



WOODCUT BY ROBERT ROSS

reflections on the world's adulthood

BY RICHARD E. WENTZ

It has become quite fashionable to speak of "the world come of age" and "this-worldliness." We are also being told that "we are this world." To many Christians these phrases have been like a descent of the dove. They have aroused excitement and produced a pentecostal zeal for participation in and suffering with the world. It is as if a great burden had been lifted from our minds and consciences. We have discovered a rationale that justifies—and then erases—the uneasiness we have felt about God, religion, and religious people. To Dietrich Bonhoeffer goes most of the credit for this release. His work has been not only a communication to the non-religious, but his *Letters and Papers from Prison* has been an emancipation proclamation for many theologians and theologically-concerned churchmen.

Lately I have been trying to determine what it means to be so freed. If the world has "come of age" and "this-worldliness" is the *sine qua non* of human and Christian ethos, then we must rightly do justice to the idea that the world is entering

adulthood, realizing its maturity. That is the other variation of the coming-of-age theme that must be played.

Historically speaking, the world's adulthood would imply a deliberate derivation from previous parent-age. There is more to this than the absurd forcing of an analogical figure. If we are to be honest about ourselves, we must accept the fact that we are creatures of and in history. We may recognize the presence of principles; we may adhere to them in confidence and loyalty. We may uncover fresh new insights, substantiate radical theories. But only if we become ideologically totalitarian do we begin to insist on uniformitarianism according to principle or insight. There are potentialities and restrictions to each historical matrix. These possibilities and limitations are part of us as well as of the situation. To insist on the tidy character of life in rigid conformity to ideology is to affect a serious reduction of the human existence. We live not only according to our capacities for ratiocination, but also creatively, as we

consult our historical situation. We live by dynamic accommodation to history. The fullness of our humanity is realized as we learn to carry our knowledge and our principles along with and within a realistic understanding of what history has given to us, what history is in us, and what the historical situation invites. New knowledge and discovery are particularly apt to overlook this fact.

It seems to me that the world has come of age as the result of a continuum to which it owes its earlier nurturing and which is even now part of it. The parentage implied has within it organic and unconditional elements of participation as well as the conditioned factors of man the artificer. To the extent that we can in any way speak of the organic and unconditional as purposive and personal being we are forced to accept certain other truths. One is the fact that our adulthood is intended. Another is the validity of the past claims of the previous state of Christendom that required God as a working hypothesis in morals, politics, and science. Another truth to be faced is that it may be a bit absurd and adolescent of us to pretend that we have not had a parentage, that our adulthood is a Darwinian "sport." To speak too trimly and consistently of our coming of age, of our "religionless world" may be both dishonest and fallacious. Our growing maturity will consist of our being able to accept the freedom of our adulthood and the release of a society that no longer requires the *deus ex machina*—to accept this, while recognizing that we dare not insist on the uniformity of this reality as an ideological necessity. We are more than just a world come of age; we are more than this-worldly beings of the here and now. We have a parentage in which we participate, which cannot be denied, which rescues us from self-righteousness, and which carries our present potential. It is understandable that we should be rebellious at this stage of our development. Many people who have arrived at the voting age immediately change political parties, stop "going to church," and think condescendingly of "poor old naive pop and mom." It always remains for them to establish understanding of their rebellion, reasons for their actions, and creative acceptance of their parentage (insofar as they grow in maturity).

It is, of course, true that we "can't go home again." The rebel does not want to because he can't countenance the evident injustice of his former relationship. The nostalgic and insecure person "can't go home again" because he neither comprehends fully

the home from which he came nor the present condition of his dramatic selfhood. The man of faith cannot go back because he has confronted the open end of the future and unconditional in terms of human history and personal experience. For the man of faith the new has entered the old, *fulfilled* the old. But it has entered the old—not annihilated it. Accordingly, the man of faith does not pretend that he enjoys a vacuous existence with no historical dimensions. To be sure, the autonomous rebel has an equally valid historicity which makes his present condition somewhat precarious and ambivalent—even though he can't look back except in anger. No man at the present moment of history can forecast the meaning of all this. What we can do is to learn to grow out of our rebellion and inform our autonomy, requiring the new principles and the discovery of a world without God, while at the same time accepting our participation in a given historical situation which is somewhat more ecological than we might prefer.

To reflect on the world's adulthood is to come to grips with the historical factor. The actuality of our coming of age is not invalidated by this factor. Rather it is sobered and enriched. On the threshold of our maturity, we may be prone to prefer a house without a roof and a completely original design—the conformities of architecture be damned. But history reminds us of what Frank Lloyd Wright said of a building: that it should look as though it belongs where it stands.

If maturity as well as autonomy is to be ours, we must find the resolution to affirm the power of meaning in a world which has shed its traditional theistic categories of meaning. It would be both presumptuous and superfluous to attempt to summarize the efforts of contemporary theologians to articulate the structure of such a resolution. Every major theologian has recognized the problem and offered an apologetic. Even Karl Barth's anti-apologetic approach is a profound and monumental development that seeks to focus theology on its proper object and rescue it from enslavement to a particular world-view. We must take seriously Barth, Tillich, Bultmann, as well as Bonhoeffer. They will help us to see that all of life-as-it-is finds its deepest significance in the meeting of personals. They will help us to see that the man of faith is one who is maintained by an ultimate Love that gives the personal its character while transcending it. They will assist



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us in becoming aware of and knowing the necessity for Jesus Christ as the concrete demonstration of this reality. This will be a humble knowledge. It cannot possibly gloat about its realizations without negating them. In humility we will be enabled to hold in tension the protestation required of us and the universality of its communication among men.

In *Through the Looking Glass*, Lewis Carroll gives us the picture of Alice after her encounter with the White Knight. She has finally reached the Eighth Square and thrown herself down on a mossy lawn. "Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?" she exclaimed in a tone of dismay as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tightly all round her head. "But how can it have got there without my knowing it?" she said to herself, as she lifted it off, and set it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be. It was a golden crown! There is a sense in which the discovery of adulthood and faith are something like that. They are not of our doing but they come to us because we participate in a reality which is capable of receiving them.

As men of faith in a world come of age we must therefore be soberly cognizant of this truth. Certainly there is a protestant (small "p" intended) character to our adulthood in the world and in faith. That is, to the extent that man has ever become aware of existential renewal and meaning, there has been an assertion, an affirmation (protestation) of adulthood. When Luther was grasped by the intense and immediate movement of the gracious God, it was equally a disclosure of liberty, freedom from the scholastic God and the medieval hypotheses. However, it was not anarchy that reigned. It was the God to whom the medieval Church sought to witness even as they unintentionally reduced him to the status of "one of the gods." Luther's experience was possible because a measure of freedom and grace had already been mediated to him by the potentially personal character of the structures against which he rebelled. His discovery forced him into a dramatic announcement of his autonomy as a man and his freedom as a man of faith. That announcement, however, was not divorced from its parentage. It was perhaps an error of the Reformation that there were those who thought that it was. It should be added that it may have been an essential error—demonstrative of a repeated asceticism (disaffiliation) in the history of Christian thought.

The discovery of the autonomy of twentieth century man, which coincides with the development of

technology, is much more dramatic and radical in terms of God and the gods. Nevertheless, the pattern is not dissimilar. The non-religious man and the man of faith are agreed in their autonomous rejection of the God who, as a Being, stands outside of and over against this world. Their cry of sufficiency is a protestant call. They acknowledge the manageable nature of material reality. They see existence as directly approachable—that there is possible a measure of affirmation about life through the organization of the given structures of existence. Even the modern nihilist fits this pattern; the depths of nothingness and the absurd are a source of protestation about a dimension of reality completely within his scope of experience. His meaninglessness is an affirmation of possibilities arising out of the rejection of essentialist categories. Our age is replete with these protestations of adulthood. "Father, I'd rather do it myself!" is more than a television commercial. It strikes a repeated chord that in the personal terms of this-world a new beginning is possible. When this autonomy of personhood is accompanied by an awareness of transcendent and participating Love, faith becomes the tone of the affirmation. It asserts itself within but over against a structure of ideas and organizations that sought to preserve it. The assertion may have a revolutionary character to the extent that the ideas and organizations stand firmly in reaction to the protestation.

This disaffiliation cannot continue indefinitely and in a pure state—at least not with integrity. For one thing, the partial and commingled manner in which the protestations of autonomy and faith appear makes it essential that they participate in the historical situation. As H. Richard Niebuhr put it: "It is a New World symphony in which each new movement has its own specific theme, yet builds on all that has gone before and combines with what follows so that the meaning of the whole can be apprehended only as the whole is heard. If one listens only to measures and phrases and bars, no pattern can be apparent." (*The Kingdom of God in America*, p. 164.) This statement, coupled with what we have been trying to say in this essay, tells us something about our present theological condition. As we reflect on this world come of age, we must celebrate a cosmic catholicity.

Such a celebration will begin with a critical acknowledgment of the historical dimension of catholicity. In an age that has no need of religion or the God of religion, this acknowledgment will have a

radically new stamp. Nevertheless, it will be a response that involves itself in what is and what has been. Ideas and organizations (confessionalism and churches) have always resisted the disclosure and affirmation of the free and unconditional. This does not avoid the fact that the protestations are part of something exceedingly greater; they belong to a dynamic movement. They have a catholicity that validates them.

Ours becomes the task of understanding and articulating this truth on a broad and cosmic scale. We must see the entire universe confronting and participating in this new creation in the midst of the old. The world has a tendency to reduce universals to its own size. When it learns of its autonomy and power according to any theory of knowledge or methodology, it begins a process of ideological justification that becomes totalitarian. It would seem that this is inevitable. For this reason it must be identified and then measured by the totality of being. Thus we stand within history in kinship with all those who have seen reconciliation at work in the terms of this world but not on this world's terms—not exhausted or determined by the categories of this world. The unveiling of this kinship will permit neither self-righteousness nor the uncritical sacrifice of our autonomy to any metaphysical expression of it.

As the world enters adulthood, the man of faith makes his protestation in the context of cosmic catholicity. We must learn to love our age and its culture not for its own sake, but for the sake of our common experience of the ultimate Love in the midst of life. Accordingly, there are two options available to the man of faith. He may disaffiliate with the churches. He can do so only out of a profound acceptance of the fact that he lives in a historical situation that makes this demand upon him even as it witnesses to a historic community of faith which has always in some measure used its religiousness to point to the initiating Love of the God beyond itself. In this sense his action is an ascetic testimony to the catholicity and integrity of human existence. He still owes loyalty to the object of his disaffiliation. On the other hand, there will be those who share the same protestation who will see their responsibility to their parentage in a more direct manner. They will understand and support the man who disaffiliates. They will see their own role within the structures that maintain images of catholicity. By their protestations they will hope to re-shape the images to confront the maturing requirements of humanity.



SONG FOR COUSIN LOONY

Now and then she'd phone to rave at us,
and sigh to pass, somehow, the silences
that loomed like dark and empty gyms
in the conversations Cousin Loony held.

No one in the family had the heart
to put the receiver down and close her back
into that room; her voice was deep
as if she had a mind to be Tiresias,
but wondered why. Yet we would listen.

It does one good to see himself warped
in a crazy mirror (stand back, step up);
and once a year poor Loony, out of time
and place, would bring reflections
out to us. One thing she did beyond the skill
of sanity: she loved the dead. All, all
the family who had died were the elect.

It was the living who gave her trouble.
Her recitations of the plunderings
of others from her peace were made of words
whose reference might have been to cunning gods.
And yet we'd spend an hour to listen.

They said that Loony now had lost her hair
as well as wits; no one had seen her since . . .
well, some other time. Like all mad girls
she'd been a beauty once, but now she lived
a dammed-up face inside a telephone.

I must have dreamed that ancient Cousin Loony
was immortal as a stone; I'd never
seen the woman, and yet she'd talked to me
for years; and like the others, I
had listened. Until finally she died.

Now there's no one left to praise the dead
because the dead can't harm another.
And Loony's death's a strange, annual
silence . . . identical to those other silences
which Loony loved beyond her wits, and praised.

—JACK MATTHEWS

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR A STUDENT

What does one say on this occasion
After the simple fact of death
We learn as part of being human?
Why does he speak to bury the truth?
You might reply because it's spring—
That's truth enough for boy or girl.

But not for us. Praising this girl
More than a girl on such occasion,
When all our snows should melt to spring,
We favor her and make of her death
Another occasion, that very truth
Each one of us will answer, human.

And talk of her good works, our human
Need to place on this one girl
What we have seldom found in truth,
Like a wreath suitable to the occasion.
But more than that, it's simply death,
Winter, for a moment, even in spring.

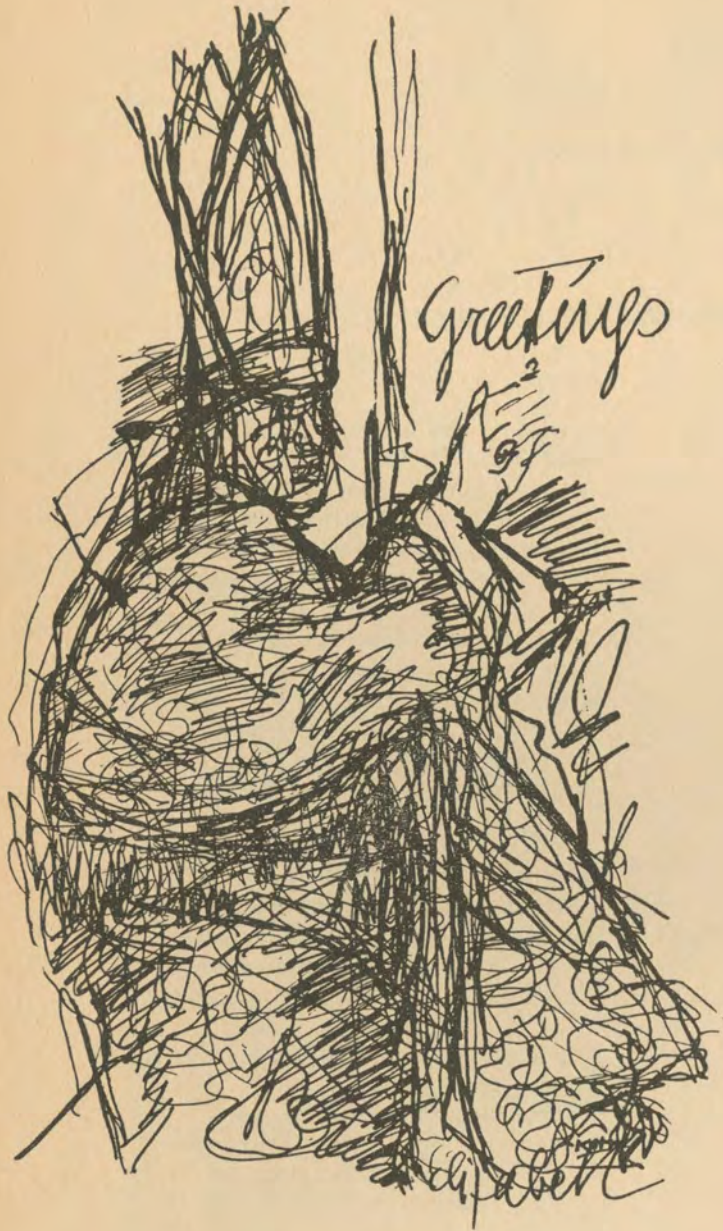
Such weather keeps a prayer from spring,
Yet we will go on being human,
Yet we will go on attending death.
Snow doesn't care for any young girl
Or for ourselves and this occasion
To bury ourselves in its cold truth.

And that's not all, of course. Truth's
More than a season, even than spring,
And never settles for the occasion
And terrible bloom, our being human.
Then why not say she was just a girl
And we are sorry at her death.

Commending her, we commit our death.
Watching its coffin's polished truth
And grave to keep such life, this girl,
Soon we'll lose such knowledge to spring.
And that's a part of being human
And that's a part of this occasion.

And another occasion past any death
Which also makes us human, in truth—
Which once gave spring to that young girl.

—PHILIP LEGLER



DRAWING BY ELIZABETH KORN

WHAT IF

BY ALBERT C. OUTLER

ONLY a cynic can any longer doubt that Vatican II represents a major effort at basic reform and renewal in the Roman Catholic Church. Pope John XXIII made this clear in his convocation of the Council—as also with his slogan, *aggiornamento* (“bringing the Church up to date”). Pope Paul VI reiterated this same theme, with variations, in his opening address to the *second* session (his first as pope):

For reasons of brevity and better understanding, we enumerate here the four main objectives of this Council in four points: (1) the self-understanding of the Church; (2) its reform; (3) the bringing together of all Christians in unity; (4) the dialogue of the Church with the contemporary world. . . .

The reform at which the Council is aiming is not a turning upside down of the Church's present way of life nor a breaking with what is essential in her tradition. Rather, it is the honoring of that tradition by stripping from it what is defective so that it may become more firm and fruitful.

These words have subsequently been echoed and reechoed, in St. Peter's and in the Catholic press, by leaders and followers, in a mounting chorus. The notions of reform and renewal have become both a passion and a hope for a great multitude of Roman Catholics around the modern world.

By the same token, Vatican II is also a major experiment in ecumenicity. Already the traditional Roman policy of aloofness toward other Christians has begun to shift about to a genuine openness.

VATICAN II SUCCEEDS ?

One evidence of this reversal has been the establishment of a permanent Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity; another, the welcoming into the Council itself of a sizeable corps of non-Catholic "observers." Yet another is their general and genuine acknowledgment of us "separated brethren" as *Christian* brethren. Concern for Christian unity was the strongest single motivation in the Pope's pilgrimage to Palestine. There cannot be many places left in the United States at least, where the basic change in the ecumenical "weather-patterns" of Catholic-Protestant relationships has gone unregistered.

All this being so, one would think that those who regard reform as a constant, vital principle in the life of the ongoing Church (and who are also professed advocates of Christian unity) would find in Vatican II a ground of rejoicing and high hopes. And so they have—many of them. It is not merely for its fuss and feathers that Vatican II is the most widely publicized event in the entire history of the Christian church. It is all too true that there are many ardent optimists who refuse to recognize the enormous difficulties involved. They have expected too much, too soon, too easily. This way lies disenchantment. Yet, even so, there is a vast company of men of good will in the world (and not just Christians, either) who have perceived (if only dimly) that if Vatican II *succeeds*, the consequences may well be wonderful for the whole Christian community, and for the world besides.

It is something of a scandal, therefore, that so

many non-Roman reactionaries should have joined their Roman counterparts in viewing this conciliar experiment in reform with suspicion and distaste. It was to have been expected that the die-hards in the Curia would have to be dragged over the thresholds of change. That is the normal fate of fossils. On the other side, it has also been natural enough for Protestant fundamentalists to stand firm in their loud detestations of "the Roman anti-Christ."

But it still raises my eyebrows to discover an implacable anti-Roman bias among men of experience and stature in the ecumenical movement itself. And yet, a prominent member of the Faith and Order Commission of the World Council of Churches, in a recent ecumenical handbook, bluntly asserted: "All we can rightly learn from Rome is how *not* to be the Church." It was the "Business Committee" of the Fourth World Conference on Faith and Order in Montreal last summer that beat down a proposal for a fraternal message from our Conference to the Vatican Council—and then an even more innocuous proposal that we send greetings to the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. It was a group of veteran ecumenists in Rome last fall who offended many liberal Catholics with their allegations of insincerity and self-deception in the Council—and who *boycotted* the Public Session held in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the Council of Trent! It was an American "observer" who, before the recent winter meeting of the American Historical Association, denounced the Church of Rome as an incorrigible papal absolutism, all protestations to the con-

trary notwithstanding. Is it possible that such men are still so bitter about their ancient enmities that they will be *glad* if Vatican II fails?

Still, bias has its uses. In this case, these bigoted reactions remind us that, if Vatican II *succeeds*, the consequences will drastically upset the standing order in the contemporary Christian community. Both Protestant and Orthodox Christians would then be confronted with an urgent and undeclinable challenge to reform their own ranks, or else . . . ! It would be a strange new world, indeed, if it is a reformed Church of Rome that forces the wrangling fragments of non-Roman Christendom to face up to the scandal of "our present unhappy divisions." And yet, the Romans have already captured the initiative in the ecumenical movement and, at least for the time being, are setting the pace in the ecumenical dialogue.

