is there a design or is there chaos? One Methodist bishop has indicated that this ministry "has neither heads nor tails." From my own perspective, there seems to be little intentional design in the Methodist Student Movement. There are, of course, many (although not enough) dedicated people who are creating local designs in the work they do. But are these designs adequately conceived and intentionally tooled to bring about a preconceived goal across a broad front on the academic scene? I've only been associated with campus religious work for five years. In this time, I have seen little agreement on what the goals ought to be, and even less on how to achieve them.

We must think through some goals—not organization, mechanics, or implementation—but goals. I have put forward one goal, that of helping people "shift gears." The various goals that are sought must be as carefully meshed as are the various segments of the program of a computer. If there is dissonance in the program of a computer, its ability to move raw data into new patterns is short-circuited. The campus ministry with its lack of clear goals, with its conflict of intentions, is, and has been, severely short-circuited.

Another facet of the problem is to recruit and train adequate staff for these ministries. At least two major staffing deficiencies face Protestant Christendom: quantity and quality. Both impinge on the lack of effectiveness of the student ministry. Since recruitment is not the major factor related to this discussion of the problem, I shall defer to others more involved in that dimension of this topic.

If one asks: is the clergy being trained adequately for its task in the latter half of the twentieth century? the most honest answer would be an emphatic

"No." Protestant clergymen today are rarely trained as scholars and are rarely permitted to function as scholars after their formal training is completed. If you question most clergymen on the *Weltanschauung* evolved in our time, you are likely to encounter considerable ignorance. I know of a church with a campus ministry which is being served by a pastor who never attended college. There are others who have received college and/or seminary training, yet have been so deeply entrenched in one theological system or another that it has been impossible for "gear shifting" to take place in their lives. A seminary professor friend of mine is concerned about the number of graduates who enter seminary as narrow fundamentalists and emerge with the same provincialism, having been completely untouched by any real spiritual growth. Do we uphold exacting standards of growth and development or do we merely insist that they pass a prescribed number of courses, and complete archaic ecclesiastic rituals? What courses are required in their seminary curriculum? What depth of knowledge is required in the fields of physical and cultural anthropology, the biological sciences and evolution, physics and chemistry, geology and paleontology, psychology and sociology, mathematics and logic, philosophy and theology, and many others? Since I have not carefully studied seminary offerings, and am not intimately acquainted with the criteria for ordination, I can only judge by the product which ultimately takes the reins in a church. By this judgment I find the product lacking in at least those areas listed above. Granted, this lack can be overcome by a continuing dedication to personal scholarship, but the clergyman receives little encouragement or support for doing this.

A second way in which the quality of church staff becomes critical is in the effect it has on generations of children now being groomed from an early age for university level studies. Is our church school curriculum likely to produce students ready to incorporate modern knowledge into the context of their religious life? Are our clergy adequately prepared to handle a curriculum which would do this job?

When the minister enters the campus scene he must understand that he is entering an environment in which he is a rank amateur. How can he cope with this environment? He can best do so by turning to faculty members who live and have their being in this environment. It is sad indeed that the resources of dedicated faculty members are not being more intensely cultivated. The clergy and dedicated faculty should encourage and develop a relationship which fosters a progressive and articulate dialogue. It is the absence of such dialogue that has frustrated the best efforts of both

<sup>2</sup> See *The American College* edited by Nevitt Stanford (1962, John Wiley & Sons) for a volume of more than a thousand pages treating what we know and do not know about students. A recurrent theme in this



# Crane



HEY, MAN, DON'T YOU FEEL THE RHYTHM OF THE TENSION OF OUR TIMES?

BY MARGARET RIGG

SOMEHOW Jim Crane is one of the most misunderstood cartoon artists around. He was way ahead of his time, fifteen years ago. By now we know that cartoons in the *Saturday Evening Post* are of another breed from the Jules Feiffer, Charles Schultz, James Thurber, or the great Saul Steinberg sort. Their humor reaches down into our depths, into levels of our reality and being which are never touched by the funny-punny cartoons of the *Post*.

Post type cartoon enthusiasts, like Sears art lovers, would find Crane cartoons morbid, sick, obscure, threatening. Even many Peanuts fanciers think Crane may go too far with his stinging pen of satire, his social criticism, and outcry of anguish.

Perhaps, bound up in the whole consideration of man's relationship to man and to himself and to God, there is in Americans the primary fear of that particular vision of our reality, that particular angle of vision which comes from a sense of wholeness and which is humor. Serious humor and nonsense play are as genuinely suspect as original sin. And more misunderstood, if that is possible. Having a *real fun time* is taken as being in touch with one's depths of humor. A vacation that turns out to be a thousand dollar ball, day and night, is construed as play. However, the play of Picasso and Cocteau, of children and clowns is an overflowing of the human spirit, not an orgy of spending and fabricating diversions.

What many of the cleverest popular cartoonists do is provide instant entertainment and diversion from the wear and pain and terrors of life. What Crane does is to direct our awareness to the human condition. He brings into sharp focus our misery, our loneliness, our isolation, our ugly hatred and festering bigotry. He arrests our constantly shifting and fragmented attention, which is the true genius of an artist. It is often quite uncomfortable to run into yourself on the way to entertainment. Yet there is something in it that is life defining, life-giving, redemptive. In true play and true humor there is health and wholeness coming into being, as we partake. If it has the ache and weight of all our reality, it has too the poetry and beauty of an enlarged vision of life and being. It questions the absolutes; mocks at vanity and pride; denounces the demigods and idols; lifts tender hopes and trembling needs that are our humanity which we deny and hide—even from ourselves (especially from ourselves).

When such humor and play are great, then it gathers us together in our humanity as a *community*. By finding us where we are and revealing what is in us, we come together—no longer as random and undifferentiated people, but as human beings with destinies. Our actions and emotions remain essentially meaningless to us until the artist formulates the direction of meaning in our "being and nothingness." "The public function of art has always been one of creating a community. That is not necessarily its intention, but it is its result—the religious community created by one phase of art. . . . It is the images we hold in common, the characters of novels and plays, the great buildings, the complex pictorial images and their meanings, and the symbolized concepts, principles and great ideas of philosophy and religion that have created the human community. The incidental items of reality remain without value or common recognition until they are symbolized, recreated, and imbued with value. The potato field and auto repair shop remain without quality or awareness or the sense of community until they are turned into literature by a Faulkner, a Steinbeck, a Thomas Wolfe or into art by a Van Gogh." \*

It is in this sense that Crane's cartoons give us some opening into value and common recognition. He restores to us our lost emotions, not just the nice and enjoyable ones, but all of them. In his cartoons we are able to recognize ourselves at the depths of our beings, without masks.

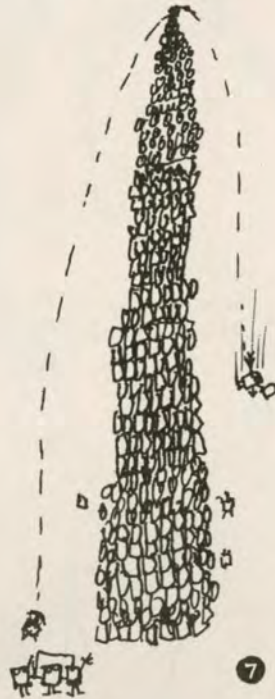
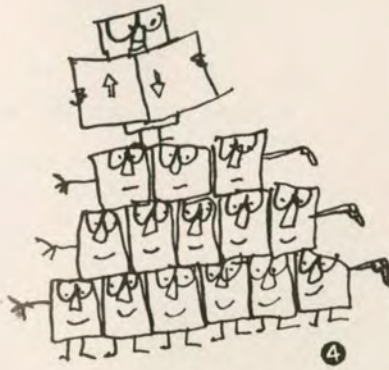
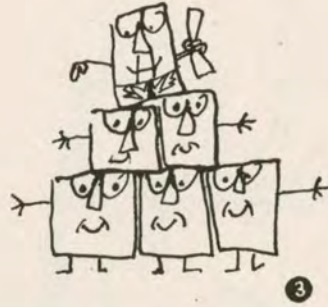
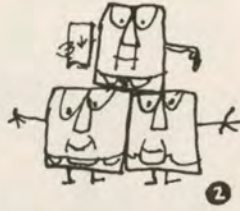
Sometimes it is like confession, sometimes like absolute and a new beginning. Sometimes judgment. In these specific cartoons presented with this essay all the complexity of our humanity is represented.

For instance, in the first example, "Hey, man, don't you feel the rhythm of the tension of our times?" what seems at first simple and direct becomes increasingly revealing of our complexity as it is contemplated. The broken, trembling world, the anxious, sweating, belligerent world-saving pessimist is addressed by a seemingly light-hearted

(continued, p. 22)

\* from "The Shape of Content," by Ben Shahn. Paperback, published by Vintage Books.





THE AMERICAN DREAM





HISTORICALLY MANY IMPROVEMENTS  
HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE CROSS.



PLANING, SANDING, OILING,  
GOLD-PLATING,



BUT NOW, THANKS TO THE MIRACLE OF  
TECHNOLOGY



AND GOOD TASTE, WE ARE ABLE TO  
PRODUCE IN LUXURIOUS FOAM RUBBER  
AND TUFTED VELVETEEN,



A BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL ITEM:  
THE DECORATOR CROSS PILLOW



A PERFECT SYMBOL FOR FAITH  
IN OUR TIME.



OUR 100,000,000 I.C.B.M.'S  
WITH 100-MEGATON WAR HEADS



ARE BACKED UP WITH A FULL  
ARSENAL OF CONVENTIONAL  
WEAPONS



AND A THIRD STRIKE  
STOCKPILE OF CLUBS  
AND STONES.



WHATEVER HISTORY  
HOLDS FOR US, WE  
ARE READY.



THE ENEMY



HOW CAN HONORABLE MEN  
COPE WITH A RUTHLESS ENEMY?



HE IS FANATICAL,  
DIABOLIC, INHUMAN



STERN MEASURES ARE NECESSARY.  
FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!



WE MUST LEARN TO  
THINK AS HE THINKS

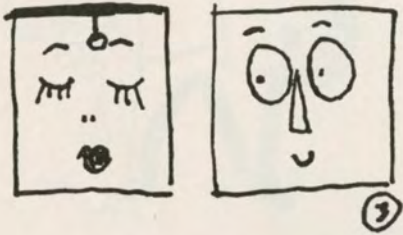
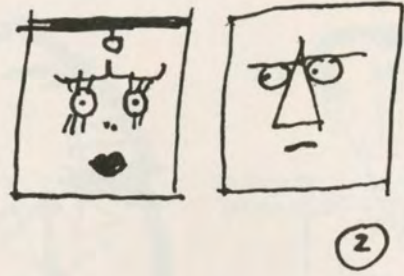
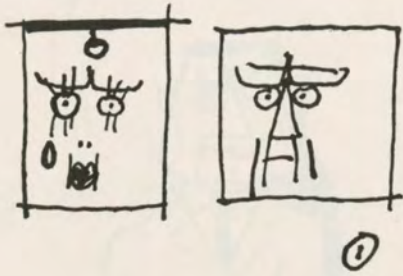


PLOT AND SCHEME  
AS HE DOES

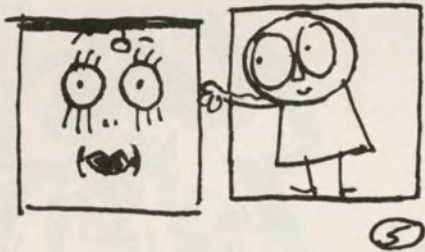


ACT AS HE ACTS.  
HATE AS HE HATES.

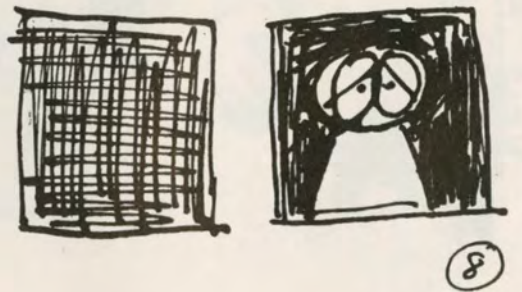
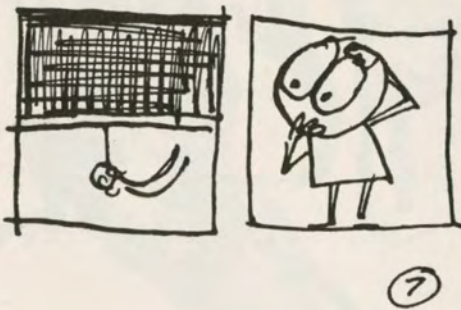




Knock!  
Knock!

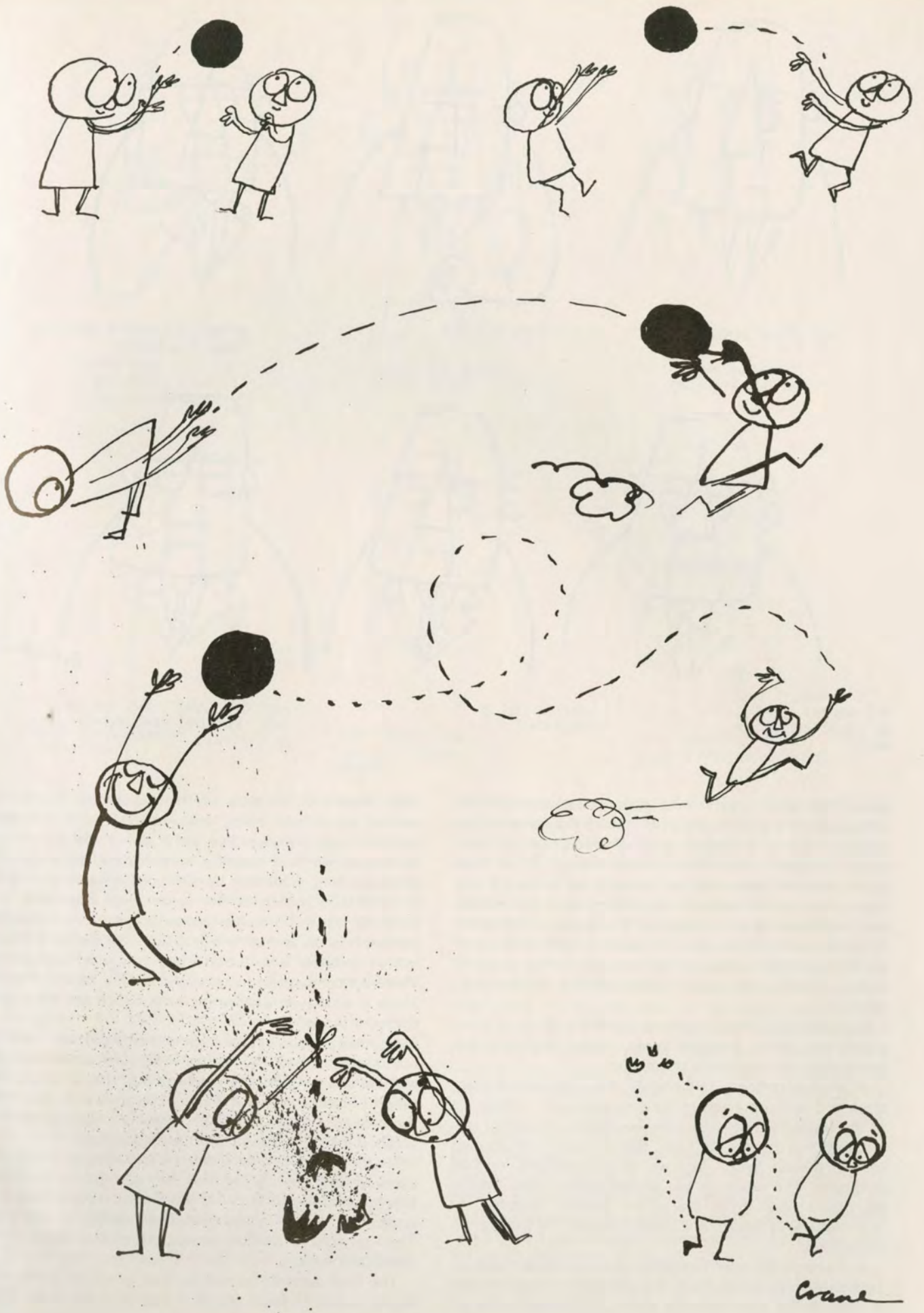


snap!



Crane





WHERE DID IT ALL GO WRONG?





FIRST LITTLE ROCK



THEN OXFORD



WE'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH FROM THE SOUTH.



THE NEGRO MUST BE GIVEN HIS RIGHTS, NOW!



