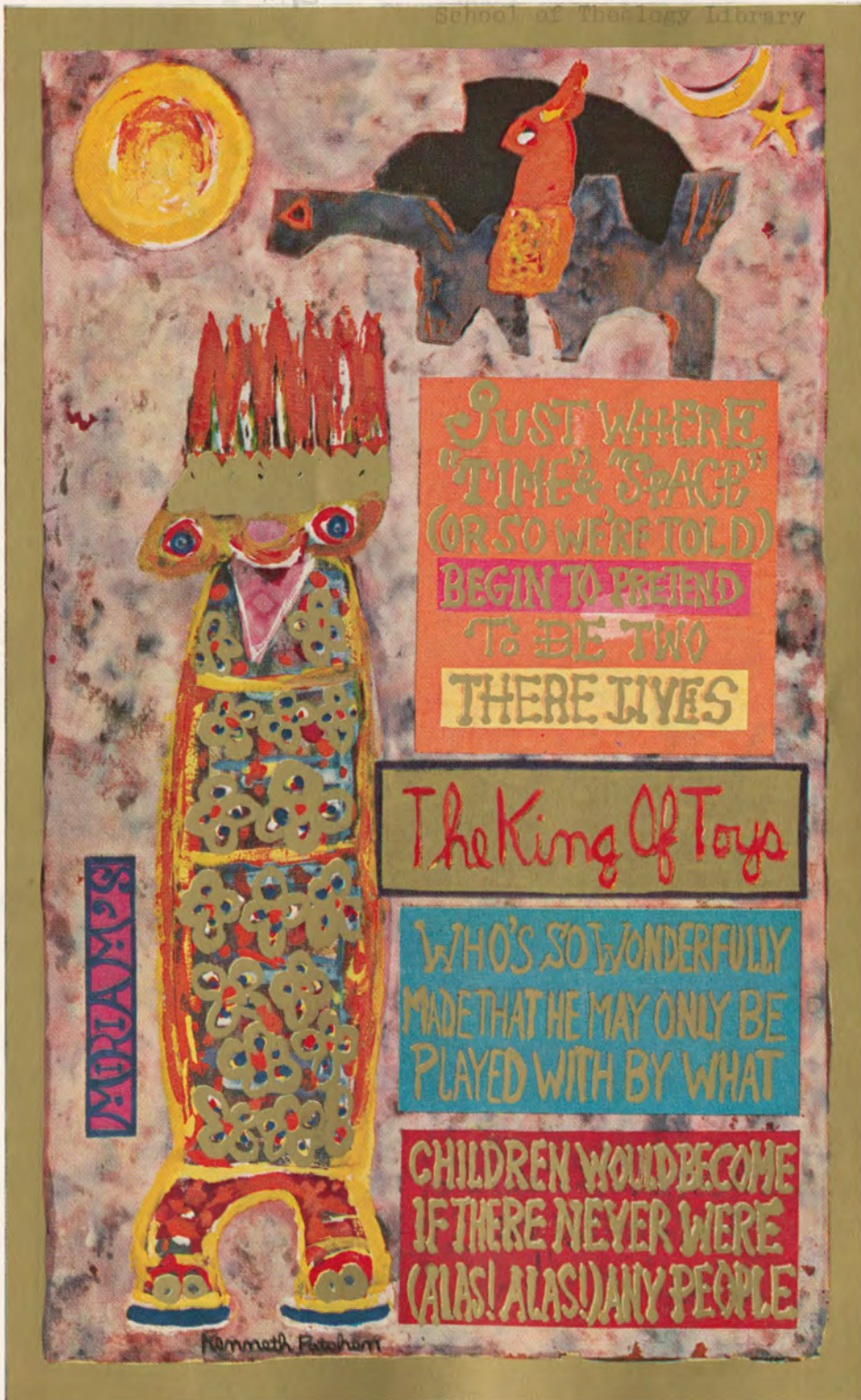


MOTIVE DECEMBER
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Kenneth Fitcham

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MOTIVE

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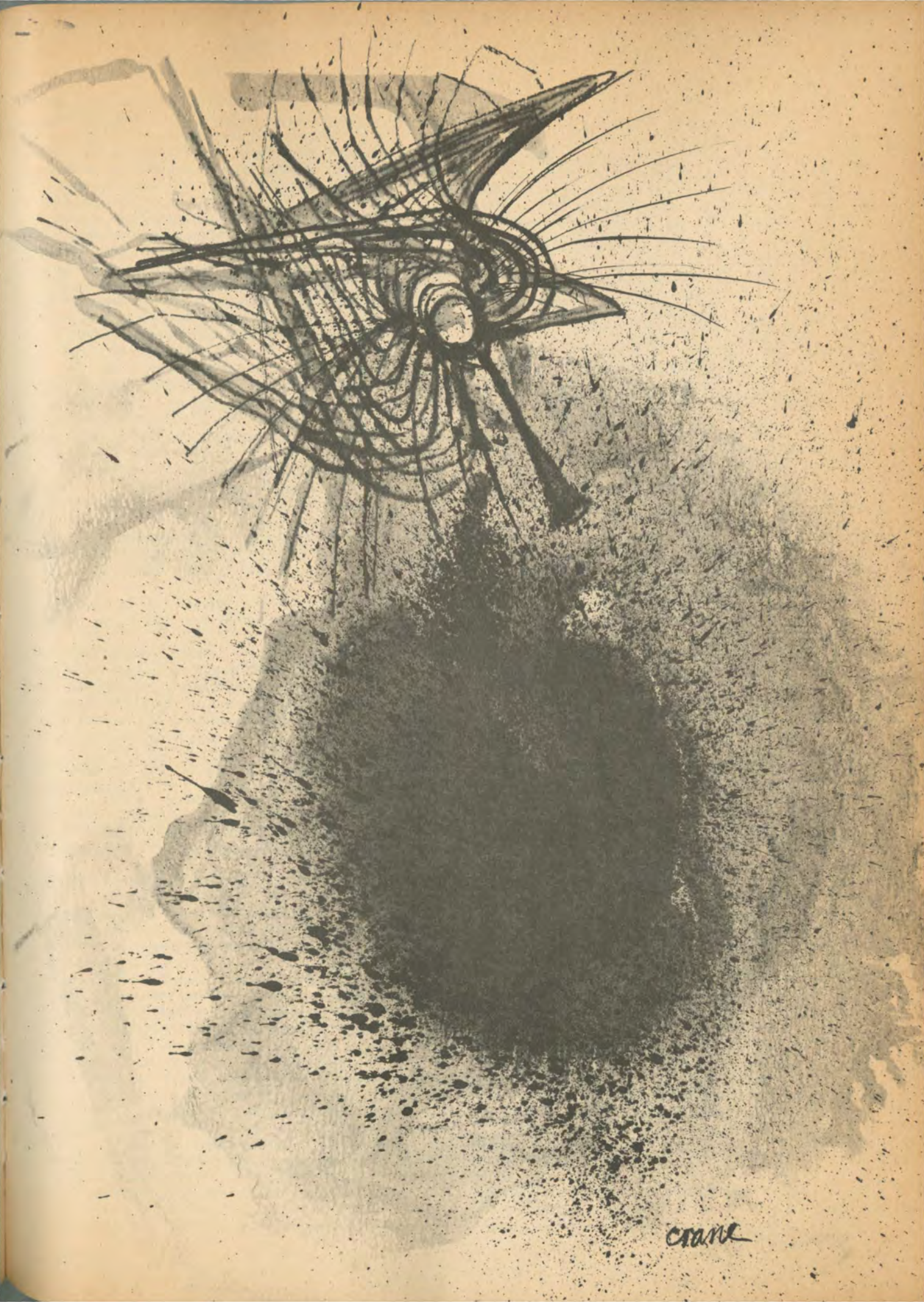
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FRONT COVER: THE KING OF TOYS, poem-painting, tempera and collage, by KENNETH PATCHEN. Further explanation would be superfluous if not impossible.



CRANE



I am so disgusted at your permitting or instigating the publication of the October issue of *motive* that I do not know where to start or exactly what to say.

When has it become the business of The Methodist Church, as represented by *motive*, to print such information for or against a political candidate? I nearly fainted when I read that *motive* would print the entire October 5 issue of *Christianity and Crisis*. It is one thing for someone to subscribe to a publication like *Christianity and Crisis* and read such "trash" and another to find it in our own Methodist publication.

In my opinion, *Christianity and Crisis* is anything but friendly to The Methodist Church as witness the article "Merger Talks and Methodist Tactics" by Wayne H. Cowan, managing editor, in the May 25, 1964 issue.

My friend, I do not know you personally or by reputation, but what you have done in this one issue will have serious repercussions throughout our church. If you feel you have done Methodism and America a great service by this specific act then we need a drastic change in personnel in your office as elsewhere!

I wish you and the other 'liberals' in the executive positions of our church had to be in each local church to answer for your irresponsible statements and actions.

WILLIAM C. MASON
asbury methodist church
tulsa, oklahoma

We urge *motive* to continue its emphasis on Latin America throughout this academic year. We in the National Council of the Methodist Student Movement feel that the several study seminars

in Latin America and the World Student Christian Federation meeting there in August allowed the sharing of concerns and the developing of friendships between Latin American and North American students. Therefore, it seems very important that the media for further communication between our countries and our student movements remain open.

We know that many members of the student Christian movements in the United States were able to make exciting contacts with artists, writers, and students who are eager to share their perspectives of the revolution in which they are involved. We look forward to a better understanding of these countries and our relationship to them as we explore their writings and their art.

The Council also wishes to express its thanks to *motive* for last year's excellent articles on Latin America. They were an important part of our preparation for this past summer's activities.

JILL FOREMAN
secretary for
national council of m.s.m.

Where the hell are my *motive* magazines?

Do I still have a subscription?

I used to be at General Theological Seminary in New York; now I am in Mt. Prospect.

I think I wrote you that already?

Do you have something against me?

John Wesley was an Episcopalian.

Be nice to us.

JACK TENCH
st. john's episcopal church
mt. prospect, ill.

SHAME!!!!

I never expected to see The Methodist Church stoop to the smears of politics . . . and that you have done in your October issue.

Just cancel our subscriptions. I have been paying for two annually for my sons, . . . but I shall save \$6 this coming year, for this sort of propaganda comes from the Democratic headquarters free.

I have held several important posts as a layman in The Methodist Church. If this paper is now the policy of the church, I am in the wrong pew. You are guilty of the same bigotry that you accuse Goldwater of possessing.

L. L. RUMMELL
columbus, ohio

I have just read the special section of *motive* for October taken from *Christianity and Crisis*, the article called "We Oppose Senator Goldwater!" and I would like to take issue with you on several points.

First of all this article gave me the general impression that you feel that one could not be a Christian and be for Senator Goldwater. Now I do not consider myself a perfect Christian; I concede that I have a long way to go, but I do consider myself a Christian and I am for Senator Goldwater and I see little or no conflict between them.

I will also concede that the United States is hardly a defender of the true faith, but as yet there are still no laws against religion in this country. But I should like to suggest that as a so-called Christian nation we can not afford to compromise our position or our ideals. I do not advocate all-out nuclear war and do not believe that the Senator does either, but I do feel that we should stand up to the Communists instead of "cowering" to them. To the Communists "peaceful co-existence" means just that until such time as they can peacefully take over the government by internal decay and corruption. I also would like to ask what you consider Viet Nam if you do not consider it war?

As far as point two goes, what good does sending a lot of money to foreign nations really do? Our prestige is shrinking and these countries are taking our money and going communistic. I do not feel that Senator Goldwater, if elected, would declare war in Southeast Asia, particularly not a nuclear war. You say: "We exalt

wisdom over 'winning';" I say "I would rather be dead than red." I do not feel that as a Christian I can compromise my faith; what would have happened to the Church had the early Church Fathers compromised their faith?

Senator Goldwater voted against the Civil Rights Bill on Constitutional grounds, not for the number of votes he thought he would get for voting that way. He felt that this should not be left to the government, and I agree. I feel that if the Church would do more to change the hearts and minds of the individual American people they would accomplish much more than any bill passed by the United States Congress. This to me is the core of the problem: no law is going to halt discrimination; the change has to come from within the heart and soul of each person.

Lastly I do not think that Senator Goldwater is insensitive to the poor. I feel he thinks much the same as our founding fathers—that there should always be inequality in our society, not of opportunity, but of what is done with the opportunity. As a Christian I firmly believe in the importance and significance of the individual and his rights. I will say that if I am to be a failure, I would like to be so without the government intervening. I know that I am sensitive to the poor and as a *Christian*, not as a citizen of the United States who is *forced* into it, I *elect* to minister to those who are less fortunate than I.

I concede also your right to your own opinion just as I have my right to my opinion and I would like to see these rights protected, that is why I am backing Barry Goldwater.

JOAN TUTTLE
indiana state college

Congratulations on a very fine October issue. The scope of the coverage as well as the lay-out, etc. is in line with the usual standard of excellence for which *motive* is known. The inclusion of *Christianity and Crisis* was appropriate.

HENRY L. GERNER
bowling green state university

I have read, with quite a bit of interest, your October issue. Let me congratulate you as editor and The Methodist Church for the courage necessary to take such a stand against the subversive elements and totalitarian attitudes that are threatening our country today. It is my hope that every churchman will stand with you on the forthright reporting of the news. This is where the church ought to stand and if Christian, this is where it must stand.