As just one example, consider what may happen to us Protestants as the new constitution *On the Sacred Liturgy* opens the way for radical liturgical reform amongst our Catholic brethren—with the prospect that their worship will become simpler and more intimate without being less solemn or realistic? Will it then suffice for us to point to the myriad liturgical *improvisations* that we have produced in recent years—with motives more theatrical than theological? What if the Romans teach the world that the essence of worship is man's faithful response to God's immediate and real presence in a community of men and women who love each other as they have been loved by God in Christ? Our only legitimate reaction would have to be a bold venture in basic liturgical reform ourselves.

Again, what would happen to us if the final draft of the schema *On the Church* marks a giant forward step in Roman Catholic ecclesiology—as it very well may? We have debated the nature of the church, in denominational and ecumenical conferences, for as long as I can remember—but the excellent things we have said have all too often been nullified by the actual effects of our sanctified divisions and our doctrinal confusions. Unless the Roman reactionaries succeed in scuttling this schema, both Protestants and Orthodox Christians may have to undertake a series of agonizing reappraisals of our "place" and "mission" within the People of God. Why not?

In the course of the long debates in St. Peter's, I was repeatedly astonished (and here my bias kept

breaking through!) to hear bishops say things about "the Word of God," "the people of God," "the priesthood of all believers," "the universal call to holiness"—that I could not classify except as "evangelical." Moreover (in the Bar-Jonah, and elsewhere), I kept running into obviously able men who seemed vividly alert to the issues involved—more flexible in theological dialogue than any of the Orthodox theologians that I know, or even many of my Protestant colleagues. I recall a lively discussion between Hans Kung and George Lindbeck, in which Kung claimed that *he* took Luther more seriously as a theologian than did Lindbeck—and Lindbeck was a Lutheran "observer"!

Thus, in occasional idle moments, I have wondered what would happen to Christianity if the Roman Catholic Church did, in fact, become at least minimally evangelical without becoming hopelessly divisive in the process? It would change every conventional posture of every Christian communion in the world.

Any such "danger" is still so slight that only the most fearful of us need be disturbed as yet. The Roman traditionalists are not yet overwhelmed, by any means. The non-Roman pessimists will continue to dampen the atmosphere as much as possible. Even the Roman "moderates" are still deeply rooted in and committed to their partisan historic heritage—while the moderates on "our side" will soon enough turn wary if we ever come to really serious talk about *communio in sacris* (organic union).

God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform—this I know—but in none more mysterious, nor more ironic than in this curious turn of affairs that makes it at least barely possible that the most significant reform movement in the Christian community in the last half of the twentieth century may occur in a tradition supposed to be unreformed and irreformable! Even if the final accounting of Vatican II is less momentous than I expect it to be—it can hardly fail to alter the basic terms in which Christians can henceforth consider "the nature of the unity we seek." Thus, those of us who have no interest whatsoever in immediate church unity negotiations with Rome ought still to hope and pray that Vatican II *succeeds*—for the "trouble" that would come upon us as the consequence of a revitalized Catholicism would be "a visitation from the Lord," a gauntlet and gauge that we could rightly welcome!

INCIDENT OFF FIRST AVENUE

Two nurses: one went to dinner: I don't know why. Later the three of us sat and talked.

*In The Conflict Between
Ego and Outer World I reign supreme,
I said, because I have a knack
for knowing what will happen, and the
thing to say so that it will happen
graciously.*

My date was much for graciousness, having grown up in Florida, and laughed long and mean, being a tall, mean girl with outward beauty and inner pain. I've since learned to distrust her kind, but this was yesterday.

The other, from Scranton, blanched, and later we all three rolled in the hay, six walk-up flights, with the Lakeland terrier barking in the bathroom, and the shame of my black, intransigent ego darkening the walls.

—ROBERT BLOOM



WOODCUT BY TIMOTHY BLADE

from **THE SUBWAY**

III. THE BUM

No one saw him fall.
Stations of the cross-
town came and went
and still he hung upon
his splintered seat;
men and women came
and stared at him
and then got off
while his closed eyes
rolled on, blind to the world.
But when it happened,
no one saw him fall,
no one saw his descent;
all we saw was the bright
black blood as it harrowed
the grim bottom of the car.
And when we tried to lift him,
when we tried to comfort him
in our distress,
he kicked us back in rage:
he would not share
his agony with anyone,
not even the man
who had sense enough
to put a handkerchief
to his head.

—SHEPPARD B. KOMINARS

JAMES BALDWIN: native alien

BY MIKE THELWELL

"... A good artist is a deadly enemy of society; and the most dangerous thing that can happen to an enemy, no matter how cynical, is to become a beneficiary. No society, no matter how good, could be mature enough to support a real artist without mortal danger to that artist."

—James Agee

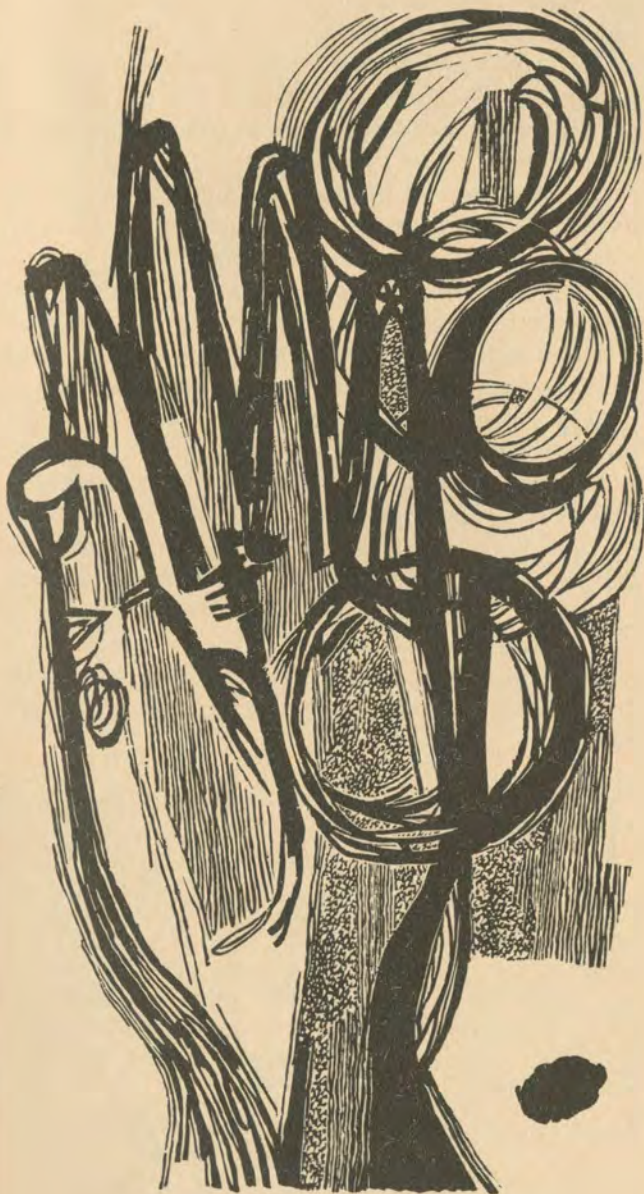
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

A GEE's statement is an incisive confession of how the daily necessities in American society grind away at the artist's creative existence. In the twenty years since Agee wrote these words our society has become neither better nor more mature. The wonder is not that we have so few *real* writers and artists, but that any are produced and manage to survive at all. Some are seduced by acceptance and adulation, some are smothered by the dollar-encrusted embrace of Mammon, others are lured into estoteric irrelevance as the High Priests of empty cults. But a few escape and become those necessary enemies who continue to illumine the empty places in our contemporary culture and who force our collective consciousness back upon itself—into those dark and fearful places where we would rather not look. One of those who continues to "tell the truth, until we can bear it no more" is James Baldwin.

Much has been written about this little black man from that unguarded extermination camp known as

Harlem, and consequently, he has a certain existence on the contemporary scene. Baldwin's significance is not that of a "court-jester" or a "professional rebel" tolerated so that he may be ignored. This is the role in which a large segment of the popular press—and the literary establishment—would like to fix Baldwin: the figure expected to say daring, shocking and even true things thereby proving the freedom that prevails in the establishment. But he is much more than that. Edmund Wilson calls him one of the country's few great creative artists.

Speaking at Howard University last year, Baldwin avowed that, "... Insecurity is a condition of being an artist. . . . My problem is to tell the truth and survive with society, and as an artist, because there is the question of whether any society is prepared to have the artist speak the truth. . . ." It is important that the artist sees his problem as "surviving with society, and as an artist" while telling the truth, be-



WOOD ENGRAVING BY HANS ORŁOWSKI

cause there is a real sense in which any artist may not survive *with* society, but outside of it.

This confrontation, or enmity, is not a literary conceit, but is an actual relationship with deadly implications. How is this? Any society—but especially the monolithic mass societies of our times—operates on certain assumptions and within the bounds of certain immutable purposes which are antithetical to those of the artist.

The artist's proper and only concern is with the dynamics of living, with vitality and motion and diffuseness. Society, however, must proceed on the basis of reducing the human personality to a series of constants. The artist is concerned with the infinite possibilities represented by the human spirit; the society must manipulate human personality so as to render it predictable and controllable. The artist is concerned with the uniqueness and subjectivity of experience; the society must assume that all men are as one man. The artist must recreate the truth he perceives, and he must do this from the privacy of a moral conscience whose source is himself; the society can abide no truth but that which is manufactured from the mythology which sustains that society. It is, in other words, interested not in truth but in plausibility.

This is the nature of the conflict which Baldwin and Agee are talking about: that the end of the society must ultimately be power and totality and a certain impulse towards order—which is to say, conformity. The artist *must*—as artist—be the enemy of this order, and the creative will must be a generate and productive kind of spiritual anarchy. “. . . The entire purpose of the society must be to create a bulwark against the inner and the outer chaos . . . the artist cannot take anything for granted, but must drive to the heart of every answer and *expose the question the answer hides. . .*”

In discussing his own role Baldwin makes this very clear. “One of the things,” he says, “about being an artist is that you are produced by a people because they need you. But the people who produce you cannot accept you. This is not a complaint, it is simply a statement of fact.” He continues:

I suppose that the reason for this has to be something really bad and mysterious; that is, in the same way a human being . . . any single human being, wants to know who he is, and wants to *become* himself or herself, wants to live, and one day to read his or her proper name . . . and at the same time wishes to be safe and therefore accepts and adopts all kinds of disguises, and begins to believe all kinds of lies in order to be safe. In this safety, this mystical, and unreal safety, he begins to perish. This is a war which is in everybody.

Americans want to believe a great many things about themselves that are not true. Negroes want to believe a

great deal about themselves that isn't true, too. Part of the dilemma, I think, of being an American Negro, is that the Negro has been forced for a long, long time, in many, many ways—not only physically—to mantle himself on a society that has always been essentially incoherent. That is to say, one is mantling himself on someone who does not know who *he* himself is. This means, then, that the imitator—and for the sake of argument you may say that all Negroes in this country are imitators—finds himself in a very strange confusion. And, if the writer, me, Jimmy Baldwin in this particular case, is trying to find out where the truth is—where I begin and society stops—to try to tell the truth about my mother or my brother or the porter, and to try to find out how this truth relates to the American myth, how it relates to the situation of young people—black and white—who are lost, in despair, groping for values which do not seem to be present in the republic . . . then, you have a fantastic kind of confusion. So, the role of the writer in this country, now, I think, is to begin to excavate, almost for the first time, the real history of this country. Not the history one would like to believe, but to find out what *really* happened here to get us where we are now.

In these deceptively simple and eloquent terms Baldwin has outlined the formidable task he has set for himself. It is nothing less than that of being keeper of our emotional and moral history. This entails excavating through the accumulation of rubble, the accumulation of mythology and falsehood, the stereotyping of emotion and reaction, the sophistry, the image-making, the delusory witch-doctorhood of false prophets and physicians (who are themselves afflicted) to some usable bedrock of truth. Here starts the tremendous job of moral and spiritual rebuilding that is necessary if we are to survive; if, in Baldwin's words, "America is ever to become a civilization and not just a collection of Motels."

But we might, indeed ought to, examine Baldwin's credentials—those qualities which would enable him to set about the artistic purpose he projects. Baldwin's sincerity and seriousness are unimpeachable, as is his honesty. The scintillating and luminous vision, the power of his moral earnestness, the incisiveness of his intellect—to the combination of which we are indebted for countless insights—are not disputed even by the most dedicated of his detractors. But these qualities alone, even when displayed in a prose style of remarkable and breath-taking elegance capable of alternating (almost in midsentence) between chilling and lucid objectivity, and sudden and breath-stopping passion, would not serve to sustain that purpose.

For one thing, no writer could come close to that kind of revealing and outspoken commentary for which we—all of us—stand in Baldwin's debt, without first having come to valid terms with the realities of his own emotional and social existence. This is the question of accepting the anguish of listening

to, and forcing oneself—as fully as one is able—to accept the signals coming from one's heart. (One perceptive and word-clever commentator sees Baldwin as "standing at ground-zero of the heart.")

Baldwin does indeed stand here, and has done this thing of abandoning the armor behind which we all attempt to hide, and standing naked where fear and the urge towards safety would have one clothed. In short he has said "Yes" to life, and he has had the resources of honesty to do much of this publicly—and the grace to do it with dignity. On the flyleaf to his poignant, inclusive novel *Giovanni's Room*, which is a testament to doomed love (and this love is doomed not because it is homosexual but because it is fearful), he has the inscription, "I am the man. I was there. I suffered." So . . . in a very individual and private way one exists, coexists really, with one's emotions.

In another way one exists in terms of the society. If one is an artist, this existence with the society becomes very important and special. This necessitates, it seems to me, a strange kind of paradox—to exist as a perceptive and aware consciousness *outside* of certain aspects of the movement and flow of the society's forces, while maintaining a sufficient, passionate involvement so as not to become irrelevant. This is the really precarious balance that the artist must maintain, but I cannot see it's being much of a danger to Baldwin—since it is not to most Negroes in this self-consciously white society. My point is that Baldwin's relationship—and indeed any Negro's relationship—to the society, is structured very much in the pattern which I have described as the artistic paradox.

THE Negro is of *this* land; his sweat and blood are here, and have been since the very beginning. (Negroes were with the French who explored the Mississippi Valley, and were among its first non-Indian settlers.) He is what this country has made of him; having had a great part in molding the form of what this country is, yet at the same time being thrust outside. It is as though he was simultaneously clutched to the breast, held at the very center, and smothered (trapped really) in an embrace not of his own seeking. At the same time that he was made witness, sometimes victim, to all the shameful excesses of the young nation, he was excluded . . . abused and despised. It was as though "white" America (something this republic has never been) considered that if it could repress the existence of the Negro in its consciousness it could remove a people from existence. One has merely to look at television as it goes about projecting the image that America has of itself, to believe that this country is populated only by whites.



DRAWING BY
MARGARET RIGG

So this relationship, a curious amalgam of lover and victim, of shame and glory, is at its roots a confused tissue of subliminal hatred and a strangely incestuous love. I say incestuous for it is a love that is unnatural and incoherent. How can any Negro articulate the nature of the community that unites him to his roots, his history, and strangely his sustenance in the black-mud cotton fields of Mississippi's Delta, the red-clay hills of Georgia, or the concentration camp that is Harlem's streets. How, I ask, is one to make real the bitter love/hate by which he is bound to that past? For we are our pasts, in spite of the fierce and terrible necessity to bury the past and the hotly visceral knowledge that he cannot and must not allow that past to live further.

How can I acknowledge that this situation is real for James Baldwin, and predict that it will preserve the artist in him from the beneficiary status of which Agee warned us? Actually, apart from the testimony of his own words, and the fact of a personal racial alienation, I cannot. But an incident comes to mind. Baldwin recently participated in a symposium of "leading" American writers, within a very few minutes a depressing rift was evident. In distinguished gathering of best-selling authors, Baldwin was caught in an alienation that should not have existed. It became apparent that he was the only one still possessing anything of that certain fury which must be a condition of any artist's existence.

Even more depressing was the glibness with which these successful American authors mouthed (and seemed to believe) the clichés, the platitudes, the irrelevancies which pretend to describe the social,

political, and emotional situation of America and in reality describe nothing. One realized with real shock that these protectors and shapers of our consciousness (for this is the responsibility of our artists, and life does sometimes follow art) were in many basic ways ignorant of the state of the nation.

I was shocked not because they did not share Baldwin's (and my own) peculiar minority view of what is in reality happening here, but at what I saw as a species of complacency, an uncritical acceptance of the superficial, and the absence of any willingness or motivation to pursue perceptions—however sacrilegious, profane, unorthodox—to unknown and therefore dangerous conclusions.

One author, and he was not joking, kept saying to Baldwin, "Ah, come on Jimmy, you can't be *that* angry anymore. You are big time now."

Later, Baldwin commented on that situation. He said, "Writers who do this are not to my mind really writers. What they really do is to soothe people into believing what people would rather believe. And in order to do this the writer has to really believe it. Nobody writes down to anyone, you do the best you can. These people are respected as articulate and responsible spokesmen for society, and what they are really doing is saying nothing dangerous, saying nothing which would disturb anybody, and therefore they are writers? The image of America they have is nothing more than the popular image, and their role is simply to recreate and keep alive that image. There is nothing much you can do about that except to know that it is perhaps the affliction of having too much money. You begin to be respected as a writer or composer or painter or whatever, and there are changes. It does not mean that you have become any better, but usually that you have become a good deal worse; but because you have a bank account, you exist on the American scene in a way you never did before."

But the "affliction" appears to be relevant mainly in terms of economic security and does not approach the question of the fraudulent security accruing from accepting a manufactured identity imposed by the social order, and within which its members are embalmed. Baldwin, in his apocalyptic essay, *The Fire Next Time*, addresses this problem. "The American Negro," he says, "has the advantage of never having believed the collection of myths to which white Americans cling: that their ancestors were all freedom-loving heroes, that they were born in the greatest country the world has ever seen, that Americans are invincible in battle or wise in peace, that American men are the world's most direct and virile, that American women are pure. Negroes know far more about Americans than that. . . ." In the same essay he remarks on the anguish and confusion that is in attendance on being "born in a white country,

an Anglo-Teutonic, antisexual country, black" and realizing that "the universe which is not merely the stars and the moon and the planets . . . but other people has evolved no terms for your existence, has made no room for you. . . ."

This is existential alienation. It is perhaps overstated, for it isn't that this society has not prepared terms in which a young Negro can relate, it is that it has few terms within which any individual Negro who intends to be true to his impulses towards personal integrity can accept in order to make such a union. The terms exist, but one is charged with rejecting them and finding some way to force this hostile power complex to recognize you, *in terms of your own making*. This position in reality applies to all men, but the Negro sees this clearest. As soon as he recognized that he is not what the society says he is, it becomes his necessity to discover and define, with pitifully little help, his real identity. (This is what the sit-ins are about.)

Baldwin admits to being forced into the posture of alienation at an early age. It was in his mid-teens that he realized that ". . . White people who had robbed black people of their liberty and who profited by their theft every hour that they lived, had no moral ground on which to stand. They had the judges, juries, shotguns, the law—in a word the power. But it was a criminal power, to be feared, but not respected, and to be outwitted in any way whatsoever. The moral barriers I had supposed to exist between me and a criminal career became tenuous. I certainly could discover no principled reason for not becoming a criminal."

It is a realization of this that Norman Mailer had when in his famous essay, "*The White Negro*," he remarked on the real existentialism inherent in the situation of the American Negro: If one is forced to reject the establishment's version of your identity, then you cannot accept much else of its orthodoxy, for in the most important aspect of your relationship to that society you have caught it in a lie, and one which jeopardizes your sense of personality. You find out that you possess a dreadful kind of freedom which isolates you and places you in a cultural vacuum. The knowledge that you are not bound by the standards of the culture into which you were born, that you have no moral imperative to obey its laws, believe its history, honor its customs, praise its heroes, fight its wars, or love its God, represents a dubious freedom.

BECAUSE the society is at no pains to make its mythology even *appear* real for the Negro (few Negro children over seven years old have any illusions about the land being free, or the cops being their friend), he is forced outside. It is in this situation that Baldwin was molded, and from these pressures he was shaped. His point of view is that of the alien who is somehow at the very center, the stranger

who by some wild mischance finds himself firmly ensconced in the master bedroom of the great house, and who has to know, if he is to survive, every moment and every action in that house. But he can in no way indicate how much he sees and hears.