THE SOUTH IS HIS HOME



AND WE CAN'T HAVE 'EM UP HERE, RUINING REAL ESTATE IN CHICAGO.

idealist (is he an artist?) who gestures heavenward and talks about the grim reality as if it were the threshold to salvation. Crane refuses to suggest which one of these types is "right" about their mutual reality. Or is their reality mutual? Even that he leaves to us to weigh and name. What is this humor? Is it the laughter of the cosmos that can shake us to the depths? Is it hope in the midst of our extremity? Is it about the realistic doers as opposed to the idealistic talkers of this world? What about it makes us smile? The sense of identity—the shock of recognition?

Each one of Crane's cartoons holds this kind of complexity and power, it seems to me. Maybe that's why the popular magazines won't touch him.

In another cartoon: *THE ENEMY*, the organization man, sleek and self-contained in his assurance and composure at the beginning, little by little becomes a monster, embodying the essence of hate; that barbaric and ancient trait of human nature that we were convinced we had outgrown. The return to the savage instincts has only to be called forth from under the smooth exterior: in Birmingham, in Dallas, in Chicago, in me. The prospect is horrendous.

It is one of the great functions of art to present us with such prospects, but in a way that allows us to *contemplate* it. That is, the artist presents such Dark Powers with es-

*thetic distance*. Before art we may encounter that darkness in us without being overwhelmed by it; we may consider it in its perspective, yet in direct relation to ourselves and our own meaning as humans. Picasso did this in his painting, *Guernica*; he distanced it for us by means of distortion (which at the same time intensified the meaning of man's brutality to man). Crane does it through humor. It is the humor which creates the distance which lets us consider who we are and where we are going. There is no moralism, no pietistic quality of self-esteem. There is simply an *uncovering* with which we must now come to terms.

Another cartoon fastens upon a totally different facet of our human nature. The human need for relationship, the sadness and longing, the reaching out, the rejection, the misery. There Crane leaves us. We review it, scanning the sequence again and again, reliving it each time. We laugh. It is both a painful and freeing laughter.

Or the cartoon: *Where did it all go wrong?* shows the carefree life, the illusion that life can go on that way forever. And, in the midst of the fling . . . everything falls apart. The end of innocence. The fragility of our joys. The heartache of disillusionment. All of that seems to be there, and more.

The final cartoon: *Its not so bad when the wind dies down*, seems to have the same sort of humor one finds





I KNEW THIS TALK OF  
NIGRA RIGHTS 'ED CUM  
TA NO GOOD



SAKES! IT'S GETTIN'  
WORSE BY THE DAY



THEAH MANNAHS  
OUA ATROCIOUS



THEY USTAH KNOW  
THEAH PLACE



THEY WEAH A KIND,  
GENTLE, PLEASANT  
PEOPLE



NOW THEY ACT WORSE  
THAN A PACK OF YANKEES!

in Albee or Beckett. It is the humor of the absurd. One does not make classical choices but makes the best of life as it is given. The sense of the absurd is a haunting theme in mid-twentieth century man's consciousness. It arises as central within the new mythology and has given us the beloved anti-hero. Crane's men typically are these anti-heroes. These are heroes who stand in the grandeur of their brokenness, lostness, questioning and even stubborn hope. Typical too of the absurd is its humor (a humor of pathos like Chaplin's). Sometimes it is even a little slap-stick, but it is never a sneer at life.

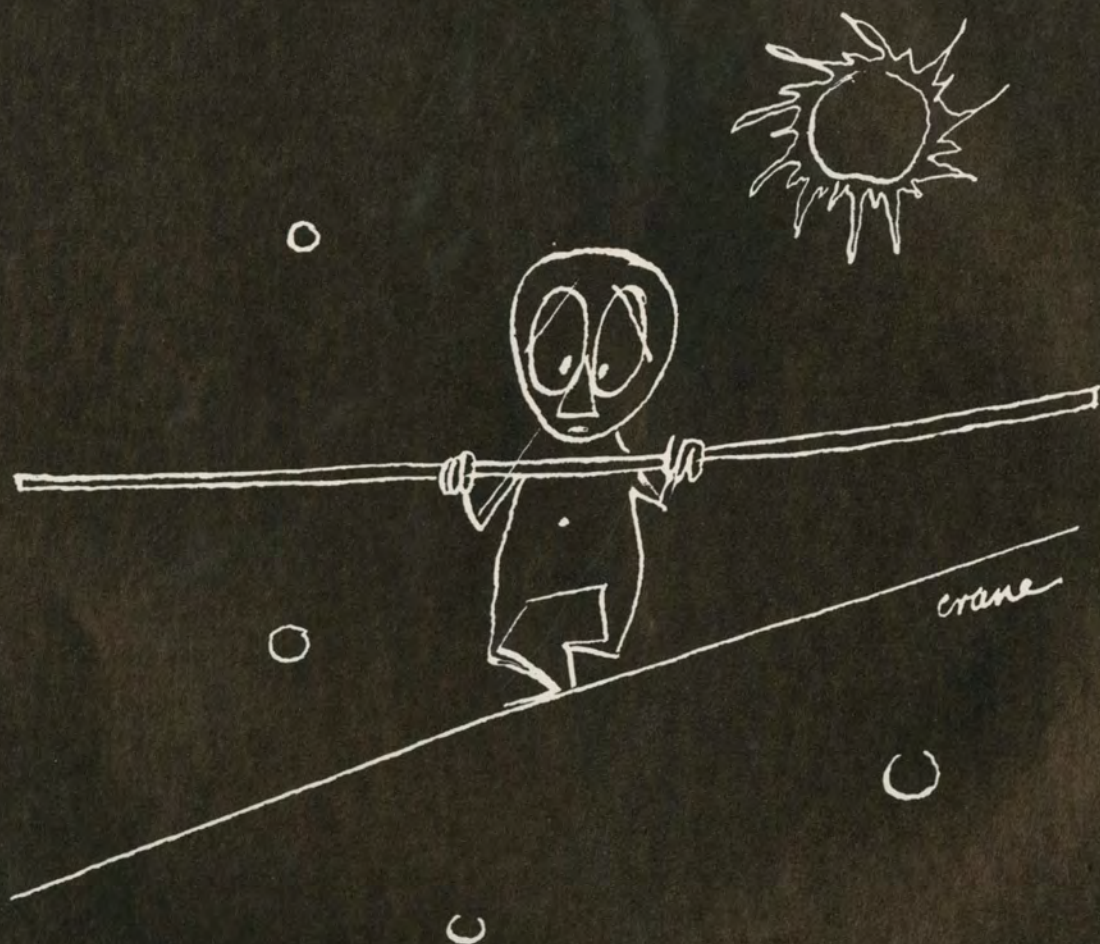
But far from the sophistication of the absurd are Crane's political and social cartoons. They are specifically oriented toward at least two of Western civilization's greatest problems: warmongering and racism. Most of Crane's cartoons deal with the great universal human problems: problems of being and nonbeing. But he is very specific as he deals with the topics of civil rights and disarmament. Witch hunting, brain washing, mass education, bigotry are other social evils, he pins down with his sharp and keen sense of judgment. It is with these social cartoons about specific issues that he will probably find his widest and most understanding audience.

To many people the more universal type of Crane car-

toon, ending as they do not with answers but more often raising new and thoughtful questions, seem unduly pessimistic, perhaps morbidly so. But these are people who want easy living. However, in  *motive*  not long ago\* there was a cartoon by Crane of two tiny men standing on a charred and torn world, against a backdrop of the stars and planets. They lean together over a something between them. The caption reads: "Good Lord, it's a flower!" Maybe that is the implicit ending of every Crane cartoon, in essence. The affirmation that something new is coming into being; not a better way of life or a Utopia, or the ideal man; not unthreatened hope or the good life, but a new and unexpected simple thing, like a flower, which we spend our days not noticing. A quiet resurrection. A learning to finally be human, to love this world since it's the only one we've got, an acceptance of meaning in the meaninglessness, and a final gift of new life arising out of the brokenness. Nothing less than this would be authentic, I think. Crane sees us as we are in the kind of world we have, and has the grace not to propose we say it isn't so and the power to affirm it all in the light of the possibility that we might be capable of receiving the gift of new life.

\* March 1962.





IT'S NOT SO BAD WHEN THE WIND DIES DOWN



# THERE

**I**T was little and blue and sticky. It was there, just floating above Edgar's head.

"What are you up to now, young man?" his mother said irritably. Edgar thought it was pretty.

"What d'ya mean he's got a little sticky, blue ball above his head?" his father bellowed from the shower. Edgar tried to touch it, but he couldn't quite get a hold on it. It always stuck to the back of his hand.

"Well I just don't know what to do!" wailed Edgar's mother. "I've never heard of anybody—particularly not a two-year-old angel of a little boy—having a ball above his head. Just floating there."

"A blue ball," Edgar reminded her, "sticky."

Another wail from his mother.

"What's the matter with Mommy?" Edgar asked.

"Well, ole man," his father examined the ball, adjusting his glasses, "we can't quite figure out just where this little ball came from . . . or what it is, for that matter."

"It's sticky," said Edgar.

"It appears to be sticky," said Dr. Nice with his hand over Edgar's head with a little blue ball stuck to the back of it.

"And blue," said Edgar.

"What is it, Doctor?" wailed mother.

"I can't say," replied the nice Dr. Nice.

"Well I don't know as I can say right off," said the fat man with the test tube. "If I could get it into the lab I'd test it out for you and find out what it is. But it keeps sticking to the back of my hand."

"It's sticky," said Edgar.

"And blue," said the fat test tube man.

"A thing like this just doesn't happen," said Edgar's father.

"You know, I've never heard of a thing like this ever happening," said the man with the big couch in his office.

"It is there, isn't it, Doctor?" sniffled Edgar's mother.

"Yes, it's definitely there," said the doctor with the big couch in his office.

"And blue," said Edgar, "and sticky."

"Yes, but why?" asked his father.

"Why?" asked the man with the funny high white collar.

"That's what we've been asking ourselves over and over," wailed Edgar's mother.

"Have you asked Edgar?" said the man with the funny collar.

"It's blue, and it's sticky, and you won't see it tomorrow," said Edgar. "But it'll still be there."

"Why, Edgar?" asked his father.

"What is it?" asked his mother.

"Why, Mommy," Edgar said, "don't you know? You've got one, too. Only yours is pink. Maybe you forgot it was still there."

Edgar's mother reached up; a little pink ball stuck to the back of her hand.

—BRYAN REDDICK



# THURSDAY'S CHILD

## the theologian today and tomorrow

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON



LINO PRINT

ROBERT HODGELL

FOR some years now, conferences have been assembled and articles written on "The Future Shape of Theology in America." We probably don't need to hear much more on this theme for some time to come. There seems to be a general agreement: theological pendulums swing back and forth, and we are getting ready for a return to the positive values of liberalism (avoiding its errors) while holding on to the gains achieved by the rediscovery of the Bible and the Reformation (avoiding, of course, those errors). But theology is a capricious lass, and we ought not to be too sure that wisdom is always at the mid-point between two extremes. The Council of Nicea might well remind us that what we want is not always a statement that all parties can sign, but often something held onto by a tiny minority on the edge of things.

Perhaps we do not know and should not try to know what "theology" is going to look like tomorrow, for we do not really know what either church or world is going to look like tomorrow. But there are ways of finding out *what is happening to the theologian*, if not to theology, and some of these things are interesting and odd.

There is, for example, a common feeling among a good many pursuers of theology that the time of European hegemony is at an end; that while we will always be working on and even loving our German and Swiss betters, the thing of being a Christian in America today is so wildly *sui generis* that our most precious clues are no longer expected to come from a *Zeitschrift* or a *Dogmatik*. Perhaps the American theologian is guilty, subtly guilty because of his lack of a humanistic scholarly tradition, or more obviously guilty because he helped out in the bombing raids twenty years ago. It is more likely, I think, that this declaration of independence is neither guilt nor pride, but—as in that other Declaration of Inde-



pendence—the familiar American innocence coming to the fore. In any case, guilty or innocent or both, the American theologian today is likely to be saying, like the poor lady in the TV commercial, “Mother, please, I’d rather do it myself!”

Non-theological observers have been saying for some time that America is a place and a people without a past and without a future, or, more exactly, without a sense of having a past and without a sense of being able to count on a stable future. To put the point a little more theologically, America is the place that has travelled furthest along the road from the cloister to the world that Luther and the Reformation mapped out. We are the most profane, the most banal, the most utterly worldly of places. Western Europe is positively numinous with divine substance compared to us, and even the Communist world has a kind of spiritual substance and vitality that we are said to lack. Both the academic sabbatical leave and the conventional summer vacation bear witness to the American’s need to go abroad to look for something he has not found at home.

But let us try to be more precise and even more theological. The Christian way of talking about the sense of time past and time future is to talk about faith and hope and love. Faith is the way the Christian affirms the past and appropriates the meaning of certain past events deemed to be significant. Just how faith does this is the subject of a very lively debate right now in Protestant circles. Living as the Protestant must, without the Mass, how can a past event become a present reality for him? By imaginative meditation on the biblical stories, by participation in the church as the community of memory, by the Lord’s Supper, by a leap? It is concern with just this problem that leads some today to speak of the problem of hermeneutics as the critical theological issue of our day.

Hope is the way of declaring one’s future to be open and assured, while love is the way of standing before your neighbor in the present moment. Taking faith, hope, and love together, one gets the feeling that the American theologian can really live in only one of them at a time, perhaps even only one in a lifetime. If this is so, and if it is also so that as an American he is fated to be a man without a sense of past or of future, it may follow that the theologian of today and tomorrow is a man without faith, without hope, with only the present and therefore only love to guide him.

Of these three propositions, so vulnerable and precarious, and to some extent falsified whenever any reader chooses to blurt out “Why, it’s not like that for me at all,” the most alluring, interesting, and defensible is the one that speaks of the faithlessness of the theologian. Let me try to state what I mean

by this. I am pretty sure I am describing something that is the case. Nor am I inclined to view with alarm, for I am convinced that this is something that ought to be, not just a sad inevitability. We should not only acknowledge, but welcome *this* faithlessness.

WHAT does it mean to say that the theologian in America is a man without faith? Is he therefore a man without God? It would seem to follow. He has his *doctrine* of God, several no doubt, and all correct. But that is surely not the point. He really doesn’t believe *in* God, whatever that means, or that there is a God, or that God exists. It is not just that he is fashionably against idols or opposed to God as a Being or as part of the world. It is God himself he has trouble with. Can one stand before God in unbelief? In what sense is such a man “before God”? Faith, or trusting in God, ought to produce some palpable fruits. The theologian may sometimes see these, but never in himself. Something has happened. At the center of his thoughts and meditations is a void, a disappearance, an absence. It is sometimes said that only a wounded physician can heal.

Some other pertinent questions can be raised. Does the theologian go to church? This is a banal kind of question, but we need this form of the question because the answer is “no.” He may, in the past, have concealed this “no” from himself by escaping into church work, speaking to church groups, preaching at church or college, slaking his thirst for worship and word in more protected communities. But now he is facing up to this banal answer to the banal question and he wills to say “no” openly.

It used to be otherwise. Before, the theologian would distinguish between God, Christendom, Christianity, and church, so that a different balance of “yes” and “no” could be uttered to each. Now he finds himself equally alienated from each of the realities represented by the four terms, and he says his “no” to each.<sup>1</sup>

The quality of the theologian’s “no” to the church differs from the impressive, if verbose, debate now being waged by the church’s sociological pundits. In this debate the issue is drawn between a kind of strident despair and grim hope. This game, among the “in” scorekeepers, is posted as Bergerism vs. Martyrism. The Ecclesiastical Broadcasting Company reports that Martyrism is leading, while the Student Broadcasting Company gives Bergerism the edge. Both agree, of course, that it is two out, the last of the ninth. The theologian, however, is neither

<sup>1</sup> In an impressive, helpful, and profoundly important article, Thomas J. J. Altizer of Emory University has argued against the fashionable Christian radicalism which, for purposes of a selective criticism, distinguishes between Christendom, Christianity and church. “America and the Future of Theology,” *Antaios*, September, 1963.



despairing nor hopeful about the church. He is not interested, and he no longer has the energy or interest to answer ecclesiastical questions about "What the Church Must Do to Revitalize Itself." Altizer writes that "contemporary theology must be alienated from the Church. . . . [and] the theologian must exist outside the Church, he can neither proclaim the Word, celebrate the sacraments, nor rejoice in the presence of the Holy Spirit: before contemporary theology can become itself, it must first exist in silence."<sup>2</sup>

One can choose his own language here, as it may happen to fit: the theologian does not and cannot go to church; he is not interested; he is alienated (for a tenses word); he must live outside. He is not thereby a happier man, nor is he a troubled one. He is neither proud nor guilty. He has just decided that this is how it has to be, and he has decided to say so.