MAJOR JONES
chattanooga tennessee

I feel that in the article, "A Bead on the Birchers" (October), Mr. Broyles makes some unauthoritative and over-emphasized connections between Senator Goldwater and the John Birch Society. Broyles quoted the *Blue Book* (pp. 119-120) where Mr. Welch talked about Senator Goldwater. This gave the indication that the Birch Society and Goldwater were the best of "chums." Which is anything but the closest truth. To quote the very next sentence Mr. Welch says (note, not the John Birch Society, just Mr. Welch, as an "individual" as Mr. Broyles would put it):

"But—does anybody in this room think there is any slightest chance of Barry Goldwater supplying the dynamic *overall* leadership needed to save this country for anybody to be president of? If so, I think he is still not fully aware of the nature and totality of the forces at work. For Goldwater, by the very circumstances of his political success, present prestige, and the expectations of his supporters, will inevitably think and move in terms of *political warfare*."

This is just a point of clarification which should be made.

However, I do believe that some of Mr. Broyles' implications about the "irritational debating" tendencies of the Birch Society are of good report. There is much good to be gotten from the Birchers, their findings and their arguments if realized. Don't draw "the bead on the Birchers" with too big a weapon!

RONALD ROBOTHAM
michigan state university

The [October] issue was not only well-edited and intelligent, but timely and relevant in a way that has not, unfortunately, been characteristic of journals expressing the views of Christians.

The articles by Messrs. McWilliams and Broyles, and Professor Hofstadter, were important and significant. Your editorial, "Dirty Christians," especially the last sentence, deserves wide circulation in churches.

Thank you for this significant contribution to prophetic Christianity.

JAMES Y. HOLLOWAY
dept. of political science
st. andrew's college

In your October issue . . . you have usurped prerogatives given a Methodist publication. The issue, I felt, was in a multitude of ways partisan beyond wisdom, judgment, and responsibility. *motive* stated by insinuation, inference [*sic*], and finally by direct statement that it was against one of the political candidates and for the other. I feel that any publication of a church . . . made up of conscientious Republicans and Democrats cannot [*sic*] identify [*sic*] itself with a certain candidate.

Whenever the gospel is erroneously identified with a particular candidate [it becomes] irrelevant to the other. *motive* has created such an atmosphere . . . your publication could destroy the confidence of our (republican) congregation in any Methodist publication.

. . . Christian dedication to the social implications of God's revelation in Christ does not necessarily imply unconcern for the total needs of the people of God.

BOB PIERSON
first methodist church
tulsa, oklahoma



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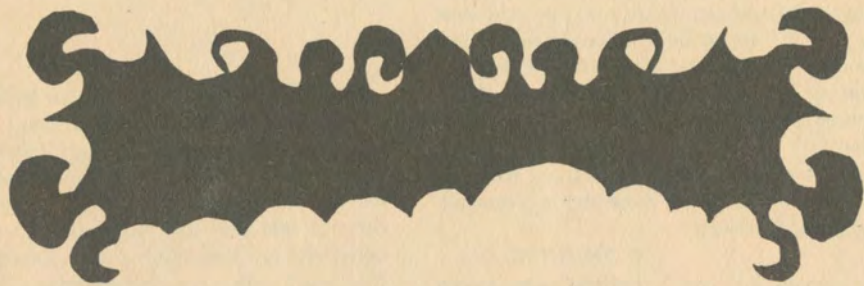
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CONVERSION

(a conversation overheard)



JOHN SOMERVILL

"This is the refectory and beyond it is the administration building. Over there are the gardens, the largest is used for outdoor services—graduations, etc. To your immediate left . . ."

"When do I pay my fees?"

"To your left . . ."

"Tomorrow?"

". . . is Crusades Bell Tower."

"I'd like to pay them now and be through with it."

"Through with what?"

"The little things."

"You can't."

"Can't pay my fees?"

"Be through with the little things."

"But there are many important . . ."

"What's important?"

"My studies, my . . ."

"That's not."

"Important? What is then?"

"Unlearning."

"Unlearning?!"

"For example democracy, social behavior, God . . ."

"Unlearning God?"

"And Christ, ideals, life plans, setting the table."

"How can you unlearn God?"

"Did you read your catalogue?"

"Not the whole thing."

"No one has told you about God?"

"Certainly!"

". . . about setting the table, democracy, and Santa Claus?"

"Santa Claus!"

"That's the only one? Well, to begin with, Santa Claus is real, Virginia, but . . ."

"Wait. I don't believe in Santa Claus!"

"I thought you said you did. You see, most of the new believe in God and democracy and . . ."

"I believe in God!"

"I thought you said Santa Claus was the only one."

"He's the only one I don't believe in."

"Let's get this thing cleared up. You believe in God, right?"

"Yes."

"All right, let's iron that out first. You see, Virginia, there is a God, but not One Who Fathers sons and sends birds to arks. God is the attitude your parents have toward the world. So, you see, Virginia, there is a . . ."

"Attitude? Of my parents?"

"From one to four you believed in Santa Claus. Right?"

"One to six."

"All right. From six to thirteen you didn't believe in premarital copulation. Right?"

"Believe in what?"

"Premarital kissing, maybe?"

"Six to sixteen."

"And from sixteen to eighteen . . . how old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"From sixteen till eighteen you believed in God. Right?"

"No!"

"Sixteen to seventeen?"

"I believe in God now! Right this minute I believe in God!"

"Yes, of course. From sixteen to . . ."

"No! From ONE till eighteen I believed—I mean, from one till now—and now!"

"All right. Yes. From one to eighteen plus a few future minutes you believed in God. That's normal, by the way, very normal. You see, Virginia, God is your parents' attitude toward the world. Now, just forget everything you've heard from sixteen to . . ."

"From ONE to eighteen."

". . . eighteen. It was necessary for you to believe for sociological reasons. And now, since you have presumably passed the danger of thought disorganization and juvenile delinquency, you no longer need to believe in God or setting the table. After all, you didn't need Santa Claus past four."

"Six."

"Six then. And you didn't need prohibition of pre-



marital kissing beyond the age of . . . what age?"

"Sixteen."

"And you don't need God past eighteen."

"Why?"

"Why! Why, everyone would laugh. There would be conflicts—possibly severe! Just suppose you found out all this at twenty instead of right now. Everyone would have laughed at you for two long years."

"You mean everyone else over eighteen thinks that there is NO God?"

"That's right. Just like everyone knew but you after four years of age that there was no Santa. They laughed at you, didn't they?"

"Some."

"Sure they did! For two years! And you thought they were all wrong, didn't you?"

"I wasn't sure, at least . . . it's hard to remember."

"And I suppose now you're just as sure of God."

"Yes."

"No doubts at all? Not even one little bitty one? Not even the slightest tiny little bitty doubt?"

"Well, everybody has doubts."

"Ah hah! You just think everyone does. They have doubts at eighteen—not at nineteen though. Oh, Virginia, that's a rich age, eighteen—full of fantasy, ideals,

lofty philosophies of man, setting the table—a rich, wonderful time to be alive. But we all have to find out—not as bad as you might think. So, you're not sure. Transition comes to us all, Virginia. Don't struggle against the coming of age. Welcome it! Yea, with loud trumpets, welcome it!"

"I . . ."

"Shut up! I'll lose continuity! Remember when you weren't sure of Santa? When you first slipped down the stairs from your room? What did you find?"

"We didn't have any stairs."

"Well, hell, when you slipped out of the back room then! You found two human beings stuffing a material bag with material things. Right?"

"No. They just told me there was no Santa, that's all."

"How cruel! But then you were six years old. That's kind of getting on up there for Santa Claus. Well, I won't do you that way, Virginia. No sir! I won't let you go to twenty years of age and still believe in God with everyone laughing behind dormitory walls. I wouldn't even treat my roommate that way."

"But my parents wouldn't have lied to me all these years."

"And why not? They lied about Santa Claus. They lied about premarital copulation!"

"Copulation?"

"Kissing, maybe? Oh, don't make me pound the truth on you like cold, salty waves, Virginia. They lied to you. Admit it, for God's sake!"

"They just didn't tell me about things . . ."

"They lied! Lied like vicious wolves! Let a poor kid wander through the first grade without ever having the kindness to tell her about Santa. Forgive them. That's all we can do, isn't it? Perhaps someone let them go on believing two unnecessary years—we can never tell what previous pains influence a parent to treat a child like they did you. Even now! They've sent you here and not even told you about God!"

"But I'm sure they would have told me if . . ."

"If you were them, would you have the nerve to tell your own little eighteen-year-old daughter that you had lied to her all her life? Understand them, Virginia. They're not to blame. It's this whole damned society we live in. It's become a sociological necessity to believe in God until you're eighteen. That's all there is to it."

"You mean . . . please, don't tease me . . . you mean that there is really no—positively no—God?"

"It's been hard for me to say all this, Virginia."

"But I'm sure I know some people way up in their thirties that believe in God. I'm sure I know some."

"Sad, isn't it? I know some ten-year-old children that believe in Santa Claus! Can you imagine?"

"Someone should have told them."

"Sometimes people can be very cruel, Virginia. I don't want you to face what those people in their late

thirties are facing—the snickers, the snide, behind the back smirks. Life can be so unmerciful."

"But how can I go on without a God?"

"Just think now, just relax and think. When you had a God, it was all don't, or stop. It was never go do something—just the 'don'ts,' right? And now you ask how you can go on! Why, now you CAN go on. Really go on! All I've done is take away the stops, not the goes. Doesn't this sound like it might be just a little bit more fun? Now, think . . ."

"Well, it does sound a little bit like . . ."

"Like real fun! Of course it does, Virginia! Don't you see what I've done for you?"

"I think I . . . I think so . . ."

"Have no doubts about what I've told you, Virginia. Do you still have doubts?"

"No . . . no, I don't believe I do . . ."

"And you feel good, don't you? Like a Tigress out of her cage!"

"I feel pretty good . . ."

"Of course you do! This is the greatest moment of your life!"

"I feel pretty good."

". . . and it's time to celebrate! A time to lift your heart and praise the glory of unlearning! Let us celebrate, Virginia—really celebrate!"

"But what can we do?"

"Do?! Get drunk! Dead, solid drunk!"

"But I don't believe in drinking . . ."

"You . . . believe in abstinence?"

"Yes."

"You mean . . . oh, hell, next year, next year . . ."

"Next year?"

"I'll tell you then."

"Why not now?"

"Because, because, Virginia . . . too much unlearning is a dangerous thing."

ILLUSTRATIONS: ZDENEK SEYDL

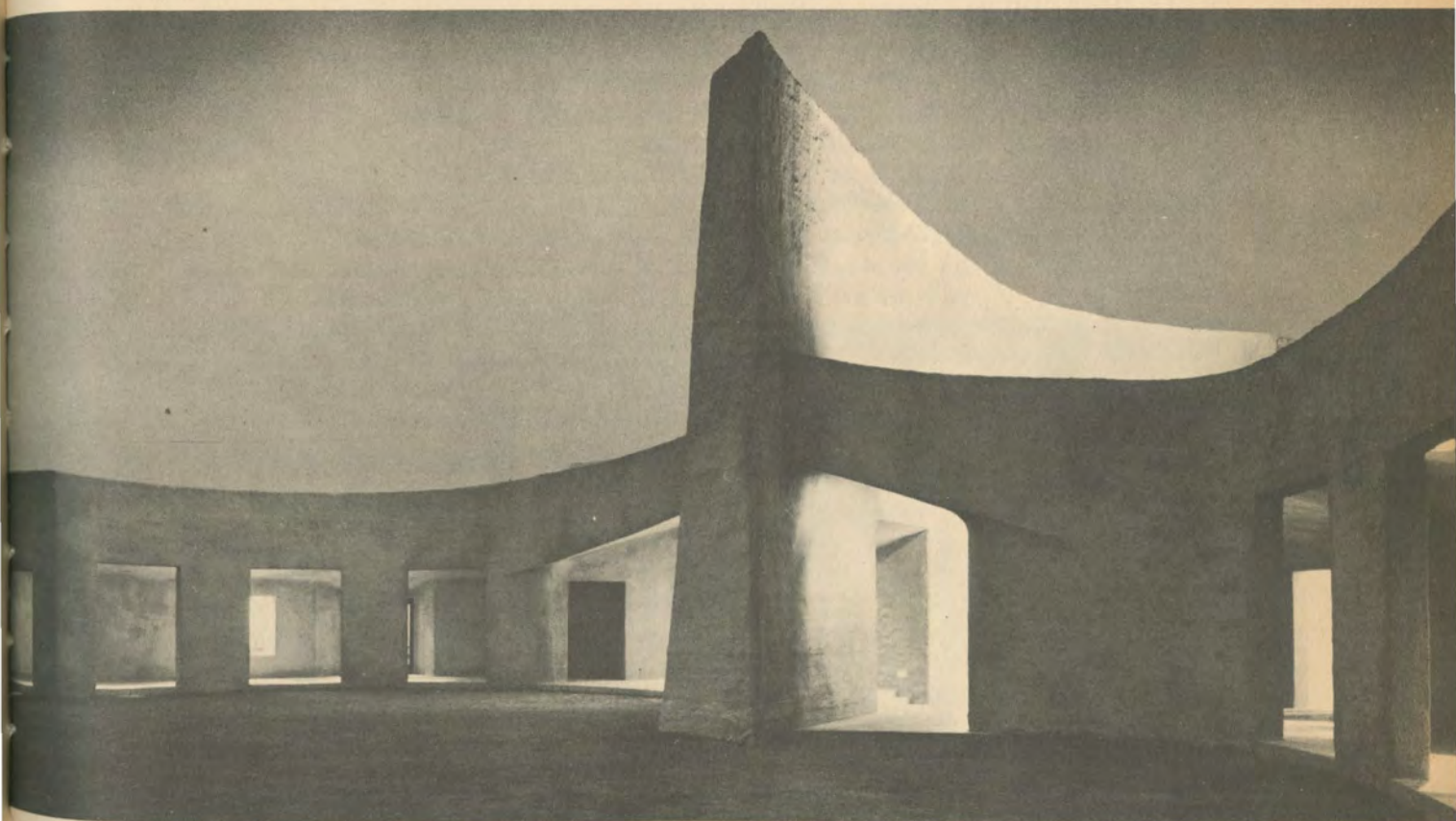


ALLELUIAH!

architecture
of praise

BY ROGER ORTMAYER

THIS building could not have occurred prior to 1945 when a new style of art broke loose and gave definition to the mid-twentieth century approach to the work of art, dominated by a painting style (and it had ramifications in all of the other arts, performing as well as visual) which gave emphasis to *movement, participation, and chance.*



ST. STEPHEN CHURCH, MESQUITE, TEXAS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BOGGS

Movement: Through the decade of the 50's the most influential force in world art was the so-called New York School of "actionist" painting. In action painting, the act of creating, the *process* of painting became the work of art. That is, there was nothing outside to pre-determine or control the image and the painter's work. It was free form, taking to a radical conclusion the work of earlier innovators such as Arp.