It used to be—and still is in some places in this country—that if a white man asked a Negro if it was raining, the Negro would look into the questioner's face to answer the question. And if the face or voice did not indicate the nature of the answer that was desired then the only prudent answer possible was "Ah sholy doesn't know, Suh, Cap'n, boss, I sholy don't."

And the white man would go away marvelling at the childlike simplicity of this Negro who apparently could not tell whether it was raining, little suspecting that shuffling, head-scratching darkie's "ignorance" was fathered by a profound intelligence of the true nature of white power, and of what that white man could accept, and was capable of doing. There is, in truth, a marvelously childlike simplicity present, but. . . .

I do not choose this example to be "folksy," but because it is in a basic and exaggerated way typical of what has been occurring between the races in this country. This can best be seen in terms of (since it corresponds very closely to) a certain method of seeing and presenting social relationships, used by French dramatist Jean Genet in his plays. Genet presents social relationships as being determined by geography and ritual. People are situated on certain points, which have a given relationship to each other, and for each place there is a mask. One adopts one's position (knowing one's place) and dons the mask. The donning of the mask obliterates any possibility of a private personality, and the mask now dictates the personality while the "place" dictates the nature of what can pass between the actors. In other words there can be no communication: one merely plays the role and conforms to the appearance.

This weird kind of ritualistic drama is precisely what has taken place between the races for the last three hundred years. It is most visible in the South, where a real dialogue is tentatively and traumatically emerging after the silence of three centuries. In actuality there was no sound; the people were silent, and the masks spoke. That which was speakable under these conditions was limited by rigid protocol. The burden of the white mask—and it must have been an oppressive one—was the commitment to the mythical and innate superiority of the white skin, and to the entire complex image that the whites had of themselves with the attendant responsibility of acting this image out. The Negroes were also located in their place, bearing the burden of a Nigger-mask and of an also mythical personality created by the whites, and which justified and complemented (and was necessary for these reasons to) the role the

whites had chosen to create for themselves.

Baldwin, as have others, sees these masks and how they function. His importance lies in the way he attempts to excavate beyond the mere recognition of the appearances, and asks important questions—questions hidden, as he says, in the answers—about what is really happening here.

He has been criticized in certain sections of the Negro community for "writing too much about whites." But this is extremely near-sighted and narrow criticism, because Negroes have few problems which do not originate in the ethnic and cultural confusion of allegedly white America, and one does not realistically write about where the Negro is, without writing as much again about where the whites are, or imagine themselves to be. Negroes can never establish their true identity here without helping the whites to establish their own, and unless the false image of themselves that white America has erected to hide behind is laid to rest, the false public image imposed on the Negro will not be dismantled. It is in recognition of this that Baldwin's contribution to our consciousness of ourselves looms so important, and it is one reason why he is no potentially subversive to the "mystical and unreal" safety that is substituted for truthful communication.

Baldwin is saying: look at and understand the sources and the nature of these masks. Why, he asks, did America need to create the Nigger? "If a white person looks at me and sees a 'Nigger,' and I know that I am not and have never been such a thing, then we both need to ask ourselves what it is that he is really seeing."

THIS is important. When images are projected around an object, the nature of this projection speaks more eloquently and revealingly of the attitudes and condition of the mind forming those images than it does of the object around which they are projected. Negroes have traditionally been the objects rather than the perpetrators of these projections. Consequently, Baldwin says, if we examine the meaning of the "Nigger" to the white consciousness, we will be rewarded by insight into the state of that consciousness. It appears to Baldwin that this Nigger image, volatile, razor-scarred and dangerous, is an expression of those qualities in them—indeed in all of us—that white Americans are paralyzed and terrified of facing in themselves. The Nigger is that black beast within, who is invested with an uninhibited and insatiable sexuality, uncontrollable passions, a capacity for blind and reckless violence, an irresponsible and carefree sensuality, with animal grace and primitive rhythm—in effect, with all the vitality and emotionalism that is prohibited by the protestant ethic, and repressed because of the fear of the protestant hell which is so deeply ingrained in the cultural subconscious.

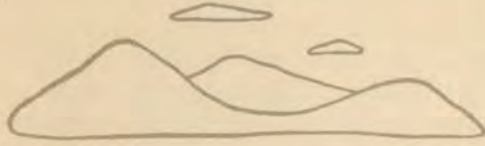
If whites see the Negro male as some kind of mobile phallus, and the Negro woman as the symbol of all prurient and salacious possibilities then this is really indicative in Baldwin's words ". . . of the poverty of the white chick's bed, and of the white cat's bed." This is, in our time of rapidly shifting attitudes towards sexuality, a human issue of real seriousness. Baldwin has suggested that one of the primary concerns of the writer should be the honest exploration of the question of morality, responsibility, and the possibility of love and union in sexual relationships.

In *Another Country* as in *Giovanni's Room* he probes with a relentless perceptiveness the complex levels of love. In these pages we follow the tortuous paths of a number of desperately earnest, but doomed, relationships. Relationships in which frightened and fragmented people—blindly fleeing the isolation that is our lot, we are born alone and die that way—attempt to claw their way into some measure of security and permanence in the arms and persons of their lovers. We follow these sterile relationships into bedrooms, which are really grotesque battle-grounds where no victories are won, where people, acting from what are in the main, decent impulses, inflict maiming wounds on each other, where spirits are mutilated, not comforted and what is called making love is emotional outrage and carnal exploitation.

In these novels, Baldwin "tells it"—as we say in the streets—"like it is," with a stirring compassion and veracity. As one recognizes ourselves in these pages, it becomes clear that no society that places such a crippling weight on the emotions of its young people, and where they destroy themselves and each other so voraciously and apparently inevitably, can in *human terms, which are the only terms that ultimately mean anything*, be accounted healthy.

There is no quick answer, but Baldwin's would be, I imagine, that the armor and the masks be removed from between lovers and the races, and that we begin again to see and listen and speak to each other in voices that come out of honesty, respect and out of compassion. In short, that we recreate the possibility of love.

It appears to me imperative that this kind of honest confrontation begin rapidly, because just as there is a hooded Klansman lurking within the unconscious of the American white, there is a Black Muslim somewhere in each Negro. There will be, in the days to come, either the kind of dialogue of which I spoke, or ultimate and irreconcilable violence. This is one of Baldwin's real fears, and a fear intensified by his admission that "I should be caught in the middle, since I cannot make alliances on the basis of color." Until America reaches this point, we are none of us safe.



the southern highland handicraft guild

and the folk art of Appalachia

BY MARGARET RIGG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB LINDSEY

THE church's record for sympathetic and visionary involvement with culture and the artist has been neither even nor exemplary. Important instances of generous and creative cooperation between church and artist have given to the world (as well as to the church) riches beyond measure; generally, it was the Roman Catholics who fostered the finest art. The Protestant church in America inherited from Europe the Reformation suspicion and distrust of the arts. Wherever Protestant missionaries go, they seem to contradict rather than encourage the existing culture. Perhaps Protestants will never be completely free of their long tradition of cultural insensitivity, Paul Tillich notwithstanding.

It is curious then, that from a background of cultural calousness the first American missionaries, sent into the back hills of the Southern Highlands (Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, and the Virginias), were able to appreciate the folk culture they found there among the Anglo-Saxon mountain settlers, who already possessing a Christian heritage from their English backgrounds, needed to be "called back" to the fold rather than "begun from scratch." Unfortunately, their record is not so bright among the Cherokee Indians. Although the Cherokees needed the same practical help educationally and economically, above all, they needed the same depth of understanding and respect for their culture that the white community received. They have yet to receive the generous, enlightened church cooperation that was always afforded the Anglo-Saxon highlanders and has since enabled them to fulfill their own expressive genius.

The extensive and influential reputation which the Highland peoples enjoy today was probably never imagined by the early missionaries and schoolteachers. When they arrived they showed a humble and natural acceptance, respect and even enjoyment of the folk crafts, the singing and the dancing—which they did not prohibit (a miracle in itself).

The oldest and best-known college in the area is Berea College, started in 1855 as a school. In 1869 it became a college. Its purpose was to promote Christian education for young mountain people. There is *no tuition* and board, room and fees are extremely low. The students work at least 10 hours per week and students who cannot pay the regular fees or board expenses can work to earn them. The student industries include: baking, candy making, ceramics, printing, needlecraft, broomcraft, woodcraft, weaving, serving in Boone Tavern Hotel, dairying and farming work. In a way Berea is probably the most exclusive college in America. Money won't get you in, nor brains, or even the fact that your forebears were all alumni. You must be *unable* to pay tuition—on the theory that those who can afford college are not a part of the main educational problem. The college also has a field-service educational system, which carries learning to the remote mountains.

In her book, *The Singing Family of the Cumberlands* Jean Ritchie, the famous Kentucky folk singer (paper, \$2.95, from Council of the Southern Mountains, College Box 2307, Berea, Kentucky), tells about growing up in the Southern Highlands and of the major place in the life of the area which Berea College has. It is a sensitive and expressive account of personal history and of a unique community.

Later, in 1925, the John C. Campbell Folk School was founded because, while knowledge of reading and writing was desperately needed, the mountain people "also possessed an insatiable desire to whittle." The Campbell School was established in Brasstown, North Carolina, with the surprisingly sensitive aim "to try and build a citizenship which of its own initiative will aspire to and realize a satisfying community life." Mrs. Campbell recognized the natural creative ability of the people in the community and understood its potential value. The school began with whittling as its main handicraft, and that has remained as its distinctive contribution to most outsiders. But today the school offers courses all year in American and European country dancing; folk games and songs; lessons in dulcimer, recorder, and guitar playing; folklore, woodcarving, stitchery, design, weaving, ceramics, woodworking, sculpture and metal craft.

In 1929 Penland School of Crafts was opened at Penland, North Carolina. It is one of the oldest and largest institutions of its kind, and is dedicated to a serious creative craft program. Students now come from all over the world. The program offers study of weaving, pottery, metalsmithing, jewelry, enameling, fiberworking, woodworking and design. They emphasize individual development of creativity, sound design principles and thorough knowledge of materials and techniques—a far cry from the tourist traps which specialize in "native souvenirs" and cheap trade items.

THE missionaries and teachers who fostered folk arts and culture created a *climate of serious encouragement* that later made possible the Southern Highland Craft Guild (1930). It is a non-profit educational organization of the area craftsmen; its purpose is to preserve the craftsmanship heritage and to help the people sell their work. Today it has a still-growing membership and includes people of the family craft tradition as well as those who have studied crafts in college, university or special schools.

The Guild formed out of the needs and dreams of the mountain people themselves, and out of their desire to make a better living without giving up fine craftsmanship. The Guild's aims were similar to the ones which the Campbell and Penland schools proclaimed, but reach further: "to improve, through education, the quality of crafts taught,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

A CHAIRBACK IS SHAVED THIN IN THE ANCIENT WAY BY A CRAFTSMAN.





This Cherokee sculptor carves playful animal figures and a St. Francis with equal ease.



Charles Counts and his wife, Rubynell have a pottery studio (full-time) at Rising Fawn, Georgia. He also teaches a full-time apprentice, an all-but-lost method of art instruction today.



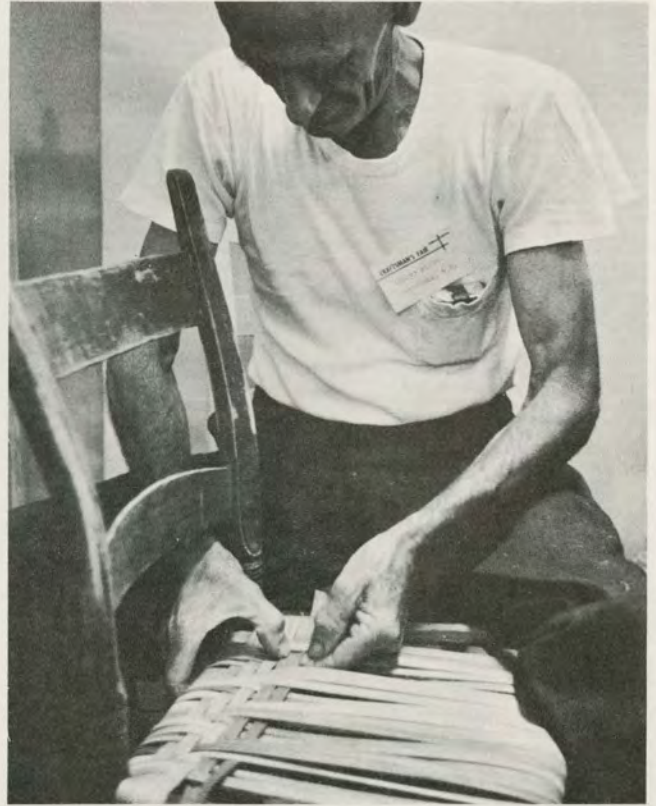
A map of the Southern Highland Area.

Right: A hand-carved Christmas creche and decorations carved of wood for tree hanging are products of the John C. Campbell Folk School.





Sitting in her own handmade chair of solid walnut, which sells for \$23, this woman twists a "rope" of wet corn husks which she weaves into chairseats.



Here is an example of another style of chairbottom weaving, made of split hickory wood.

The Presnell family, makers of dulcimers, watch one of the tourists pick a tune. Folk singers Jean and Edna Ritchie have dulcimers made by Edd Presnell.



The game of Skittles collects a crowd at the Berea booth every year. This game and many others are made at Berea.





Jack Guy, 33, is the manager, organizer, salesman, promotion man, treasurer, researcher, packer and shipper for Folk Toys. Making toys earns from \$400 to \$800 a year for each of the 25 families in the Beech Creek (N.C.) Home Industries. When you're only making about \$1,200 a year on your tobacco crop the money from crafts makes a big difference to a family. Jack Guy would like someday for each family to have their own workshop and make all kinds of beautiful things—not just toys. Knowledgeable American travelers have bought Guy's Folk Toys and carved "Least Ones" (mite sized animals) from Brasstown, to take as cultural exchange gifts all over the world. They can be ordered by mail.



Miss Clementine Douglas, who came to the Highlands to teach when she was fresh out of college herself, has supported and guided the guild from its beginning. Here she shows some hand-dyed, spun yarn.



Miss Edna Ritchie, a folk singer from Viper, Kentucky, sings her family's songs and accompanies herself on one of the several dulcimers she owns. (This tear-drop shaped dulcimer was made for her by fellow-guild member Homer Ledford.)



Biltmore Industries in Asheville, N.C., employs skilled hand weavers to produce fine wool yard cloth from the large hand looms.



Mrs. Persis Grayson of Kingsport, Tenn., gathers, cards, spins and weaves flax to make her own linen. Here she prepares her two handed wheel for a demonstration of flax spinning at the Fair. She also weaves rugs of wool.



Carding wool before spinning thread on this large wheel.



This cross by Peg Boarts is of enamel on gold and silver.

Handmade vegetable dyed wool strips go into a large hooked rug.



Pottery and other craft demonstrations, are given at the Guild Fairs.





Demonstration in whittling at the John C. Campbell Folk School.



Dulcimer maker, Homer Ledford, from Winchester, Ky., discusses his craft with Miss Amanda Crow and visitors to the Fair.



Miss Sally Kesler from Franklin, N.C., designs and prints religious quotations and her own poetry on linen in rich colors.



Robert Ridley from Nashville is another of the five or six potters in this area who makes his entire living from pottery.



There are daily square dance demonstrations at the Guild Fairs.



Miss Doris Coulter weaves a tapestry on an upright loom. She studied at Penland School and Cranbrook Academy, now lives in Cherokee, N.C., and makes rugs, tapestries and woven material on commission.

(Continued from p. 16)

produced, and sold in the area; to provide opportunity for the exhibition and sale of members' work; to preserve the traditional and indigenous crafts; to encourage creativeness in design and use of materials; to uphold standards of excellence in design and technique; to educate the laymen to a better appreciation of fine craft work [italics mine]." Part of the success in this effort is due to the inclusion of school-trained craft-artists in the same organization and on the same par with the family craft-artists. Each learned important things from the other.

The Guild maintains an educational program that offers help, advice, and training to both craftsmen and laymen. They conduct conferences, workshops, illustrated lectures and maintain a lending library of books, pictures and slides.

The Guild holds two Craft Fairs in the late summer each year, a month apart—one in Asheville, North Carolina and one in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. At the Fairs, each craftsman has a booth where he shows his work from 10 A.M. until 10 P.M. each day, for a week. Craftsmen also give demonstrations a few hours of each day and are available to visitors who want to ask questions and buy items. Each afternoon a program is given for the public: country dancers, groups of folk musicians, and famous folk singers come to perform.

Visually, these fairs affect every craft lover like a shot of adrenalin. On the main floor is a display of each exhibiting craftsman's best work, so handsomely done that any Scandinavian craftsman would turn green with envy. Beyond the main display the individual craftsmen's booths spread out in dizzying profusion. Everywhere there is creativity and excitement. To a collector a pocketful of money is not enough. The most ordinary items are made so well and designed with such rightness that it is impossible to ignore them. It may be hard to imagine becoming estatic over a common broom but these men and women make them wonderfully—like no others seen. They are much too fine to hide in the kitchen pantry, but they are practical and "sweep good." The soap maker, the candlestick maker, the doormat maker, the ironmonger each presents work unrivaled anywhere. Yet I have seen a tourist family take an entire afternoon to decide whether a handmade solid walnut rocker is worth the money asked! So the education of the layman which the Guild carries on is not in vain. The public is not acquainted with the joy of owning handmade things of great quality. The public necessarily thinks in terms of mass-produced machine-made necessities, practical but lovelessly done. The two big fairs go a long way in re-educating these laymen and opening for them a whole new/old world of their own heritage.

Authorized Southern Highland Handicraft Guild shops are open the year around in Asheville, North Carolina, on the Skyline Drive, in Luray, Virginia, and at Blowing Rock, North Carolina on the Blue Ridge Parkway. In these shops travelers find Highland work which meets the highest standards of the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild whose aim is similar to the aim of the Penland School, ". . . to give people of all ages, who are serious students, the opportunity to learn that creativity, directed by knowledge and executed with fine craftsmanship, will give them the firm base which is needed to help the individual continue to grow and produce works which are worthy of respect." Such standards have flourished among all the Highland people.

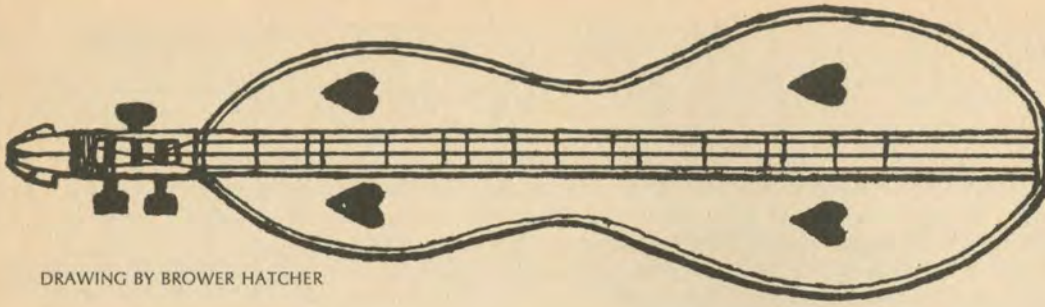
EVEN the toys—the least likely folk craft-art to suggest the Highland sensitivity mingled with humor—are characteristic. There are Gee-Haw Whimmydiddles and Flipperdingers, Bullroarers and Cornstalk Fiddles, and the noise makers: Flykillers, Smoke Grinders and Rattletraps. Such toys have counterparts in other folk cultures even today, but in American folk culture they have all but disappeared except from folk museums and the Southern Highlands. In this area they still amuse and delight children of all ages, just as do the nonsense songs and the deliberately humorous whittled "doodads" representing both animals and humans. This humorous level expresses an acceptance of life and nature: there is both shrewdness and joy in these playful manifestations of humanity.

When the songs or craft arts turn seriously to religious expression simplicity and humor and joy still remain the vital elements. The Christmas tree ornaments carved of wood, the manger carvings, the hymns and white spirituals all carry out their messages directly, sometimes in surprising ways. I have seen a manger scene worked out with cornshuck dolls depicting mountain people, the ladies in their bonnets, the men in overalls and smoking pipes, hovering around the manger along with the mild-mannered animals in attitudes of adoration. Or there is the carving of Jesus teaching the children which from a distance looks like one of the present-day mountain storytellers spinning a yarn for the kids.