**A**N even funnier question casts a strange light on our theologian. Does he write books in systematic theology? The answer to this, oddly, is an almost unambiguous "no." If you mean, does he sit down and decide that he'd better do a theological book, the answer is a clear "no." What he does is first to get his doctoral dissertation published. If this is good, as it often is, he can get quite a few years of professional mileage from it, defending it, clarifying, writing articles on relevant material that has come out since. From then on he speaks and writes as he is asked. Editors, ecclesiastics, institutions, and other scholars then take over, and assign him set subjects that they think he would be interested in. In this way he can get a reputation for being skilled and interested in a field that he has no interest in whatever. Along these lines, the gulf between what he wants to do and what he does grows wider and funnier as the years pass, as he moves through the stages of being "young" and "promising" to whatever comes after that. His books, if any, are either private love-letters (or hate-letters) to fellow guild members or lecture series that offer an extra \$500 for publication. Anything serious he manages will probably be in articles.

This leads directly to another question. What does the theologian read? Does he read religious books in hard covers? Less and less, perhaps not at all, except when he has a free copy for review or a bibliography to prepare. He has been unable to read books of sermons for a long time, and he has recently found that he practically never reads a book of theology for the sheer fun of it. He reads a lot of paperbacks, and a lot of articles and reviews. Just as theological writing is less and less being put into books, the theologian is reading fewer and fewer books. One

<sup>2</sup> Op. cit.

wonders quite seriously if there is any long-range future for hard-cover religious book publishing, apart from church materials, reference works, and perhaps textbooks.

Speaking of reading, is this theologian reading the Bible? Of course, he is forced into a kind of affable semi-professional relationship with Scripture in his daily work. His Bible is not exactly a dust-collector. But the rigorous systematic confronting of Scripture, expecting the Word of God to be made manifest when one approaches it with faith or at least with a broken and contrite heart, this has gone. Perhaps because he is without both faith and the truly contrite heart, the Bible is a strange book that does not come alive to him as it is supposed to. There are still some pieces of it that come alive, to be sure; he is not sure why or how. This psalm, that prophetic call, a piece or two of Job, a bit of a letter, some words of Jesus.

This won't do, to be sure, to have to say that this theologian is alienated from the Bible, just as he is alienated from God and the church. It may not last, this alienation, just as the other forms of it may not last. If it doesn't last, fine; if it does last, it will get rough, and the theologian will have some piercing questions to ask of himself. But there are wrong ways and right ways to overcome this alienation, and for now he has to be honest with himself, with the God before whom he stands in unbelief, and he has to wait.

**L**ET us turn to a couple of more inward, more psychological questions. Perhaps the query can be put in this way: What is this theologian really like? How does he act? Is he consciously or unconsciously dishonest? What is the relation between his public and his private *persona*? I am sure we must exonerate the theologian from certain coarse professional faults: he is not overly ambitious for position or even notice; he is not moving in the direction I am sketching so that he can be seen by men or because of some special delight he has *epater le bourgeois*. Like all men, he lives in a public and in a private sphere, and like most men he works hard to keep the first from overpowering the second. On his public and professional side he is likely to make use of two different masks. One is a modestly devout one, earnest and serious, and this he uses for his teaching and church work. The other is a modestly worldly mask for his non-religious friends and for the forms of their common life. Sometimes he deliberately decides to interchange the masks, and wears the worldly mask for a church talk, a lecture, or even a sermon here or there. This leads to some harmless fun, and he is careful to see that everybody enjoys himself. Sometimes he dons the devout mask for his worldly friends and their parties, and this too is quite





DANIEL AMONG THE LIONS LINO CUT

ROBERT O. HODGELL



harmless, for his friends understand and even sometimes admire his willingness to stand up for his rather odd beliefs.

But back in the private realm, he is coming more and more to distrust this kind of manipulation. God—this much he knows—is no respecter of persons or *personae* or masks, and the theologian really knows that he is neither mask. He knows that his rebellion and unbelief is both deeper and uglier than his bland worldly mask suggests, and he knows also (a bit less assuredly) that his devout mask is too vapid. To be a man of two masks is, he knows, to be less than honest. Thus, he has had to come out into the open about his faithlessness even though he may suspect and hope that beneath it is a passion and a genuine waiting for something that may, one day, get transformed into a kind of faith even better than what he has willed to lose.

Is this theologian alone, or does he live in a community that needs and nourishes him? He is not alone, but he does not ordinarily live in a true community. He rarely gets close enough to anybody to identify him as a member of this community, but he knows there is no place under the sun where a member of this community may not be found. Members may, of course, even be found in the church.

The problem is not, as might be suspected, that he has no doctrine of the church; the problem is with the doctrine of the church he does have. Professionally he finds himself working with three quite different understandings of the church, but only the third really makes genuine sense to him, and it is far too imprecise to be very helpful.

The first understanding of the church states that it is to be defined by the classical marks of the church—unity, holiness, catholicity, apostolicity. In his ecumenical work or in the emerging Roman Catholic-Protestant dialogue, he is compelled to see the church in this way. The second way reminds him that the church is found where the Word of God is preached and the sacraments rightly administered. This doctrine of the church is most congenial to his own theology and theological vocation. He has always been drawn to a theology of the Word, and he has had moments when he has felt that theology might, after all, be able to minister to the church's proclamation.

But somehow along the way he has had to come to define the church in a third way: the church is present whenever Christ is being formed among men in the world. This is a very vague way of describing his feeling about the community, for now it has no outlines, no preaching, sacraments, or liturgy.

**O**NE final question needs to be asked: What is tomorrow's theologian doing now? The answer comes in two parts, the first related to what we have called his loss of God, of faith, of

church. In the face of all this, he is a passive man, trusting in waiting, in silence, and even in a kind of prayer for the losses to be returned. He does not do this anxiously, nor does he impress us as a particularly broken or troubled sort of person. If it is true that he is somehow without hope as well as without faith, he is not in despair about himself. His waiting is more docile and patient and has little of existential moodiness in it. There is, of course, no single Christian doctrine which he affirms or grasps with guileless joy, but for all of his acute sense of loss, he has an overwhelmingly positive sense of being in and not out; that even in his unbelief he is somehow home and not in a far country. He may, of course, be deceived about this. But you might find him saying, for example: "As long as the Gethsemane prayer stands there somehow close to the center of things, I can stand there. If it should have to go, I might have to go too."

Thus it appears that the theologian is both a waiting man and a praying man. While this is true, he cannot quite yet be written off by wiser heads, younger or older.

The second part of the answer to the question "What is the theologian doing now?" has to do not with the loss of faith but with the presence of love. His faith and hope may be badly flawed, but his love is not. It is not necessary to probe the cultural, psychological, or even marital reasons for this, but simply to note it as a fact. It is interesting to see how this works out in a particular theological area—let us take Christology.

The theologian is sometimes inclined to suspect that Jesus Christ is best understood not as either the object or ground of faith, and not as person, event, or community, but simply as a place to be, a standpoint. That place is, of course, alongside the neighbor, being for him. This may be the meaning of Jesus' true humanity, and it may even be the meaning of his divinity, and thus of divinity itself. In any case, now—even when he knows so little about what to believe—he does know *where to be*. Today, for example, he is with the Negro community in its struggle (he will work out his own understanding of what "being with" must mean for him), working and watching, not yet evangelizing. He is also with all sorts of other groups: poets, critics, psychiatrists, physicists, philosophers. He is not in these places primarily to make something happen—a new solution to the science-religion problem or a new theological literary criticism—but just to be himself and to be attentive as a man and therefore as a theologian. This is what his form of love looks like. It is a love that takes place in the middle of the real world, the ugly, banal, godless, religious world of America today.

He has been drawn, then, to these worldly places by love (not by apologetics or evangelism), and it is



his hope that in such places his faithlessness and dishonesty may be broken. His love is not a secure and confident one, and thus it is not condescending. It is not, therefore, what some men call *agape*. It is a broken love, one that is needy and weak. It is thus a little like what men call *eros*. To be sure, his whole project may be swept away in a moment, if it can be shown that the theologian is just fleeing from one kind of religion-as-need-fulfillment to another. Perhaps someone will be able to show him that his weak and needy love has some points of connection with the love of the Cross.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer is, of course, deeply involved in this portrait I have been drawing. Have we discovered this in him, and then in ourselves; or in ourselves, and then rejoiced to find it in him? I think the second is nearer the truth. It does seem clear, in any case, that as Western Europe turns away from

Bonhoeffer as a theological mentor, we in America need not be apologetic in refusing to follow that refusal, and in welcoming his fragmentary help. We could begin with these words: "Atonement and redemption, regeneration, the Holy Ghost, the love of our enemies, the cross and resurrection, life in Christ and Christian discipleship—all these things have become so problematic and so remote that we hardly dare any more to speak of them. . . . So our traditional language must perforce become powerless and remain silent, and our Christianity today will be confined to praying for and doing right by our fellow men. Christian thinking, speaking and organization must be reborn out of this praying and this action."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> "Thoughts on the Baptism of D. W. R.," in *Letters and Papers from Prison*, by Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Macmillan, N.Y., 1963, pp. 187 f.

### MIRACLE PLAY

#### MY NEW REVELATION FOR THE DAY

The sun rose at 6:22  
I took my .22 and shot a magpie  
through the eye

wiping my glasses  
getting ready to work  
I get the impression that the lenses  
are made of rubber

No, I get the impression  
that the frames  
are made of rubber

Consulting the Almanac  
I discover the sun rose at 6:38

I take my .38 and shoot the clock  
from the wall sending its hands  
flying like a jack-in-the-box

There is g.damn little  
in this life that one can depend on  
any more, these days

—JUDSON CREWS

*Jonathas who stabbed the Host in the ancient play  
And got God's blood was fortunate, though he lost  
His soul awhile.*

*To think of that and the way  
His doubt was healed by Christ Himself could weigh  
Upon your memory, could cause alarm  
At night when the day's hand is ripped from its arm,  
And the cauldron's stew you know is you seems sin  
At best.*

*In fact, you'd come to hope to Hell  
It is sin you feel,  
for if it's not, the flesh you smell  
Remains in the mass a common human waste,  
And the god's grace to the Medieval Jew  
Is the wink of history, not prophecy.*

—JAMES WHITEHEAD

#### THE RENT ALWAYS COMES DUE

*Sun-tanned children play Tarzan,  
wear the skin of beer cans,  
yell like an over-amplified ape,  
leap over robbed eyes  
sunning on malnourished sand;  
leap into trees of their own laughter,  
where in a betrayed bird's nest  
a wrathful rent collector  
is hatching  
dark eggs  
of eviction.*

—DUANE LOCKE



## WILLIAM FREDERICK: LITURGICAL SILVERSMITH

It is my purpose to avoid the conventions of the usual business relationship with the client as far as possible. Rather, I attempt to establish an informal and relaxed rapport through which the limits of the design problem can be defined and discussed. Several variations of the basic idea in sketch form are then evolved. These first studies may not contain "the" solution, but usually point the way to further variations and refinements and a final choice.

"The client draws satisfaction in seeing his theology expressed in three dimensions. I am satisfied that my responsibility to express the material or materials simply, directly, and honestly has been discharged to the best of my ability.

"In essence, I see myself only as the means through which the client is able to translate his thoughts into reality. It is not unlike a computer which on being fed certain data produces various possible solutions to a problem, all of which hopefully embody the principles of good design.

"I resent being considered a salesman of handmade liturgical vessels or art. I would wish to be considered a salesman of good design of such objects. I do not dictate to the client except in terms of design and/or function. I do not demand unlimited freedom of operation. The challenge to the designer, as I see it, is to work at any point within a range of circumstances from complete freedom on one hand to close limits on the other, and in each case to arrive at a solution which makes a positive statement and is an expression of our time."

—WILLIAM FREDERICK

WILLIAM Frederick's studio on Chicago's south side is a calm, orderly center of creativity. The tools of silversmithing are laid out in neat rows, ready for selection and use. The drafting board is filled with drawings of work in progress, letters to clients and sketches for new ideas. It is a fascinating place to be: a little like a laboratory if it weren't for the open forge and the sets of hammers.

Folded away in heavy cloth wrappings are the finished pieces in silver, gold and precious stones. When Mr. Frederick brings them out the studio takes on the aura of a king's vault. Photographs make them look like excellent, but remote, objects of art. But it is something quite different to hold and turn a handmade chalice, candlestick, medallion or crucifix. The workmanship, down to the smallest detail is perfected and complete.

Hand raised silver today is not easy to come by. The art is not entirely lost, but it is rare in the United States to find an artist who can do it. Furthermore it is even more rare to find anyone who can earn a living at making, of all things, liturgical objects. It is so much easier for the priest or a pastor to reach for the nearest authorized church catalog and pick out a mass produced communion set. In fact 99 per cent of the clergymen and new churches do just that. As a result any artist who dreamed

in student days of becoming a "craftsman unashamed," and learned the techniques of the silversmith with that in mind, was soon forced to face the fact that "many are called but few are chosen." The new church or the young clergyman find it much simpler to reach for the catalog than to write or visit an artist and enter into the dialogue which will eventually result in a work of art.

For one thing, everyone is impatient these days. Congregations want instant churches, pastors want instant "hardware" for the liturgy, and everyone wants above all to avoid delays and waiting.

But there are a few congregations and ministers around who still value the products of the hand and imagination and for use in the liturgy of the church these works are understood as emblems of a gathered community and as expressions of its life-source. For the few who have found their way to William Frederick's door the adventure of communication between the church and the artist has opened the way for some new understandings about creativity and inspiration and discipline—from both sides. It is never a one way street.

It all begins when a seminarian makes the decision to shun the product of the catalogue and find someone to make him a chalice which will be a rich and inspiring expression of Christian theology.

The seminarian who hears about Bill Frederick and writes him, or hunts up his studio, will enjoy hours of talk about the design of the chalice, its place in the liturgy, its meaning for the man who will use it for the rest of his life. They talk theology. Then the artist goes to work and after a few weeks he will send the minister a set of rough sketches of different versions of the ideas they discussed. Sometimes the minister comes back to the studio again and they talk about one or several of the sketches, about modifications and symbolism. During all this talk Bill Frederick must be thinking in structural and esthetic terms. The theology which they talk must be translatable into visual, tangible terms and he must know how to do that without violating either the theology or the art.

Next comes the finished drawings of the two or three designs that were selected from the roughs. The final selection is made and the production begins. It takes long hours of steady work to turn out a finished chalice—if nothing goes wrong.

When the work is completed and the chalice leaves the studio for the last time it stands as a bridge of new and unfolding understanding between theology and art, between the layman and the artist, between the congregation and the minister. It must stand, equally, as a theological statement and as a work of art. The working out of that union, accomplished between two men over a long period of time and with much thought, is the reason (more than price is) for the rarity of commissions for handmade liturgical art. But in the end, the church is served with beauty and the artist is restored to his place within the community and within society as a workman who has a meaningful service to perform.