Action painting, and sculpture, as the title suggests, is a style of art with intense, sometimes even violent, sense of movement. Great swirls, strong lines, magnifi-

cent splashes on huge canvasses which almost suck the spectator into its vortex, are characteristic of action art.

Action painting was a swing of the pendulum to the opposite extreme from frozen or static art, often identified with the academic.

Theologically, movement is of almost ultimate importance in a work of art. Man's relationship to God is always one of being drawn toward and shrinking away, of responding to God and denying him, i.e., of movement.

The whole understanding of liturgics, of worship, is in terms of movement. One does not sit still in detached contemplation but engages in "action."

St. Stephen as a building is impossible to imagine out of relationship to the aesthetic and theological pattern of *movement*. Wherever one goes about the building he is a part of its tremendous—even surging—movement. The cloisters, the hallways, the rooms, even the offices are dynamic. There are never static spaces.

One might judge this to be a drawback; that the constant force and flow of movement is too unsettling, too restive, so that one cannot engage in acts of contemplation. This may be so, but perhaps that is the way it has to be in our time and the way it ought to be in an image of the Christian faith. Theologically, it certainly makes sense!

Participation: The postwar development in the arts has required participation from the viewer or appreciator to a degree which has sometimes strained the relationship.

I said that action art tended to "suck in" the viewer. He became almost an involuntary participant in the act of creation, though he held no brush and simply came to "see."

We have often heard the artist say in response to the query of "What does it mean?" the infuriating reply, "Well, what does it mean to you?"

What he seems to have been insisting upon is the reciprocal act of participation. Unless you are willing to locate the meaning in your own awareness, it will have no meaning for you. That is, you must participate. The work of art is not some objective, closed, finalized set of meaning. It is a process which requires participation, engagement, relationship.

Action painting has influenced all of the arts. For instance, some of the wondrous developments in motion pictures, such as *Last Year at Marienbad*, required participation to such a point that the viewer of the movie had to tell the story; the screen refused to let him sit back and do the work for him. Music, drama, sculpture, all require participation today. The current fad of "pop art" has taken it a step further, where the viewer or spectator is invited make the art work: to ring bells, open doors, play the piano, etc., to participate.

The theological implications to this are, of course, obvious. Movement requires participation. There is no

worship without the worshiper's engaging in the act of the liturgy. One does not stand back as critic, one engages as participant.

St. Stephen encourages this kind of relationship. The movement and the flow of the lines as well as the way in which space propels and impels liturgical acts in a marvelously wonderful and mysterious fashion, catches up the worshiper and propels him as participant.

Chance: The art of the postwar world has made something almost a sacred tradition of the opposite of preconception. The word "chance" in art has become both an epithet and a cliché. It is, however, uncomprisingly a part of our time and the way our time engages in acts of self-understanding.

In scientific investigation of the physical world the hypothesis of probability has been fundamental. No longer can the scientist work exclusively on particles which are "out there." The cutting edge of the scientific investigation has become the investigation of the *process of knowing* what is "out there" and how the one knowing may act and react.

It is a world which is open-ended, the opposite of the finite and the preconceived.

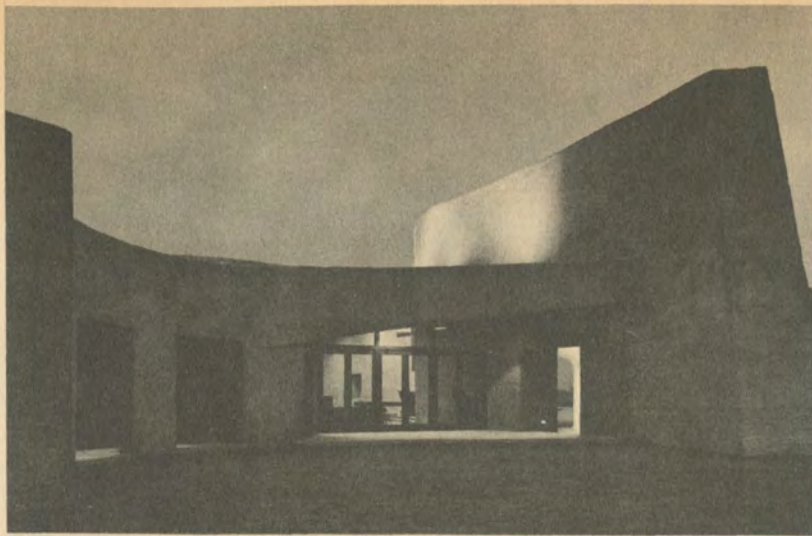
The postwar art world has reflected this kind of self-understanding. In action painting it is the process of painting that becomes the painting itself. It is the movement or the process upon which one engages, requiring participation. These works of art have been fascinating models of the twentieth century's self-understanding of the nature of its world.

Chance is probably the wrong word, tending to place too much emphasis upon the accidental. However, it suggests the nature of the essential continuity of the art of our time. It is a willingness to accept the discontinuous, the break, the new, the radical. It is open-ended and discounts the closed or finite world in which final answers are sought for and determined.

Again, the theological implications are obvious. Relationship to God is always open-ended, and whatever else man can do, he cannot define the godhead with his pictures, his rationalization, his philosophies and explanations. The godhead must be revealed in terms of stories, of narratives, of movement, of relationships.

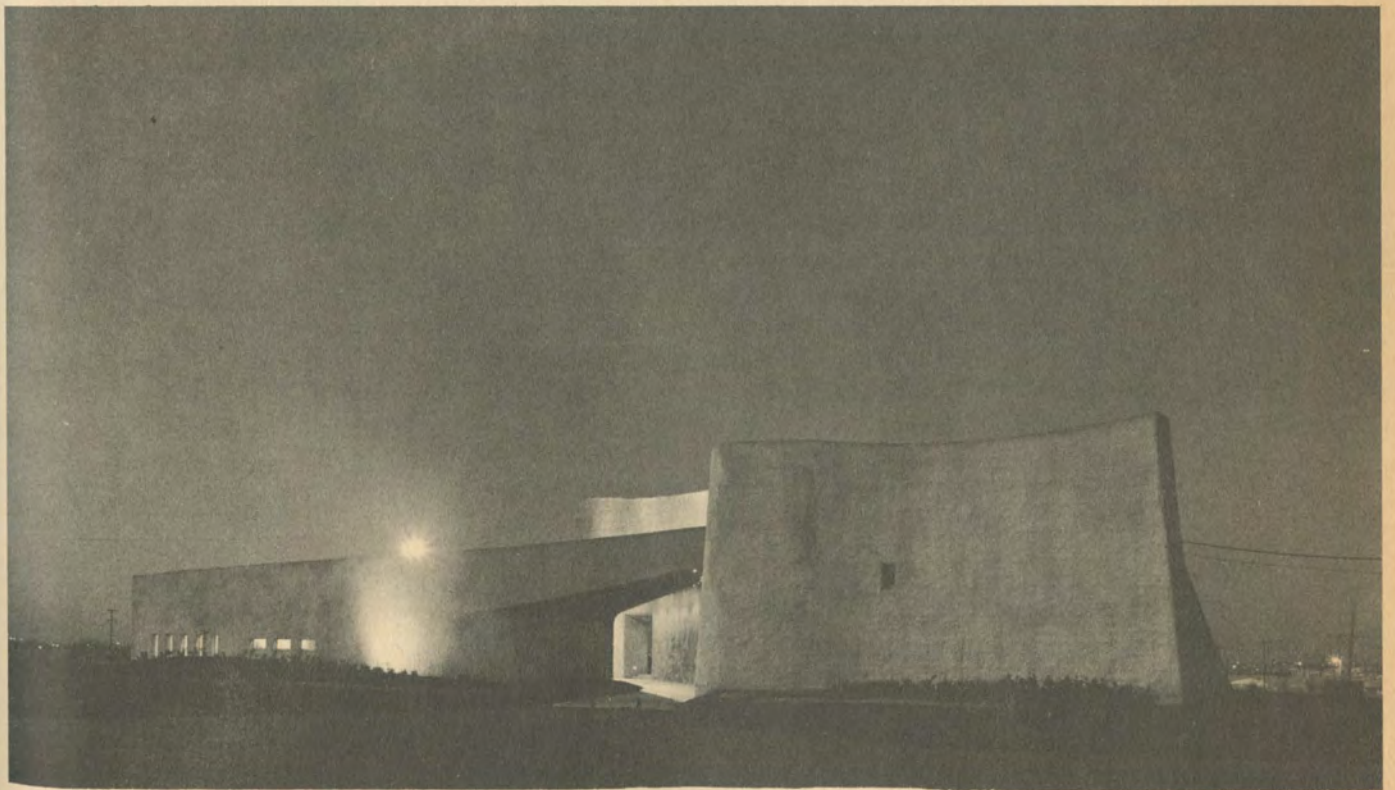
St. Stephen in this light is a marvelously appropriate image. Many times we are surprised—not with the bizarre but with the mysterious. There is always expectancy when one comes from the parking lot into the space of the church. This expectancy is dramatic, open to new possibilities, new explanations, wonderful revelations and experience.

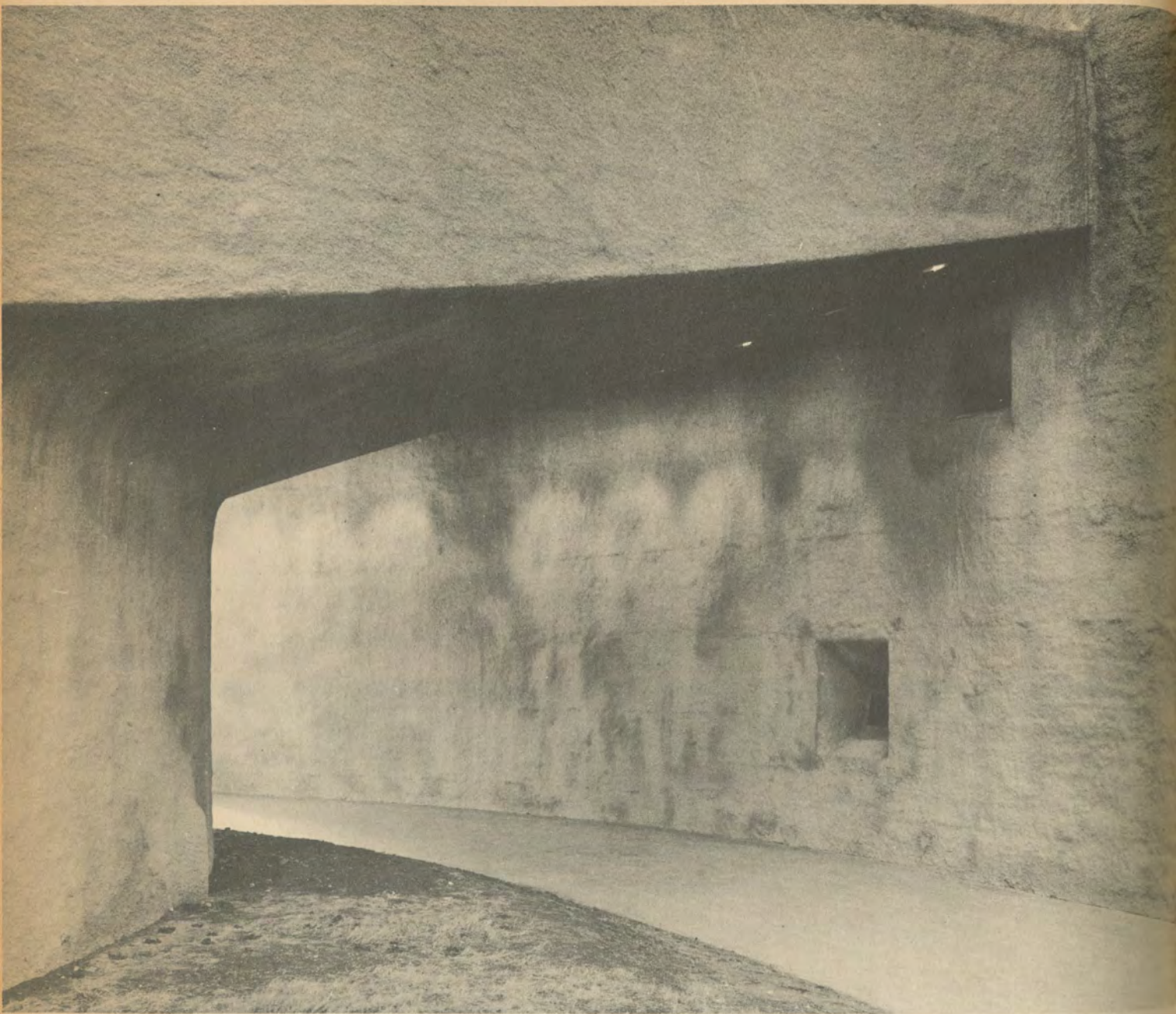
There may be many things to carp about in St. Stephen, such as the awkward chapel windows and some characteristics of the liturgical furniture. But the whole conception is so appropriate, so very good that one can only give words of praise for it—ALLELUIAH!