The encouragement that came to the white Highland culture has eventually been extended to include the Indian culture as well. Long before the first Anglo-Saxon pioneers came to the area in 1700, the Cherokee Indians made their home in the Highlands; they have brought their own craft heritage into the Guild. Their baskets, hand dyed from natural roots and plants, the weaving and woodcarving are major contributions. One Cherokee woman, Miss Amanda Crow, went off to school at the Chicago Art Institute. Six years later she came back to Cherokee, North Carolina and has taught crafts, especially woodcarving, since. The list of people who have dedicated their lives to fostering the craft work in the Highlands is a long one. But it includes not only great founders like Allen Eaton and the teachers, but the unknown tourists who stream through the vacation area each summer and happen upon the Fair or one of the Guild shops. Certainly the folk schools and the Handicraft Guild itself have been major factors in the development of the culture of the entire area, white and Indian.

No Highland craftsman has ever become rich from sales of his work, but the income from craft sales tips the balance for nearly all of them away from abject poverty toward a meaningful, rewarding way of life. The satisfaction is real not only in the commercial sense; the sense of dignity and creativity invested in handwork are made more tangible by the buyer's exchange of values—and the buyer himself is enriched. This is an exceedingly simple and basic human principle, but in American mass society almost no one—and least of all the church—has been willing to absorb the lesson, and commit themselves to the task of helping people make their work and their community culture a creative whole.

THE whittling and weaving, the coverlets, the songs and tales all reveal the fullness of their humor that balanced their hardships and misfortunes, their sense of joy, their reverence and hope, their longing and sadness, their ability to celebrate life.



DRAWING BY BROWER HATCHER

*the
folk
singers
of
the
Kentucky
Highlands*

*As I passed by where Jack Combs was murdered,
As I passed by there so early one day
I spied a cold corpse wrapped up in fine linen,
Wrapped up in fine linen, as cold as the clay.*

*Go pick up your drums as if I were with you,
Go beat your dead marches while carrying me along;
And each one of you a bunch of red roses,
To keep me from smelling while carrying me along.*

ANONYMOUS FOLK SONG

THE MOUNTAIN WOMAN had sung a special song for me. At least I thought so until I learned that a real Jack Combs had really been murdered half a century before I was born. She sang it without any accompaniment, in a high, beautiful, nasal twang, utterly unconscious of my presence until she had finished. Then she shyly smiled.

"Where did you learn that song?" I asked her.

"I don't rightly know," she replied after a moment, "but I do know hit's in a book of song of Josiah Combs's. He got hit from Hezecarr Cody up to Hindman years ago."

"Know any other old songs?" I asked.

"You know any?" she asked back.

"I asked you first," I hopefully returned.

She did, and sang several—I didn't.

I was seated on the porch of a house on Mill Creek, six miles (two of them a mud road) from Hindman, Kentucky. I was there to talk with these people about their songs, which we, the "outsiders" so to speak, or "furriners" in the mountain idiom, call folk songs.

In recent years the increased interest in the folk song has exploded into a prominent industry and a cultural attraction. Radio, television, and the stage have been filled with folk singers. The folk singer has gone from the small espresso house to Carnegie Hall and his appeal has yet to crest. Recently, parodies on the folk songs and singers have been heard; and when that happens, one can be sure that a fad has "arrived." But is the revival of folk music just a fad or a reinstatement of permanent tradition? And just what is a folk song and a folk singer? Perhaps the best place to find an answer is the source, the folk, and to find the folk I went to the first place in the United States where the folk song was recognized as being something unique and worth preserving, Hindman, Kentucky.

Hindman is situated in the Appalachian chain some 150 miles east of Lexington, Ky., 45 miles from Virginia, and 90 from Cumberland Gap. (All distances are road distances—straight line distance, or "as the crow flies," is about one-half as much.) It is a small village of some 500 people, one theatre, one bank, a new post office, four grocery stores, a couple of hardwares, two clothing shops, too-numerous filling stations, and a courthouse because it's the county seat of Knott County. It was chosen as the county seat because it is the middle of a "Y" between the only three roads which penetrate the county. A man from Dwarf, Mousie, or Sassafras, riding on horseback, could make Hindman in half-a-day,

conduct his business, and return home before dark. Now, a man can drive a 300-horsepower car from one end of the county to the other in an hour. But there still aren't more than three main roads, and no railroad.

Hindman squats alongside and over Troublesome Creek (deserving of its name) and fills the narrow valley, then painfully clings to the sides of the hills. The population varies little, but is slowly, very slowly, increasing in the town, but losing rapidly in the county. Births and deaths are about equal, but families sometimes move into town from the more remote, isolated sections like Quicksand, Hollybush, Gutlick, and Mill Creek. On Saturdays, "court days" when the circuit court is in session, and now on "commodity days" (when the government surplus food is distributed to the needy), the town swells with the milling, whittling, 'baccers spitting, knife swapping "folk." There is no industry, no bar or tavern, no Women's Club, no PTA, no juvenile delinquency, and a pool room has the best business location in town.

About one hundred yards from the center of the town, up the "Right Fork," stands the Hindman Settlement School. It was established in 1902 by two Boston women, Katherine Pettit and May Stone, whom the mountain folk called the "quare women." Although the school does not function as an educational institution today—it became a state public school many years ago—it now provides living quarters for children whose homes are in such isolated and inaccessible areas that they could not otherwise attend a school. The school is also an internationally known center for the traditional folk songs and dances. The resident students at the school have appeared many times on radio and television and folk festivals, dancing and singing their traditional ballads.

RAYMOND McLAIN is Executive Director of the Settlement School and a leading spokesman in the folk arts. I went to talk with him in his office at "Hillside." He met me with a friendly face, and an even friendlier mood and led the way into his office. The ceilings, the walls, and floors were unfinished boards, rubbed smooth and soft which cracked and sighed with every movement. Mr. McLain sat at a rough flat-top desk. His office was very plain even austere. He braced one foot up on a nearby cane-bottom chair and shifted uneasily. He is a young man and his enthusiasm seems to compel him to be constantly moving.

I asked him for some background in the history of the folk song in this particular region. He readily answered.

"The significant lore in this area is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and for obvious reason, the tradition flourished here longer and more actively than in many places. Settlers had certain English traditions when they came here and kept them longer than England because of the lack of communications. This is especially true in songs. As far as any records show, it was at Hindman that the value of the old English folk songs and ballads was first recognized. As early as 1900, when May Stone and Katherine Pettit had their first summer camp, two years before they founded the Settlement School, their diaries refer to the ballads that were being sung by both old and young, ballads they recognized as significant and worth preserving. Miss Stone and Miss Pettit were the first to interest Josiah Combs, first high school graduate at Hindman, in the traditional ballads and songs of Knott County. He began to make exhaustive studies which were continued for years by different people.

"In 1907, Mrs. John C. Campbell, whose husband worked for and began the Southern Council, visited Hindman and was so struck by the beauty of the songs that she began a collection of texts with melodies. When she learned later that Cecil Sharp, the English scholar who had been doing so much to emphasize the beauty of the music in his work with folk songs in England, was coming to the United States, she took what she had collected to him in Massachusetts.

"Mr. Sharp then made two or three visits to Hindman between 1916-1918. He collected a number of melodies and was fascinated with the idea that here he could collect songs in the oral tradition from any age group. In England the tradition survived only in Old Folks' Homes. He was impressed, on a visit in 1917, by the fact that he was able to collect more complete folk songs in one day in Hindman than in several years in England.

"The traditional folk songs and ballads existed totally in their variants—they were transmitted by mouth, not written down. Naturally there was a lot of handling subconsciously so that a person would not remember it just right and maybe sing it worse and maybe sing it better, depending on his talent. When it got too horribly garbled, it was not transmitted any more—sort of a survival of the most beautiful. There's not any particular effort nowadays—the song today does not have the same social meaning as it did then. Not as much reason for people to teach their folk songs to their children. They can turn on the radio.

"It is a good thing it was written down when it was, because people forget and their children might not think it important enough to remember. We have the same communication media that everyone in the U. S. has—the television and the radio. This electronic influx has really weakened our unique folk traditions and they are not as distinctive as they once were."

"Then the children here at the school are taught these old folk songs and dances in order to strengthen those traditions?" I commented.

"Yes. It is good for people to be aware of their heritage, especially when it is such a rich one. For this reason folk songs and dances are good to use in schools; and, in this respect, they are being pushed more than they ever were—teaching again something that always did belong. Songs are not sung in homes like they were before, yet the influence of folk singers on radio and television has come into this area and caused people to remember them, but not in the traditional sense. They will remember where they have been taught them, not from their parents as part of the cultural processes, but in the schools. The children will not remember the folk songs as a part of living.

"But one of the advantages of acquainting a student here with a rich part of his background that maybe other people

don't have is to give him something to be proud of, as a worthy individual. When a person has a fine heritage, I think he should become well-acquainted with it; it gives his life more meaning and he sees himself in better relation to his past. Same thing with students, in learning songs, they find richness in their past."

"Then you think the songs lose something by being taught?"

"It is not the same as learning it for a social purpose such as to entertain yourself."

"Then do you consider folk songs more beautiful when sung naturally and the person unconscious as to performance?"

"Yes, but that is just one form. A song will be different in a different setting. The song is quite a different thing after it has been written down; it cannot be accurate and the elements will be approximated just as the written word in English does not tell the inflection with which the word was spoken. It is just not the same. For example, Professor Sharp had a professional folk singer sing a folk song for the person from whom he had learned it. The person did not even recognize the song. It was a different context. The rose on the bush looks different than it does in a vase in a pillared hall, I suppose."

I asked: "When the children are taught these songs at school, does that constitute a performance?"

"No," he answered, "when the songs are sung together, that constitutes recreation. Performance is where you are doing it for someone listening; recreation is when you are doing it for your own pleasure."

"Do you feel that when you perform on stage or television or some other entertainment medium, that a folk song loses quality?"

"It may. Yet, in performing it, it may be that the performer, in seeing how someone else appreciates it, will develop a greater appreciation himself. I don't think it makes much difference; yet if it loses something there is nothing you can do about it. If it loses too much, there will be no more performance.

"In Lexington we performed on television—'Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah'—which was greatly out of context to what it would be in church. Yet it still retained enough of its own nobility of sound that it was well worth hearing."

He paused, shifted his legs to one side of the chair and leaned forward.

"In some parts of the country, folk songs are thought of as songs of discontent—people singing about their poor, impoverished lot, complaining that they are the underdog. Labor songs complain about conditions and say that people are going to rise up. You don't see much of that around here because the kind of folk song around here is the kind people sing because they enjoy it, not because people are discontented with their lot.

"Folk songs have been turned to different purposes for years. 'Mary Hamilton,' for example, had political advantage for Henry VIII. A song, 'The Twelfth of Never,' which is really 'I Gave My Love a Cherry,' has gone on for a long time. If the tune is good, like 'Greensleeves,' it will survive. It is cast in the popular form of the day.

"There were many good spirited tunes in the lore of other sections, even arising out of the Puritan movement, that were used for hymns. There was a saying, 'Why let the Devil have all the tunes?' You can still enjoy a tune in any setting you want to. It is still a 'survival of the fittest.' It seems to me that most things have been recorded that are going to be recorded. Few songs will now be lost to scholars. But the people are going to forget these folk songs because they do not have the same social significance. It has a new

social significance when college students enjoy hearing Joan Baez, the Brothers Four, or other such singers."

"I realize that this next question I want to ask you may be rather blunt," I added, "but do you feel that the people here in this area are capitalizing on their heritage—are, in fact, capitalizing on something which they, by their discarding of the traditions, no longer truly possess?"

He quickly shot back, "Why not capitalize on their heritage if it is a worthy heritage and as long as they are not doing it great disrespect? Why not make it better known? If it is a fine heritage, you should be proud of it, and if it could help people to understand it better, why not?"

"Perhaps it does not really make very much difference whether a person has it in his background or not. Whether you learn a folk song off your mother's knee or a Burl Ives' record, you are still learning it, and it becomes yours. Indeed, a person like Joan Baez who learns songs from many different sources has an advantage which an authentic folk singer, like Jean Ritchie, does not have."

"Jean Ritchie would then be the last holdout, so to speak, of these old songs in their traditional sense," I added. "Just as progress has come to the hills and the isolation is fast disappearing, taking with it the old, perhaps backward ways, the folk song of the 'folk' is disappearing. In fact, the 'folk' are disappearing. Some people have said that something brand new must be found to take the place of the folk song. Others suggest that the people retain what they can of the old—changing it to suit present needs. What do you think?"

He stood, walked to the window, walked away once again, and the ridge across the creek filled the panes. "It seems to me that through no fault of our own, we are more backward than other sections. Thus, if we could find some fine parts of our heritage to emphasize, we could present a better picture to the rest of the world. The things we are criticized for then have a positive side. If we do possess some anachronisms, we should capitalize on them, and at least make somebody appreciate them. Since our 'backwardness' does have historic aspects, we should not pretend that it does not exist."

"The songs Jean Ritchie sings, she has learned through this eighteenth century tradition. But our only claims to fame as a folk sing area, and they are good claims, are these surviving elements, which are not as strong as they were. These traditions will become less strong as our civilization develops, as we want it to do, but it is our duty not to lose these rich aspects of our culture at the same time that we overcome the reason for having had them."

He paused for a moment, then walked around the desk as I stood up.

"Well," he said, "I hope I have shed some light on the subject."

We went to the door and he walked outside a few steps with me. Even in my heavy coat the air was chilling but he stood in bare sleeves, briskly rubbing his arms.

"You know," he said, "there's a lot to be done here." Then he saw that I was freezing and turned to go inside. As I walked down the hill along a neatly sculptured path, past some broken apple trees, a boy, about fourteen, stepped out from behind an old log cabin, the only cabin I saw on the grounds. Solomon Everidge, the uneducated farmer who sixty years ago gave the land to the "fotched-on women" from Boston in order to persuade them to come to Hindman and "learn" his children, had built and lived in that house. Sixty feet away from it stands a new, very modern building, recently completed by the older boys of the school. There are two huge picture windows facing over a green and looking up to a mountain. Inside several students were practicing a dance. The boy joined them.

Two skips and a hop over the Knott County line and into Perry County, nests Viper. Where the place got its name, I don't know, but like many of these small eastern Kentucky villages, the name is distinctive. While the memories may fade, the names remain—Carr Creek, Cody, Sassafras, Vicco, Defiance, Happy—these are the towns, really only wide places in the road, on the twenty mile drive from Hindman to Viper.

And what a drive—one old farmer said that there are more "hooks and crooks on that road than in a dog's hind leg." In my opinion, the engineer who laid out the road should be eternally tortured by having to meet thirty-ton coal trucks on a rain-slicked, blind, ninety-degree curve.

Just after dark, I turned off the main road (that same road) onto a dirt driveway leading to the home of Edna Ritchie. The snows of the winter had just melted and, with the thawing of the ground, the mud was deep and pulled the wheels from side to side. The car slid and scraped bottom and slithered to a halt.

Edna Ritchie is a sister of Jean Ritchie, the leader of the so-called "Purists" in folk singing. Jean has recorded many LP's and has written a book, *Singing Family of the Cumberlandlands*, about her family and their songs. Edna has recently recorded her first solo album (for Folk Legacy Records), although she has been recorded many other times as a source of folk material by the Library of Congress. She lives with another sister, Millie, and her mother in their home outside (assuming there is an inside) of Viper. She teaches English at Dilce Combs Memorial High School, nearby.

Edna met me at the door and I was immediately struck by the unusualness of her speech. Her voice is low-pitched, which gives her twangy dialect a distinctive beauty, without the nasal tone of most mountaineers.

We went into the livingroom where I was introduced to her mother, and her sister, Millie. Edna and her mother sat on one sofa while Millie and I sat in rockers. There was a coal fire crackling in the open grate. Homemade quilts covered the couches. Two hand-hooked rugs lay on the floor.

"I don't know what help, if any, I can be to you," Edna said, "if you want to know something about folk songs. I don't know a whole lot about them, but we do sing a lot of songs."

"Do you know where most of your songs came from?" I asked.

"I know now that they came from England, or most of them. But some have been made up since our ancestors brought those first ones over. 'Floyd Frazier,' a song about a man who was hanged at Whitesburg (Kentucky) some years back is an example of this."

"You know," Mrs. Ritchie added, "when that happened you couldn't hardly get people to hush talking and singing about it. Many of the old songs are about murders and killings. People were interested more in themselves and things around them than in world events or national goings-on as they are today."

"Where did you learn the songs you sing?" I asked.

"I don't know where or when, I just know. I learned them, most of them, when I was a child and just singing with the rest of the family. Those are the ones that you don't forget—that stay with you."

"Mrs. Ritchie," I said, "with such a large family I guess you all could raise the roof."

"Yes," the sprightly old lady answered, "I had fourteen children and we were always singing."

"Now there's just Millie and me left with Mother," Edna interrupted. "All the rest have married and gone off."

"You want to sing our dish-washing song, Edna?" Millie suggested.

Mrs. Ritchie laughed and sang a bar of "I Wonder When I Shall Be Married."

"Let me show you my new dulcimer first," Edna broke in. She got up, and walked out of the room. She returned carrying a musical instrument which is unique to the Southern Highlands. It is about three feet long and more slender than a violin, with the gracefully curved shape of an hour-glass. She had three of the dulcimers. Her new one, made in the different form of a teardrop, was built by Homer Ledford of Winchester, Kentucky. Another had been made by Ed Thomas from Litt Carr in Knott County, probably before 1900. It is a three-string instrument which can be plucked or strummed. Edna plucked the strings, using her fingers only, and she and Millie sang:

*I wonder when I shall be married
OH, be married, OH, be married;
I wonder when I shall be married,
For my beauty's beginning to fade.*

The sound of the dulcimer is different from that of any other musical instrument. Its delicate, light, *twing* blends beautifully with the mountain dialect and tonal quality of folk songs. Edna and Millie laughed with their mother when they finished.

"Do you have any favorite songs, Mrs. Ritchie?" I asked.

"Not any I can sing," she replied with a mischievous note in her voice.

"What about 'White Pilgrim'?" Edna said. "Let's sing it together."

"White Pilgrim" is a hymn, but in ballad form because it tells a story. The old woman joined her daughter, and her quavering, fragile voice that had sung this song thousands of times, somehow expressed the feeling of sentiment which the song possessed. Just as she sang in the traditional manner, so did Edna. This was the true "folk" singer, and this was the true "folk" song. Written down, even recorded and taped, the folk song is somehow just not the same.

After coffee and cookies, and cookies and cookies—you are always impressed with the hospitality of the mountain people—I asked Edna what she thought about "imitators."

"I know one young man," she said, "who would like to be a real folk singer, but he knows he can't because he wasn't brought up in the tradition. So he has to imitate."

She felt that there was nothing wrong with this imitating, but she went on to say that these imitators could always be spotted.

"I don't know how you can tell but there's something that gives them away whenever they sing."

"Do you think they do any harm when they 'popularize' a folk song?"

"No," she replied, "folk singing just doesn't go too much unless it is something popular. I'm not such a purist that I think that if you want to art one up and make it catchy, you ruin it. Now, for instance, some people don't believe in harmonizing them at all—they say folk songs aren't meant to be harmonized—but at school [Berea College] we used to do a lot of it. We didn't sing them like a 'hillbilly' would sing them—and I put quotation marks around that hillbilly. We sang them more like art songs; but it was interesting, in a way, to do it."

"Your record is made of traditional songs, not in the 'arty' or the 'popular' style," I commented. "How is it being received?"

"I get cards and letters every once in a while from people about my record and it really makes me feel good. It's mostly my good friends though," she laughingly added. "I don't think anyone else would like it except people who know me."

Millie got up from her rocker, walked to the fire-place

and, using an ancient-looking blackened poker, prodded the coal into new heat and added another chunk. Reluctantly preparing to leave, I made my thank-you's.

Edna put down the dulcimer and smiled. "Well, I haven't said anything. I'm just tickled to death you came. I like to do things like this—mostly just to get people to come and see us."