—MARGARET RIGG





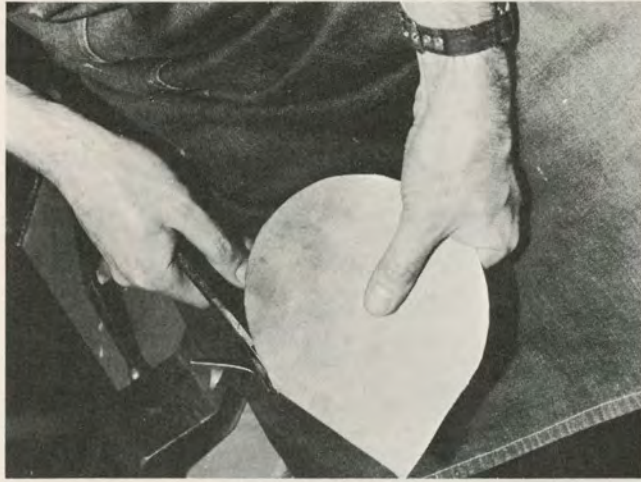
CAST STERLING SILVER,  
OXIDIZED & BURNISHED, GOLD LINED

FOR FATHER RONALD E. MODRAS  
DETROIT

APRIL 1964

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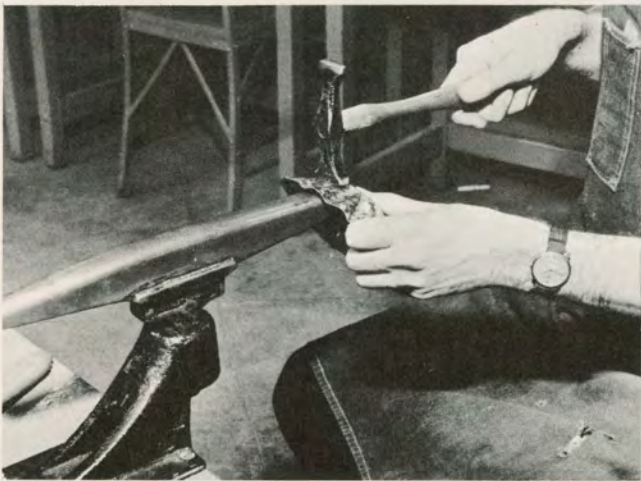
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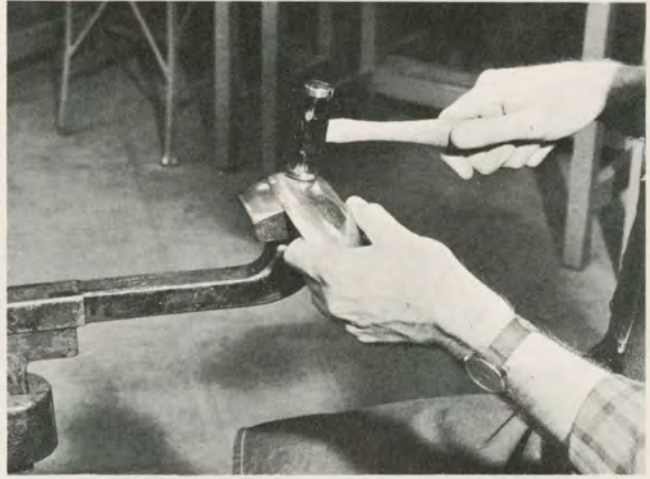


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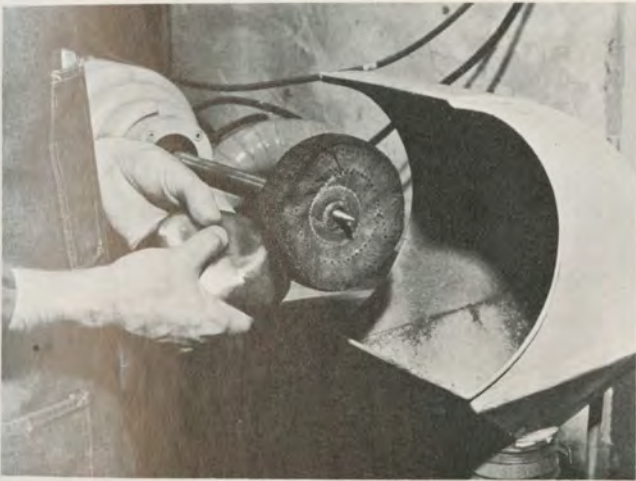




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9



HERE MR. FREDERICK HOLDS A HAND RAISED CHALICE OF SILVER. IT IS NOW READY TO BE DECORATED AND FINISHED.

1. PREPARATION OF A "BLANK" FROM SHEET METAL. 2. PRELIMINARY SHAPING WHICH DETERMINES THE DIRECTION THE METAL WILL TAKE IN RAISING. 3. CRIMPING (FIRST TIME) PREPARES THE METAL FOR SHRINKING. 4. ANNEALING AND SUBSEQUENT QUENCHING RELIEVES AND SOFTENS THE METAL WHICH HAS BECOME WORK HARDENED. 5. RAISING CAUSES THE METAL TO SHRINK WORKING OUTWARD FROM THE CENTER AND REDUCES THE CIRCUMFERENCE. 6. CRIMPING (SECOND TIME) PREPARES THE METAL FOR FURTHER SHRINKING. 7. ANNEALING AND QUENCHING AGAIN SOFTENS METAL FOR FURTHER RAISING, SHRINKING IN THE CRIMPED AREA. 8. FINAL SHAPING AND PLANISHING SMOOTHS OUT WORK MARKS AND IRREGULARITIES DURING THE LONG HAMMERING PROCESS. BUT NOT ALL OF THE HAMMER MARKS SHOULD BE POLISHED AWAY. THE HAMMER TRACES AUTHENTICATE THE HAND RAISED PIECE AND SEPARATES IT FROM THE MACHINE PIECE. 9. FINAL POLISHING AND BUFFING FOR HIGH LUSTER.





STERLING SILVER, GOLD LINED, WITH WHITE CHAMPLEVE TRINITY SYMBOL, FOR FATHER CLIFFORD RUSKOWSKI, WARREN, MICH.



STERLING SILVER, EBONY BASE WITH NODE OF SILVER GREEK LETTERS: ICHTHUS, FOR REV. JAMES J. CLOSE, NILES, ILL.



SILVER, GOLD LINED, WITH BLUE & GREEN CHAMPLEVE CROSSES, GREEN ENAMEL NODE, FOR FATHER RICHARD PERADOTTO, ALTON, ILL.

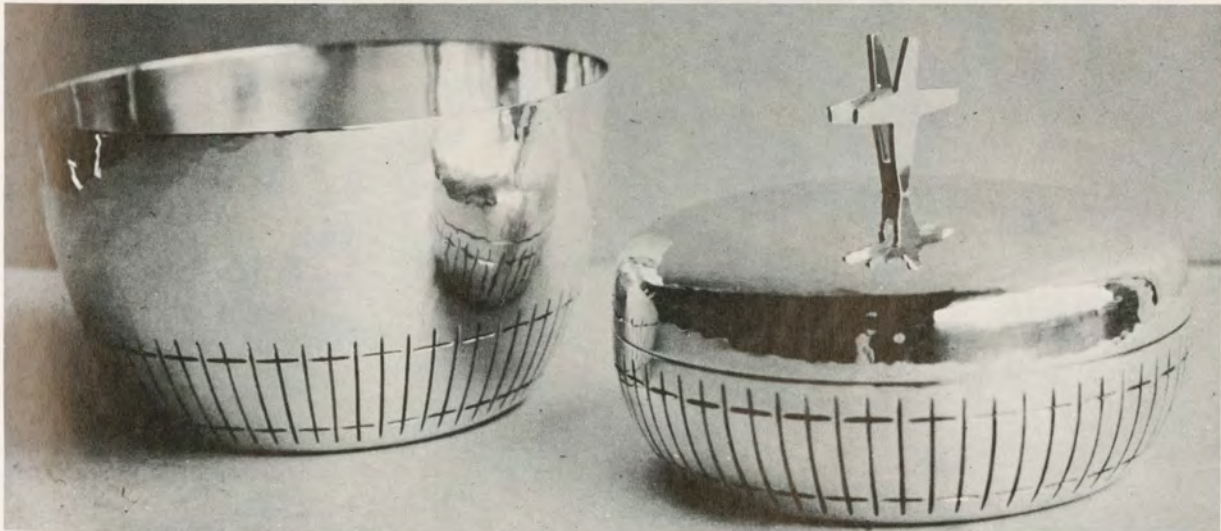


SILVER, GOLD 24K LINED, TEAKWOOD SHEATH WITH SILVER CROSS, FOR FATHER THOMAS W. HEANEY, CHICAGO, ILL.





SILVER, GOLD LINED, CHASED DESIGN OF CROSSES & CHI RHO, IVORY NODE, FOR FATHER JOHN SMYTH, DES PLAINES, ILL.



SILVER BREAD BOX & LAVABO BOWL WITH CHASED CROSSES, FOR REV. RAYMOND A. YADRON, EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF CHICAGO





PROFESSION RINGS, SILVER. HEART WITHIN CROSS & TAU CROSS, FOR POOR CLARE MONASTERY, CHICAGO, ILL.



SILVER EWER & BASIN, CHASED & OXIDIZED SYMBOLS, FOR THE POOR CLARE MONASTERY, CHICAGO, ILL.





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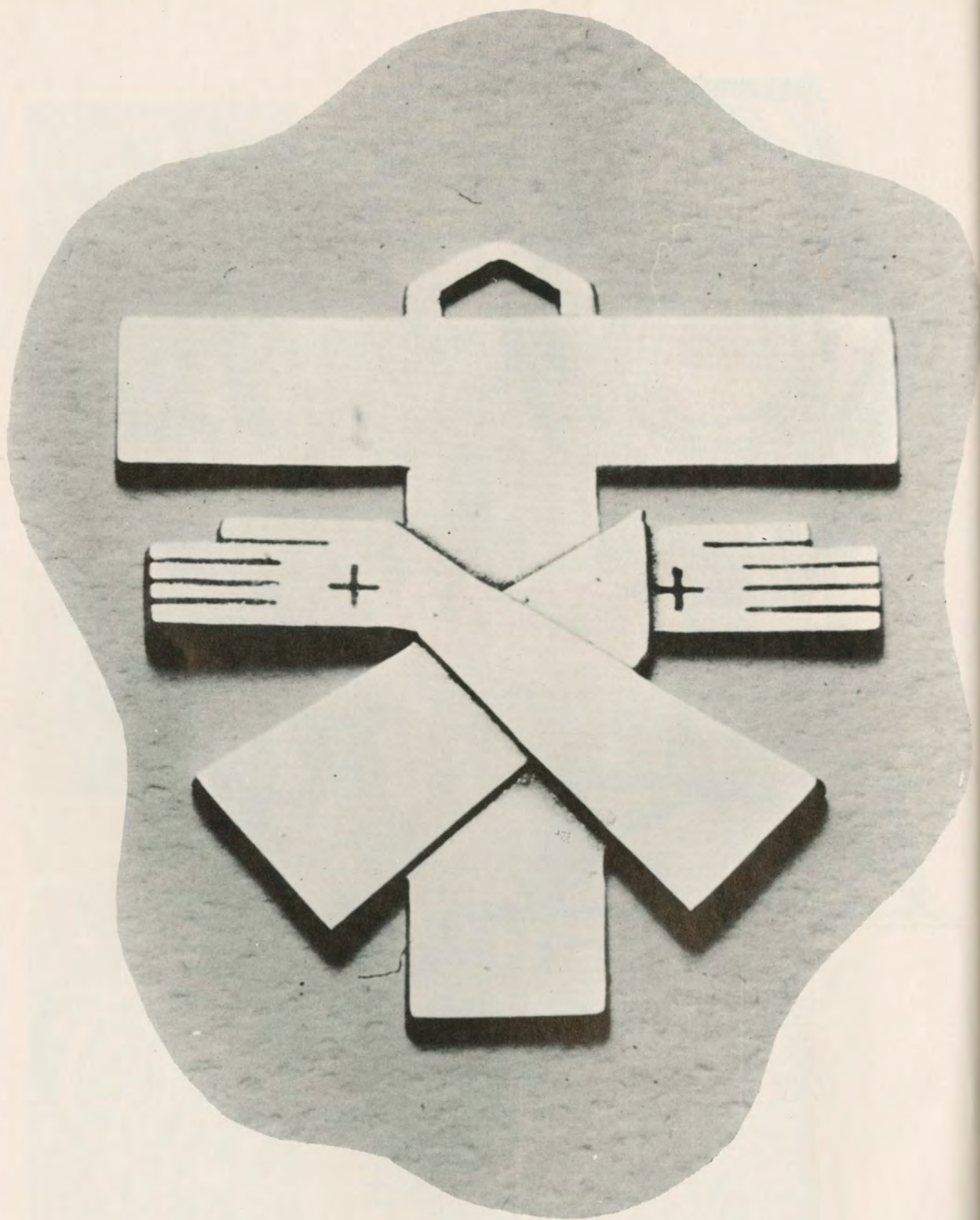
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ABOVE: PENCIL DRAWING FOR A SILVER MONSTRANCE. MR. FREDERICK FIRST MAKES MANY SMALL SKETCHES BEFORE THE FINAL DRAWINGS FROM WHICH A CLIENT CHOOSES THE ONE TO BE MADE UP. RIGHT: 1. CAST SILVER PENDANT USING THE CHI RHO SYMBOL. 2. WEDDING PENDANT GIFT USES THE CHI RHO AND TWO PARTIAL CIRCLES SYMBOLIZING THE TWO SOULS JOINED BY THE CHURCH. 3. CAST SILVER PENDANT USING CHI RHO, CROSS, ALPHA AND OMEGA SYMBOLS.





FRANCISCAN HERALD PRESS  
THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS EMBLEM  
CAST SILVER, 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ " HIGH (ENLARGED 4 TIMES)  
BY WILLIAM FREDERICK, 1322 E. 49TH ST., CHICAGO 15, ILL.



EDITORIAL: *fiats, fiascos, and fillips*

GENERAL Conference meets soon in Pittsburgh. That fact bodes little evil—and perhaps even less good—for “average” Christians, whether Methodists or non-Methodists. The perennial pronouncements, platitudes, and programs will be adopted, and a Gargantuan denomination will hit the trail for another four years of promoting penultimate panaceas.

As one discerning churchman put it, “The miracle is that the church doesn’t have arthritis from patting itself on the back so long.” God’s will for his world has gestated in such ecclesiastical conclaves for centuries, and even the most hardy Christians have begun to emit forlorn doubts about there ever appearing a really lusty offspring.

But surprises, upsets, miracles, “bursts of the Spirit”—call them what you will—happen yet. The rending of veils in Rome’s Vatican Council has exposed not only the dynamic theological, ethical, and liturgical resurgence now erupting within Roman Catholicism, but, by contrast at least, the intransigent stuffiness of fat, successful Western Protestantism. The racial exorcisms in this nation have removed the shrouds from Negro churches, placing in full view a militant, reconciling, faithful remnant.

But the world is refreshed and the Lord is obeyed by these dispersed iconoclasts. Is it idle to pray that more than a few will be reconvened among the elite gathered in Pittsburgh?

The agenda for any such sub rosa vanguard is sizeable (a befitting fetish for commanding the attention of Methodists). Though hazardous and terribly inconclusive in providing chartable results, a sensitive General Conference might take some thoughtful soundings into Methodism’s theological heritage (yes, Susanna, there is something more than the pietistic morality of the American frontier a la Francis Asbury), or set in motion something significant (rather than Madison Avenueish) toward achieving an understanding of the fall-off in ministerial recruitment or the fall-out in ministerial morale. Or, we might struggle with the implications of the honest efforts being made in some quarters to couch the mission and message of the church in forms and language compatible with the world in whose midst the church ought to be. (Some semblance of interchange between a denominational convention and the Faith and Order conferences would be just too much to hope for.)

But, all else failing, the refugee from monolithic mediocrity can select the Central Jurisdiction question as his *piece de resistance*. “An inclusive church” means—as a minimum—the immediate participation of any Christian in all facets of God’s mission—from Mississippi to Mozambique.

General Conference can remove segregation as a way of life from Methodism—if it wants to do so. The most effective procedure for reasonable action on this question seemingly is via the eleven memorials being proposed by the Committee of Five (see  *motive*, March, pp. 17-21). It is regrettable that no terminal date for inclusive action is included in these memorials, but the immediacy inherent in each section of the proposed action is obvious and essential. It may well be that “the fields are white unto harvest”—if so, it is past time for the harvesters to get on the job as *equal* servants.

The world is more than ready for suffering servants. However, there is little in biblical or political history to warrant looking for such a servant in the midst of gatherings of heads of state or assemblies of “beloveds.” But we can at least hope that General Conference delegates will go as far toward solving other problems as they will in joining officialdom’s war on poverty. (Conservative estimates indicate that more than a half million dollars will be spent in conjunction with the fourteen day affair.) The church ought to expect considerable return on that kind of investment.

In short, the Philistines don’t have to win *all* the time.

—BIS



# AYN RAND

HIPSTER ON THE RIGHT

BY ROBERT L. WHITE

DRAWING BY JULIE WAGNER

I WAS midway in the preparation of the first draft of this essay when the events which took place in Dallas on the last weekend in November forced me to alter drastically my planning on it. My projected opening sentence was: "Ayn Rand and the phenomena which have accompanied her zooming popularity pose a troublesome question which is simply stated but not so easily answered: Should she and her followers be laughingly dismissed or should they be taken seriously?" The initial half of my essay was to consider the laughable aspects of her career, her literary and philosophical efforts, the cult of devotees who boom her works and expound her philosophy of "Objectivism." I maintain that her "philosophy" is sophomoric nonsense and that her novels are as grotesquely funny as the "Dick Tracy" comic strips of Chester Gould, as ludicrous as the pretensions and vulgarities of most Texans, but the assassination of President Kennedy and the melodramatic slaying of Lee Harvey Oswald have brought me to the conviction that it is presently impossible to expunge the social cankers infecting American culture by applying to them the astringent solution of laughter.