CHURCH SCHOOL WING

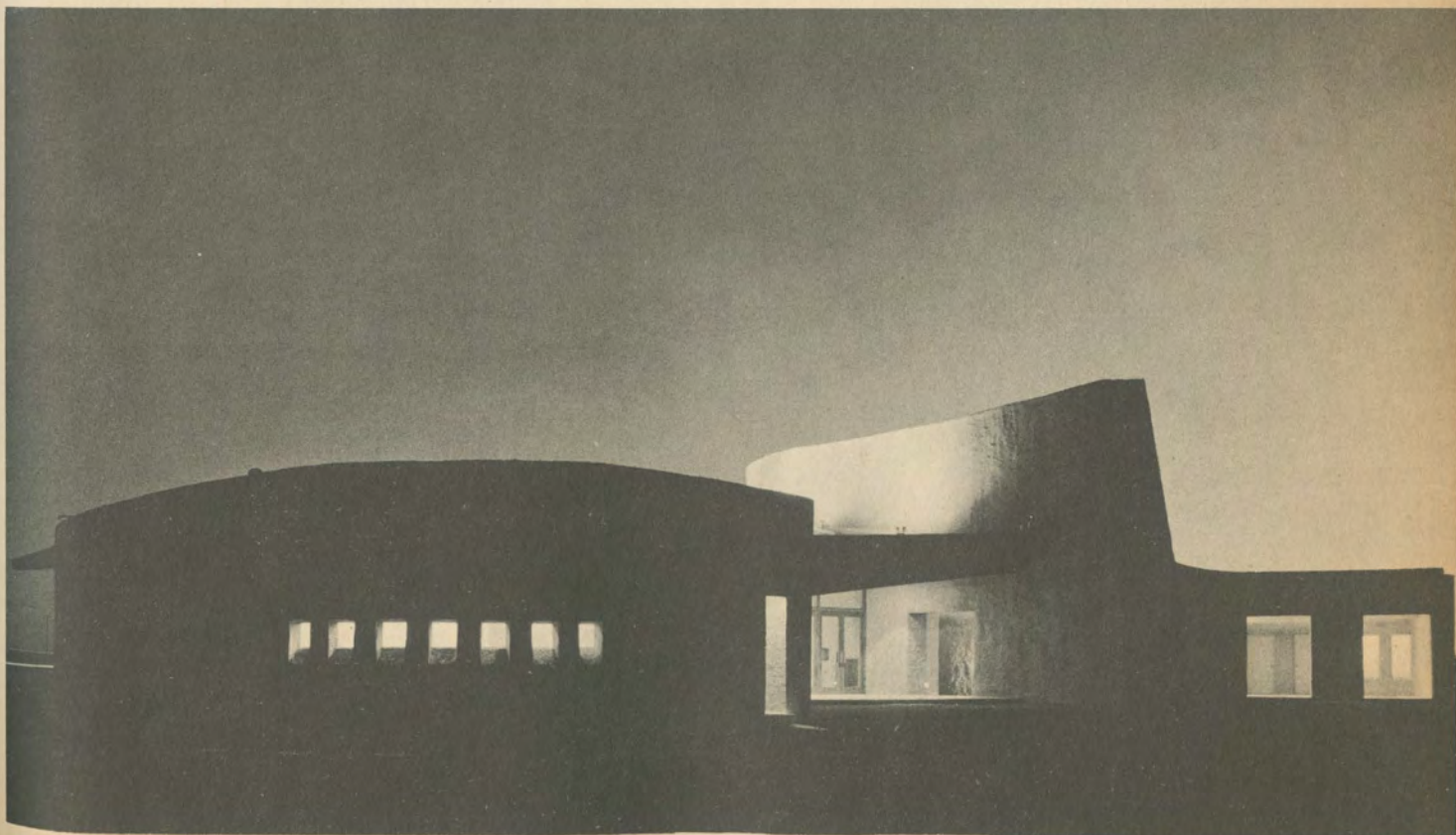
DETAIL VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE





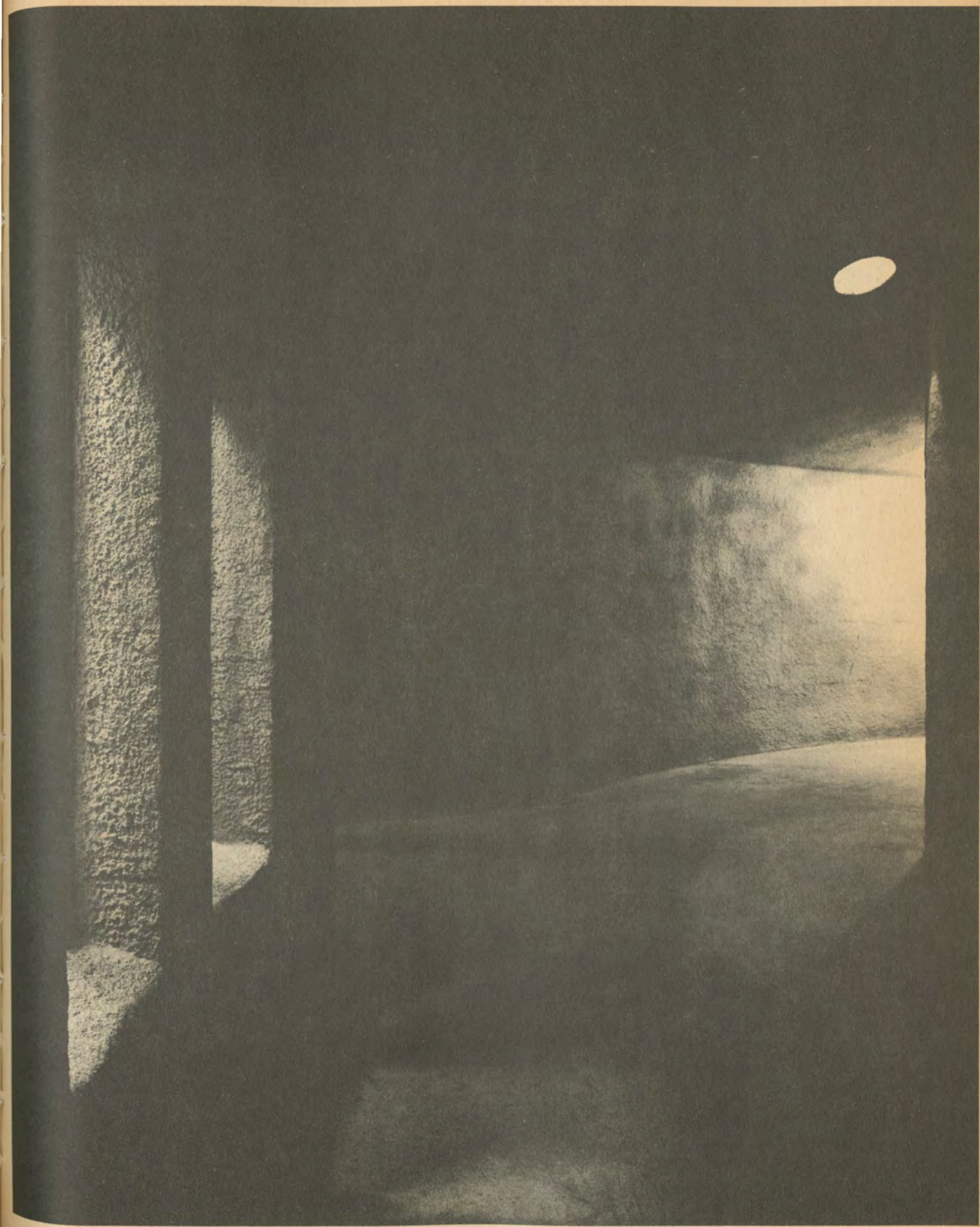
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FRONT VIEW