Three gracious ladies escorted me to the door and asked me to come again—soon. The night dropped the temperature from chilling to freezing and had frozen the mud up to the hubcaps of the tires. My car balked at leaving, too.

HINDMAN, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. At each end of the small "Y" of Hindman is a group of homes. The left fork is called "Slone Town," the right fork, "Frog Town," and the main stem, "Cowtown."

Jethro Amburgey lives in "Cowtown," on a hill above the road. He is the best known and most skillful maker of dulcimers in the Southern Highlands. Retired now, after a career as a teacher at Hindman and a Knott County health officer, he spends much of his time laboriously hand-fashioning his dulcimers.

We sat in the living room and he brought a newly finished dulcimer to me.

"This here is the last one I've made." He pointed into another room. "There's another one in there I'm working on."

"How many of these have you made?" I asked.

"That's number 531. The number is written inside the dulcimer, but it's not exact because I made them for several years before I started counting and then I just guessed at how many I had made before."

"How long does it take you to make one?" I asked.

"Working real steady, I can make two a week. People keep ordering them so fast I can never keep up. I sell most of them to people outside of the hills though; not many people up here buy them."

"Was there ever a great number of dulcimers here in this region? Was it a common musical instrument?"

"No," he replied, "it wasn't awful common. There wasn't anybody much making them and still isn't. I learned to make them from Ed Thomas who lived on Litt Carr about 1910. He made about 1500 of them during his lifetime. About the only tool he used at all was his pocket knife. He used to make several at once, swing them over his shoulder, and walk the hills until he sold them."

"Where did he learn to make them?" I questioned.

"I don't know, I never asked him. As far as I know, he was the first person to make a dulcimer. At least, I can't trace it back any further. It is an instrument which originated here; there's never been anything else exactly like it anywhere. Everybody that makes dulcimers now use mine as models."

"What wood do you use in making them?" I said.

"Mostly walnut, but I have done them in cherry—like that one hanging on the wall. I do most of the work by hand, using a plane, a pair of pliers, and my pocket knife. I use a real fine sand-paper to smooth them up, I never put any kind of varnish or paint on them, just leave them with a natural finish. The strings are banjo strings."

He took the long slender instrument and plucked the strings. "The strings may be plucked or strummed. Some people use a quill to strum with and a small rounded stick to depress the string behind the frets. The three strings are tuned in fifths, with the lower strings being tuned exactly alike—'sol-sol'—and the other string 'do.' The melody is played on the lowest string. The dulcimer is used mainly by individuals to accompany their singing. Because of the thin tone, it just doesn't adapt to large singing groups."

From his pocket he pulled out a pencil and slid it up and down the melody string with his left hand. With his right, he plucked out "Barby Ellen" as "Barbara Allen" is known in Knott County.

"It's a real easy instrument to play," he said. "You can pick it up in no time. I would guess that most people who order these never play them or at least not very much. Probably put them on the mantel for show. They ought to be played."

I spent my second night in Hindman, and for the second consecutive morning I was awakened by chickens and dogs. When one chicken starts up, just before daylight, they all start up that infernal crowing, and the dogs are set off by the chickens. It is a vicious chain-reaction type of alarm, designed to torture any "furriner." After finding some solace in a big breakfast, I drove to Homeplace at Ary, Kentucky, in order to talk with Marie Marvel.

Homeplace has a look about it which the name implies. It rests in the middle of a large valley between the mountains, and its buildings are scattered randomly.

Miss Marvel stood at the top of the low steps, on a wide, long porch. She had come to Hindman in 1936, and had stayed for four years working in the Settlement School. She left for several years, but came back several years later. In her roomy, comfortable office, she sat among the books and papers which seemed to nearly fill the room. I asked her if the folk song or its singer had changed since she first came to Knott County.

"During the four years I worked at Hindman before World War II," she answered, "there was a great deal of natural folk singing, done in the oral tradition. We were much more isolated here then, and the older generation still had a strong influence. Since the war, though, things have changed. Boys in the service, and people here who worked in the factories in Ohio and Michigan, brought back a desire for the advantages they had enjoyed in the outside. Radio, television, new types of entertainment—even education—played large roles in destroying those old traditions. The type of civilization which had existed here was outdated, outmoded, and had to fall. It was good that it did. But we should not forget those traditions, in this case, songs, for they were and are, or I should say, can be, good."

"Do you mean intrinsically good or good value as a heritage for these people?" I asked.

She turned to her desk and picked up a book, opened it to a marked page. "Cecil Sharp wrote this in his introduction on *American-English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachian Mountains*. 'Music, poetry—and, for the matter of that, all art—is good or bad, not because it is unsophisticated or ingenuous, simple or complex, but because it is, or is not, the true, sincere, ideal expression of human feeling and imagination.'

"Folk-songs are the product of an intuitive, unselfconscious effort to satisfy an insistent human demand for self-expression. And it is only of the very best and highest human achievements in the sphere of consciously-conceived art that this, with like assurance, can be said.'

"I think that statement sums it up," she went on to say. "A folk song is both intrinsically good and good for the person singing it if it is his self-expression. *The un-selfconscious* effort is important, even essential, both to the song and to the singer. When a singer is conscious of performing his song, he loses the sincere feeling for it. When he tries to project himself, his personality, the song suffers as a consequence. A true singer, as you may have noticed, sings in an almost dead-pan expression. The song is the important thing to him. The beauty of the singing is important to the singer only in that it adds to the song. A singer tries to learn to sing a song well, not just to sing well."

"Do you teach these songs to the children here in this community," I asked, "or do they already know them?"

"Very few of the children know the old songs, and I do teach them. But, they are not taught the songs by rote or drill—we sing whenever we are doing something together; for example when we are riding in a school bus or cleaning up after supper. In this way, the children learn the songs in the oral tradition, without the rigor of style which drill imparts. The individuality of the singer and the song must be preserved. If one of these children who has learned a song by listening and singing it later forgets a word or even a verse, he will invent his own words to fit. He does not feel compelled then to run to a book and find the 'correct' version. There is no 'correct' version to a folk song. The essence of a folk song is its variance."

Mildred Creighton and her husband Lan, and their three children, live in a big, comfortable home on Mill Creek. She had sung "Jack Combs" for me and now I asked her how much singing of the old songs was still carried on.

"Nowadays, people just don't sing too much. On this creek here there used to be four or five good banjo pickers, and two smart fiddlers, but I'll bet you can't find a guitar here now. For instance, back before the war, Lan was over near Pikeville, standing by the road while his car was getting gassed. He was standing there talking to this fellow when they saw this young man a'walking down the road carrying a banjo case. They called him to come over and pick a tune. When he opened up the case, they saw he was carrying his clothes along with his banjo, but he sat down and picked out a real diddy. Lan, he asked Slim—he was tall and sparse—where he was headin' and Slim 'lowed as how he was going to Pikeville to catch the train, that he was traveling around the country. Lan talked him into coming over to Mill Creek and spending the night with us. The next morning Lan would taken him to Hazard where he could catch the train out. Well, he did and we called in all the neighbors up and down the branch, and all of us gathered in and stayed up most of the night singing. He sure was strict with a banjo. The next morning, as he got ready to leave, he told us his name was Pete Seeger. He's become right famous now.

"I learned most of the songs from my Daddy," she continued. "He was always a good singer. When they were going to hang Floyd Frazier over at Whitesburg back around 1900—Daddy was a young man then—he started walking, going to see the hanging. He got a goodly ways then he met up with a fellow who was just coming from Whitesburg and he told him they'd put off the hanging for two weeks. Daddy came back home and after two weeks he had lost his stomach for the hanging and didn't go. But they hanged Frazier all right, and there is a song about it. Don't hear it much anymore. Don't hear any of the old songs. It's a pity, too."

I have thought about that—"It's a pity, too"—many times when I drove out of the mountains and saw the new roads being carved out of the hills, and the tops of whole mountains stripped off and the coal sucked out, and big cars with Ohio license plates parked in front of little homes, and the television antennas perched in tree-tops on the ridges with a half-mile of cable running to the house.

I am a Combs. I was born in Hindman, Kentucky, and lived there for seventeen years. But now, after three years in the flat lands, I am a "furriner." I have lost something which, regrettably, I can never regain.

*This song came to me
By day and by night;
I think it is right to sing it
In this vain world of delight.*

Last verse to "Floyd Frazier"



JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

INK DRAWING

ZDENEK SEYDL

NATURE

AN ALBUM OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. R. SIMONS

THE LANGUAGE OF VISION, optical communication, is one of the strongest potential means both to reunite man and his knowledge and to re-form man into an integrated being. The visual language is capable of disseminating knowledge more effectively than almost any other vehicle of communication. With it, man can express and relay his experiences in object form. Visual communication is universal and international: it knows no limits of tongue, vocabulary, or grammar, and it can be perceived by the illiterate as well as by the literate. . . . It can interpret the new understanding of the physical world and social events because dynamic interrelationships and interpenetration, which are significant of every advanced scientific understanding of today, are intrinsic idioms of the contemporary vehicles of visual communication: photography, motion pictures, television.

But the LANGUAGE OF VISION has a more subtle and, to a certain extent, an even more important contemporary task. To perceive a visual image implies the beholder's participation in a process of organization.

The experience of an image is thus a creative act of integration.

*Its essential characteristic is that by plastic power an experience is formed into an organic whole. Here is a basic discipline of forming, that is, thinking in terms of structure, a discipline of utmost importance in the chaos of our formless world.**

* *Language of Vision*, by Gyorgy Kepes (Chicago, 1951), p. 15.



WE LIVE IN THE MIDST OF A WHIRLWIND OF LIGHT QUALITIES.

From this whirling confusion we build unified entities, those forms of experience called visual images.

To perceive an image is to participate in a forming process; it is a creative act. From the simplest form of orientation to the most embracing plastic unity of a work of art, there is a common significant basis: the following up of the sensory qualities of the visual field and the organizing of them.

Independent of what one 'sees', every experiencing of a visual image is a forming; a dynamic process of integration, a 'plastic' experience.

*The word 'plastic' therefore is . . . used to designate the formative quality, the shaping of sensory impressions into unified, organic wholes.**

* Language of Vision, page 13.



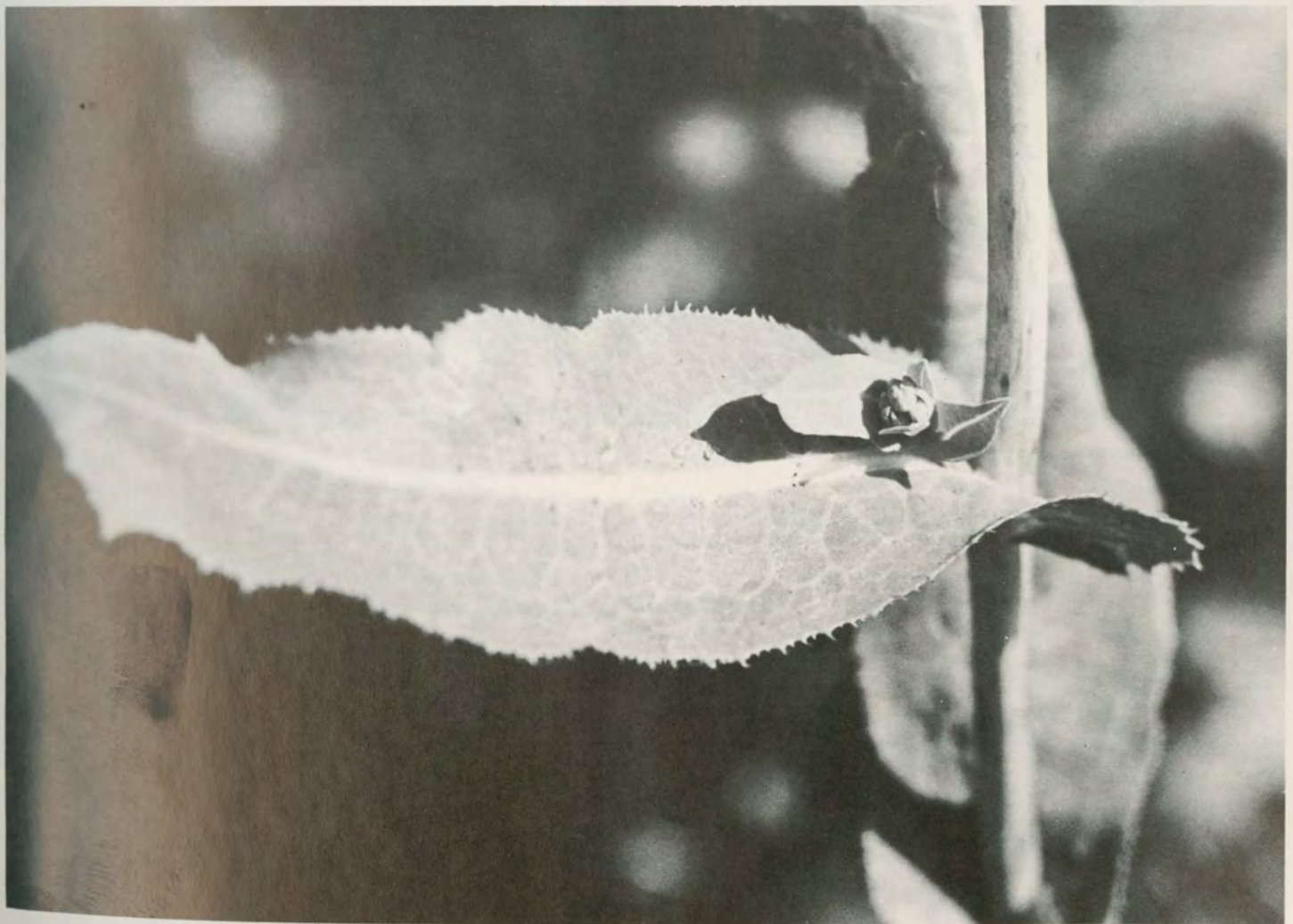








ARGENTINA - BUENOS AIRES



ARGENTINA: a country



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HODGELL

in revolution?

BY NESTOR RAÚL GARCÍA

WHEN Kurt Jurgens traveled from Buenos Aires Mar del Plata for the Film Festival which was held in that city, he asked the name of the railroad line on which he was traveling. It was called Ferrocarril General Roca. Later—when he learned the names of the rest, General Mitre, General San Martín and General Belgrano—he exclaimed: “This is a country of generals.”

This superficial knowledge gives an approximate image of the Argentine Republic. The military men have had and still have disproportionate importance in the governmental life of the nation. As in other Latin American countries, representatives of the armed forces have not only occupied the presidential chair more often than civilians, but they have influenced and often determined the policies even of the civilian rulers. This prominence can be explained in many ways. But one of the principal causes is the instability of the liberal democracies in the midst of the rapid changes that occur in Latin America. It is even more difficult to maintain a republican system of government *without* the intervention of the military forces—to strengthen the established order, to oblige workers to work during strikes, or to thwart student rebelliousness.

The question immediately arises whether this military intervention—intended to defend democracy—doesn't end up suppressing democracy: by overthrowing governments which are the expression of the popular will manifested in open elections, by imposing regimes which smother the lower classes politically and socially, and by closing universities and holding back the development of the country. The history of Latin America shows that this military action—used with the pretext of restoring liberty, stability, and justice—has almost always been a period of disorder, of totalitarianism and of great injustice, in which the military men themselves benefited most. For example, many economic groups include military men on their boards so as to favor their speculations and investments.

In all Latin America budgets for health and education have decreased in relation to those for the armed forces. In Argentina, for example, in 1930, 24% of the national budget went for education, but now it is only 9%, while the military budget has constantly increased and is now estimated to be at least 43%.

Aldous Huxley, in *Point Counterpoint*, says there are three kinds of intelligence: human, animal and military. No doubt Argentina is a product of the latter.

But now the new world struggling to be born everywhere in Latin America has rendered inadequate the political structure of the past. This in turn has fostered a greater intervention of the armed forces. Are these rapid transformations occurring in Argentina as well?

If so, why don't we see the social effervescence and class struggle which we see in Brazil, Bolivia, Peru, Panama and Venezuela and in nearly all the continent?

Why do the Argentine people seem more complacent, more interested in personal well-being than in changing a system that militates against a higher standard of living for all?

One of the most prominent intellectuals in Argentina, Eduardo Mallea, entitled his last essay “The White Life.” In it he claims that we are a colorless nation, though we have not always been so. “We have changed the shade of our complexion from the rosy country we were to the pale one we are now.” There was a time when visitors were amazed at our great development, and affirmed in European and American publications that it was one of the most rapid in the world, and that at the present time (that is, by now) it would bring us on a level with the great nations of the world. In spite of these enthusiastic prophesies it is undeniable that since 1930 our country seems to be at a standstill, or at least very far below expectations. The reasons of course, are complex, and have not been thoroughly investigated. One must even question this apparent decadence and compare our progress with that of similar nations; this would give a more optimistic picture. We shall try to express briefly some of the reasons we consider illuminating of the total condition in Argentina.

FROM the beginning we have belonged to the “underdeveloped” nations. Even after our independence from Spain in 1810 we continued to depend on the empire most powerful in each period. We were the farm from which England acquired her grain and beef and we were the buyers of the English goods made with our own raw materials. In short, we were only a poor farm, which produced but always lost out in foreign commerce. During the present century the United States, little by little, replaced Britain. This new development only added new products, such as oil, to the inevitable loss in bargaining power sustained by the weaker country. Nevertheless, a populous, dynamic immigration (along with other factors) accelerated Argentine growth and slowly industrialized the country. The immigration in proportion to the native population is very much greater than in the U.S. This progress and the fabulous natural riches of the territory produced much enthusiasm in foreigners and resulted in what sociologists call a state of modernization. Thus it is that we have not become an industrialized society, but to a large extent we have come out of the patterns of the traditional society, rural and uncultured. Sixty percent of the population, according to the 1960 census, lives

in cities; we have the highest standard of living in Latin America; only 13% of the inhabitants are illiterate—the lowest percentage in Latin America. In north Argentina however, and in some other sections, there is much suffering and privation due to continuing forms of economic, intellectual and social oppression.

Such circumstances have shaped our tendency to accept the present set-up and disintegrate our ambition for a better way of life. To these must be added the semi-revolutionary process which *Peronismo* constituted. During the Peron government (1946-1955) the national product was redistributed in favor of the laboring sectors (by which we mean the lower income groups), industry was developed arbitrarily, and culture was made available to masses of people who had hitherto been excluded from it. In 1943, for example, with 15 million inhabitants we had 190,000 people with secondary education. In 1960, with a population of 20 million, those with secondary schooling numbered 832,000. It is true that General Peron missed the opportunity to develop world trade just when the post-war situation was so propitious. It is also true that he employed fascist methods and that he lost a magnificent opportunity to transform the structures of our society, but he did develop a trade union consciousness in the laboring classes.

The goals which *Peronismo* did not reach though it brought us nearer to them; the class consciousness fomented in the working man; our urgent needs in health, education, and housing; the decay in the traditional democratic structures: all converge in bringing us now to a drastic, unavoidable change.

Compared with the rest of the "underdeveloped" nations we enjoy a privileged economic and cultural position. But it is a precarious position. We are still much too dependent upon the economics of Western imperialism. Besides, Argentina will be affected by the revolutionary process now in effect everywhere else in Latin America. Here also we are coming to the end of the phase of military *coups*—which are changes of government in name only. We move towards a democracy embodying a full share in the government by the people.

ARGENTINE students have been very active in political and social struggles ever since 1918. In that year the country was shaken by a University reform originating in Cordoba (site of the first university, created in the 17th century). It extended through the whole nation and had repercussions in other parts of the continent. A manifesto was addressed to "The Free People of South America," and pointed out that the university ills were a result of the economic and social injustices in those countries. It was also a reaction against the scholastic dogmatism then prevalent in education, and its isolation from the life of the people.

The principal demands of the reform of 1918 were:

the participation of students in the government of the university, voluntary attendance of classes, a faculty free from religious and political pressure, the periodical renewal of professors by means of presenting credentials of experience, degrees, a concern on the part of the universities for the problems of society, and the reform of the same, to obtain a more just order, favoring general access to culture. To carry out these ideals universities of students and laborers were advocated, as also the solidarity of Latin American countries.