That the popularity of Ayn Rand is a festering sore within our culture, one that is suppurating its poisons among the American middle class and transmitting its malignancies to students, I have no doubts; pre-

viously, I had hoped that scornful derision might help to scotch the enthusiasm with which so many of her readers have embraced her preachments, but I no longer seriously harbor such hopes. The Birchers, the Randites, the white-collared Young Americans for Freedom, the Bible-quoting members of the White Citizens Councils are all ridiculous, but they are not "little old ladies in tennis shoes," and they are not likely to vanish to the tune of sophisticated snickers and guffaws. One can hardly repress his chuckles when Nathaniel Branden, Miss Rand's foremost disciple, comes up with a 15,000-word essay on "The Literary Method of Ayn Rand," but the chuckles are apt to turn to dismay when one comes across Branden's hopeful utterance about his philosophical mistress' last novel—"if *Atlas Shrugged* sells fifty thousand copies, this culture is cooked"—and then realizes that buyers have already lapped up more than a million copies of the book.

Miss Rand is the one writer that students have read, and the single writer whom a great number of students are ready to talk about. When I was first beleaguered by my students' queries, I had read none of her works. Finally, in self-defense, I began one summer to read *The Fountainhead*. Appalled but at the same time fascinated, I moved on to *Atlas Shrugged*, hurried through two earlier novels, *Anthem* and *We the Living*, and even got hold of her



*For the New Intellectual: The Philosophy of Ayn Rand* (the title is somewhat misleading; the book contains a sixty-page essay pointing out the errors which philosophers since Aristotle and prior to Rand have broadcast, but it is mostly a scissors-and-paste job stringing together excerpts from her novels).

As a novelist, Miss Rand is horrendously bad, so bad that her books take on a sort of inverse grandeur. Her prose is a melange of bastard Hemingway and limping *Time*-style; her melodramatic characters are superficially and shallowly etched. It is not even correct to label them pasteboard. The dialogue she gives them is undifferentiated and monotonously overblown. The ideas she dramatizes in her novels are frightening but they are also ludicrous. Plowing through the eleven hundred paperback pages of *Atlas Shrugged* is hard on the eyes and alternately lulling and disturbing to the central nervous system—an experience comparable to watching on the late movies a very bad film interspersed with vulgar commercials.

When I returned to school after my summer foray into the Rand territory, I attempted to laugh to scorn my students' admiration for her books. My students, however, were only put off by my gibes about her literary style and philosophical pretensions. Finally, as my awareness of the strong hold she has on readers grew, I embarked on a two-part effort to discern the precise reasons why people find so palatable the tripe served up by Miss Rand: I began to analyze the leading motifs in her two most popular books, *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*, and I began a series of interviews with a group of students who professed serious admiration for her wares.

I talked with about fifteen students. Each spoke eagerly and at length. Most of them struck me as intelligent (three of them are in the honors program at my school), and most were quite able to verbalize the reasons for their enthusiasm for Miss Rand. The talks with the students generally backed up the conclusions I had arrived at in my analytical effort to account for her appeal, but the interviews gave me several additional insights.

First of all, the talks clearly suggested that, for young people at least, Miss Rand's appeal is almost totally grounded in her fiction. Ayn Rand is certainly an ideologue, but she has so far chosen to devote most of her time to dramatizing her ideas in her stories. As one student I talked with remarked, "It's not so much her ideas as her plots that move you along. Her plots and characters are so fantastic they just pull you right into the book." The fervor which underlined my talks with the students made me realize that Miss Rand had somehow struck a chord to which young people could respond. Many young men and women today are angry and unhappy with

the world they see about them; Miss Rand's novels provide, first, an outlet for that anger and, second, a vision, radical and apocalyptic, of a world where their angry tensions will be resolved.

When a youthful fan talks of Ayn Rand, a note invariably central is praise for her glorification of egoism. I asked one young man why he particularly liked *The Fountainhead*. He immediately replied, "I like this thing of being yourself, of being only for yourself. It's real good. It's realistic." This extreme individualism, an uncompromising commitment to the demands of the self, is a recurrent theme in the novels. It is the hallmark of the moral code of the "Atlas" of *Atlas Shrugged*, John Galt, who dedicates himself to the vow: "I SWEAR BY MY LIFE AND MY LOVE OF IT THAT I WILL NEVER LIVE FOR THE SAKE OF ANOTHER MAN, NOR ASK ANOTHER MAN TO LIVE FOR MINE." Egoism is the driving force of all the "good" characters of *Atlas Shrugged*, but Miss Rand's most extravagant idealization of individualism is to be found in *The Fountainhead*, a story primarily concerned with the career of an iconoclastic young architect. In her own words, the theme of the novel is: "individualism versus collectivism, not in politics, but in man's soul; the psychological motivations and the basic premises that produce the character of an individualist or a collectivist. The story presents the career of Howard Roark, an architect and innovator, who breaks with tradition, recognizes no authority but that of his own independent judgment, struggles for the integrity of his creative work against every form of social opposition—and wins."

For the most part, the students I interviewed were not much concerned with the political implications of Miss Rand's hymns to "individualism" and her diatribes against "collectivism," which in her mind is the consequence of the misguided ethic of "altruism" she holds responsible for the bulk of the world's ills. One student affirmed that "government should do the least possible" and remarked that he was "impressed by her policy of hands-off on business," but most responded to her as the author of a message more specifically directed to their inner, private anxieties. One fellow who claimed he liked Miss Rand's characters "because they were honestly selfish," said of Howard Roark: "He was terrific because he designed these buildings and he didn't care what anyone else thought." In talking of the selfishness of Miss Rand's characters, the students frequently used the words "honest" and "realistic," making it clear they were thankful to her for having given them a rationale whereby they could account for their own self-interested desires. One girl remarked, "She has some ideas which aren't usually expressed. Take this egotism, for instance. No one will come right out and say it, but everyone is selfish. Ayn Rand opened up a whole new realm for me."



Hardly anyone will deny that the problem of achieving individuality is a difficult one in our society, particularly for young people. As Jean Malaguais remarked some time ago in an essay in *Dissent*, modern youth is confronted by, even if not totally aware of, a "social phenomenon prevailing in highly industrialized and more or less paternalistically ruled countries: extreme inner insecurity dipped in a State-sponsored 'welfare' at the price of a terrific loss to the individual's self." To students perplexed by the diminishing possibilities of achieving selfhood, Ayn Rand preaches a gospel which insists on the righteousness of self-centered demands. They are very apt to underscore in their copies of *The Fountainhead* the triumphant speech which Howard Roark makes at the close of the novel:

Men have been taught that the ego is the synonym of evil, and selflessness the ideal of virtue. But the creator is the egoist in the absolute sense, and the selfless man is the one who does not think, feel, judge or act. . . . The first right on earth is the ego. Man's first duty is to himself. His moral obligation is to do what he wishes, provided his wish does not depend primarily upon other men. This includes the whole sphere of his creative faculty, his thinking, his work.

Students identify with Miss Rand's heroes and heroines not only because her virtuous characters assert the doctrine of egoistic individualism but also because they are vital and forceful. In the fictional world of Ayn Rand, men and women of virtue are always *makers and doers*—and her heroes and heroines always win through to their goals. In the world which stands ready to swallow up the present college generation, it is not easy to be either a maker or a doer—and goals are not easily come by. As Paul Goodman has so cogently pointed out in his book, *Growing Up Absurd*, young people today grow up in a world where it is increasingly difficult to find jobs worth doing. Employment is high, "but there get to be fewer jobs that are necessary or unquestionably useful; that require energy and draw on some of one's best capacities; and that can be done keeping one's honor and dignity." To the students who suspect, consciously or unconsciously, that they will soon be fed into the boondoggling rat race of modern society, Miss Rand's heroes figure as the emblems of a longed-for alternative. One young man observed that most students come to college "because their parents expect them to and because they'll have to get a job sometime," and confessed of Howard Roark, "I like him because the guy does just what I'd like to be able to do, to be strong enough to do." Repeatedly, students spoke glowingly of the self-confidence and proficiency of Miss Rand's characters. A sophomore said, "Her heroes are always extremely proficient in their field. They're doers, not wasters." And a young girl, married at nineteen, observed of Dagny Taggart, the

female railroad tycoon of *Atlas Shrugged*: "Above all, Dagny is sure of herself, and lots of young people want to be sure of themselves."

There is something engaging about the earnest productivity of Miss Rand's heroes. But one can only describe her picture of the possibilities open to individual enterprise as surrealistic. Howard Roark's eventual triumph over his detractors, while exceedingly melodramatic, may not be a total impossibility, but the economic ideal in *Atlas Shrugged* is anachronistic, to say the least. In the tottering economy foreseen in that novel, the only bright beacons of capitalism are those kept aloft by lone-wolf entre-



DRAWING

JEAN PENLAND

preneurs. Bureaucrats and shortsighted boards of industrial managers threaten to dry up the country's industrial potential, and the nation swiftly plunges into chaos when John Galt persuades the intelligent men of the nation (a mere handful) to retire to a hideaway in the Rockies. Within their mountain stronghold, they go on the gold standard, erect a giant dollar sign as symbol of their utopia, and calmly look on as the nation outside succumbs to economic paralysis. Miss Rand, oblivious to the fact that today's economic problems arise from overabundance and inadequate distributive machinery, gaily gloats over her vision of the United States robbed of its productive capacity—which she defines solely in terms of individual energy and capabilities. One can almost sympathize with the delight students take in her castigation of the Organization Man, but one can only view with anguish the aimlessness and unreality of the message which students extract from her novels. The message is a call to action and to work, but the jobs are fantastic or nonexistent and the action's only purpose is the gratification of selfish desires.

However, students do not read Miss Rand's novels solely to empathize with her individualist heroes and to attend to her portraits of the possibilities of enterprise. It is Miss Rand's caustic attacks upon all sorts of social institutions which also delight them. Her novels caricature organized religion, labor unions, and many types of political institutions, but student



fans of Ayn Rand probably respond most wholeheartedly to her indictment of the two institutions they are most affected by: schools and family.

ONLY one of the students I talked with volunteered the information that "a lot of the kids who like her like her because of the way she treats colleges," but most of them eventually admitted, somewhat sheepishly, that they approved of the way she manhandles professors. In *The Fountainhead*, Howard Roark is denied a college diploma when his final student projects do not meet the arid and preconceived notions of the architecture staff. In *Atlas Shrugged*, there is one teacher who serves as mentor to John Galt, but this professor resigns his post and becomes a short-order cook; the man who replaces him is an intellectual drifter. Another of John Galt's former teachers, a physicist who believes he can follow the will-o'-the-wisp of pure research and is eventually swallowed up by a State Science Institute, figures as one of the major villains of the novel. Throughout *Atlas Shrugged*, Miss Rand reserves her most scornful vitriol for colleges and for the men and women who teach in them. John Galt blames the "intellectual hoodlums who pose as professors" for purveying the ideas which have brought the United States to the verge of collapse. When Hank Rearden, the steel-making hero of the novel, watches the death of a young boy who has been murdered by a looting mob, his anger is directed toward "the boy's teachers who had delivered him, disarmed, to the thug's gun—at the soft, safe assassins of college classrooms who, incompetent to answer the queries of a quest for reason, took pleasure in crippling the young minds entrusted to their care." And Rearden has one of his most intense moments of revulsion when he talks with one of the vicious professors of the novel: "He was seeing a long line of men stretched through the centuries from Plato onward, whose heir and final product was an incompetent little professor with the appearance of a gigolo and the soul of a thug."

If college professors, who more and more stand *in loco parentis* for the student generation, receive a drubbing at Miss Rand's hands, parents themselves fare little better. Howard Roark and John Galt, the two most dynamic heroes of the novels, are orphans who luckily grow up unencumbered by flesh-and-blood parents. They are, however, blessed by understanding father-figures who go so far as to recognize the superiority of their proteges. Dagny Taggart is orphaned early and looks back with reverence only to the rugged ancestor who founded her transcontinental railroad. Dominique Francon of *The Fountainhead* has an ineffectual father, but he is eventually redeemed when he approves her unorthodox love for Roark. Hank Rearden suffers anguish

throughout most of *Atlas Shrugged* because of a false sense of obligation to his family; he attains salvation only when he puts off the double incubus of a frigid wife and whining mother. He first becomes aware of his mother's hollowness when she insists that he give a job to his worthless brother and argues that "Virtue is the giving of the undeserved"; it is only after seven hundred pages, however, that he tears himself from her grasp and leaves her with her expression of "stubborn bewilderment" and her voice of "tearfully petulant reproach."

*The Fountainhead* contains even more acidulous portraits of bewildered and petulant parents. Peter Keating, the young architect whose career parallels Roark's, is a weak-willed young man whose vitality is suffocated by an overprotective and demanding mother. Early in the novel he is troubled by his mother's constant hovering, but he soon accedes to his mother's desires, and Miss Rand's account of the resolution of his early doubts is a clue to his eventual despairing downfall: "He wondered whether he really liked his mother. But she was his mother and this fact was recognized by everybody as meaning automatically that he loved her, and so he took for granted that whatever he felt for her was love. He did not know whether there was any reason why he should respect her judgment. She was his mother; this was supposed to take the place of reasons." Parental fatuity and ineptitude are partly responsible for the warped and slimy views of the prime villain of *The Fountainhead*, Ellsworth Monkton Toohey. Ellsworth is ugly from birth, but his ugliness only heightens his mother's absorption in her son. And Ellsworth's father, although he cannot admire his offspring, weakly acquiesces in his wife's misplaced solicitude. When Ellsworth grows into sickly adulthood, he slowly and slyly insinuates himself into positions where he may exert power and gathers around him people whom he can control and direct. Sexless, he has no children, but his primary role in the novel is to serve as an inverted father figure. He destroys a niece who comes to live with him and warps all the young people who fail to resist his fascinating influence: "After leaving college some of his proteges did quite well, others failed. Only one committed suicide. It was said that Ellsworth Toohey had exercised a beneficent influence upon them—for they never forgot him: they came to consult him on many things, years later, they wrote him, they clung to him. They were like machines without a self-starter, that had to be cranked up by an outside hand."

Ayn Rand speaks pointedly, albeit eccentrically, to student uncertainties about family, school, and jobs. And they pay attention to her because of what she has to say about two other matters of much concern to them: religion and sex. Miss Rand's violent hos-



tility to religion, which she dismisses as mysticism, and her scornful insistence that reason cannot brook the idea of God, make her an eye-opening prophet for certain people who have qualms about religion and religious practices. One student said, "I was born a Catholic, but I just can't believe in the gaudiness and fanciness of the Catholic church. I like Howard Roark's worship of man much better." A girl, who didn't say what church she formerly belonged to, remarked proudly, "It was only a few weeks after I read *Atlas Shrugged* that I left the church." And a young man informed me that his girl friend, a student at another college, had found "the idea of God incompatible with Ayn Rand."

**A**FTER reading *Atlas Shrugged*, one has a hard time deciding whether Miss Rand holds bad pedagogy, altruistic sociology, muddle-headed economics, or irrational religion most responsible for the betrayal of the American dream, but religion certainly stands high on the charge sheet. "Hatred-eaten mystics" are the chief enemies John Galt flays away at in his sixty-page radio address to the nation at the close of the book. Galt attacks both "mystics of spirit" and "mystics of muscle" (most notoriously, Marxists and their ilk). But his most fervid virulence is reserved for religious leaders. The entire sixty pages must be read to be believed, but the following passage will give something of the flavor of Miss Rand's animosity toward religion:

They [the mystics] claim that they perceive a mode of being superior to your existence on this earth. . . . To exist is to possess identity. What identity are they able to give to their superior realm? They keep telling you what it is *not*, but never tell you what it *is*. All their identifications consist of negating: God is that which no human mind can know, they say—and proceed to demand that you consider it knowledge—God is non-man, heaven is non-earth, soul is non-body, virtue is non-profit, A is non-A [the keystone of Miss Rand's philosophy is the proposition: A is A], perception is non-sensory, knowledge is non-reason. Their definitions are not acts of defining, but of wiping out. It is only the metaphysics of a leech that would cling to the idea of a universe where a zero is a standard of identification."