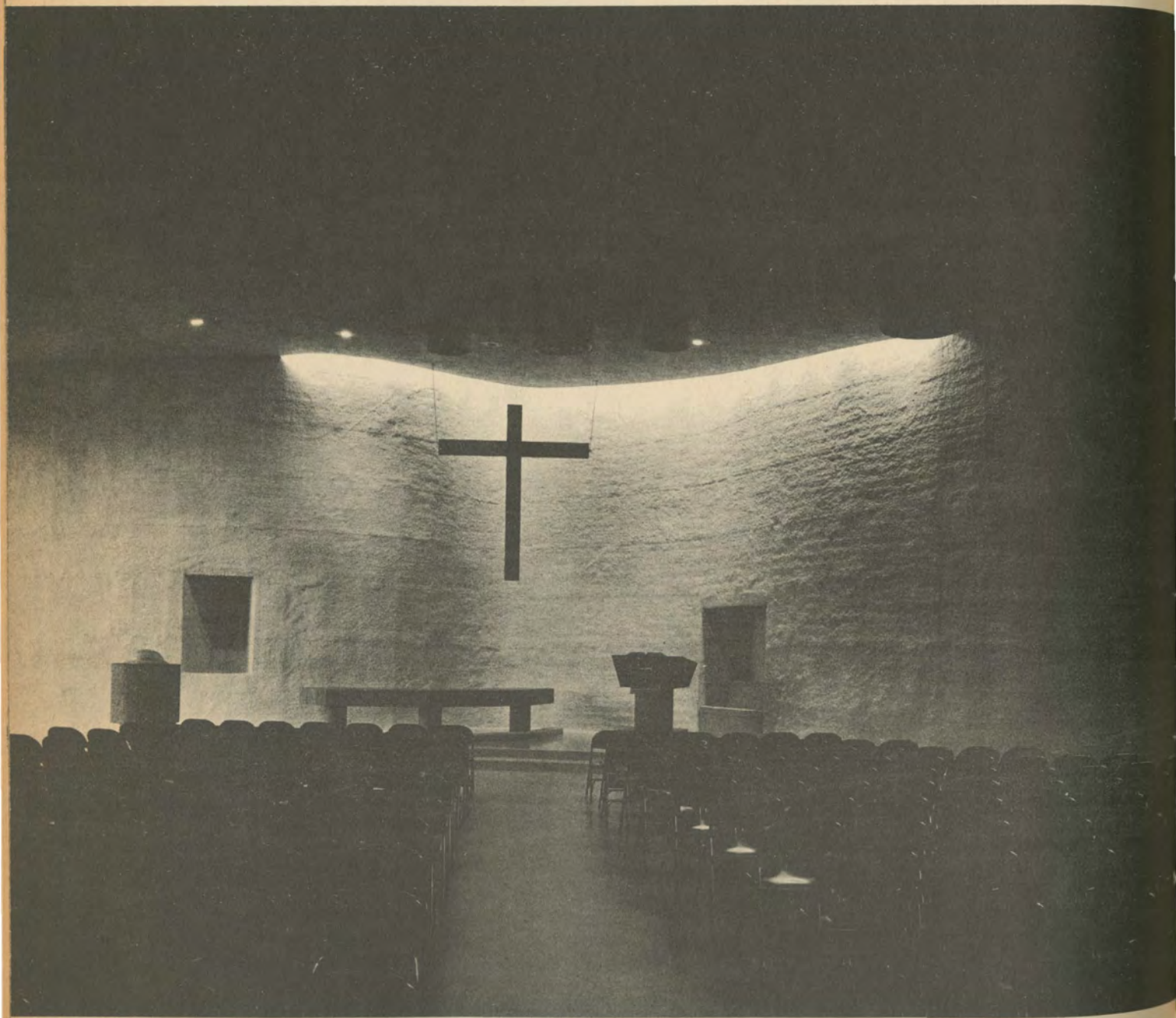


DETAIL OF ENTRANCE HALLWAY



HALLWAY

DECEMBER 1964

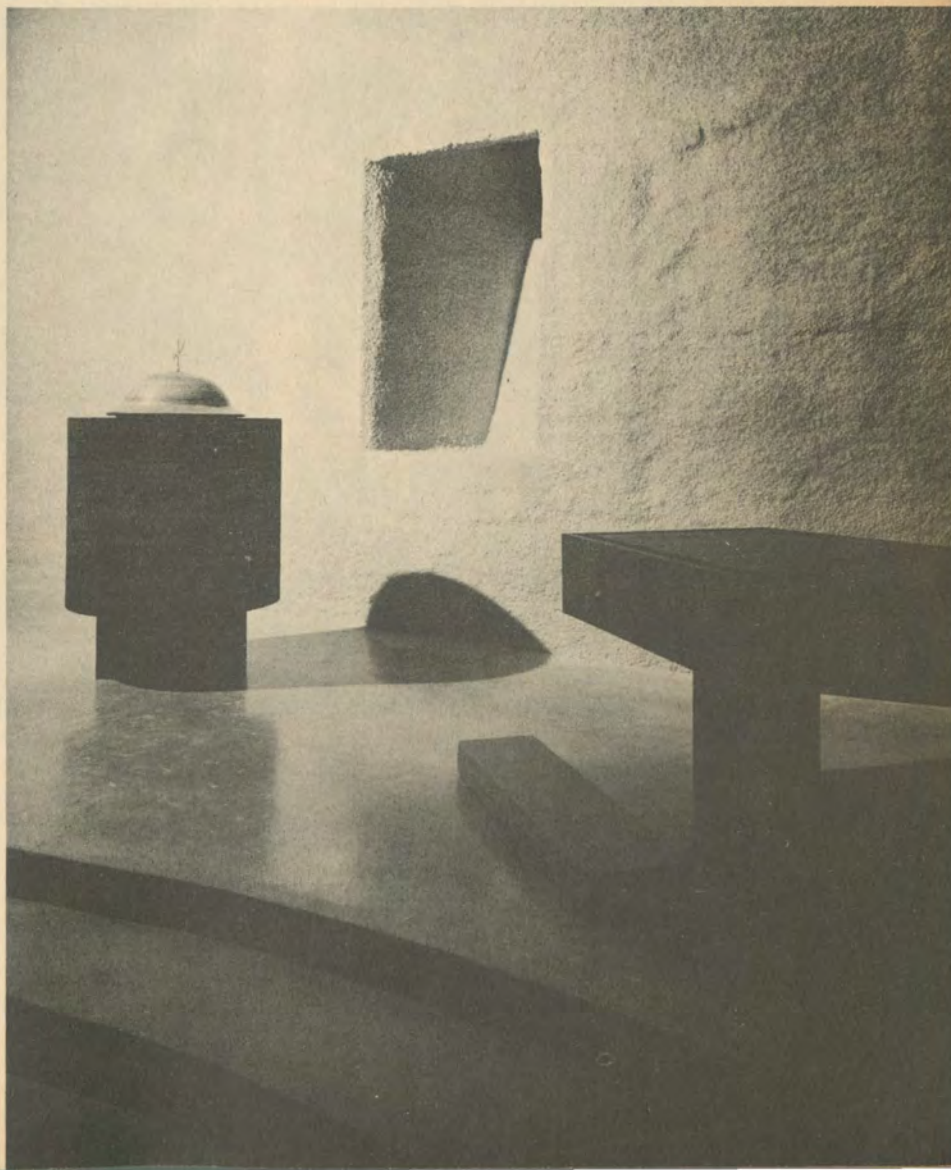


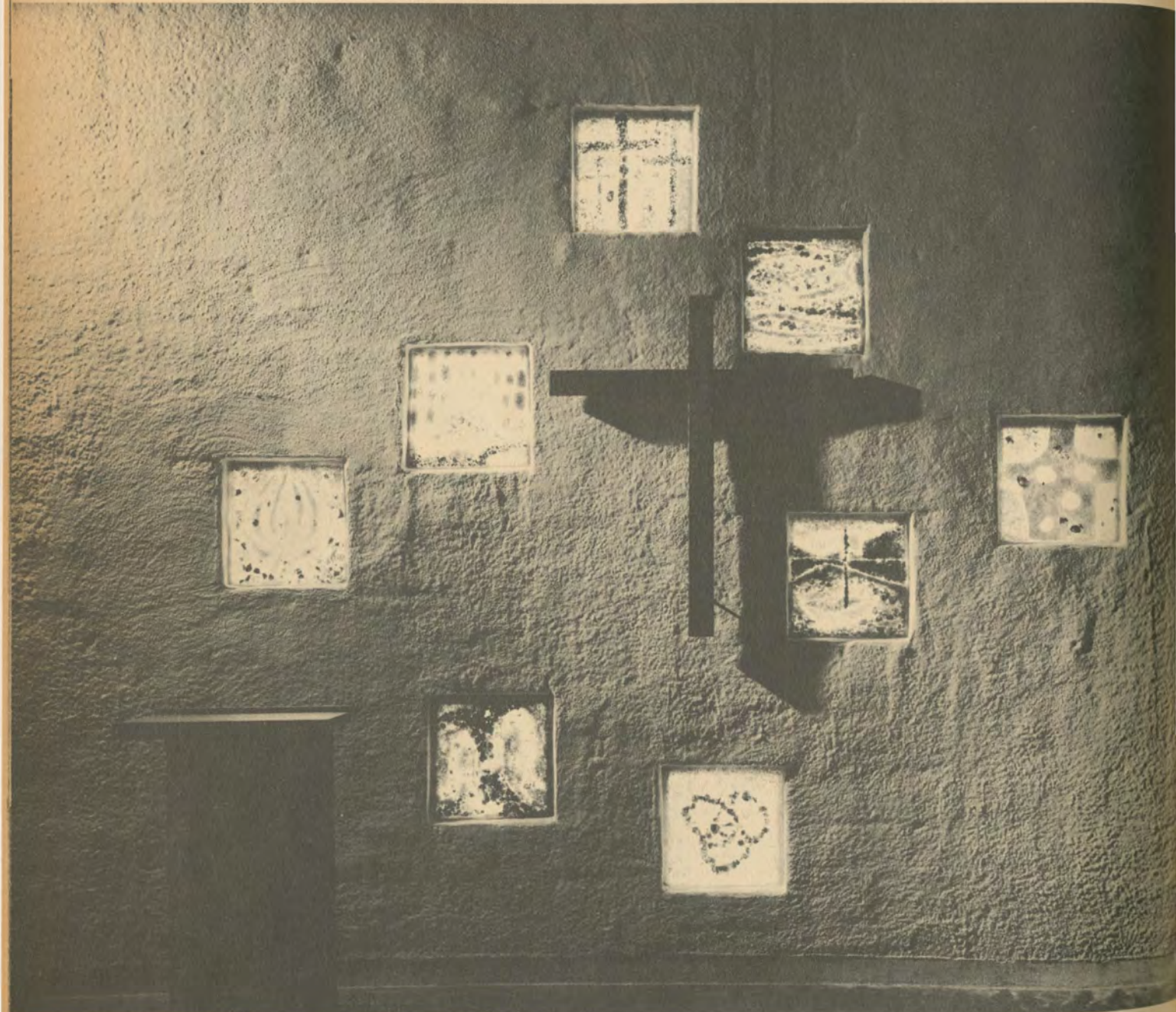
SANCTUARY THE LITURGICAL FURNITURE WAS DESIGNED BY THE ARCHITECTS



DETAIL OF CHANCEL

DETAIL SHOWING BAPTISMAL FONT





GLASS SYMBOLS BY FRANK TURNER

ST. STEPHEN CHURCH:

theology into form

BY WILLIAM K. McELVANEY

There will probably always be the age-old dispute in the church between those who want to linger in past history and those who prefer to sever ties with the past in the interest of contemporaneity. The fact of the matter is that neither can do without the other. Both lose their identity if they solo. No Christian can truly know who he is apart from his connection with the first century and those centuries since that day. No Christian can fulfill his task unless he receives the courage to reinterpret the past for today.

God is creative. The Scripture bears witness to the eruption of this creativity. The Lord creates that which did not exist, that which has never been seen before. Whoever heard of a Christ who was born in a manger, who was a Jewish carpenter, and who was crucified like a common criminal? Is there anything usual about that? "Behold, the former things have come to pass, and new things I now declare," God says through his prophet Isaiah. Everywhere in the Scripture we are told to expect the unexpected, to be on the lookout for the activity and vitality of the Creation God. The architecture of St. Stephen, as a creative act and offering, means that we are unafraid to offer God something new, something which is born of his very gift of creativity.

II.

We have often been asked, "How was such a building conceived and given birth? What steps were taken along the way to arrive at the master plan? How has this been accomplished?" The answer is that we didn't have enough sense to know that it couldn't be done, and so it was done. This is actually a way of saying that the backward glance convinces us more than ever that we have been the recipients of grace. The steps we went through and shared as a congregation were for better and for worse, for richer and for poorer, in sickness and in health. But I cannot tell you how it is that when you drive up Oates Drive in Mesquite, Texas, there stands before you the particular building in which our congregation gathers as a called people. Grace cannot be explained. It can only in some mysterious God-given way be received, and that in spite of our lack of courage, faith, and confidence in him. I can describe the procedures which we used, but you will take them for what they are.

Long before the material expression assumes its tangibility, the essential questions need to be asked. Why should we worship in

a long, rectangular building which imitates the medieval Christian church? If we believe that worship is participation rather than spectatorship, why should the people not be gathered together in more suitable spaces and designs? What is the real relation of the liturgical pieces—the pulpit, the table, and the font? Do we have a *communion table* or an *altar*, or is it both? What is the purpose of the chancel railing in contemporary Protestantism? What is the function of the choir and where does our answer dictate its location? Does the Bible belong on a lectern, on an altar, or on the pulpit? What is the procedure for the receiving of Holy Communion? What does our Methodist heritage suggest on these questions, and how shall it be balanced against the ecumenical history of our Protestant tradition and our Roman Catholic background? How much weight should be given to biblical and apostolic practices as compared with more recent history? What is the best basis for choice? These are a few of the questions which every congregation should ask as ground work and homework in the architectural endeavor.

As the building committee wrestled with these questions, it became obvious that the entire congregation must likewise enter the ferment. Following intensive research of my own, I taught an Adult Course for six weeks entitled "The History, Meaning, and Development of Church Architecture." This course was aimed at the following objectives:

1. To review the history of church architecture from the early basilicas to our own time, studying the various visual appearances and appeals that churches have taken.
2. To show how theology determines liturgy and eventually architectural design itself.
3. To study the nature and mission of the Church.
4. To provide an understanding that the Church once took the lead in the arts, including architectural design.
5. To offer two way communication between the building committee and the congregation.

As the months went by, the building committee developed a report of forty pages and gave it to every family in the congregation. This report became a study booklet revealing the complete program which the building committee proposed to present to the architects. Secondly, the report became a document of dialogue with the architects. Along with this report, the floor plan or schematic drawing was given all church members and reviewed in small groups. Everyone was provided an opportunity for learning and the corresponding decision-making.

Another of the important factors that made possible our particular building was the guaranteed freedom of the architects to be architects. Too many building committees impose restrictions from the beginning on the building type and design and appearance. The architects are thus forced to forfeit the very function for which they have been professionally trained. Design is the business of the architect. The completed building is his visual interpretation of the statement of the church's beliefs and program prepared by the building committee.

III.

At St. Stephen, in considering the questions of the theological basis for our liturgy and worship arrangements, we searched the life and ministry of Jesus Christ. His ministry was a threefold one, as revealed in the New Testament, and more particularly in the Gospel according to Mark. Christ *calls* the disciples (Mark 1, 2, 3). He then *heals*, giving a new life and future to those who have answered his call (Mark 1 and throughout); and finally, he *feeds* the people (Mark 6 and 8), that is, he sustains and nourishes them in their faith. This Christian pattern of calling, healing, and feeding is similar to the Old Testament pattern of God's redemptive activity, made especially clear in Exodus. In Exodus the Israelites are called into Covenant as a people. The people are *called* out of

bondage from Egypt; healed in the Red Sea experience, that is, given a new life and future; and fed with the manna in the wilderness. So it is in the life of the Church today. The Church calls by preaching the Word. When the call is heeded, the healing is expressed in the liturgy of the Church through the *Sacrament of Baptism*. The feeding takes place through the *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*.

Thus, this threefold ministry of Christ is shown in the *pulpit* (calling), the *baptismal font* (healing), and the *communion table* (feeding). These three have equal value theologically, liturgically, and architecturally at St. Stephen. Therefore, neither the preached Word (pulpit) nor the Word through the sacraments (communion table) dominates the other. The pulpit, font, and table are each designed as separate and free standing. They are given relatedness through the fact that each is a hand-carved oak piece. The one dominant visual object is the nine foot timber Cross suspended by chains. The pulpit, font, and table are subordinated to the Cross because the Cross is the content of calling, healing, and feeding.

Other theological issues which were translated into specific dramatic and architectural form are:

1. The communion table, fourteen feet in length, has the twelve symbols for the disciples carved around the front. Worshipers kneel at the table and place their hands in the position of the St. Andrew Cross to receive the common loaf and individual cup. The table is used only for Communion, and is not considered an altar.

2. The acoustics are "live" and so provide an unusual experience of community and corporate participation in the service of worship.

3. The absence of the chancel railing suggests the equality of all ministers in Jesus Christ, lay and clergy.

4. The choir is located on the periphery of the congregation, enabling them to function as a group as well as a part of the worshipping congregation.