Nearly all the demands made relating to university life were obtained, so that democratic education and active participation in governing the universities became fact. The governing bodies are made up of representatives from the faculty, the graduates, and the students, and in some places these three groups make up the faculty-selecting committees. This reform fostered ideas for progress in political, social and cultural matters, and helped form future leaders. Arturo Frondizi, Romulo Betancourt, Haya de la Torre and many other ministers and public figures throughout the continent began as leaders of the reform. Some of them in time became defenders of the *status quo*, but in any case the results following prove the importance of this movement originating in Argentina.

Argentine university students have always led the country both in thought and in social struggles. The students in Africa and Asia later followed suit. It will thus be seen why what happens in universities is so important. Burning questions of the day are aired and discussed in centers of learning; the transformation we referred to is coming to life and the leaders will no doubt be the present students. This is what the Catholic and Marxist groups already understand, and so each dedicates more and more money, printed matter and staff to work among students. They—with the leaders of every other ideology—realize that the university is one of the key frontiers in the construction of the new world, so that every current of thought tries to make an impact on university life.

UNFORTUNATELY, the Protestant churches have evangelized unilaterally in Latin America. *Even though they have dedicated their attention to the lower classes and neglected the students and intellectuals, they have not become a part of the populace because they have preached an individualistic gospel and isolated the believers from their environment.*

This has produced introverted churches, unconscious of what is happening around them, and often indifferent to the most profound concerns of the people who surround them. Churches have grown rapidly, and in some regions surprisingly, but they have not managed to carry their message into the life of our people. The number of members that make up the evangelical community (about 500,000: 2% of the population) is not even in proportion to the scant influence obtained.

LE UNIDAD CRISTIANO



LA PAREDES NO LLEGAN
AL CIELO

Nowhere is the unawareness of the evangelical presence more obvious than in the university circles. The task of MEC (*Movimiento Estudiantil Cristiano*—Student Christian Movement), besides being made difficult by growing scientism and the unrest characteristic of the student world, has to face two fundamental obstacles. One is the image of Christianity which the university student has, and rejects. It is the image of a Roman Catholic clericalism more interested in subjecting than in evangelizing and serving. (This image nowadays is beginning to be combatted by the Roman Catholics themselves.) The other barrier is our own Protestant lack of familiarity with the intellectual circles, our lack of precedents for working within them, and our inadequate cultural and theological training.

MEC began its life in Buenos Aires with an unstable group during its first years, but in 1960 the first National Conference which took place with the participation of important national and international leaders (Hromadka and Visser t' Hooft, among others). This made possible the gathering of many university students who later formed small groups in the interior: in the cities of Bahia Blanca, Cordoba, La Plata, Mendoza, Rosario, and Santa Fe. These groups now include students of various Protestant denominations as well as some Roman Catholics. For this reason the MEC activities provide one of the most important ecumenical experiences in Argentina, reinforced by the constant connection with the churches, especially the Lutheran and the Methodist, who have helped MEC unstintingly and solicited their cooperation in common activities.

Some of the students and graduates who belong to MEC also belong to Protestant youth groups, religious education organizations, and groups concerned with the dialogue between church and society. This reveals another aspect of MEC's contribution to the ecumenical task.

In early February this year MEC held a second national conference which included Baptist, Methodist, Plymouth Brethren, Lutheran and some Roman Catholics. It was a mature study of the Latin American revolution, the Argentine situation, the universities, and their ties with social reality, and the mission of the Christian in the crisis areas. It was an important positive expression of a group of university students who were determined not to make of this study an end in itself, but an instrument to change backward and unjust structures. In these critical times while our countries are trying to form their own character we cannot continue each wrapped up in himself, nor permit the church membership to go on living largely apart from reality. "The Christian vocation is not carried out in the temple nor in MEC but in service of others," was said in the midst of one of the discussions. We understand that the mission of the Church and the student community is a peculiar manner of *being* in the world and a *participating* in the life of the people. We move toward the future and the only thing of the past that concerns us, as Christians, is the weakness of our commitment, our ignorance of the changes, hopes and frustrations of the present times.

a
letter
on
PANAMA

FROM IVAN D. ALPHONSE

DURING the five years I have spent as a student in the United States, it has been brought to my attention repeatedly that Americans above the Rio Grande cannot understand what impels Panamanians to brave the wrath of the U.S. Army so often and so unsuccessfully. It must be that my friends have misunderstood the Spirit of '76, or perhaps they have forgotten the Monroe Doctrine and Manifest Destiny. But it seems more likely that the real ground from which my country takes its stand is simply being ignored.

The stand which Panama has taken in her conflict with the U.S. must be understood from the standpoint of national pride. Panamanian nationalism—a key factor since the early decades of the nineteenth century—is being insulted by the colonial policies of the U.S. in the Canal Zone, and by the unfair treaty which gave the U.S. the right to build the Canal.

Panama, though cut off from Colombia by jungle and mountains, voluntarily joined her destiny with Colombia in 1821 after gaining her independence from Spain. But by 1830 Panama was weary of the constant political disorders in Colombia which always meant a rapid shuffling of political leaders. In addition, Colombia was indifferent to Panama's economic and social well-being.

As a result, Simon Bolivar (exiled in Barranquilla, Colombia) was invited in September, 1830 by a Panamanian diplomatic mission to come to Panama as her governor with the possibility of using that position to try to reunite the crumbling Confedera-

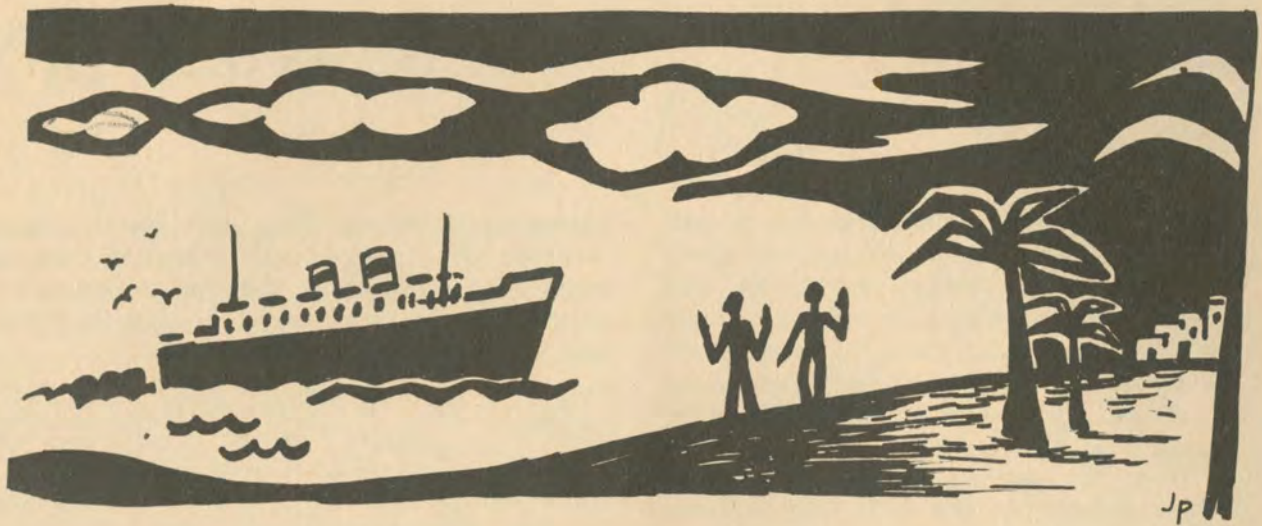
tion of States. But Bolivar was sick and despondent, and declined the offer. In the interests of the integrating federation, he recommended to the envoys that they return the territory to Colombia.

A complex barracks revolt in 1831 gave Panama its independence—for thirty days. A more serious movement, lasting for thirteen months, took place in 1840. Costa Rica gave diplomatic recognition to the new republic under the presidency of Don Tomas Herrera, and signed a peace treaty with its representatives. However, as in 1831, the nationalistic movements were frustrated by military and political forces from Colombia, as soon as order was temporarily restored in that country.

Panama's insistence on obtaining some kind of independent political status was rewarded in 1855 when the Colombian senate allowed the creation of the Federal State of Panama. But repeated coups and continual Colombian intrigues resulted in the demise of the Federal State of Panama by constitutional fiat in 1886.

It is against this history of sensitive nationalism that Roosevelt's assertion that he *took Panama* must be measured. It is a matter of history how U.S. troops prevented Colombia from thwarting Panama's desire for independence. It is a historical fact that Roosevelt's interest in Panama was centered on the building of an interoceanic canal.

Panama was forced into accepting an unfair treaty. The treaty is unfair because of the circumstances surrounding its preparation, content and ratification.



Amador and Boyd, the Panamanian delegates to the U.S. for the negotiation of the treaty, were delayed in New York until the treaty—which they had never seen—was signed for Panama by a Frenchman who represented French Canal interests and—in a very questionable degree—the Panamanian government.

Articles II and III of the treaty, basically unchanged in the revisions of 1936 and 1955, empower the U.S. to act as if it were sovereign on the Canal Zone forever. It is unfair to unborn generations for a nation to lease its territory and relinquish its sovereignty over national territory to another nation in perpetuity. These two Articles need to be challenged in the World Court.

The treaty had to be ratified by the new nation of Panama—a nation busy with unfamiliar economic and political adjustments and threatened by an imminent invasion from Colombia, if the interests of the U.S. were not met. Any nation, given Panama's nationalistic background and the injustices of the present Canal treaty, would demand new negotiations.

But there is more. Americans residing on the Canal Zone have regarded this ten mile strip of land which splits Panama as a nineteenth century colony. In three areas—housing, education, and job opportunities—non-whites have been viciously discriminated against in the Zone. Pedro Miguel and Rainbow City are completely non-white Zone communities. The educational system of the non-whites has been consistently inferior in facilities and quality

to that offered white Americans living in the Zone. Non-whites are paid less for the same work as their white American counterparts; many positions are not open to Panamanians for “security” reasons; and when vacancies occur in the non-security positions occupied by whites, these are filled by white citizens of the U.S.

Panama's national pride forces it to demand from the U.S. a new treaty which will offer it some future in the canal, and an end to the discriminatory practices still rampant throughout the Zone.

BOTH NATIONS are now caught up in the heat of an election year. Talk about writing a new treaty is taboo for U.S. politicians; for Panamanian campaigners there is no surer key to victory at the polls.

The whole issue becomes more complex when Panama's economy and the present capacity of the canal are looked at in light of the changes which a new treaty will certainly bring. Panama's money has been engulfed by the dollar. The income from the canal comprises one third our gross national income. Will a new treaty guarantee the maintenance of this present income, and what demands will be made in order to insure such a guarantee? If another canal has to be built, or if the present canal has to be widened, will the new treaty defend Panama's interests? Whatever occurs, the first step toward a just recognition of Panamanian national pride is for the U.S. to grant Panama a new treaty.

THE MESS IN

BY ED WRIGHT

THE gap between feudalism and the modern technological world is a vast chasm filled with frustration, disappointment and failure. The metamorphic leap from one to the other is a painful process being experienced today by economically underdeveloped and politically unstable nations throughout the world—from Panama to Vietnam, from Zanzibar to Cypress, from Cambodia to the Congo. These new nations, recently freed from colonial domination, lack the ability and resources to achieve their goals without aid and advice from technologically advanced countries which have already achieved national self-realization.

U.S. experience in Vietnam over the past ten years provides an ideal case study in the difficulties of administering aid to an emerging nation. This small Southeast Asian country, officially the "Republic of Vietnam," faces many problems: military aggression by guerrilla forces which are supported and supplied by North Vietnam and China, economic underdevelopment, and political instability.

The main target of the guerrillas is the fertile and thickly populated Mekong Delta region at the southern tip of the country. About six and one-third million of South Vietnam's fourteen million people live here and the nation's supply of rice (envied by starving, communist-controlled North Vietnam) is grown here.

Vietnam's recent history is characterized by colonization and dependence. France occupied all of Indochina from the mid-nineteenth century to 1954, with the exception of a period of Japanese control during World War II. The French were forced out of Indochina in 1954 by the Viet-minh military insurgency movement, which was communist-dominated and led by Ho Chi Minh who now rules North Vietnam. The international Geneva Treaty of 1954 provided independence for Laos and Cambodia, and divided Vietnam into North and South at the seventeenth parallel. Unifying free elections for the two Vietnams were scheduled to be held within two years of that treaty date. Since 1954 communist insurgents—called Viet Cong—have waged persistent and progressively successful warfare in the South, supplied by North Vietnam, China and, most significantly, by many captured American-supplied weapons. The guerrilla struggle has been particularly

intense during the past three years. The U.S., in accordance with provisions of the Mutual Security Acts originated by Congress in 1948, has constantly supported South Vietnam's struggle to rid itself of these insurgents.

Basically, the United States aid program to Vietnam can be considered as part of our world-wide strategy to contain communism, a policy begun in 1947 under President Harry Truman's first administration. Our problems have been manifold here where we are attempting to lead, cajole, coax and—at times—coerce a nation to take the giant step from a society based on feudal authoritarianism and national complacency into the contemporary world in which economic vitality and political cohesiveness are essential.

Three major barriers to the success of our aid program to Vietnam during the past ten years have been: 1) military insecurity, 2) widespread waste and corruption in use of aid funds, and 3) a leadership vacuum and shortage of responsible and trained personnel and technicians.

1) *Military insecurity.* It is now generally accepted that the government of President Ngo Dinh Diem (1954-1963) had little success in gaining the allegiance of the people. Recent revelations of general disenchantment with the government and large-scale pro-Viet Cong sentiment in the Mekong Delta were generally recognized by responsible officials before the fall of the Diem regime, but received no official confirmation from the Vietnamese government or the American diplomatic mission in Vietnam. Shortly before the *coup* of November 1, 1963 which resulted in the overthrow of the Diem dictatorship, a University student from Kien Hoa province south of the capital city of Saigon described to me a situation which subsequently has been revealed to be prevalent throughout the Mekong Delta. He indicated that his hamlet was substantially controlled by Viet Cong, who maintained a system of taxation more effective than that of the government. These taxes often take the form of money, but in many instances they involve payments of food and clothing. Also, help is generally provided by families whose sons or daughters are active members of the Viet Cong. In these

VIETNAM

instances, family allegiance easily supersedes any sense of national loyalty.

The South Vietnamese government has had little or no contact with the people of many rural areas, where there is widespread feeling that most government workers are inexperienced and lack devotion to their responsibilities. Indeed government administrators in the Vietnamese countryside have often given the peasant ample reason for doubt and mistrust either through negligence or graft. A U.S. Information Service field worker has visited towns in the Delta where the people have not seen a government representative in months. He indicated to me that the people of one hamlet last saw outsiders—other than Viet Cong—when a U.S. engineering team built a bridge for them eight months ago. Even more startling is the instance of at least one hamlet in Ba Xuyen province where the Viet Cong have actually conducted open local elections. The Viet Cong also help the peasants in their everyday tasks related to the planting and raising of crops.

Viet Cong methods are not all positive, however. Fear and terrorism are used to gain the "allegiance" of the people. When a member of the Viet Cong in Binh Duong province north of Saigon recently switched his loyalty to the government, six members of his family were beheaded by the Viet Cong. Peasants who refuse to pay Viet Cong taxes are in danger of losing their property, or even their lives. Viet Cong forces also wage a constant campaign of terror against village leaders, as well as central government representatives on the local administrative level. Consequently, official resistance to Viet Cong tactics on the local level is minimal and contributes to social and political insecurity. Early this spring terror tactics extended to the American community in Saigon where bombs and grenades were placed in facilities frequented by Americans, including a movie theater and a ball park.

The need to restore security is essential in the government's attempt to regain the confidence of the rural population. The Diem government's answer to this problem was the much-heralded "strategic hamlet" program, which was intended to achieve population control and security by isolating the Viet Cong from the rest of the population. These



hamlets, though well fortified and theoretically defensible, have been generally unsuccessful primarily because of insufficient support by both the people and the military. Most policies of President Diem and his brother and political adviser, Ngo Dinh Nhu, were authoritarian and arbitrary, standing as a constant barrier between the people and the regime. A recent study by a team of American and Vietnamese researchers of the hamlet program in Long An province indicates that the Viet Cong are in substantial control of the people in that area just to the south of Saigon. The month-long survey indicated that there was virtually no governmental administration left, and hardly any military security against Viet Cong raids. Also pointed up in the report was the reluctance and resentment of peasants at being "uprooted" from their ancestral homes in order to be moved to supposedly secure hamlets. Of 411 total hamlets in the two Mekong Delta provinces of Long An and Dinh Tuong, only about 50 to 60 are said to remain under effective governmental control. And these "safe" hamlets are mostly near the province capitals or large district towns.

The situation throughout the rice-rich Mekong Delta's fourteen provinces appears to be similar to

that in Long An. The abdication and neglect by the government during the last two years of the Diem regime has, in effect, handed over a major portion of this strategically important area to the Viet Cong. The present government of South Vietnam has an uphill struggle to regain the allegiance of the Delta's population. Government-trained civil defense corps units have become highly demoralized, according to reports from American advisers. In Long An, the province chief has indicated that there remain only about 2600 members of the self-defense corps militia out of an original 4000. Even those still serving at their stations in hamlets and villages are so afraid of the Viet Cong forces that they seldom venture away from their posts. During night-time Viet Cong raids these corpsmen, whose average salary is slightly more than twelve dollars a month, generally will not leave their posts, thereby allowing devastation of surrounding areas without resistance.

One of my students tells of a Viet Cong raid on his hamlet in Kien Hoa province, during which the civil defense corpsmen stayed in their centrally located control post while the Viet Cong destroyed at will. One American adviser in the Delta is reported to have said, "We've had tragedy after tragedy where those little self-defense corps posts would sit there and watch people die or their houses get torn down and not lift a finger." In Quang Ngai province far north of Saigon, two Catholic missionaries were delayed recently on an early evening ten-mile journey to the province capital because Viet Cong forces had blocked off the main highway in order to visit and propagandize villagers in the area. There was no government resistance to this maneuver, and the Viet Cong left the area at ten o'clock the next morning.

Before the November 1 *coup* a leading government official indicated in private that this 200,000-member civil defense corps was "in shambles." Giving his unofficial opinion that the corps had proved to be virtually useless, he indicated that 700 corps officers were in the relatively untouched-by-the-war city of Saigon in safe, bureaucratic positions; ten per cent of the corps served in servant capacities for province officials; thirty per cent were reported as "sick" or as having disappeared. The same official also characterized fifty per cent of the civil guards as "kids" under the leadership of sergeant-majors with no military experience. Facts revealed since the November *coup* seem to confirm this top-level, though unofficial and unpublicized, estimate of the civil defense corps' ineffectiveness.

2) *Waste and corruption in use of aid funds.* Myriad verifiable examples of corruption of the U.S. aid program in Vietnam exist. From a thriving and open black market in money which undermines the U.S.-supported Vietnamese monetary system

(with extensive "trading" by American civilian and military personnel) to top-level pocketing of U.S. aid money under the Diem regime, corruption has run rampant. U.S. aid field workers in Vietnam have indicated that a large but undeterminable amount of aid intended for use in hamlets and villages has disappeared in the administrative process or has at times been sold to villagers either directly or in the form of a "tax" to pay for supposedly free supplies such as barbed wire or construction materials. One specific case relates to the disappearance of hundreds of blankets given by New Zealanders and designated for inhabitants of a mountain village near the former French resort town of DaLat. The gift was officially acknowledged, however it was discovered later that the blankets had disappeared somewhere in the government's process of administration. Such instances can be related many times over, and any American aid field worker can expound similar cases.

A more subtle instance of grass-roots graft is related to the self-help program of the U.S. Operations Mission in Vietnam. A field worker in the area around DaLat indicated to me that each hamlet in his area of jurisdiction was offered 15,000 piastres (about \$210) for a community project which would benefit the people of the entire hamlet. Hamlet officials had only to submit a request outlining a proposed project. A majority of hamlets submitted requests for purchase of pigs and cows—"projects" which could conceivably benefit only one or two families in each hamlet since the sum would provide money for only two cows or six pigs. The field worker has wisely made a policy of turning down requests of this nature, while approving such projects as the construction of community centers, new school rooms, or the digging of new water wells which are badly needed in most rural areas.