If the existence of existence rules out the possibility of God, it is not in conflict with the possibility of Man, and it is Man who is deified in the novels of Ayn Rand. In *The Fountainhead*, Howard Roark is commissioned to erect a Temple of Religion; he comes up with a structure which makes the human figure "the only absolute, the gauge of perfection by which all dimensions were to be judged," a temple "where one would come to feel sinless and strong, to find the peace of spirit never granted save by one's own glory." The only ornament of the temple is a nude female statue for which Dominique Francon, Howard Roark's mistress, serves as model. When Roark is brought to trial for having built a temple not in keeping with the donor's wishes,

Dominique testifies in his behalf: "Howard Roark built a temple to the human spirit. He saw man as strong, proud, clean, wise and fearless. . . . He thought that exaltation comes from the consciousness of being guiltless, of seeing the truth and achieving it, of living up to one's highest possibility, of knowing no shame and having no cause for shame, of being able to stand naked in full sunlight."

Miss Rand's glorification of sexual experience flows directly from her insistence upon the need for man's exaltation, her insistence that he should be able "to stand naked in full sunlight." Students I talked with were particularly impressed by the "honesty" of her pronouncements on sex. One remarked, "Her treatment of sex appealed to me because it was an extremely honest attitude. It didn't attempt to hide itself. It didn't treat sex as something dirty." Another said, "I like the sexual passages in her books. The sex content wasn't smutty but was put over as a thing of beauty." It is easy to see why students troubled by misgivings about sex might find the love scenes in Miss Rand's novels fascinating, particularly since her heroic lovers reach immeasurable heights of ecstasy. But it is hard to make out the beauty in her treatment of sex. In Ayn Rand's world, sexuality is conflict; sexual encounters are, more often than not, comings together of two violent animals, and her heroines' delight is generally masochistic. Here, for example, is Miss Rand's account of the mating of Dagny Taggart and John Galt—in a railway tunnel deep beneath New York City, their bower of delight a jumble of wet and leaking sandbags:

Then she felt the mesh of burlap striking the skin of her shoulders, she found herself lying on the broken sandbags, she saw the long tight gleam of her stockings, she felt his mouth pressed to her ankle, then rising in a tortured motion up the line of her leg, as if he wished to own its shape by means of his lips, then she felt her teeth sinking into the flesh of his arm, she felt the sweep of his elbow knocking her head aside and his mouth seizing her lips with a pressure more violently painful than hers—then she felt, when it hit her throat, that which she knew only as an upward streak of motion that released and united her body into a single shock of pleasure—then she knew nothing but the motion of his body and the driving greed that went reaching on and on, as if she were not a person any longer, only a sensation of endless reaching for the impossible—then she knew that it was possible, and she gasped and lay still, knowing that nothing more could be desired, ever.

It is uncertain what the exact nature of the feminine, or masculine, dreams of love are to which such a passage caters, what unfulfilled and impossible desires echo to such an erotic fancy; the apocalyptic orgasm which Dagny Taggart enjoys, however, is a good clue to the peculiar sort of fascination which Ayn Rand exerts upon many college students today. In her own aberrant fashion, Miss Rand is dealing with the two problems which Irving Howe, in *Politics and the Novel*, has noted as central in the twentieth-



century political novel: "the relation between ideology and utopia, the meeting between politics and sex." Miss Rand is an ideologue who uses the utopian novel to play upon the fears and distrusts of all sorts of people who are unhappy in today's world, but her highly charged sexuality makes her particularly appealing to young people. In my opinion, it is the animal magnetism, the flamboyant sexuality, of Miss Rand's heroes, even more than their philosophies and earnest productivity, that causes college students to imagine themselves in the shoes of Howard Roark and Dagny Taggart and John Galt.

reality is the realm and premise of death." Several of the students were fully aware of and agreed with the implications inherent in Miss Rand's view of reality. One of them told me: "I like her because she's on the side of the people who do things and wants them to be allowed to do things in their own way. She would kill the parasites off."

At bottom, Ayn Rand is a genuine radical. Her brand of conservatism does not look back to the past nor does it attempt to preserve the status quo; she looks forward to a totally different social order. And the students who read her see her for what she is, though they are more apt to define her and her characters as nonconformist than as radicals. One girl said of the characters in *Atlas Shrugged*, "They're nonconformists—not beatnik nonconformists—but they're definitely against society and fighting most of the ideas people hold nowadays." A similar view of John Galt and Dagny Taggart was advanced by another girl: "They're always fighting against the institutions that want to destroy them." Both *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged* end in violence, and Miss Rand takes indubitably sadistic pleasure in recounting that violence. In *The Fountainhead*, Howard Roark assumes the role of anarchist and dynamites a building which he has designed but which has been perverted by bureaucratic bungling. At the end of *Atlas Shrugged*, Dagny and three of her male associates rescue John Galt from fiendish torture within the grounds of the State Science Institute. In order to effect the rescue, the party must shoot down a number of guards. When Dagny is called upon to gun down a man, she does it with all the *sang-froid* of a Mickey Spillane hero (Spillane is the contemporary writer whom Ayn Rand most admires): "Calmly and impersonally, she, who would have hesitated to fire at an animal, pulled the trigger and fired straight at the heart of a man who had wanted to exist without the responsibility of consciousness."



DRAWING BY JEAN PENLAND

While it is genuinely pathetic to realize that many students do think of Miss Rand's heroes and heroines as positive ego-ideals, it is also frightening. Frightening for two reasons. First of all, Miss Rand's heroes are brutal and inhumane. Their disgust with altruism and their definition of virtue as self-gratification wind up by robbing them of nobility. The overpowering certainty with which they decide moral issues makes them seem secure but actually converts them into moral tyrants. John Galt's message to insecure students smashes problems instead of resolving them: "There are two sides to every issue: one side is right and the other is wrong, but the middle is always evil." Secondly, the heroic ideals of Miss Rand's world are so impossible of attainment that holding to them can only lead to frustration and increased wrath. Students come to her in frustration and anger; reading her can only heighten their anxieties.

Furthermore, the highly emotive language of her novels is calculated to play upon and intensify embittered emotions. When she and her characters refer to teachers, parents, ministers, and political leaders in such phrases as "college-infected parasites," "sniveling little neurotics," "hatred-eaten mystics," and "intellectual hoodlums who pose as professors," the rancor and poison boil through. One can only shudder at the implications behind one portion of John Galt's message: "Make every allowance for errors of knowledge; do not forgive or accept any breach of morality. Give the benefit of doubt to those who seek to know, but treat as potential killers those specimens of insolent depravity who make demands upon you, announcing that they have and seek no reasons, proclaiming, as a license, that they 'just feel it'—or . . . 'It's only logic,' which means: 'It's only reality.' The only realm opposed to

ONE of Miss Rand's critics, Joel Rosenbloom, writing in *The New Republic* some three years ago, had concluded that "There seems little likelihood of an expanding future for Miss Rand's system or her following." One would hope so, but it seems to me that her mixture of blood, sex, and hysteria is potent enough to continue to enlist new disciples of her message, and readers continue to devour her novels in both hard and soft covers. However, while I do not hold it against reason to be frightened of Miss Rand as an ideologue preaching a peculiar brand of right-wing extremism, her popularity among students is apt to lead to less melodramatic but equally pernicious consequences. For, while her message may be interpreted as a call to action it may also be taken as a signal for apathy, for sullen withdrawal from the area of political conflict.



There were some political conservatives among the students I talked with; as I remarked earlier, however, the majority disavowed any interest in politics. Actually, a lack of interest in politics is quite consistent with an admiration for Ayn Rand, for her characters never engage in political activity. What is more, her egoistic creed and emphasis on self-gratification preclude involvement in political institutions. *Atlas Shrugged*, particularly, provides a model for retreat from politics. John Galt's utopian hideaway is completely removed from the United States controlled by legislators and bureaucrats, and Galt's radio message to the saving remnant within the nation forthrightly preaches withdrawal from the political and social system he condemns as immoral:

Now that you know the truth about your world, *stop supporting your own destroyers*. The evil of the world is made possible by nothing but the sanction you give it. Withdraw your sanction. Withdraw your support. Do not try to live on your enemies' terms or to win at a game where they're setting the rules. . . . Do not try to produce a fortune, with a looter riding on your back. . . . If you find a chance to vanish into some wilderness out of their reach, do so, but not to exist as a bandit or to create a gang competing with their racket; build a productive life of your own with those who accept your moral code and are willing to struggle for a human existence.

It is this clarion call for withdrawal that is the most frightening aspect of Miss Rand's fiction, even more frightening than her sadism and gross animality. For it is a call for withdrawal to a fantastic dream world, to a utopia spun from disillusionment and impossible dreams of grandeur. It is a crippling dream world, a stridently nightmarish vision that can do great harm to those young imaginations that fail to see the brutality and dishonor that permeate it. One hopes that most of Miss Rand's student admirers will outgrow their youthful fervor, and one trusts that her unthinking "Objectivism" will never develop into a mass movement potent enough to effect the revolution she envisions; however, even if most of her young devotees are likely soon to put aside their identification with Dominique and Howard Roark, with Dagny and John Galt, some of Ayn Rand's poison is nevertheless apt to linger in their systems—linger and fester there to malform them as citizens and, possibly, deliver them over, willing victims to the totalitarian monsters always lurking in the twists and turns of history. That is the trouble with Ayn Rand: she and her novels are noxious.

DRAWING BY  
JEAN PENLAND



# FILM: FERVOR AGAINST FORM

BY ROBERT STEELE

NEW, glassy-fronted cinemas are popping up all over. Admission prices have never been higher. Many films are making big money. *Tom Jones* is making so much there is talk of its bringing a revolution to British film making. The trade papers frenetically spew news of productions going on full blast in old studios and new studios, yet to be completely constructed, from the Amazon to the Volga. *Variety* couldn't say today, "Stix Nix Hix Pix." Now rural people are suburban people; they read *Life* and are as curious about Fellini's next picture as New Yorkers and Romans. I don't recall a time when we have been on a bigger movie kick than we are on today. Yet my *motive* copy is overdue. I have put off getting it written because there are so few films I feel I must write about. Most of the new films do not fire me to propound fresh eidetic vision on these pages.

In the last month or two, I've been seeing many films I have seen before. I have been entertained and come away from the cinema feeling that I have done some deeper mining in a few old films: *Devi* of Satyajit Ray; Fellini's *La Strada*; *Queen Christina* and *Camille* starring Greta Garbo; *Salome*, made in 1923 with the great Nazimova; *La Symphonie Pastorale* made from the Gide novel; *Citizen Kane*, produced, directed, and starred in by Orson Welles; John Ford's *Stagecoach*; *Sunrise*, introducing Janet



Gaynor and directed by Murnau; *Tol'able David*, looking like a D. W. Griffith work; and *Joyless Street*, made in 1925 by Pabst, which introduced Asta Nielsen and Garbo to American audiences.

New films around that I have not already reviewed, that either I've seen and wished I had stayed home and read a book, or have stayed home and finished a book because I had no desire to see, are: *My Life to Live*, a new work of Jean-Luc Godard of *Breathless* fame; Carl Foreman's *The Victors*; Marcello Mastroianni's new vehicle, *Family Diary*; *All the Way Home*, which like the play by the same new name misses the drama and stature of Jame Agee's autobiographical work, *Death in the Family*, upon which both are supposedly based; *The Cardinal*, very much endorsed by Cardinal Cushing and the director, Otto Preminger which is terrific merchandise for benefit parties; *Cleopatra*, which no one denies is a bit too biggish and longish; *The Olive Trees of Justice*, which is the first feature made in French by an American (James Blue); *The Householder*, which is the first feature made in India by an American (James Ivory); *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, made by Stanley Kramer in Cinerama; *Take Her, She's Mine* with James Stewart; *The V.I.P.'s*, despite the addition of Louis Jourdan to Anthony Burton and Cleopatra Taylor; *Twice a Man*, ballyhooed as the *really new* avant garde by the friends of its maker, Gregory Markopoulos; *Flaming Creatures* by Jack Smith, which for the first time in film history let me watch masturbation on the screen without interference by dry ice, prismatic lenses, swish camera movements, jet-speed cutting, or spit on the lens; *Charade*, Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn "playing a game of danger and delight"; *Ladies Who Do*, antics from England which expose the fraud of the film name; and *Move Over, Darling*, said by James Garner to Doris Day.

Since film is the one art form that we don't find beginning with prehistoric man, the art form that is a logical development for a machine age, an art form that is a *summum bonum* because it uses the materials of many other art forms, one might think we should be elated that so many have been bitten by the bug. Films are being made and attended furiously. This would be a time for elation—if film addicts were aware of the nature and form of film. Fervor is no substitute for film sophistication. Films are made as commodities to be sold, and as long as people buy Cary Grant, we will have Cary Grant. Films made to be marketed alongside the new 1964 Oldsmobile are not as disturbing as those made by younger persons who do prefer film to swimming pools.

A brand new movement in film called "*cinema verite*" in France and "direct filming" and "film happenings" in the United States is sadder than industrially made films. Occasionally, a sequence comes to life but generally the films are static like

much of television. They are like television in that people talk to each other for what seem like twenty-minute stretches. They don't talk about much because they don't have anything to say. Mostly, the "cast" talks about the single subject—their adolescent problems of sexual frustration. They are pedestrian people, whose place at home would be in beauty shops, garages, shops, factories, and schools. Their being put in front of cameras wastes film stock. If more persons with the cinema-making bug could visit a film-manufacturing plant to see the labor and knowledge involved in making a roll of film, they might be more inclined not to shoot it when they have nothing to shoot.

We have lots of alleged reality in films today. It's not safe to stroll through Central Park or walk down Fifth Avenue if you wish to keep your face off film. Enjoyable films, real films, good films, fine films are not actuality, except when the ability to see on the part of the film maker gives us more actuality than we ever knew existed. Actuality, physical reality, or realism are not justifications for real films. Great films are arbitrary creations made by way of the feeling, thinking, and seeing of a great person. They are illusions, fabrications, and promises of what reality might be like. They are a step beyond reality. An especially good film may be the one that is a mile ahead of actuality. They are reality with a fever. They trap us for ninety minutes in icy fire or red-hot frost. Literally, as in the case of Georges Franju's *Blood of the Beasts*, or figuratively, as in the case of Ichikawa's *Fires on the Plain*, they plunge the viewer into a tauroborium.

Films, the real ones, are not television or radio programs; they are not pamphlets, novels, plays, or biographies—even of Marilyn Monroe. They are not paintings or sculpture; they are not poetry or dance. They may have poetry and dance in them, and they may use a play, novel, or biography as the raw material from which they hew a film, but they are something other.

The other has to do with their form and nature. Real films *move*. They are selections of moving images composed into shapes and designs that go somewhere. They are two-dimensional rather than three. They do not glory in presenting the actuality of flesh, blood, hair-dos, or gold-tinted pubic hair. All that can be left to the theater, night clubs, and coming-out parties. They are not propaganda or literature. They are not spectacles or stars. They are pictorial images that may function as weapons, bridges, revealers, explorers, healers, or purgations, but they function in this way by serendipity rather than by intention.

The intention of the real film maker is to express artistically what seems vital to him in existence. Such films have action, life in action, and more important, motion and movement. Only these qualities can show us which bodies are and are not corpses.





WOODCUT

SIDNEY CHAFETZ

Motion and movement also make the great divide between the films that are stillborn and those that are packages of life. They are alive; they take on lives of their own.

Probably no one has stated this observation any better than William Faulkner. When he made the following statement, he was not being interviewed about film or what physicians check on before signing death certificates. He was being asked to speak about his experience as a novelist, for the *Paris Review* "writers at work" series. It should not surprise us that he seems to be speaking primarily to the film maker. Forms of art flow together on a deep level:

*Interviewer\**: Critics . . . suggest that your characters never consciously choose between good and evil.

*Faulkner*: Life is not interested in good and evil. Don Quixote was constantly choosing between good and evil, but then he was choosing in his dream state. He was mad. He entered reality only when he was so busy trying to cope with people that he had no time to distinguish between good and evil. *Since people exist only in life, they must devote their time simply to being alive. Life is motion and motion is concerned with what makes man move—which is ambition, power, pleasure.* [Italics mine.] What time a man can devote to morality, he must take by force from the motion of which he is a part. He is compelled to make choices between good and evil sooner or later, because moral conscience demands that from him in order that he can live with himself tomorrow. His moral conscience is the curse he had to accept from the gods in order to gain from them the right to dream.

*Interviewer*: Could you explain more what you mean by motion in relation to the artist?

*Faulkner*: The aim of every artist is to arrest motion, which is life, by artificial means and hold it fixed so that a

\*Jean Stein. The interview first appeared in *Paris Review*, #12.

hundred years later, when a stranger looks at it, it moves again since it is life. Since man is mortal, the only immortality possible for him is to leave something behind him that is immortal since it will always move. This is the artist's way of scribbling 'Kilroy was here' on the wall of the final and irrevocable oblivion through which he must someday pass.