5. A tracker-action pipe organ, designed especially for St. Stephen's after extensive study by the Commission on Worship and Music, encourages classical and contemporary music appropriate to the architecture and to our understanding of worship.

6. The top of the baptismal font is removed and placed in a niche in the wall when the Sacrament is observed. This emphasis on the "event" character to Baptism provides movement and drama to the occasion.

7. The large pulpit Bible rests, opened, on the upper portion of the massive pulpit. From this position it can be seen by the congregation. For the reading of the Scripture lessons, the Bible is lifted up in full view of the people and then placed on the lower portion of the pulpit immediately before the minister. When the readings are completed, the Bible is once again lifted and placed back on the upper part of the pulpit.

There will be a great "rose window" skylight in the sanctuary and a bell tower which will dominate the courtyard enclosed by the three curving buildings. Beneath the skylight is the Cross over the Lord's table and the pulpit. The congregation and the choir are seated in a semicircle which is symbolically closed by an "apse" screen. The baptismal font is at the entrance of the building, as a symbol of our entry into the church.

IV.

This unique free form of the church was made possible technically and economically by a process known as *archilithics*, a new material which is sprayed one-fourth inch thick on both sides of concrete block walls laid *without mortar*. This skin forms a continuous surface which bonds the block and is waterproof and fireproof. The archilithics has a portland cement base with glass fiber reinforcing. A local testing firm, after appropriate analysis, concluded that the process resulted in walls stronger than masonry construction. The engineers' evidence convinced the building committee and the congregation that our pioneering risk in materials and construction technique was justified. St. Stephen is the first building to be erected using this type construction. For this reason the

building has been of wide interest not only in church and architectural circles, but in industrial and scientific quarters as well.

The first unit is composed of approximately 12,000 square feet at a total cost of \$150,000. It is possible to build a church building at less cost per square foot. However, for a free form design the archilithics method proved to be much cheaper than traditional construction. The interior is a warm off-white, lightly textured. The exterior is light gray and heavily textured for a maximum play of light and shade.

V.

As would be expected with so creative an architectural departure from convention the response of the congregation has been varied, although at all times overwhelmingly supportive. There certainly were a few who found it impossible to adjust to St. Stephen architecture. For them the building became a tangible symbol for an understanding of the Gospel which contrasted with their previous experience and future expectations. The vast majority of our members, however, have been able, increasingly, to identify with the approach taken. Their byword has been, "It grows on you." Our ministry and work as a church absolutely could not have flourished and developed without the witness of these members. They are to be admired for their conquest of the always present human problem of how to relate one's past with a different and new experience. Still others in the church would make this their first choice and would not be satisfied with anything less. Their enthusiasm has been an indispensable leaven to the congregation as a whole.

The building has a strange variety in its simplicity. For this reason our members find quite opposite features which they can appreciate. For all of us, however, the building has become a symbol of openness and the willingness to initiate new approaches. This has carried over into the life of the congregation in its worship and work. The experimental mood in our whole congregational life, both as *ecclesia* and as *diaspora*, has been enhanced by the presence of the building.

One of the joys connected with the building is sharing it with others. Of course every possible comment and opinion has been rendered from the sublime to the absurd, from exalted praise to condemnation, from genuine wonder and curiosity to bewilderment and suspicion, from excitement and gratitude to shock and even anger. For many it becomes an exciting confrontation and opens a whole new field of inquiry. People from all walks of life and from all Christian traditions visit the building in a steady stream. Consensus of approval and disapproval of the building, or parts of it, do not fit any neatly discernible categories. Considered disapproval may represent more depth than a quick and shallow approval.

It seems to me that the building itself is a message, a sermon for the world to see. The building provides an opportunity to discuss theology, the nature of the church, church history, and symbolism with individual visitors and groups of people. To many the architecture stands on the frontier of courage and creativity in a day of timidity, conformity, and provincialism. It has caused us to examine ourselves and our beliefs.

The building has reshaped our attitudes and stirred our sensitivities in more subtle ways than we probably realize. Its blend of both ancient and contemporary has provided a way of saying that "old time religion" is not the lingering and limping of nineteenth-century revivalism in the twentieth century, but the Covenant faith of the prophets and of Jesus Christ. Perhaps above everything else, the building has taught us to beware of surface judgments and snap decisions toward art forms and people. As Christians we should be willing to pay the price of intellectual and psychological effort in order to understand and evaluate.

The fact that the building has already had significance not only for our own members, but for many persons beyond our congregation, has enabled our effort to be mission to the world to whom we have been sent. In this there is true joy and meaning.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT SHUTTERS

The two-fisted house without shutters
lets the streets in,
and the grey-templed windows
tell us to trust
the voice of the street corners.

The room corners of contemplation
are blocked by marble faces
speaking antique mottoes, and there is
no place to stand except in the middle
where the floor is street noise.

All the aged whispers tell us
to abandon our hesitations, open
our enclosures, let the wind's children
whisper the stories of the street.

We pause in the shivers of our empty hands,
but we stubbornly inquire:
what and where are these voices
who instruct us to obey voices.
The angry house refuses to listen,
sentences us for life to bridgeless
islands of cinders.

The street steals its posters displaying
armchairs and deserts us, leaving us
without a way to anywhere; but the cinders
tell us stories of the coming of pink jelly fish.

—DUANE LOCKE

CHRIST OF THE BAVARIAN ROADS

The dark green fields show burnishings of the sun
on every leaf; and the constant statues, crucified,
have gold borders on the stone man's skirt.
More gold, seeming real or bright as paint, crowns images that show "a
bullock's heart"

glowing like a jewel on the stone-and-plaster Christ.
Think of those who go to him stark in black and white,
and of the white ebbing into black earth,
the dark outlines of a body greyed with fog
along an eternal march. This Denkmal of two hundred German soldiers,
killed, rejected, again thought right in wars our judgments only confuse,
brings him to look at us after forty days and nights in the trenches:
we may be cured, by an empty pace, in a madhouse
where every footfall of the old march is padded
and where even dreams must be slowed by even breathing.
He is etched in strong black lines from His skull, on white ready to fall apart
like a heap of ashes:

we cast all our shadows into those pits of eyes
of any man of two hundred killed by war—of two hundred and one,
now we have looked at where He stays.

—FRANK MERCHANT

FICTION:

VISION OF ARIMATHEA

BY WILLIAM PAULK

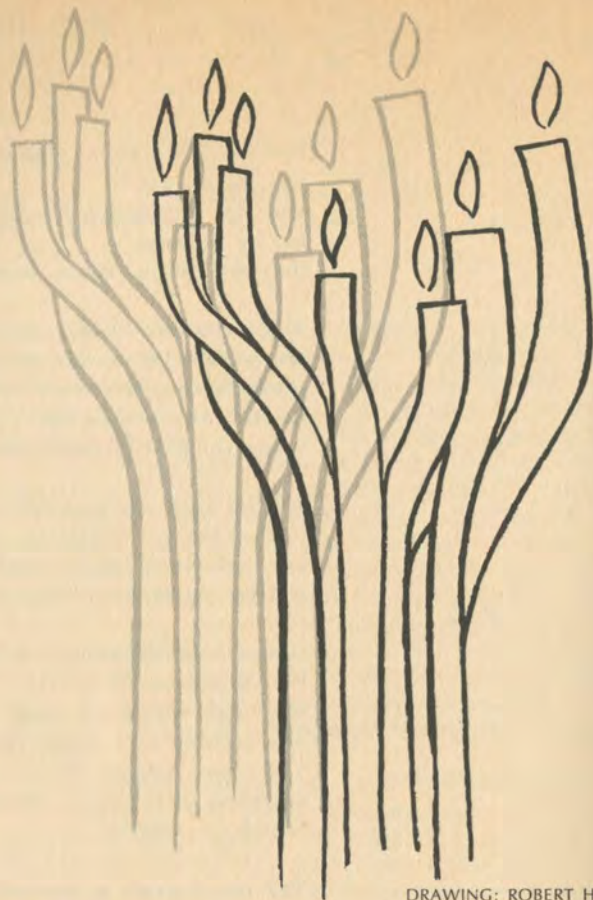
"Will you go to the baptism?"
"Yes, I will go to the baptism."
"Will you go to the marriage?"
"Yes, to the marriage."
"And will you go to the supper?"
"Also to supper."

Slowly the rich green curtains drew open, slow like a cloud crossing the horizon, and when they were drawn beyond the sight of the audience, the stage lay bare before them with only pale blue backdrops of rich velvet. From somewhere offstage, it may have been from behind or underneath or above, came the music. It was soft at first with all the careful harmony of the stars, barely heard and then building into a crescendo of thunderous sound, and the blue velvet folds of the curtains round the stage swayed against the sound.

From the wings of the stage came ten young men in saffron tights and five young ladies in white. Five panels the young men brought, higher than their heads and wider than they could reach, and they stood the panels on the stage and danced around while each of the young ladies stood in front poised in an arabesque. The music played on, the drums, and the violins. The velvet curtains swayed and billowed round the stage. The ten young men danced and the five young ladies stood in an arabesque.

Then the music stopped and the dancing stopped and the billowing curtains stilled. The light grew white and bright. The light grew dim and grey. And from each panel a veil was snatched by a lady in an arabesque. The audience clapped and roared each time, for on each panel was a painted scene in glittering, glistening oil. The light grew white, the light grew bright, and the paintings towered large while the ten young men and the five young ladies danced around and off the stage.

The first was a landscape with golden skies and blue trees with little green birds twittering in the leaves,



DRAWING: ROBERT HODGELL

and underneath the trees crimson butterflies played at hide-and-seek among purple polka-dot flowers beside a green lake.

The second was the sea. Emerald winds blew hard against magenta waves and flecked with fuchsia foam the sky, while yellow dolphins swam in two triangular schools.

The third was a boy with hyacinth hair, and he held a stained glass rose.

The fourth was a toadstool terribly tall, vermiculated pileus of ambergris, gills of gutter brown, and long, long stripe of straw brown stuff.

The fifth was a lady with a green cheese face and citron yellow hair. She wore a dress of cobalt blue, and she carried an ebony cane.

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"Will you go to the marriage?"
"Yes, to the marriage."
"And will you go to supper?"
"Also to supper."

The audience clapped and roared with glee as the players came on the stage. When they came they brought stage properties and placed them around the floor, moving them here and there until the Inspector came and was satisfied. Here was a desk, and there was a chair, and here the players stood.

(Did you ever stop to observe your hand, to look at how it's made? Five fingers, or more correctly, four and a thumb with the same number of joints to each specified digit; that is, three to each finger and two to the thumb. Ten more-or-less fingernails put on where they'd do the most good for scratching or clawing or even digging in the earth—some people use them for digging in old sores but that's their business not mine. I'd rather use them to help me part my hair on the right side when I don't have a comb and sometimes not even a mirror and have to guess which side is right. Then the little lines on the inside of your hand some folks say they can tell your fortune by. It's all there they say right there in the middle of your hand and if you've got a star you were born to luck and lady fortune will smile down on you, or a cross I guess you know what that means too. But the point is they're alike, both of them, and if you've got one in one hand chances are you've got one in the other, star or cross or that little line that wanders down around the rump of your hand they say life hangs by.)

One of the players backed up against the first panel and went to sleep and his wife pushed him and knocked it down, but he didn't bother to pick it up because he probably figured it wouldn't do any good and anyway he couldn't figure how he'd use it in the rest of the play. He was the butler and his wife was the maid who stood by him most of the time during the play and even sometimes she'd answer the door when he wanted to take a snooze and he usually did. But even so they said he had something to do with it before it was all over.

Another player, he was a carpenter, came on the stage and started to build a washstand right there in front of the second panel so a man could wash his hands in his own room without having to go outdoors to the well and maybe get his feet wet in the rain. It was a big strong washstand with double mirrors and double basins and double pitchers and so when the prop man came out and knocked the second panel down from behind it the washstand stood, and the man just moved it over in front of the third and there it stayed for the rest of the day.

But another player got rambunctious while he was washing his hands and kicked the third panel over. That was when they discovered it, the corpse. It was a young man, I guess he had slipped onstage and walked around behind the panel while nobody was looking, or while the housemaid was answering the door for her sleeping husband or while the fellow was building the washstand or moving it or maybe even while the man was washing his hands.

Then the Inspector came on the stage and started asking who did it, but the butler said he didn't do it because he had been asleep and the maid said she surely didn't do it because she had been answering

the door and the carpenter said he didn't do it because he was building the washstand anyway and of course the man washing his hands said he couldn't have done it because he was busy with that and it had happened behind the panel. Next the prop man went over and opened one of the drawers of the desk and pulled out a bunch of letters and scattered them on the top of the desk. Then the Inspector held the letters up one by one for all the audience to see. They were postmarked from all over the world with colored postage stamps and the Inspector put them back on the desk and said that was the evidence and the audience roared and clapped their hands. So the Inspector took the corpse in his arms and carried it out and shook his finger at the butler and the housemaid and the carpenter and the fine man who had washed his hands. Then the players took the props and carried them off the stage and left the panels where they were, three of them lying on the floor and the other two still standing.

(Did you ever observe your hand to look at how it's made? The winking dimples at the finger joints and the tiny short hairs that grow out of the skin and lean down toward the finger tips sometimes even long enough to cover up the dimples on the joints. Even from the top you can see a lot, like the edge of a callous or a blister that's about to start and might become a callous someday but even washing your hands three or four times a day won't keep it from coming.)