It was top-level government administration under the Diem regime, however, that apparently provided the greatest opportunity for aid fund drainage. In January, 1964, the newly appointed Governor



of the National Bank of South Vietnam revealed that officials of the previous government had pocketed an estimated "tens of millions" of United States dollars in graft from the nation's development projects. Nguyen Xuan Oanh, former International Monetary Fund official, indicated that the primary method for acquiring this money was through "kick-backs" from contractors. He has discovered from examining the financial statements and books of the past few years that projected costs of various projects ordered by the Diem regime were "somewhat high," and that new estimates submitted since the *coup* of November 1 were ten to fifteen percent below the old ones. It can be assumed that the padded costs found their way to both government officials and contractors.

Examples of waste may also be cited with regard to the U.S. aid program. One American contractor turned over a substantial amount of heavy construction equipment to the Vietnamese Department of Public Works. This equipment is now in disuse and a poor state of repair. In another case the U.S. Operations Mission has spent approximately \$200,000 to train Vietnamese to operate sugar mills in South Vietnam, a nation with insignificant sugar production. Much medical equipment supplied by aid funds is in disuse in Vietnam because there are not enough sufficiently trained technicians to operate the equipment.

THE known instances are sufficient to lead to the conclusion that graft and waste in Vietnamese society are forces working against a sense of national political consciousness, economic progress, and a successfully implemented foreign aid program.

3) *Leadership vacuum and shortage of trained personnel.* A shortage of qualified leadership and technicians is evident on every professional level. My closest experience has been with the educational system, which is encumbered by a flood of students and a dearth of teachers and administrators. At the University of Saigon's Faculty of Law, there are seven instructors for about 3000 first-year students. My first-year course in "Comparative Government" has an estimated 1500 enrolled students, with an average attendance of approximately 300 for each lecture period. (There is no attendance requirement.) The well-qualified Dean of the Law School is encumbered by other official duties—he is a member of the Council of Notables, a government advisory group composed of carefully selected leading citizens; he also receives occasional official assignments, such as to a delegation sent to Paris to contact Vietnamese residents there about returning to Vietnam. Dr. Vu Van Mau, a leading faculty member of the Law School, is now Vietnamese Ambassador to London. He recently conducted a one-year credit graduate course in civil law within a nine-day period. It is also difficult to find qualified applicants for impor-

tant civil service positions. A high-ranking ministerial official recently indicated to me that the Department of Foreign Affairs was critically understaffed, a situation which prevails in all government bureaus.

This shortage of qualified manpower can be traced to the lack of facilities for training needed workers, and to an exodus of qualified technicians to other countries. Much of the cream of the Vietnamese professional crop is living abroad, France being the prime magnet. It is reliably estimated that more than 20,000 Vietnamese are now residing in France, a significant number in view of the fact that many are trained technicians and professional people who are now badly needed in their country's struggle for survival. Even among intellectuals and professionals now residing in Vietnam, there is—to a Western mind—a widespread lack of positive initiative and industriousness. Many young men, for example, enroll as university students in order to avoid military service, even though only a small percentage of enrolled students actually attend class or take examinations. Government tolerance of such a practice hardly seems realistic in a nation engaged in war on its own soil. Students also have been adept at demonstrating and vocalizing against government personnel and policies, but have had little to offer in the way of constructive alternatives.

To give another example of this lack of initiative, Vietnamese military units have been inclined to leave Vietnamese rural areas under Viet Cong control because they cannot justify the risk involved in night patrols and night combat. Time after time Viet Cong units have been surrounded by Government forces in a daytime engagement, only to disappear under the cover of night. This striking area of neglect in the conduct of the Vietnamese war is a subject of increasing concern on the part of American military advisers.

One can only conclude that the people in the countryside of South Vietnam are hardly convinced that there is a national cause to fight for, and that the urban population has thus far been reluctant to take any substantial risk to insure the eventual success of an anti-communist political force. Government officials invite criticism when they make widely publicized "goodwill" tours to other countries, including Thailand and France, rather than to the villages and hamlets of their own country. In the Mekong Delta area it is reliably reported that some people are not even aware that there have been governmental changes in Saigon in the past few months. One of my law students offered this realistic appraisal: "The peasants will accept any government, including that of the Viet Cong, if they can live safely and can realize material benefits." It is a sad fact that many peasants have had more frequent and rewarding contact with Viet Cong than with Government officials.

THE facts of Vietnam, as well as comparable situations elsewhere, should precipitate a new look at the nature and purposes of our youthful foreign aid program. Congress is demanding a re-evaluation, as reflected in the low three billion dollar foreign aid budget for this year. This figure is considerably below previous figures as well as below the requests of Kennedy and Johnson. One foreign aid critic, Thomas Loeber, in his book *Foreign Aid: Our Tragic Experiment*, presents the thesis that U.S. aid programs in underdeveloped countries have tended to support governments rather than people. And these governments, more often than not unpopular and corrupt, have succeeded in directing or greatly influencing aid funds in ways that have corrupted the purposes of the program. His conclusions can be amply evidenced in the Vietnamese experience under the Ngo Dinh Diem regime. Our aid has evidently not been reaching the people in the manner intended.

It should be obvious, however, that short of colonialism, the U.S. must work through governments in administering foreign aid. The problem is in impressing upon existing governments of emerging nations that our aid cannot be used to support an unjust *status quo*. In many instances nations are so dependent on our aid that the U.S. is in an excellent position to press governments for needed social and economic reforms. The degree of Vietnamese dependence on American aid, for example, was dramatically illustrated when limited aid cuts were made in the fall of 1963 for the purpose of encouraging governmental reforms. As one American official who welcomed the cuts put it: "For years they have been using our money and not taking our advice." Reductions included a 90 million dollar a year commercial import program, as well as limited funds to pay "special forces"—units trained to engage in guerrilla warfare but which were being maintained in Saigon to enforce martial law in the last weeks of the Diem regime. These selective cuts had "psychological" results far beyond expectations in undermining confidence in the economy and indirectly pointing up the high degree of Vietnamese dependence on U.S. support. In reaction to these aid reductions, the value of the local currency, the "piastre," dropped during the early fall of 1963 from an unofficial rate of 90 to one dollar to more than 150 to the dollar. The official rate of exchange is 73 piastres to the dollar, and the free market exchange value is now about 120 to the dollar.

In many respects we have attempted to pattern our aid program to underdeveloped nations after the post-war European recovery program. We are

now realizing that the same principles and ground-rules are not entirely applicable. In our European aid programs, based on the Marshall Plan, we extended material help without great insistence on terms regarding administration. There was a reasonable degree of expectancy that the stipulated purposes and administrative methods would be adhered to by the recipient nations. We shared a cultural heritage and a basic value system with the European nations, which were striving for "reconstruction" following the most devastating global war in man's history. In Asia, on the contrary, the cultural and social systems are sufficiently different from those of the Western world so as to provide little reasonable expectation that rather loosely defined aid program terms will be adhered to in the manner intended. It is significant, too, that these nations are going through the process of *initial* technological development and construction, a process for which there is no precedent in their history, as there was in Western Europe.

Our Vietnamese experience should also teach us that "ideology," while certainly a factor in international politics, cannot provide sufficient impetus or foundation for resolving the economic and political problems of underdeveloped nations. From Russia to Vietnam, people are primarily concerned today with individual well-being, national security and stability, and international peace. The U.S. would do well to recognize this growing sentiment throughout the world and formulate its policies accordingly. The "ideology" of communism can never appeal to the new nations without demonstrating a capacity for economic and industrial development, a capacity which communist China, for example, has yet to achieve. The success of any national policy will be judged on the international scene in accordance with an ability to promote material security along with some degree of individual freedom. It is for this reason that the constitutional democracies of the Western world have an advantage in the long run over suppressive totalitarian and dictatorial regimes. In our relations with the emerging nations we must display fortitude, patience and understanding. To an Asian or African, the U.S. with its economic prosperity and political stability presents a seemingly impossible goal. Though we have achieved in our own society something of an equilibrium between freedom and authority, we have no magic potion which can provide for emerging nations instant justice along with a significant degree of individual liberty. One thing is certain, however: in its aid dispensaries the U.S. can no longer afford to tolerate a negatively conceived and badly administered aid program simply to oppose the "bogeyman" of communism. Asian communism today has become

largely a blatant rationalization for Chinese imperialism, which not incidentally is now being contained not only by American military might but also by Soviet economic and political pressures.

We must be increasingly alert to changing attitudes and views throughout the world, and pursue a more open policy than we could have dared several years ago. We should not refuse to at least *consider* any policy alternative, including that of aid withdrawal from parts of Southeast Asia. We should not deceive ourselves into thinking that our presence everywhere is indispensable to the world's progress; we must recognize the possibility that, in some areas, the transition from feudalism to a modern technologically oriented society might be facilitated by the *absence* of official American guidance and aid. In our desire to be "helpful," it is easy to lose sight of the fact that the process of national development must also be a process of education, much of which can come only through experience. Properly conceived, an aid program from a relatively stable industrial nation to a young emerging nation should be one in which there is some mutuality of purpose and agreement on administration. Such agreement should be as detailed as possible in its provisions, and should recognize the national integrity and interests not only of the receiving nation, but also of the contributing nation.

IN summary, the United States faces a two-fold dilemma in approaching the problem of foreign aid to "underdeveloped" nations: in cases where we allow basic control of the program by the recipient country, there is danger of flagrant waste and misuse of funds. On the other hand, if we retain ultimate control over aid, we encourage over-dependence on the U.S. by the receiving country, consequently putting off the time when the nation can attain a substantial degree of economic and political autonomy. The resolution of this dilemma is to be found somewhere in the broad concept of "self-help," which places a large degree of control in the hands of the emerging nation, and also enforces a substantial degree of responsibility for the proper use of aid on that nation. The two governments can come to a general agreement concerning the purposes and goals of the aid program, and set strict guidelines for its administration. Admittedly this rather flexible concept of a world-wide aid program, which must vary from region to region and from country to country, presents both predictable and unpredictable difficulties. However, I would suggest that this type of program is defensible as the most feasible approach in our world of limitations and imperfections.



books

Alexander A. Schneiders, *The Anarchy of Feeling*.
Sheed & Ward, 204 pp., \$3.95.

The author states in the foreword: "This book seeks to explore various aspects of this anarchy, not in the vain hope of discovering panaceas for the ravages of feeling, but of shedding some light on how feelings become despotic, and demonstrating the basic truth that where reason is king the feelings are subject to it."

The anarchy to which he seems to refer is a condition of human existence resulting from impulsive and irresponsible behavior. In other contexts this might be called original sin—or in other terminology referred to as undisciplined or unrestrained ego-centricity. Schneiders' answer to this condition is simply to return to a situation such as existed in the times of Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Augustine, Aquinas, Kant, Darwin, Einstein—where "Reason was King."

The author's assumption that the human psyche is "primarily a rational thing" is, to say the least, questionable. When he equates rational with spiritual, "It (the human psyche) is a rational thing—or a spiritual one, if you wish to be more exact," his entire thesis becomes confused. What the author seems to be protesting is the wholesale rejection of the moral and ethical standards of a pre-industrial era. In effect he seems to be saying that all we need to do is restore our faith in reason and all will be well. But I am not sure whether this is Aquinas' or Kant's reason. In any event, the answer is grossly oversimplified.

Schneiders seems to think that the problem of man's struggle with his reason and feeling as he puts it, is something brought on by Freud, social Darwinism, McDougall, Watson and Dewey, and encouraged by certain psychoanalysts and psychotherapists. However, don't the first few chapters of *Genesis* speak of this condition? And I definitely hear it expressed by St. Paul when he says: "The good I would, I do not, and the evil I would not, I do."

It has not been my experience that "Becoming aware of their peculiar and bizarre logic, the person is then in a position to break their strangle hold on his personality." Nor has it been my observation that "It is through such techniques as these, and others, that the anarchy of feeling can be finally destroyed" (p. 189). Rather it would appear to me that this struggle in all of us is precisely what it means to be a human being, and it is not "finally destroyed," but rather redeemed by the love of God and not by man's reason.

Reading this book gives me some of the same uneasy feelings I get when I hear Kipling's well-known poem "If." The big question remains, but what if you can't?

—THAXTON SPRINGFIELD

Stephen C. Neill and Hans-Rudi Weber, eds., *The Layman in Christian History*. Westminster (1963), 400 pp., \$7.50.

Out of the search and the struggle of the ecumenical movement comes this volume which is the first time a Christian history has been attempted with the intention of identifying the explicit place, role and significance of the laity. (Define *laity*

as the great body of the unordained who are "the true life of the church.")

A more faithful theological interpretation of the word *laos* is the "people of God." This study is more than the peering at the unordained. The writers seem to have concurred in a principle that a study of the *layman* in Christian history required a look at the *laos* with special reference to the role and significance of the unordained as compared with the ordained.

The major distinction here is between "those whose primary service is in the world and those whose primary service is in the church." At times the specialization of functions has placed certain professionalized but unordained laymen among those whose sphere of service is in the church. Our own time is a prime example. The layman serving as directors, musicians, administrators, etc., number into the thousands.

The contributors' list reads like a who's who in the community of those who have sought to redefine the church's task of renewal via the transformation of the laity. There are three American contributors—Howard Grimes of Perkins School of Theology, Dallas, Texas; Franklin Littell, Chicago Theological Seminary; and George Williams, Howard Divinity School.

In this study of the place of the layman in Christian history and the vitality of the church (*laos*), three impressions stand out:

1. When the ordained move to education and training levels which place them far beyond the level of the unordained members of the community, and when the ordained begin to assume specialized roles and functions, the laity lack the theological understanding to stand in the midst of them as equals. A gap results. Sooner or later the gap will be filled by a predominately lay movement to which a few of the lesser or dissident clergy will relate though not likely in the key places of leadership and direction.

This happened in the period after Constantine, in the Dark Ages, in the Middle Ages climaxing in the Reformation, in England at the time of the Wesleyan Movement . . . and one wonders if it is not one of the contributing factors affecting the vitality of the church today.

2. The periods of the finest vitality have not been the periods of a clergy-dominated church nor have they been the periods of the predominance of lay movements. The peak vitality seems to appear only when the clergy and the lay movements work together. These times have not been as frequent as we might wish but the pattern *does* emerge.

3. The role and rights of the laymen have been as broad and varied as the roles of the clergy. Laymen have at one or more times in history provided the functions of teaching, financial administration, worship leaders, administration of the sacraments, study and translation of the scriptures and other writings, the enforcement of discipline in the community, the election and ordination of the clergy, lay leadership, extending the "bounds of the kingdom" in the missionary effort, and the enactment of the word in their daily witness.

The book reminds one again of the absence of adequate information during the 1000 years of the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages immediately preceding the Protestant Reformation and Counter-Reformation. Although the information is not available, one cannot help wishing for more insight as to what happened to the church and among laymen during that time.

Whenever an undertaking of this kind is made, it is bound to have points of great strength and points of weakness, at least by contrast. This volume is no exception and the chapter reporting on "The Orthodox World" is one of them. One almost feels that the writer is not a part of the real struggle for the rebirth of the lay vitality which is the thrust behind almost every word of most of the contributors. The chapter on "The Laity in the Latin American Evangelical Churches" has a similar impact.

In summary, this is a book which looks historically at the place of the Christian layman. Is the layman's call one that leads him out of the world and into the church, or does it call him into the world as the church?

The book was written with the hope of a lay readership. Not only will the somewhat scholarly approach tend to limit accessibility, but so will the 400 pages and the \$7.50 price tag. One hopes a paperback edition will be forthcoming and perhaps then only selected chapters.

This book is a significant contribution in the work of the Department of the Laity of the World Council of Churches. It is one of those books which will cause much more to be written in the same general area. We can hope they will be read by laymen and clergy alike.

—CHARLES E. MOWRY

J. Gordon Chamberlin, *Churches and the Campus*. Westminster (1963), 189 pp., \$4.50.

The study which forms the basis of this latest book by J. Gordon Chamberlin was financed by the Lilly Foundation and is described in an appendix at the end of the book. The description of the study suggests that it was rather superficial in character, and the reading of the book tends to confirm this impression.

However, there are some very helpful insights in the book. A defensible rationale and program for campus ministry can be found in the last three chapters of the book. The call for a pastoral campus ministry in chapter ten is particularly persuasive, but it must be hopelessly frustrating to the pastor of a local church already burdened with multiplied responsibilities to read the suggestion that he conduct a one-to-one ministry to the thousands of students on a major college or university campus.

The book constitutes an adequate defense of a distinctive campus ministry through career men, but it does not accomplish the stated goal of defining a ministry for "a 'third channel' of Christian ministry—the local parish church" (p. 7). Certainly, there is no distinctive defense of the role of the local church, and there is no indication that any of the suggestions being made could be carried out better by the staff of a local church than by a professional ministry on the campus.

Though Chamberlin states in the introduction that he plans to deal only with "new directions that I believe the parish ministry should take," (p. 10) he describes a ministry which is single-hearted in nature and far too campus oriented for the average parish church to execute successfully.

Much of the book is superficial and does not do what it sets out to do, but this is helpful reading for all those interested in the work of the church in higher education. College-town pastors will find here a useful introduction to the university world and to some possible forms of campus ministry. The five schools selected for study help emphasize the diversity of college campuses in America today, and descriptions of his visits in the early chapters of the book can serve as a model for one who seeks to be initiated into the life of any specific college. The fact that he includes some basic issues being discussed on each of the campuses is a helpful reminder that these are there and that no ministry which ignores them can be relevant. The suggestion that church and college are mutually peripheral to one another may be sufficiently humiliating to open the possibility of genuine communication between personnel located primarily in one or the other.

The closing epilogue on strategy is the most cogent section of the book. In it he calls for genuine openness and flexibility on the part of the churches and points to some of the factors which make such a stance difficult for the parish church to achieve. If every minister of a parish church, regardless of how far away geographically from a college campus, could read and absorb this message, the climate for a significant campus ministry would be tremendously improved.

—GLEN O. MARTIN

fiction:

everyone's hometown is guernica

BY WILLARD MARSH



THE slender rain had lifted with the offshore breeze. The gutters, still quick with water, shone spent yellow in the freshening light of dawn. A roundshouldered little man in a once white mess-jacket came up the sidewalk. He watched the choppy waters of the bay against the gray horizon as the sky-line ripened. Perched like a thirsty turtle, he craned his short corded neck to watch the changing tints of sunrise. He was an artist. His stubby fingers had the gift of snaring rhythm, shape and color, looming them late evenings in his basement room until his inner vision took place on the canvas, hot and distorted, more intimate than reality. He was an artist, but no one knew it.

To support himself he washed dishes in an all-nite cafeteria along the waterfront. But now he wasn't even a dishwasher. He'd been fired last night for dropping a bus pan full of glasses. Roaming the empty streets, his bitterness cooling in the rain, he had now turned homeward.

Hearing blurred laughter, he glanced up to see a couple hidden in the porch of a rooming house. Hands linked, they stared beyond him toward the seablown stars above the harbor. The artist ducked his head and hurried past them, conscious of his

compulsive calling that separated him from normal sounds and sights.

When he rounded the corner, a streetcleaner's cart came rumbling toward him. As it bumped along the cobbles, a kitten darted from behind a trashcan. Impulsively the artist squatted on his heels. He could see green eyes measuring him from the shadows. Gently, he drew the kitten free. It was thin-ribbed and damp, the color of the pavements that had hatched it. He held it till the streetcleaner passed, reassuring it it wouldn't be collected. But when he set it back down in farewell, the kitten hooked its claws in his pants-leg and clung reproachfully.

The artist picked it up again in embarrassment. He could feel the quick thud of its heart through his jacket, a ridiculously confident rhythm of survival for something so small and hoodooed. Probably swarming with fleas. Still, if it could intimidate the mice he supposed he could settle for the fleas.

Back in his room, the artist dumped the kitten on the floor. It stretched, yawned, then began searching for food. Such an optimist. Its sniffing led it across the cracked linoleum to the streaked wall, then under the stove. It emerged with a caking of dust and a shaken confidence to send up an insistent feeble yowling. The artist remembered the can of

milk in the windowsill. He filled a saucer and added some stale bread. Standing above the kitten, he smiled at the steady feathery purring which swallowing barely interrupted.

Such an animal, he told it. Such a sad excuse for a ketzel.

When the kitten had finished, the artist hoisted it aloft.

Are you a girl ketzel or a boy?

But its immature pink belly, distended with milk, told him nothing.

Things you should have to identify you.

It must be a boy, he decided. That a female of any kind could happen to him, even a scrawny *tochus* of a ketzel was unlikely. It would have to have a name.