Film by its nature is motion and movement, and probably this nature explains why so many fine painters, sculptors, poets, and musicians are leaving their professions to become film makers. The mechanics, techniques, and equipment used in making films all involve physical, actual movement. Films can give us recordings of clock time and space subject to the laws of gravity. Or they may depart from actuality and give us compressed or extended time and experiences of space free of the tug of gravity. Actuality and reality may seem to become more actuality and reality to the extent filmic handling of time and space seem psychologically truer to us.

Film making is a battle with actuality to get moving images on celluloid which will be projected on a screen in order to move the viewer—to give him feelings he has not had before, with comparable impact and clarity, which may touch off ideas and awarenesses which are vital to him. This does not mean the good film is the one with swashbuckling motion and violent movement. Motion and movement may be intentionally subtle. The slightness of the movement, when the film maker knows what he is doing and what he wants, may tee off a trenchant moving experience for the viewer. Think of Carl Dreyer's *Ordet*. For the first twenty minutes—which seem like sixty—it seems hardly to move. One sits frozen to his seat because the slight movement promises and prepares for an explosion of movement to come. Fine films provide us with anticipatory experience. One ought not to go to a film if he wishes to meditate. He should go to an art gallery or to church. If meditation is desired by the film maker as a consequence of seeing his film, it should take place on the way home.

Films, the good ones when you can find them, go beyond the spoken and written word. They jump over our usual kind of thinking. They move in on us in ways which may undress us. They confront us with what we have in common with other human beings, the angels, and *les maudits*. They take us upstream where we have never dared to venture and probably could not go without a shove from the film maker. They suck us into feelings and sometimes resulting understandings which make us participants in a universal language. By way of movement, we join life everywhere. Such films crash those barriers in front of us and, more excitingly, annihilate those inside us. They take us places which bring us to life so that after seeing the film, we are more alive.



# BOOKS

Marcia M. Mathews, *Richard Allen*. Helicon (1963), 151 pp., \$3.95.

THIS is the biography of Richard Allen, the founder of the African Methodist Church. The author—following the plain account of Allen's life according to his autobiography—has used many parts, as she said, "as oil for my lamp." There are times when one may wonder if imagination does not get out of control.

This life of Allen tells something of the role of the Negro during the first years of the Republic. Then, as now, it was difficult. In fact, the parallels are enhanced by the way the author narrates them. At times it seems that she is placing Allen in a contemporary situation, yet his autobiography tends to confirm her story.

The African Methodist Church began in Philadelphia. Negroes who belonged to the Methodist Society in Philadelphia complained of unbrotherly treatment by the members. This reached its climax when Richard Allen, a citizen of standing in the city, and another worshiper were pulled from their knees in a service during the prayer and told to go to a different seat in the sanctuary. After this incident Allen took the initiative in erecting a Methodist church for his people. He protected the interest of the new church by incorporating it as an entity within itself without relationship to the Methodist conference. The conference, however, continued to assign preachers to it until 1814. In 1816 it became the mother church of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and Richard Allen its first bishop.

There is nothing in Asbury's journal to indicate anything but friendly relations between the bishop and Allen. Once he speaks of preaching in Allen's church and another time mentions that Allen purchased a horse for him at \$90.

In addition to the light the volume throws upon the organization of the new denomination, one part deals with the plague which took many lives in Philadelphia during the last years of the eighteenth century. In this the Negro was credited with a variety of services in caring for the sick and burying the dead. Allen was called upon by Benjamin Rush, the distinguished physician, to marshal his people in alleviating the widespread suffering in the city.

In many ways this is a remarkable biography of a distinguished American Negro. The absence, however, of any references to source material reduces its effectiveness. The conclusions set forth about Allen's hardships would have been strengthened if the book had been documented with a reliable bibliography.

—JOHN O. GROSS

Paul Lehmann, *Ethics in a Christian Context*. Harper & Row (1963), 384 pp., \$5.00.

*Ethics in a Christian Context* is a mid-wife presiding over the ethical screams and labors of the Christian and cultural communities in the West. The book is a mid-wife because it faces, prophetically, parabolically, and imaginatively, the crucial problem in the ethical tradition of the church and the world: the stricture between ideal and actual, between ethical command and ethical act, between public and private spheres, between individual and collective destinies, between theory and practice, between absolutism and relativity. The resolution of

this impasse exposes what it takes to give birth to, and hold together, the human condition.

The book is a mid-wife because the very tools with which it works contain the task which is described, and make the promise that the creature will be new-born, and not still-born. In these pages we have a genuinely theological ethic: method and content, affirmation and action are dialectically entwined. Each is the tutor of the other. Thus, the essay itself is an exemplary sign of a contextual ethic at work: Lehmann thinks contextually. That means that the way of doing theological ethics is itself a reflection of the ethical predicament having been overcome, not by theology, but by Him in whose activity ethics is either substantive or farcical.

And the book is good literature, if, as Whitehead wrote, "The art of literature, vocal or written, is to adjust the language so that it embodies what it indicates." This good literature, so rarely found in theological writing, is also difficult literature—difficult because it is so thoroughly informed by the idiom of contemporary poetry (and poetry is pure language). It is no less informed by the language of a number of major novelists, as well as by the reflective words of the theological tradition, past and present. The point is that the language, the sentences, the chapters reflect a serious engagement between the theologian and the world which we have on our hands.

What is being born, by the act of this book, is a doing over of the description and task of the conscience, involving a decision about which account of conscience is correct. The doing over of the conscience, however, is neither easy to come by because of the Freudian alternative, nor particularly welcome to Christians and non-Christians because of a lively humanism operative in the culture. Nevertheless, Lehmann sees this as the authentic possibility for the Christian community. What it takes to do the conscience over is a re-doing of the methodology of Christian ethics, and the establishment of an authentic point of departure, along with a formative description of the content of the faithful life. The strange news of this new birth delivers something else to us: a re-doing of what is meant by the Church. It is this fresh methodology, which makes sense in and of the *koinonia*, which leads to the possible liberation of conscience as the act, distinctively, of the Christian. If Lehmann is right, then almost every American Christian ethicist (with the possible exception of Reinhold Niebuhr) and not a few European ones, has erred severely. That is why the book is a mid-wife.

*Ethics in a Christian Context* is the first of two projected volumes, and is primarily concerned with the re-doing of method, and the exposing of foundations. A subsequent volume will see the growth of the child. Readers might well be helped in understanding the entire project by a careful study of an article by Lehmann, "The Foundation and Pattern of Christian Behavior," published in *Christian Faith and Social Action* (John Hutchison, ed., Scribners, 1953), which may be taken as an outline of what is in store for us.

For readers who have the courage to take this book in hand, Lehmann is found confessing that, if the doing of God in the world is not programmatic or prescriptive or analytical, then there is no reason why theological ethics should be this way. He confesses that, since what God is doing in the world is "making human life human," and that his activity is known parabolically and in signs, by imagination more than by logic, then theological ethics is set free to be a descriptive discipline in and by the *koinonia*. What theological ethics describes is the dynamic winnowing away of the old humanity, and its will to power, by the New Humanity, and its power to will what God wills. The power to will what God wills is "the transformation of the concrete stuff of behavior, i. e., the circumstances, the motivations, and the structures of action, owing



to the concrete, personal, and purposeful activity of God" (p. 14). And the place where ethics begins, for Christians, is the place where what is pointed to by the *koinonia* is known in the world, which happens to be the *koinonia* itself, that community which is a foretaste of a "transformed human being and a transformed humanity, owing to the specific action of God in Jesus Christ" (p. 17). Because of Jesus Christ the face of reality is changed. "He is the reason of everything."

The danger of a tautological establishment of the community is avoided by the fact that the *koinonia* is simply a primary, self-evident ethical fact (see pp. 351-2). It has ethical reality because of what it is given to be, by the activity of God. In short, we have this community on our hands. Just as Barth has differentiated theology and philosophy by describing their uncommon presuppositions (theology presupposes that "God speaks," philosophy that "man speaks"), so Lehmann supplies the *koinonia* itself as the primary presupposition in the doing of theological ethics:

*The hidden character of the church and the empirical character of the church are dynamically and dialectically related in and through God's action in Christ, whose headship of the church makes the church at once the context and the custodian of the secret of the maturity of humanity. Regarded in this way, the reality of the church is an ethical reality because what God is doing in the world becomes concrete in the transformation of human motivation and of the structures of human relatedness which are the stuff of human fulfillment. What is real about Christian life is always hidden in the fellowship of the koinonia. The koinonia is, however, neither identical with the visible church nor separable from the visible church. Ecclesiola in ecclesia, the little church within the church, the leaven in the lump, the remnant in the midst of the covenant people, the koinonia in the world—this is the reality which is the starting point for the living of the Christian life and for our thinking about Christian ethics (p. 72).*

So Christian ethics is oriented toward revelation rather than morality, and its aim is maturity (the state of things for men in the New Humanity; Ephesians 4:11-14), the single basis on which morality makes human sense. Since the *koinonia* is the point of departure, what men do is tied up with what God does, which means that both the complexity of the will of God and the complexity of the human situation are held together, rather than driven apart as in an absolutist ethic; and dialectically related, rather than rendered unsustainable as in a relativistic ethic. The unavoidable implication of such a way of doing ethics is this: no community, no ethics. And that sheds a great deal of light on what is the matter with the Protestant churches.

What is known in the *koinonia* is what holds the human situation together anywhere, and what holds the human situation together is the "trust of the risk of trust" in the One whose faithfulness enables obedient and free justice, forgiveness and reconciliation to hammer out the maturity of men. The *koinonia* is the laboratory of such maturity, and such maturity is a gift and not a search.

In view of the fact that Lehmann thinks the greatest alternative to the Christian life is a humanistic faith (p. 361) and that a contextual ethic is not dependent on its philosophical neighbors for a definition of its task and content, it is remarkable that more than one hundred pages of the book are devoted to "Christian and Philosophical Thinking about Ethics." But there is also an internal reason: it is to give a full airing to the way in which a contextual ethic resolves the problem of a double standard between church and world, to explore just



DRAWING BY ELIZABETH KORN

what the world sees apparently without the church, and finally to inquire about what may be the unique contribution of Christian ethics to any ethical enterprise. It is astounding with what critical empathy Lehmann assesses the powers of man, first in the statement about freedom as the ultimate ethical fact in a manner neither absolute nor relative, from the philosophy of Paul Weiss, and second, in the mature self-love which Erich Fromm sees as the resolution, humanistically, of the problem of love.

Broadly, Lehmann sees the stream of philosophical thinking about ethics, which is at once the most related to, and the most problematic for, Christian thinking about ethics as the search for the Good, beginning with Aristotle, absolutized by Kant, and redirected by William James. James, in fact, is seen as the only one who, because of his displacement of absolutism by pluralism and his avoidance of relativism, "has provided an instrumental vehicle for an interpretation of ethics which seeks to understand and shape behavior in terms of the dynamics and pattern of the politics of God" (p. 202). Lehmann does not baptize James; he thinks that James almost baptized himself.

There is also a chapter on ethics and linguistic analysis. Especially notable, however, are two concluding chapters, "On the Boundary of Ethics and Christian Faith" and "The Insufficiency of Philosophical Ethics," in which we find a careful appraisal of what has happened in Christian theology when Christian ethics and philosophical ethics have encountered one another. The pivotal work of Augustine, Aquinas, and Schleiermacher are restated critically. Lehmann concludes that the radical incompatibility between theological and philosophical ethics is clarified in this way: "What is a problem to the one is not a problem to the other."

*To put it epigrammatically: Christian and philosophical ethics share the same concerns but not the same concern. Philosophical ethics is concerned with the problem of the Good: its actuality, its knowability, its normative relation to human behavior. But this is no problem for Christian ethics at all. . . . Christian ethics always already knows the Good. The fact of this claim makes Christian ethics primarily concerned not with the normative nature and role of the Good but with the terms and the territory of obedience, with what is involving in doing the Good. . . . The radical incompatibility between Christian and philosophical ethics is the irreconcilability of their respective views of human self-determination (pp. 273-4).*

Lehmann sees this insufficiency of philosophical ethics as the exposé of an equally inadequate resolution of claim and act



in moral philosophy, in the fact that the rational commitment of all philosophy imprisons it in the necessity of generalization, and generalization is unable to deal with the radical evil, or, for that matter, with the activity of God. Finally, it is a question of which account of freedom is correct.

Such an indication of what Lehmann is trying to do obscures the intricacy, the beauty, and the shock of his gift in writing this book. For example, the chapter on "What God Is Doing In the World" bears a freight of imaginative language and insight about the activity of God as political activity. Or again, the critical restatement of the doctrines of the communion of saints, of the Trinity, of the threefold office of Christ, of the First and Second Adam, all shape the direction of the recovery of biblical imagery, informed by cultural images, so that toward the end of the first part of the book, we are confronted with an indicative ethic which makes sense of burdensome aspects of human behavior. Like sexuality:

*The sexual act is no more and no less open to this freedom in obedience than is any other human action. But the Christian Church, and consequently the Christian ethical tradition, has lacked the faith, the imagination, and the boldness to include the sexual act among the risks of free obedience. When sexual experience is understood as intrinsic to the fulfillment of human wholeness in and through human belonging, then whether the sexual act occurs within marriage relationship or on the way toward marriage is a decision which can only be taken aright as a decision in free obedience to what God is doing in the world to make and to keep human life human. If such an ethic should seem to lead to sexual anarchy, let it be considered that sexuality could scarcely be more vulnerable to promiscuity than it is currently, and that, in any case, a Christian sexual ethic has another concern entirely than that of providing a check upon promiscuity and prostitution (p. 138).*

On the heels of this comes a hearty criticism of John Bennett's suggestion that Christians act according to "middle axioms," Lehmann giving his appraisal in the context of a decision about international affairs. His criticism is too conditional, too careful, too contextual to summarize. Let it only be said that it is soundly helpful to have such attention to a way of doing ethics so widely used in the churches.

Throughout the book the works of men like Auden, Cummings, Dostoevski, Salinger become the very substance upon which the issues are clarified and themes resolved. Literature is never reduced to "examples" or "illustrative material." It is part of the community at work: seeing, hearing, pointing, serving. Who in theology anywhere can mention Calvin, Salinger, and Dostoevski in a single paragraph, without cleverness, and with that maturity which Nietzsche described as the recovery of "that sense of seriousness which one had as a child at play?"

Now, Lehmann finds the most serious challenge to a contextual ethic within the household of faith to come from the moral theology of certain Anglicans and Romans. It is a serious alternative because ethics is done in the context of the church; because moral theology tries to deal realistically with moral problems; and because moral theology skillfully and compassionately uses a method of casuistry. The defect of this casuistic way of doing ethics arises not so much from dealing with the pain of men with encyclicals as from obscuring the activity of God. Moral theology fails to close the gap between ethical command and ethical act. Just what this entails brings us again to the crucial question of conscience, of what has happened to it in its decline and fall in Western ethical tradition, from the Greeks to Freud, and the possibility of a fresh recovery of conscience in the contextual liberation of conscience within the *koinonia*. To see how Lehmann arrives at this fresh possibility is to be involved in the mid-wifery which is the task of the book.

Such mid-wifery is also, at once, the task of the prophetic servant.

It is dangerous to read this book. It can only be studied. Otherwise Lehmann's thesis will be delivered to the sloganizing which already characterizes the student movement all too well, and Lehmannesque epigrams will be found on the lips of the most innocent. In that event the book will be destroyed, the extraordinary enlightenment and humor of the footnotes will be missed, and the tightly-woven thesis unraveled like so much yarn. It is, therefore, a dangerous book not to read. Not to read it is to overlook the most original ethical treatise presented to the Christian community by an American theologian. It deals with our most urgent problems. It is faithful without anxiety about relevance, and it is relevant without compulsiveness about fidelity. Who has not faced the fact that there is a missing connection between who we are and what we do?

It is dangerous to study this book because to study it is to learn a great deal about receiving. And for any man to receive an authentic gift in our time is to open himself to dying.

—BANKS O. GODFREY, JR.

Eric C. Rust, *Towards a Theological Understanding of History*. Oxford (1963), 292 pp., \$6.00.

The first Christians expected an early return of Christ, and the continuing delay of this return shaped much of their thinking. During subsequent years, accommodation of the Western mind to the delay in Christ's return led to a secularization or outright liquidation of the whole eschatological idea. Christians joined with non-Christians in embracing an idea of progress that linked man's destiny to his gradual improvement in time. Time itself would provide a goal that would be achieved by some natural process. But the comfortable confidence in history's ability to transcend itself was thoroughly shattered by a succession of two world wars culminating in the possibility of a nuclear *eschaton* wrought by man himself.