Behind the two standing panels hung the blue velvet curtains, pale blue, and from somewhere off stage the music came again. But the woman in the fifth panel, the old crone with a green cheese face and citron yellow hair, stepped down from the panel and walked across the stage until she stood in crazy arabesque supported by her ebony cane before the toadstool. She threw back her head and flung her citron yellow hair around her shoulders as she laughed and laughed and laughed.

Slowly the rich green curtains drew closed, slow like a cloud crossing the horizon, and when they were drawn full to the sight of the audience, the stage lay bare behind them with only pale blue backdrops of rich velvet which the audience could not see.

Again the music came, the drums and violins. Ten young men in saffron tights and five young ladies in white danced down and up the aisle and out the door while after them the players came and then the audience merrily clapping and roaring behind with glee.

"Will you go to the baptism?"

"Yes, I will go to the baptism."

"Will you go to the marriage?"

"Yes, to the marriage."

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"Also to supper."

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

COLLEGE STUDENTS AS AN
ECONOMIC MARKET

BY SHIRLEY M. KENT

THIS Christmas about one and one-quarter million freshmen will return home for their first extended holiday from college. Many will seem quite different from the boys and girls who departed for campus only a few short months before. They will seem to have grown up and away, acquiring new attitudes of independence, new vocabularies, new concepts of living.

Boys who left with crew cuts might return with Princeton haircuts; the girls may have pierced ears and long, straight hair. They may want to replace what they consider outmoded high school clothes with new outfits that blend more suitably with the campus scene.

Beneath these changed exteriors are minds more questioning—minds which may challenge long-accepted ideas about morals, religion, behavior and ideals. The new students have entered another world and have been visibly influenced by it.

While this new-found independence is often puzzling to parents, its significance is perhaps more intensely felt by large sections of the business world. To them, this group of young people conscious of a new freedom, anxious to assert their own choices and ideas for the first time, offers a tremendous potential for the future. At this particular time in their lives, while their tastes and attitudes are just being formed, college students develop personal preferences to a greater degree than ever before; experiment until they find brands that please them and, eight times out of ten, stay with these brands after leaving college.

The college market is intrinsically important: with no taxes nor insurance problems, minimal rent, food and medical expenses, college students spend 37% more at retail than most Americans, and are prime prospects for better brands and luxury products. This market is expected to number more than five million students in 1965. They will spend an estimated \$21 billion, aside from costs of room, board and tuition.

Responsiveness to new ideas emphasizes the college student's importance to advertisers as a taste-setter in

many areas. One company, Knomark, Inc., recently test-marketed its new Esquire "Quik-Ease" shoe polish at Syracuse University, Rhode Island University and University of Connecticut before offering it to the general consumer market.

As experimental consumers, collegians were first to stamp their approval on filter cigarettes, beer in cans, electric shavers and other new ideas prior to acceptance by the general buying public.

Also testifying to their experimental nature is the amount of brand switching done after entering college. A survey by the National Advertising Service indicated that 48% changed cigarette brands; 30% shirt brands; 21% soft drinks; 17% toilet soap, hair tonic, sports equipment, drugs and cosmetics; followed by lesser percentages in pens, underclothing, food, tobacco and typewriters.

Having escaped from family influence in their own buying decisions, students often reverse the trend by bringing home new ideas and attitudes that affect family purchases. One survey cites collegiate influence as greatest on automobiles, with 11.7%. Clothing, toiletries and food follow with about 5%, ranging down through radio, television, and phonograph sets, furniture and household appliances.

Both the influence and affluence that make the college student such an attractive customer today can be expected to continue after college. A survey by the Molony/Newhoff marketing organization has found that the college student will reap total lifetime earnings of \$178,000 more than the average high school graduate and \$250,000 more than the person completing eighth grade.

However promising the potential of the market, it presents many hazards to businessmen hoping to reach it. As with other consumer groups, the college market is comprised of many subgroups, each with definite characteristics which must be defined. Companies courting the market must understand what buying means to the student psychologically, as an expression of his individual personality.

Perhaps the greatest problem is to capture the mercurial collegiate taste. While students' needs remain fairly static, except for ephemeral fads, the ideas that appeal to them must be as current as this morning's headlines. As one advertising man remarked, "Writing ad copy for college students is almost as tough as writing the script for 'That Was The Week That Was'—they're so terribly aware."

This marked affinity for the current is reflected in the opinions of students from several colleges who commented on campus cultural trends: "Our interests are tuned, in all instances, to the contemporary. Whether it be literature and drama, jazz and folk music, or art and sculpture, we are involved in the art forms that express and interpret our own time."

Because the college student is uncompromisingly inner-oriented toward his campus-bound existence, the



I THINK WE'RE LOST

businessman must meet him on his own terms. To do this, it is essential to recognize various subgroups within the college market, how they live and think.

Within the college market are (1) graduate students, usually more removed from campus social life, and concentrating on studies to the exclusion of nearly everything else; (2) the 24% of the college population who are married, many with children, and are probably more susceptible to "young married" advertising and (3) commuting students, who are more subject to family influence and are farther removed from campus mores and activities.

The remaining group is the "hard core" of college students who are most subject to campus conformity and the most likely target for college market advertising. This is the 60% who live on campus—about 10% in sororities and fraternities—who will be specifically referred to by the term, "college market."

MARKETING to college students is definitely circumscribed by their way of life and the physical limitations of the campus, which impose certain restrictions on what they need and want. According to Dr. Sidney Levy, professor of marketing research at Northwestern University and an associate with Social Research, Inc., Chicago, "The outside world doesn't really seep into the college complex. Students lead an inward-turning existence, and are not apt to become full-fledged adults with all the responsibilities that accompany this status.

"Since they are more withdrawn from the ordinary requirements of daily life and live in a more protected

fashion, their consumption habits are more inflexible. The hard core student is routinized and his actions are repetitive—his world is dominated by studying and other campus-related activities. In order to devote the major part of his thought to these things, he has simplified physical living to the most elemental level."

In spite of their routinized way of life, college students are not indifferent consumers, he believes. "The way college students consume allows them a means of expression. The most careless dressers, such as self-styled beatniks, consume carefully: to be different requires as much thought as to conform to more usual standards."

As an example, he cited students' interest in and knowledge of automobile advertising, which speaks to their desires. Although not usually a necessity, cars are status objects and offer greater convenience and freedom.

Dr. Levy mentioned the *Volkswagen* as having a special appeal for several reasons: (1) the advertising is aware, sophisticated and clever; (2) the car allows them a means of expression—they feel rebellious in buying a car which others in the society may disdain as an "ugly bug"; and (3) the car is also economical. Thus, the combination of allowing them to rebel and save money at the same time is a winning one.

The student's concept of himself in relation to the world around him is also an important key to understanding what causes him to buy as he does. Among traits most noticeable in college students are interrelated feelings of insecurity, the dilemma of conformity vs. individuality, and a driving desire to succeed accompanied by a striving for upward mobility.

Psychologically, college students are a paradox: they want to be independent and feel mature, but certain aspects of campus life make them feel quite unsure and give them a compelling need to identify with a peer group.

This paradox was ably documented by Dr. James A. Paulsen, psychiatrist at Stanford University, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1964: "In fantasy, college is thought to be a source of enlightenment, tolerance and protection. In reality, the student is faced with academic demands and increasing briskness of peer competition. The great academic and competitive pressure—for instance, the bright valedictorian who found twelve other valedictorians in his mathematics class—makes the students lose confidence and feel inferior. . . . For the student, the campus mission is to be academically brilliant and dominate in competition, to date the campus beauties and to be pledged to the best fraternity."

These observations are borne out by a recent survey of fraternity men at a medium-sized Midwestern university. Among the conclusions of that survey, which asked members why they had joined fraternities, were that fraternities satisfy the need to belong, and especially help newcomers to campus overcome their initial insecurity. This was demonstrated by the fact that newly activated members wear their pins far more often than seniors who have established their identity with the house. One student, asked why he had joined, answered, "I just didn't want to get lost down here."

When asked why they were attending college, all said they wanted to better themselves and expressed ambitions for high paying, high status careers. Conformity was most evident in manner of dress, although a student's personal life was usually his own "except when his actions would adversely affect the works or reputation of the fraternity." One factor supporting individuality was that only a small percentage of the group "drank more than 10 bottles of beer per week," and the others did not feel they were obliged to keep pace with the minority's habits.

One student, commenting on the general feelings and desires of his contemporaries, said, "The evident changes in physical appearances and inner attitudes are caused by a forced maturity, something that is seemingly expected of us. Some of the maturity you actually gain, the rest you fake until you get it. There is no longer the Big Man on Campus who sets the pattern for others to follow; some fraternities encourage conformity to a certain extent, but even they are exerting less pressure. Rather, the individual is more respected among his own group for his personal accomplishments. College kids are more serious because they know they will need knowledge and self-discipline to get somewhere as they have never needed it before. Success is not guaranteed anymore because of a college degree."

These attitudes become evident in the way students buy and their reasons for doing so. A recent study by

Glamour Magazine found that the most abrupt transition in buying habits occurs when a young woman reaches 18 and knowingly breaks away from the conformity of her high school years. At this time she exhibits a strong tendency toward experimentation and up-grading her wants, becoming more concerned with quality and value. She sees herself as being independent, mature in judgment and capable of making her own decisions based on her own evaluations of her needs in relation to her changed life situation.

A survey of coeds from a large Midwestern university correlates with this report, but other findings define the college girl more definitely: the majority were striving for upward social mobility and thus placed more emphasis on certain characteristics of clothing and clothing stores as visible status symbols than would a more stable market.

Also evident was the search for individuality within a proscribed pattern of conformity. Although the coeds professed to be looking for something "unique" and "individualistic," these terms applied to a narrowly defined range of clothing types, brands, prices and stores. A great amount of unanimity was expressed about the following:

(1) Stores where they say they shop: Saks Fifth Avenue, Bonwit Teller, Marshall Field & Co., Peck & Peck and local specialty college shops. These stores were characterized as having "name national college merchandise." They avoided stores with merchandise that had a "mass-production look" at one extreme and "exclusive" shops with high fashion clothes at the other extreme.

(2) Quality was the single most important factor in clothing purchases. One statement best typifies the clothing they desire: "I like simple things, but by simple I don't mean cheap. Simple things are usually the most expensive." Others described the styles they liked as "classic," "casual," "tailored," "well-dressed suburbia type." A few went as far as to prefer "prestige" and "sophistication."

The report concludes, "In spite of a diversity of family income levels and social desires, there appeared to be a strong motivation on the part of the coeds to be above average dressers and to exhibit individual taste, but not to stand out so as to be overly conspicuous."

While clothing is a major expense, students spend freely in many other areas. *Playboy Magazine* (which claims contact with some 51% to 57% of all male college students) estimates its readers spend \$525 million annually for apparel, \$350 million for travel, and \$50 million for grooming aids. Fifty-nine per cent smoke cigarettes, 27% cigars and 17% pipes; 67% drink beer, 53% whiskey and 32% wine. A recent survey of 7,200 students at Texas A&M showed that they spent \$853,662 for wearing apparel; \$868,320 for amusements; \$481,464 for drugs and toiletries; \$758,268 for automobiles and \$1,032,428 for food. Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, New York advertising agency, found that 91%

of students interviewed owned at least one piece of luggage; 87% a radio and watch; more than 60% an electric razor and typewriter; and more than 40% a record player and camera.

Eighty-five per cent of these encouraged others to give them clothing as a gift; more than 40%, records and jewelry; and more than 20%, automobiles, pens and furnishings. Of 5,000 college men interviewed by the Molony/Newhoff organization, one-third possessed their own cars, and an additional 10% had full-time personal use of one. Nearly 22% had cars less than three years old.

More important to advertisers than what students buy, however, is why they buy. The two most significant influences, according to marketing authorities and students, themselves, are advertising and other students.

An apparent example of how other students affect what their contemporaries buy is the great folk-singing craze which has been sweeping campuses for the past three years. The great influence of this trend can be seen in the long, straight hair styles of the girls, often accompanied by dangling earrings (some society editors have, obliquely, christened this the "deb look.")

The "folk trend" is also seen in a more relaxed way of dressing—the "refined beatnik" look—and has been reflected in skyrocketing sales of folk records, guitars and other folk instruments and the immense popularity of minstrel groups booked for college engagements. Even television risked its ratings by programming a show aimed specifically at the "folk" market, the ABC network's "Hootenanny" show, which originates from college campuses and has enjoyed a three-year run.

The cross-country course of fads charted by *Playboy's* campus representatives indicates that most originate in the East. What is popular in the Ivy League and Seven Sisters this year will hit the Big Ten schools next year. The third year the trend catches on in the Southeast, then in the near West and Southwest, finally filtering down to smaller, more isolated schools. Through all of this, though, the West coast remains aloof, setting its own styles and occasionally promoting a fad like the Bach, Beethoven, Brahms sweatshirt to nation-wide popularity.

In spite of this knowledge, the difficult task remains of ascertaining just which students on campus begin the trends. According to Dr. Levy, who is presently conducting studies on group leadership behavior, "One definite development we have noted is 'deferred leadership': the person who is first to do or wear something is not necessarily the one followed. The daring few who innovate may find that no one else will follow until much later.