George, he said, testing it on his tongue. It sounded reasonable. George Ketzel, that's you now. Hear?

Unaware that it had become a soul of sorts, the kitten curled up on a mound of laundry, where it awaited further opulence. And now the artist felt a cleansing sense of exhilaration: part light-headedness from hunger or fatigue, part mere committal to routine again, if only through the frail committal of George Ketzel.

Hastily clearing the table, he set out his cans and jars and brushes and placed a fresh canvas on the easel. He had lived alone for so long that another creature with him was like summer in his room. Gradually the old hypnosis took hold, the idiot rhythm of creation. Eye hefted perspectives, wrist moved on subterranean levels of its own. Occasionally he'd swim out of it to watch the dozing kitten, addressing it in Yiddish with a clumsy mixture of tenderness and obscenity. By the time full morning grew across the easel, he knew he had an underpainting worth completing.

Day lengthened; he napped some, drank too much tea and argued too loudly with the kitten. But toward evening, when he'd been working for almost twelve hours, he knew he had it. Some unreachable inner censor admitted it would do. It lay, blocked and quiet on the canvas, waiting for the colors which would wrench it into life. And even if the finished painting were to hang in some forgotten corner, its fierce light wasting like uranium, it was still necessary.

Too exhausted to fall asleep immediately, he lay listening to the dinner-hour noises, the familiar quarrels sifting from the upper floors. Presently, as sleep and dusk approached together, he was vaguely aware of the kitten huddling beside him, its fur soft and smelling as he thought a woman's armpits might. Then, as with men in all the rooming houses of the city, a lovely lady came and bent into his slumber.

Morning broke, gong-yellow, slanting brassily



through the torn shade. The artist swung his feet to the floor and began groping for his socks. Then he came fully awake. It wasn't the same floor anymore. It was as scrubbed and immaculate as new, if it ever had been new. Even the woodwork had been eased of its layered grime. He slowly raised his head. A woman was standing over the gleaming stove, her back to him.

She was slight, with delicate ears and long tawny hair. As she hovered above the skillet, tantalizing smells rose in the room. The artist drew a deep breath and let it out with a sigh. At the sound the woman turned.

Breakfast will be ready soon, she said.

Breakfast? he asked.

As soon as you get dressed.

His mind came automatically up through his bewilderment to ask something. But instead he nodded, obediently pulling on his socks. The woman watched him with a calm smile as she continued cooking. He hurriedly finished dressing. Then he sat down again on the edge of bed, not knowing quite what was expected of him. She glanced up in surprise.

Aren't you going to wash?

Wash? he said. Oh yes, of course. Wash.

He squeezed into the kitchenette and doused his face at the sink. Drying himself, he noticed a large fish skeleton on the scrubbed drainboard. The kitten seemed to have gotten out the window during the night. He thought of asking the woman if she'd noticed, but then forgot as he watched her set the table with a fluid grace. She was probably, he decided, just about the most beautiful woman he'd seen in his life. Close up, at least. He cleared his throat.

So what's that you're cooking?

Scrambled fish, she said.

Her voice had a throaty breathlessness, as if on the edge of laughter. Her eyes, when he tried to meet them, were greenly secluded. She heaped his plate high, seated herself and began feeding with a quick delicacy.

He would have liked to know more about her, but she had a curtained independence that made communication clumsy, and finally unnecessary. When breakfast was over she washed the dishes, scrubbed the table and left. Presently he heard water running in the bathtub down the hall. He set his paints out again at the easel, but it was hard to concentrate. He supposed the kitten, wherever it was, would be back eventually. After awhile the woman returned, curling up on the bed to watch him.

After preparing a light lunch of spaghetti and fish-balls, she disappeared once again. And again she came in with her hair damp and a sleek shine to her complexion. As the afternoon deepened, he fell into an easy work rhythm. Humming tunelessly he glanced up now and then to watch her stretch and yawn, pink-mouthed, from the shadows.

The days passed in a summerish monotone. He would awake to a mopped room, clean underwear and the sizzling skillet smells. He would paint for what might have been hours at a stretch: the clock had long since run down. And when he went abroad, the streets admitted him. He'd lost his apologetic slouch and now went buoyantly erect, even pausing at times to study his reflection in shop windows in shy approval. Returning from these walks, regardless of the hour, he'd find the woman waiting—silently, passive.

Then late one sultry afternoon the painting was completed. The artist examined it objectively, or tried to. As the easel shimmered before him, a nervous excitement gradually possessed him. He had brought into being a castoff kitten, not unlike the one he'd lost. He had placed it against a stark sidewalk where rooming houses festered rawly. But it was something more than just an abandoned kitten. Digging beyond the surface tags of loneliness and hunger and despair, he had, by some subtle emotional photography, managed to snatch the dark old shape of misery. The kitten's eyes, like those of Tiresias, had turned inward, grown blind, wise, and all-seeing with suffering. You suspected it was going to die before the night was out—and yet you suspected it was going to die in dignity. That death, the greatest indignity of all, could yet be met, was continuously worth saying. Everyone's home town is Guernica.

Staring at his work, the artist felt confidence rising sweetly in his veins. He ran out into the dusky streets. His excitement had grown too intense to fit the narrow room. Sprinting through the downtown traffic, he felt the wind in his face and knew that he could probably fly if he really put his mind to it. But when he came in insight of the downtown art galleries, some of this assurance left him and he slowed to a walk.

He edged inside a smaller gallery where several

well-dressed people were patrolling the thickly-carpeted gloom, conversing in reverent whispers. The artist took in the exhibits with a quick trained glance. He saw the customary groupings of still lifes and pastorales—competent, conventional and thoroughly predictable. Neo-Grandma Moseses faced rehased Mondrians for contrast, only none of it contrasted. Somewhat more at ease, he wandered over to the prize exhibit.

It was a large oil painting of a horse, a handsome black stallion. Nothing was omitted but imagination. Every hair of the mane was in place. It was all horse, enough to shame a taxidermist. Then the artist noticed the price tag, tucked discreetly in a corner.

He couldn't understand. It was a figure that exceeded the necessities of life—his modest life from birth until this moment, at any event. He kept examining the painting to discover the reason for its value. But the explanation lay in a dimension he was too disturbed to find. Looking up in confusion, the artist saw a tidily-accoutered clerk, the horse's groom, eyeing him in distaste. He slipped outside and took the long walk home.

There, he reappraised his painting. It looked more powerful than ever. But that meant it must be too strong, too bitter. Slowly he set out his paints again. He peered at the canvas, uncertainly attempting to lighten the overcast quality, perhaps reduce the harshness just a little. His anxiety began communicating itself to the woman. She moved around the room with a sullen restlessness.

Along toward dawn he quit work. The woman wasn't around, but now and then she disappeared about this time on some errand of her own, probably to search for food. With a dragged-out feeling the artist threw himself across the bed to wait for her return. He lay watching the sky broaden with the wash of morning, like all the mornings that he'd put behind him. After awhile he dropped into a doze, unrefreshing and uneasy.

He awoke abruptly, still dressed. Afternoon sunlight was seeping through the shade. It fell thinly on the littered table and the unswept floor. The sink was still heaped with last night's dishes. The woman was gone. He would have called her, but he didn't know her name.

Padding over to the easel, the artist faced last night's accomplishment. The painting was a parody of itself. All the original fury had been extinguished by a soggy application of diplomacy and erasure. There was nothing left but a tabby cat smiling at its good-willed canvas world. *Get well*, it seemed to say, *it's Christmas*.

The artist closed his eyes. Then, through his despair, he heard a faint hungry mewing. And now he knew the woman's name. But when he opened his eyes and called her, only the kitten came.

FILM: a hit is a miss is a hit



THE London *Observer* (March 22) carried the headline, "The Rise and Fall of the C.N.D." (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament). Feature stories dealing with this attempt to ban the bomb continued for several weeks. The article sub-head was, "This is the first Easter for seven years without a full-scale Aldermaston March." Also on Easter Sunday I saw long queues waiting to see *Dr. Strangelove, or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*. Teenagers dominated in both the marches and the queues. In England—and the United States—lots of people seem to have stopped worrying about the bomb and are looking for more comfortable and entertaining activities.

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vs. the U.S. in a misalliance of terror. This is interesting, because it could be a truthful rendition of doomsday. It's a nice change in war films. It's a Pentagon apocalypse, suggestive of the manic laughter of a trapped paranoid.

The idea of the film, coming from Peter George's novel, *Red Alert*, is a high-spirited and audacious one. Had writers other than Kubrick and Terry Southern done the screenplay—and had Chaplin been a consultant with his *The Great Dictator* experience—a fine comedy might have resulted. The idea has not been well used, so it remains for someone else to handle it. The lack of good taste in *Dr. Strangelove*, its inability to make up its mind what kind of a film it wishes to be, and its ludicrous exaggerations make it a trivial charade. Another Kubrick miss! How many can he get away with? The man has talent, but invariably he stubs his toe.

Most of the time the film keeps moving at a good pace since suspense is built into it. Theatrical tricks pop off *en masse* to prop up the suspense, but they can't really win over the meandering talk that does little except produce some laughs. Propaganda and politics interject to such an extent that the film is not a film but becomes in part a pamphlet or sick cartoon book. The talkiness of the piece reminds the viewer of television. Except for a deft opening shot (our pilot—with the supposed future of the world at his finger tips—is revealed as the camera tilts down to be ogling a *Playboy* nude), the humor hangs on dialogue.

But the film has a value that may not have been noted by its makers. When people follow nonsensical orders because they come from superior authority, all hell may break loose. This abortive principle of military and dictatorial regimes, when not lost in all the hokum of the film, sparks some fire. If an inferior officer or private had said, "no" to a mad general, this film would have fallen through. Nobody thinks, so the fun is not spoiled. Orders are given and obeyed without being questioned. The film lacks a sharp edge because even a not-so-bright soldier might refuse to carry out an order given by an overt psychopath in the Pentagon. The film would have guts if it coped with latent or less screamingly obvious mental derangements in the Pentagon. Orders disobeyed which originate from apparently sane generals, but which are nevertheless insane orders, would provide more meaty film fare. *Dr. Strangelove* could be a good and needed joke. Instead, it is merely sick.

WHEN the *Chicago Tribune* says a film is "disgusting," "sordid," and "it ought to be censored," I'm inclined *a priori* to think I might find it wholesome, enjoyable, and the way to spend a night on the town with my mother. But the *Tribune* reviewer, Mae somebody, didn't care for Ingmar Bergman's *The Silence*, and neither did I. The film, however, may be one of those puzzlers that will take us ten years to catch up with and perhaps one should express no

anybody. The size of the absence of God swells in the duration of this film. According to Kierkegaard, "The reward of the good man is to be allowed to worship in truth." Thomas cannot worship in truth, and he knows enough also to know, ". . . God in heaven is not as a young girl's folly." God does not reward because he is flattered or impressed. Marta is a devoted supporter of the church and Thomas and claims to have been cured of eczema through prayer, but she also says, "God has never spoken because there is no God."

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The visual substance of the film reaches a high level of power. The handling of sound and music is masterful. The film gives us no answers, because Bergman has no answers, unless the answer is in Bach. Bach is important and is worked through the film with ingenuity. The irrationality, contempt for human beings, the anguish and passion with which the characters are handled make the film worthy of serious attention and reserved judgment. Liking and disliking it are irrelevancies. A man has spoken about life and God as he sees and hears—or does not hear. We might prefer Bergman silent himself until he has something clear and positive to proclaim, or that his reason for making this particular film be more discernible. But he has every right to present us with his terror, alienation, and defeat, if this is the condition he honestly sees.



Point of Order should remain as a notable film long after its present successful commercial run is exhausted. It ought to be popular with film societies and should be studied in classes investigating propaganda and the authoritarian personality. It is a ninety-seven minute compendium of 188 hours of the televised Army-McCarthy hearings. Until one sees this film, he may harbor doubts about its dramatic

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FILM: a hit is



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views about it until it has been seen a dozen times in the context of the rest of Bergman's films. *Through a Glass Darkly*, *Winterlight* (or *Communion*, as it was called before it was re-named for the United States), and *The Silence* have baffled, irked, and consequently been dismissed by many reviewers and critics. The *Tribune* reviewer was so annoyed by *The Silence* that the solution of abolition from the American screen was recommended. To comprehend Bergman's thought in these films—to whatever extent it may be possible to comprehend—the viewer needs to hold the substance of the films together and if possible hold the three films in context with other Bergman films. His work, more than that of any other film-maker of today, seems to be of a piece. The films are all sign boards on the same road. A Bergman devotee might describe them as instruments in concert. (Bergman's trilogy of films on God needs the space of a book to be investigated and comprehended. Two new publications which are helpful: Jorn Donner's *The Personal Vision of Ingmar Bergman*, Indiana University Press, \$5.95; *Ingmar Bergman: The Search for God* by David Nelson, \$3, available from the Film Division, Boston University.)

The Silence is the logical and inevitable conclusion to the two previous parts of the trilogy. It picks up at the end of *Winterlight* just as *Winterlight* picked up at the end of *Through a Glass Darkly*. Bergman is not a teacher, or theologian primarily; he is an artist. His work is never easily accessible, nor does he make any attempt to chart his private hell in black-and-white for the "average moviegoer." But, given the careful, intense viewing they demand, these films do yield up his vision as a substantial and encompassing whole.* Probably Bergman will remain beyond our grasp if we do not hold him in the context of his intellectual forebears, Kierkegaard and Strindberg. His are the same problems which haunted those other faithful exiles from Scandinavian Protestantism: the relationship of man to God, man to the church, God to man as a lover, and the absence (or essence) of sexual parallels in the divine dimensions of love.

Despite the success with which Bergman hides much of the time beneath the surface of his films, it is clear he is obsessed with thinking about God. He is anything but indifferent or atheistic, or he would long ago have turned his films in another direction. His films might be great art if he showed us a less cerebral love of God and if he shared love, affirmation, beauty, and goodness with us. Instead, God is very present in his work by the furor of his very absence.

The sham of falsified talk about serious matters, incest that stalks when love is absent, schizophrenia resulting from the failure or absence of love from God and human beings mount in *Through a Glass Darkly*; it becomes clear how God is not found and seen. God demands surrender from a lover, and there is surrender only momentarily in Minus—and thus a tiny hope expressed at the end of the film.

The absence of intellectual commitment of Thomas in *Communion* results in the eight hours of life depicted in the film which shows us God and man still farther apart. Thomas has no real belief in God or Christianity, so he cannot help

anybody. The size of the absence of God swells in the duration of this film. According to Kierkegaard, "The reward of the good man is to be allowed to worship in truth." Thomas cannot worship in truth, and he knows enough also to know, "... God in heaven is not as a young girl's folly." God does not reward because he is flattered or impressed. Marta is a devoted supporter of the church and Thomas and claims to have been cured of eczema through prayer, but she also says, "God has never spoken because there is no God."

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impact. It is a film to be seen to be believed. The man who has earned the most praise for the film, its co-producer and editorial director, Emile de Antonio, said he had two purposes in mind: to tell the truth and to make an anti-McCarthy film. These purposes do not fight but congeal. The film proves McCarthy didn't know the difference or acknowledge the difference between fact and fantasy, so these purposes really are one.

The film also proves that the best entertainment is the best education, and the best education is the best entertainment. We need to see this film. We ought not be permitted to forget its message. Hard as it is to believe, we dare not spoof ourselves into thinking McCarthy is dead. Lots of Americans are around who made him and permitted him—even wanted him—to be what he was. The film is not a historical document, but a pair of glasses to see through when we read the newspaper and go to the polls.

—ROBERT STEELE

contributors

RICHARD E. WENTZ is director of faculty work for the University Christian Association at Penn State.

ALBERT C. OUTLER, one of Protestantism's observers at the Vatican Council, is a distinguished theologian, author, lecturer, and sometime aficionado of mountain climbing, jazz, wildflowers, and myriad *mirabilia*.

MIKE THELWELL is a native Jamaican, recent graduate of Howard University, and peripatetic "writer-in-residence" at the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee office in Washington, D.C. Two anthologies of college writing (1963 and 1964) have included his work.

JACK COMBS, native of Hindman, Kentucky, is a senior at Vanderbilt University. His article appeared originally in *Spectrum*, an honors program publication at Vanderbilt.

NESTOR RAUL GARCIA, student at the University of La Plata, is secretary of the student Christian movement in Argentina.

IVAN D. ALPHONSE is completing graduate studies in philosophy at the University of Nebraska. Before returning to Panama, he will spend two years in the Congo under appointment by the Methodist Board of Missions.

ED WRIGHT is a Fulbright lecturer at the University of Saigon. He has taught political science at Midwestern University, and is a former editor of *Concern*.

JAMES L. TOWNSEND has traversed the South as writer, public relations man, and editor. He is now editor of *Atlanta Magazine*, from which this editorial is reprinted by permission.

WILLARD MARSH lived for several years "on frijoles, gall, and G.I. unemployment insurance" in Mexico, turning out stories which have appeared everywhere from *Playboy* to the *Yale Review*. He is leaving his present position (teaching at the University of Southern California) for Europe next month, where he will complete a novel.

ROBERT STEELE is on the faculty of Boston University.

BOOK REVIEWERS include **CHARLES E. MOWRY**, director of an experimental older youth-young adult project for Methodism's Division of the Local Church; **GLEN O. MARTIN**, associate director of the Department of College and University Religious Life; **THAXTON SPRINGFIELD**, pastor-director of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Florida.

POETS

Among our May poets, readers will remember **JACK MATTHEWS** as the author of the story, "Suh, Yo Daid" in our last October issue; his new collection of stories, *Bitter Knowledge* (Scribners), is just out. **ROBERT BLOOM** was honored in the recent *Ramparts* poetry awards for his brilliant cycle, "Fifteen Americans." **SHEPPARD B. KOMINARS** is deserting his post at Long Island University and following the crowd to Europe this summer to finish his dissertation. A former student of John Crowe Ransom's, his poetry most recently appeared in *Bitterroot*. **PHILIP LEGLER's** first collection, *A Change of View*, is published this month by the University of Nebraska Press. He teaches at Sweet Briar, and has published widely.

ARTISTS

ROBERT ROSS illustrated a special report "What Right Has This Man?" prepared under the direction of the Editorial Projects for Education organization which is associated with the American Alumni Council. The print is used here by permission.

FRITZ EICHENBERG, a constant contributor to the *Catholic Worker* paper is also head of the Pratt Institute Graphic Arts department. His wood engravings have earned him a world-wide reputation.

JEAN PENLAND, designer-artist for Abingdon Press, Nashville, contributes pen drawings.

ELIZABETH KORN who teaches art at Drew University, Madison, New Jersey, is known in New York City for her paintings and drawings.

TIMOTHY BLADE, recently a graduate student in graphic arts is now teaching but we are not sure where. He sent in a pile of his work for our use but no current personal information.

HANS ORLOWSKI, whose seventieth birthday we commemorated with an art feature, continues to supply us with his superb wood engravings.

BROWER HATCHER, a student at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, will graduate in 1965.

ZDENEK SEYDL, has illustrated a book of Fontaine's Fables with his witty pen.

ROBERT CHARLES BROWN, long-time contributor to the pages of *motive*, does part-time work in order to have more time to paint and design.

ROBERT HODGELL, best known for his powerful linoleum block prints, is also a photographer. In this issue we again make use of his lesser known talent: photography.

* * *

The portfolio of wood engravings by **Hans Orlowski** which appeared in our March 1964 issue was reproduced from the book *Der Psalter* published by Kathe Vogt Verlag of Berlin—to whom credit was inadvertently omitted, and to whom we apologize. The book is available in the United States from Texstar Imports, 200 W. 34th Street, New York City 10001.

Der Psalter is published in three editions: a signed, numbered edition bound in morocco, at \$32.50; a larger signed and numbered edition in half-vellum, at \$24.50; and a plain edition in linen on boards at \$12.00.

On special order from the publishers, a portfolio of Hans Orlowski's wood engravings only, handprinted full size (33x42 cm.) on rice paper and signed, is available for \$120.00.

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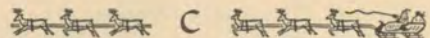
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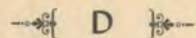
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

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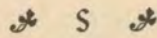
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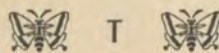
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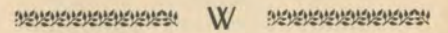
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