The eschatological idea has once again become a part of our existence—giving meaning or lack of meaning to it. What it says for man in general is said in particular for each of us. Once again we must find our purpose in the light of a beginning and an end. Since the early efforts of Albert Schweitzer and Oswald Spengler at the close of World War I, philosophies and theologies of history have echoed and reechoed the theses and countertheses of both prophets of doom and prophets of hope. No less significant has been the resurgence of Biblical theology and its emphasis on eschatological faith. What of this eschatological idea? Is it an anachronism? Can or should it be demythologized?

This is a crucial question that raises the issue of "essence and inner core of Christian faith itself" as Hugh Kerr so succinctly puts it in the preface of his *Positive Protestantism*. When faith is reinterpreted or adapted to the symbols and needs of the age, two essentials must remain intact: faith must remain historical and identifiably Christian. The first ensures the latter, if being historical is taken in the eschatological sense to mean "salvation history."

Rust's is one of the most recent books to deal with the entirety of this problem. His comprehensive study could very well be entitled *A Christian Understanding of History or Salvation History*—were it not for the fact that other books of his already bear these titles! His most recent work is a statement of the belief that there is a distinctly Christian understanding of history that is Biblical and thoroughly uncontaminated by insinuations of non-Christian ideas. Rust is not embarrassed by the undemythologized character of much of what he says. He is confident that the entire panoply of Christian mythology is as relevant today as it ever was and flatly rejects the notion



"that Biblical imagery has no objective validity or cosmic significance, but must be understood anthropologically and existentially" (p. 84). "Myth," he says—and rightfully so—"unveils the depth of historical reality" (p. 85). For the Christian, there are what might be called *permanent* mythical elements which have not, as Bultmann suggests, lost their power to communicate cosmic truths. Indeed the images of the Christian *kerygma* never were *totally* effective at any time and need not be today in order to justify themselves.

To be sure, all New Testament images and beliefs are handled with a consummate sophistication, but one wonders whether Bishop Robinson's apprehensions in *Honest to God* are not well founded when an attempt to take into tow all or nearly all of primitive Christian imagery tends to black out what is distinctive and permanent. Rust apparently takes the need to identify the Christian understanding of history to mean a need to identify and justify all or almost all of Biblical imagery.

Although he says that the Christian world view that undergirds the Christian understanding of history is "existential throughout," he does not, like Bultmann, give an exclusively existential interpretation. His orthodoxy remains intact. Moreover the *ordinary* meanings of common Christian words are not distorted. He does not, for example, hold that these words contain the vestigial and undemythologized remains of a mythological past. He retains the categories of those witnessing Christians for whom much of current theological language has become strange and obtrusive.

All in all, Rust's new book is a generally well turned restatement of the classic Augustinian view of history. The God who was and still is in Christ is the Lord of history. Salvation or existentially meaningful history turns on the "mighty act of God in Christ." God speaks and men respond individually and collectively. God discloses "himself and his purpose in history in such a way that his purpose becomes actualized and dynamically redemptive in historical existence" (p. 14). Historical meaning "can come only through intervention of God" (p. 47). "There has to be a divine self-disclosure," Rust says (p. 52). Indeed it is presumptuous to imagine that the finite can grasp the infinite except in response to the infinite's initiative and accommodation to the finite in a personal way. *Logos* is a personal revelation, a revealing in a personal and loving sense. It is not the Greek *gnosis* or "community of structure between the reason of man and the rational ground of all things" (p. 52). "In Biblical usage," Rust argues, "the verb 'to reveal' does not mean to impart information about God. It conveys a sense of personal disclosure" (p. 63). Faith, then, is our response to God's self-disclosure in Christ, and salvation history is "fulfilled time," *kairos*, not mere *chronos*. The latter, as the Greeks had already found, is a ceaseless round of human fortunes and misfortunes "full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

—MILTON D. HUNNEX

Keith R. Bridston and Walter D. Wagoner, eds., *Unity in Mid-Career: An Ecumenical Critique*. Macmillan, 211 pp., \$4.95.

Robert McAfee Brown and David H. Scott, eds., *The Challenge to Reunion*. McGraw-Hill, 292 pp., \$6.50.

John E. Skoglund and J. Robert Nelson, *Fifty Years of Faith and Order: an Interpretation*. Interseminary Press, 118 pp., \$1.00. A World Council of Churches paperback.

In July, 1963, a most representative group of theologians assembled in Montreal for the Fourth World Conference on Faith and Order. Grist for their mill: the basic doctrinal concerns that confront separated Christians who, nevertheless, are convinced that they must make visible the unity God has given them in

Jesus Christ and press toward the unity God wills for his church. Present as observers and participating in the total experience were a large number of Roman Catholics—five of them Vatican-appointed—and for the first time as members the Russian Orthodox, representing the largest of the churches of Eastern Christendom. Within the context of its setting and virtually full-orbed encounter, this gathering was unique in Christian history. Faith and Order confronts a quite new future.

The Second Vatican Council, with its third session scheduled for autumn, 1964, has caught the interest of people everywhere—not least of all because of its major concern with the unity of all Christians. Moreover, the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches, meeting in New Delhi late in 1961, brought together delegates—Orthodox Churchmen from Russia, Salvation Army officers from Africa, and Pentecostals from Chile—representing churches whose membership includes more than 90% of the world's non-Roman Catholic Christians. That is a fact to ponder, and one must seek to understand its meaning.

The All-African Conference of Churches and the East Asia Christian Conference (we would call these bodies "councils") display a vigorous life. And in the past five decades an increasing number of church unions (e.g., the Church of South India and the *Kyodan* in Japan) and conversations or well developed plans looking toward church union (e.g., in East Africa, the "Blake-Pike Proposal" in the USA, and the North India Plan) have emerged.

These are but examples, and they could be multiplied, of what in its entirety is called the Ecumenical Movement. It involves the unity, mission, and renewal of the church within the context of the entire world and every race and condition of man. The World Council of Churches stands as a chief symbol of that Movement, but it is only that—one evidence of something much larger and quite new emerging in the life of the church and among all the families of man.

With this in mind, one turns to the three books here reviewed. Keith Bridston, former WSCF and Faith and Order secretary, missionary in Indonesia, now a seminary professor, and Walter Wagoner, closely related to the work of the World Council of Churches and for some years director of the Rockefeller Fund for Theological Education, are co-editors of *Unity in Mid-Career*. They have produced an important book, but it is hardly one for the beginner. This searching exploration of foibles and problems within ecumenical relationships and structures presupposes some ecumenical knowledge. One who had read at least H. P. Van Dusen's *One Great Ground of Hope* and S. M. Cavert's *On the Road to Christian Unity* (two good introductions that ought to be read together) would be in much better position to appreciate and assess some of the positions taken.

Providing an ecumenical "self-examination," much of the book consists of thoughtful analysis, some of sharp comment on persons and practices. A few chapters reveal more about the limits of their author's perspectives than about the Ecumenical Reality, and some have been written less responsibly than others. Yet all those writing are committed to the Ecumenical Movement, and to have this kind of critical assessment in print is very worthwhile. Liston Pope and Bridston examine the World Council of Churches. Alexander Schmemmann's chapter reveals much about certain Orthodox attitudes. Anyone interested in theological education—from intending seminarians to deans—will find Wagoner's chapter enlightening. Everyone concerned with the local church will benefit from William Cate's "Can Unity Begin at Home?" In sum: necessary, provocative, illuminating—and to be read with discrimination.

Seminary professors Nelson and Skoglund, both of whom have had experience in the overseas mission of the church and in Faith and Order (Nelson was Executive Secretary), provide their readers with a lively and insightful account of this important strand in the Ecumenical Movement. The book includes a bibliography and offers a useful brief account of the changing



concerns within Faith and Order to the eve of Montreal. Will this little book be revised to include a chapter on the Montreal Conference and the post-Montreal vistas? One hears rumors to this effect. If this is done, one hopes the writers will be given sufficient space to set the much debated formula "Jesus Christ as God and Saviour" in its larger context. It emerged (and included the phrase, "according to the Holy Scriptures") at Paris in 1855 as the basis for the then-Alliance of YMCA's, was later adopted by the WSCF in 1895 and the World's YWCA in 1898, and then became the basis for Faith and Order and finally of the World Council of Churches.

Brown and Scott—respectively Professor of Religion at Stanford and religious book editor at McGraw-Hill—offer a timely and useful examination of the so-called "Blake-Pike Proposal" for the union of the Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches and the United Church of Christ. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk of the United Presbyterian Church in the USA, proposed the idea in San Francisco in 1960, and Bishop James Pike responded with hearty approval. The proposal has popularly carried the two names ever since. (Pike in 1957 had advanced similar ideas in print.) But where can one find the important document? Here. Where can one find explanation, analysis, criticism, and historical background relating to it? Here.

The impressive roster of contributors includes spokesmen from all four churches involved. Some are enthusiastic partisans; some attempt "objectivity"; and some are skeptical. J. Robert Nelson offers a superb, brief analysis of the three South Asia plans and relates them to the Proposal which, like them, incorporates the four points of the Anglican Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral. Truman B. Douglass writes a helpful chapter and one that should be required reading for all Methodists. Markus Barth is vigorously critical. Overall, it is difficult to imagine a more useful book on a current, concrete proposal with such far-reaching implications and on which official discussion is underway.

We live in the era of the Ecumenical Movement. These three books are evidences of that fact, and they help us to understand it.

—W. RICHEY HOGG

Clark Kerr, *The Uses of the University*. Harvard (1963), 140 pp., \$2.75.

President Clark Kerr of the University of California provides a stimulating yet somewhat dismaying view of the American university of the future. This "view" is important for all university students since, in a sense at least, it is the students who stand to gain or lose most by what the universities become. Characteristically, perhaps, there is less here about the students' stake in the matter than one might hope.

The first of the book's three chapters, "The Idea of a Multiversity," suggests something of the essential problem. Here Kerr adapts to his own use Cardinal Newman's title *The Idea of a University*, published in 1852. To Newman, the university—he was thinking of the Oxford he knew so well—was an institution emphasizing teaching rather than research. Teaching and research he held to be separate functions and gifts, "not commonly found united in the same person."

This leads at once to a major issue for the future, cited by President Kerr as particularly frustrating—undergraduate education. In his own words: "How to escape the cruel paradox that



DRAWING BY  
MARGARET RIGG

a superior faculty results in an inferior concern for undergraduate teaching." The problem confronts every institution of higher learning, but the university in particular. Kerr feels the difficulty but as to remedy he has few suggestions. He takes it for granted, and properly, that the universities will continue to emphasize research.

Since the "multiversity" is a congeries of forces and interests, it follows perhaps logically that a president must regard these as his major functions: to keep the peace, to act as a mediator among powers, to use what authority he has to encourage progress. He is no longer a giant but a peacemaker. "The days of the monarchs are past."

It is not perfectly clear how "progress" is to be defined. It may even be that an institution can, as a critic has suggested, "fail dismally while steadily growing larger and more secure." Precisely this appears to occur when professors become "entrepreneurs," seeking large research grants from Washington or elsewhere and then practically forcing their institution to match, at least in part, the funds they have gained, regardless of the institution's real purpose. Thus, as Kerr suggests, once the student complained when the teacher acted in *loco parentis*, now the student is more likely to be irritated by a teacher *in absentia*.

Nevertheless it is sobering to be told, as Kerr does, that the ideal location for a modern university is "sandwiched between a middle class district on its way to becoming a slum and an ultramodern industrial park—so that students may live in one and faculty consult in the other." The statement is doubtless meant to be wryly witty; yet one must ask whether the universities are to become more and more dedicated to the needs of industry, and at the same time less and less concerned about education *per se*. It is, unhappily, no minor question. President Kerr, however, assumes the question as already answered, for better or worse. "The world of industry and university are merging physically and psychologically."

*The Uses of the University* is a brilliant book, raising crucial issues on nearly every page. What has been discussed in this review represents a central problem but the book deals with many others. A university student will read it with profit and much insight. The same student may or may not be impelled to write of his university what was seen recently in large ill-formed letters on a fence in Berkeley, "This is not a multiversity."

—MYRON F. WICKE



## CRAPGAME

Billy was kibitzing  
and suggested they move  
to someplace appropriate  
Bert mentioned  
Halfway Inn, and as  
it was clouding up anyway

whatthell said the sarge  
one sleazy coat  
but Clyde said roll em

and Maggie cried

—JEAN JEFFRIES

# contributors

**WILLIAM GREEN** is from Caracas, Venezuela. He is a junior at Oberlin College where this article originally appeared in *the activist*.

**THOMAS ROUNTREE** teaches English and creative writing at the University of Alabama where he heads the writing program.

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**BRYAN REDDICK** will graduate in June (probably with honors) from the State University of Iowa with a major in English.

**WILLIAM HAMILTON** teaches theology at Colgate Rochester Divinity School. This article, his second appearance in *motive*, originally appeared in *Theology Today*, January, 1964.

**ROBERT L. WHITE** is an assistant professor at the University of Kentucky where he teaches American literature. He is now completing a critical study of John Peale Bishop for the Twayne United States Authors Series.

**ROBERT STEELE** is *motive's* regular film critic from Boston.

**Book reviewers** include **JOHN O. GROSS**, executive secretary of the Division of Higher Education of The Methodist Church; **BANKS O. GODFREY, JR.**, associate director of the Wesley Foundation at the University of North Carolina; **RICHEY HOGG**, professor of world Christianity at Perkins School of Theology, Dallas; and **MILTON D. HUNNEX**, chairman of the department of philosophy at Willamette University in Oregon.

### GRAPHIC ARTISTS

**JEAN PENLAND**, artist-designer for Abingdon Press, Nashville, returns to the *motive* pages with her excellent line drawings. She will be included in a three woman exhibition of paintings in Nashville this spring.

**HANS ORLOWSKI**, a native of Germany whose wood engravings were featured last month, continues to contribute.

**JIM CRANE**, who is a featured artist this month, and whose painting and sculpture were featured in the March, 1960 issue, produces cartoons that can double as visual dialogue with articles.

**ROBERT HODGELL**, cover artist last month, takes a look at the church, the clergy and the gospel in the twentieth century and comes up with some sharp humor. Both Mr. Hodgell and Mr. Crane are on the faculty of Florida Presbyterian College, St. Petersburg, Florida.

**JULIE WAGNER** was graduated from Oberlin College and this drawing originally illustrated lines from *The Hollow Men* by T. S. Eliot, for one of the chapel bulletin covers.

**SIDNEY CHAFETZ**, a well-known graphic artist, has studied with Fernand Leger and at the Rhode Island School of Design. He has recently had an exhibition of his prints at Ohio State University, where the print used in this issue appeared.

**ELIZABETH KORN**, painter and professor of art at Drew University, is a constant contributor to *motive*.

### POETS

**J. PETER MEINKE** is on the English faculty at Hamline University. His work has most recently appeared in the *Antioch Review*.

**CAWOOD**—a Peace Corps volunteer who insists that's all the name he needs—is our man in Sierra Leone.

**JUDSON CREWS'** work appears widely. He runs the *Este Es Press* in Taos, New Mexico.

**JAMES WHITEHEAD**, with us for the second time this year, is in the Writers' Workshop at State University of Iowa.

**DUANE LOCKE** teaches at the University of Tampa, where he is one of the founding editors of the new *Poetry Review*.

**JEAN JEFFRIES** is currently teaching at the University of Georgia. Her work was featured in *New Campus Writing #4* (Grove Press).





## NOTHING SHALL SEPARATE US

God's people are fanatics. Fanatically they hold to His promises in the power of faith which He supplies. In faith they are established in a hope that knows no end. Fanatically they believe that heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's Word shall never die. Fanatically they rise from suffering and sorrow to worship the One they say loves them. Fanatically they carry the cross of the Crucified because there is nothing else for them to do. They are a people who know of no other life than that which rests in the promises of God.



A CHRISTIAN MUST  
PLUNGE HIMSELF  
INTO THE LIFE OF A GODLESS  
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ING TO GLOSS OVER ITS  
UNGODLINESS WITH A VENEER  
OF RELIGION  
OR TRYING TO TRANSFIGURE  
IT. HE MUST LIVE A  
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PARTICULAR WAY, TO  
CULTIVATE SOME PARTICULAR  
FORM OF ASCETICISM —  
AS A SINNER, A PENITENT  
OR A SAINT — BUT  
TO BE A MAN. IT IS NOT  
SOME RELIGIOUS ACT  
WHICH MAKES A CHRISTIAN  
WHAT HE IS, BUT  
PARTICIPATION IN THE  
SUFFERING OF GOD IN THE  
WORLD. DIETRICH BONHOEFFER