"The people who are most influential are the 'later adapters.' The trend builds very gradually—almost unnoticed—until it filters down to them. Whether it will eventually receive wholehearted acceptance depends on the product. Another curious aspect is that most

students will deny that an innovator has influenced them directly, although there may be an unconscious following."

Dr. Levy also noted that there is no one composite person whose habits of dress, speech and consumption others imitate. Rather, there are many individual cliques—which may be stereotyped as arty groups, politicians and activities majors, intellectuals, athletes, Greek groups and their subgroups. Within these groups may be found certain leaders who influence those around them.

ONE of the greatest enigmas of the volatile college taste is whether a trend will become as stale as last year's elephant jokes or, like the venerable trench coat, will become a permanent part of the campus scenery. According to Mrs. Rosemary McMurty, fashion director for *Seventeen*, "The difference between passing fads and permanent styles basically is the suitability of fashion to the occasion and to the way of life. Good classic design (unanimously acclaimed by the Midwestern coeds) can go from one way of life to another. Fads exist where there isn't a disciplined approach to fashion."

Although college students report that some advertising affects them, advertisers to the market have found that actually reaching the student and influencing his buying decisions is a very risky venture. Not only must he have the right product to suit the students' needs—or capture their whims—but he must also find the right media and use the right message.

The isolation of college students which makes them a relatively concentrated target for advertisers also makes them much more immune to the media that reach the rest of the public. Attesting to this is a study by Molony/Newhoff:

52.4% of all college students watch television, but six programs account for 59% of all student viewing. The average student watches television only 17 minutes per day, compared with two hours and 57 minutes for non-collegians.

Magazines rate higher, with 99% reading at least one national publication per week. However, six magazines account for 79% of all magazine reading.

88.5% listen to local commercial stations during the week, although two-thirds of these listen only when driving. Of the remainder, 95% listen only when they get up or are going to bed.

Campus publications fare much better, according to the same survey:

96.8% of all students read their college newspapers; 42.8% read every issue, and another 33.3% read it more frequently than every other issue.

The effectiveness of college radio varies on different campuses, but about 29% listen to their campus stations daily.

College literary, humor and other specialized publications, such as engineering or agriculture magazines,

reach approximately 17% of the college population.

A number of advertisers have avidly wooed this market, and many have achieved excellent results. As a result of the Surgeon General's report on smoking and cancer, the most fervent group—cigarette manufacturers, who accounted for about 40% of all national advertising in college newspapers—have voluntarily withdrawn from this market. Among them was Philip Morris, Inc., which in 1933 developed the first collegiate advertising program.

Some similarities have been found in the programs of successful advertisers to this market. They have been consistent in their efforts and have attempted, through research, to keep abreast of current campus trends. Case histories indicate there is no formula, but each company has discovered the particular media and message best suited to his product.

Ford Motor Co., one of the most energetic advertisers, offers a prime example of how to keep up with current trends in the market. Latching on to the folk music fad, Ford has been sponsoring a "CAR-avan of Music—a Folk and Jazz Wing-Ding" on 65 campuses across the country. Early in 1964 the group followed vacationing collegians to Daytona Beach, Fla., and played to 100,000 in two weeks. The enterprising company also loaned their new "Mustangs" to college newspaper editors for trial runs.

Among the most active advertisers in various categories are, in clothing, Joseph & Feiss' "Cricketeer" men's wear, Henry Siegel's HIS line, U.S. Rubber's "Keds," Phillips-Van Heusen shirts, White Stag, Jonathan Logan; in beverages, Coca-Cola, Pepsi-Cola, Budweiser, Rheingold, Schlitz and Anheuser-Busch; in travel, British Overseas Airlines Corp., Air France, American Express, Arista Tours, Auto Europe, Pan American Airways; in cosmetics and toiletries, Lanvin perfumes, Shulton's and Mennen's men's toiletries; and such assorted advertisers as Hamilton Watch Co., U.S. Steel, Bell Telephone, Sheraton Hotels, and Smith-Corona typewriters.

In spite of the profitability of this market, there are many prime prospects who have made few attempts to sell collegians. Among those conspicuously absent are insurance, banking and savings and loan institutions; most watch and jewelry companies; sporting goods; publishers; book and record clubs, and many cosmetic and toiletry companies.

And what do the students themselves say?

Surprisingly, major brands named by students from a variety of campuses as used most by them and their colleagues tally very closely with those advertisers who make a concentrated effort to reach the market. These include, for apparel, McGregor, Arrow, Van Heusen, White Stag, HIS, Ship 'N Shore, Jonathan Logan; toiletries, Mennen, Shulton and English Leather; cigarettes ("still selling well after the health scare") Pall

Mall, Marlboro, Tareyton, Salem, Winston, Camels, Philip Morris.

The previous survey of Midwestern coeds indicated they read campus newspapers most, with metropolitan newspapers running second. However, when asked what advertising influenced them to buy clothing, the great majority named national magazines, particularly *Mademoiselle*, *Glamour* and *Vogue*. All agreed that pictorial ads are more "realistic" and most effective; that cheap, bargain price ads have a negative effect, while "quality" ads scored much higher.

The coeds also remarked that clothing ads in the campus newspapers were usually ineffective or even negative "because clothing in these ads is all the same—everyone wears it." This indicates that advertisers to this market would do well to be more innovative, offering the students more chance for the individual expression they desire, rather than playing it safe with merchandise they already know has received mass acceptance.

There is little doubt that advertising does influence students to buy, judging from the strong correlation between companies that advertise and the brands students choose, and from their own admission that certain advertising attracts them. However, Dr. Levy's studies of deferred leadership and comments by the students indicate that the influence both of other students and advertising may not be direct, but may create impressions that are stored until a buying decision must be made.

Playboy, whose advertisers have had an outstanding record of sales to collegians, offers their formula for the most effective means of reaching this elusive market. According to Anson Mount, the magazine's special advisor on the college market:

"College students are living in the future, all of them romantically dreaming about what they'll be. Thus, the advertiser must talk to them on the level of their desires and ambitions. He should aim superficially at the handsome young executive who dines with fashion models in night clubs, has a hi-fi, Jaguar and Brooks Brothers suits. There ain't no such guy, but you aim for him anyway. This is a very important transitional phase of living in the future, and is psychologically significant as a vicarious experience."

Thus, the college student, for all the problems he presents, can be reached. Isolated in his campus-bound world, he is facing the difficult transition to maturity and is seeking a personal identity more desperately than ever before. He believes that what he thinks, wears, drives, reads, eats, drinks and listens to defines for himself and others, to a great extent, what he is and hopes to become. By recognizing his present anxieties and future dreams, advertisers satisfy his current needs and lay the groundwork for a lifetime of product loyalty.



THE GADGET WORSHIPERS

BY NORBERT WIENER

THE reprobation attaching in former ages to the sin of sorcery attaches now in many minds to the speculations of modern cybernetics. For make no mistake, if but two hundred years ago a scholar had pretended to make machines that should learn to play games or that should propagate themselves, he would surely have been made to assume the sanbenito, the gown worn by the victims of the Inquisition, and have been handed over to the secular arm, with the injunction that there be no shedding of blood; surely, that is, unless he could convince some great patron that he could transmute the base metals into gold, as Rabbi Low of Prague, who claimed that his incantations blew breath of life into the Golem of clay, had persuaded the Emperor Rudolf. For even now, if an inventor could prove to a computing-machine company that his magic could be of service to them, he could cast black spells from now till doomsday, without the least personal risk.

What is sorcery, and why is it condemned as a sin? Why is the foolish mummery of the Black Mass so frowned upon?

The Black Mass must be understood from the point of view of the orthodox believer. For others it is a meaningless if obscene ceremony. Those who participate in it are far nearer to orthodoxy than most of us realize. The principal element in the Black Mass is the normal Christian dogma that the priest performs a real miracle, and that the element of the Host becomes the very Blood and Body of Christ.

The orthodox Christian and the sorcerer agree that after the miracle of the consecration of the Host is performed, the divine elements are capable of performing further miracles. They agree moreover that the miracle of transubstantiation can be performed only by a duly ordained priest. Furthermore, they agree that such a priest can never lose the power to perform the miracle, though if he is unfrocked he performs it at the sure peril of damnation.

Under these postulates, what is more natural than that some soul, damned but ingenious, should have hit upon the idea of laying his hold on the magic Host and using its powers for his personal advantage. It is here, and not in any ungodly orgies, that the central sin of

the Black Mass consists. The magic of the Host is intrinsically good: its perversion to other ends than the greater glory of God is a deadly sin.

This was the sin which the Bible attributes to Simon Magus, for bargaining with Saint Paul for the miraculous powers of the Christians. I can well imagine the puzzled aggrievement of the poor man when he discovered that these powers were not for sale, and that Paul refused to accept what was, in Simon's mind, an honorable, acceptable, and natural bargain. It is an attitude that most of us have encountered when we have declined to sell an invention at the really flattering terms offered us by a modern captain of industry.

Be that as it may, Christianity has always considered simony as a sin, that is, the buying and selling of the offices of the Church and the supernatural powers implied therein. Dante indeed places it among the worst of sins, and consigns to the bottom of his Hell some of the most notorious practitioners of simony of his own times. However, simony was a besetting sin of the highly ecclesiastical world in which Dante lived, and is of course extinct in the more rationalistic and rational world of the present day.

It is extinct! It is extinct. It is extinct? Perhaps the powers of the age of the machine are not truly supernatural, but at least they seem beyond the ordinary course of nature to the man in the street. Perhaps we no longer interpret our duty as obliging us to devote these great powers to the greater glory of God, but it still seems improper to us to devote them to vain or selfish purposes. There is a sin, which consists of using the magic of modern automatization to further personal profit or let loose the apocalyptic terrors of nuclear warfare. If this sin is to have a name, let that name be Simony or Sorcery.

For whether we believe or not in God and his greater glory, not all things are equally permitted to us. The late Mr. Adolf Hitler to the contrary, we have not yet arrived at that pinnacle of sublime moral indifference which puts us beyond Good and Evil. And just so long as we retain one trace of ethical discrimination, the use of great powers for base purposes will constitute the full moral equivalent of Sorcery and Simony.

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Courtesy, Kraushaar Galleries, N.Y.

SUBWAY GROUP

LEONARD DELONGA

AS long as automata can be made, whether in the metal or merely in principle, the study of their making and their theory is a legitimate phase of human curiosity, and human intelligence is stultified when man sets fixed bounds to his curiosity. Yet there are aspects of the motives to automatization that go beyond a legitimate curiosity and are sinful in themselves. These are to be exemplified in the particular type of engineer and organizer of engineering which I shall designate by the name of *gadget worshiper*.

I am most familiar with gadget worshipers in my own world, with its slogans of free enterprise and the profit-motive economy. They can and do exist in that through-the-looking-glass world where the slogans are the dictatorship of the proletariat and Marxism and communism. Power and the search for power are unfortunately realities that can assume many garbs. Of the devoted priests of power, there are many who regard with impatience the limitations of mankind, and in particular the limitation consisting in man's undependability and unpredictability. You may know a

mastermind of this type by the subordinates whom he chooses. They are meek, self-effacing, and wholly at his disposal; and on account of this, or generally ineffective when they once cease to be limbs at the disposal of his brain. They are capable of great industry but of little independent initiative—the chamberlains of the harem of ideas to which their Sultan is wedded.

In addition to the motive which the gadget worshiper finds for his admiration of the machine in its freedom from the human limitations of speed and accuracy, there is one motive which it is harder to establish in any concrete case, but which must play a very considerable role nevertheless. It is the desire to avoid the personal responsibility for a dangerous or disastrous decision by placing the responsibility elsewhere: on chance, on human superiors and their policies which one cannot question, or on a mechanical device which one cannot fully understand but which has a presumed objectivity. It is this that leads shipwrecked castaways to draw lots to determine which of them shall first be eaten. It is this to which the late Mr. Eichmann en-

trusted his able defense. It is this that leads to the issue of some blank cartridges among the ball cartridges furnished to a firing squad. This will unquestionably be the manner in which the official who pushes the button in the next (and last) atomic war, whatever side he represents, will salve his conscience. And it is an old trick in magic—one, however, rich in tragic consequences—to sacrifice to a vow the first living creature that one sees after safe return from a perilous undertaking.

Once such a master becomes aware that some of the supposedly human functions of his slaves may be transferred to machines, he is delighted. At last he has found the new subordinate—efficient, subservient, dependable in his action, never talking back, swift, and not demanding a single thought of personal consideration.

Such subordinates are contemplated in Capek's play *R.U.R.* The Slave of the Lamp makes no demands. He does not ask for a day off each week or a television set in his servant's quarters. In fact, he demands no quarters at all but appears out of nowhere when the lamp is rubbed. If your purposes involve you in a course sailing pretty close-hauled to the moral wind, your slave will never reprove you, even to the extent of a questioning glance. Now you are free, to dree your weird where destiny may lead you!

This type of mastermind is the mind of the sorcerer in the full sense of the word. To this sort of sorcerer, not only the doctrines of the Church give a warning but the accumulated common sense of humanity, as accumulated in legends, in myths, and in the writings of the conscious literary man. All of these insist that not only is sorcery a sin leading to Hell but it is a personal peril in this life. It is a two-edged sword, and sooner or later it will cut you deep.

In the *Thousand Nights and a Night*, the tale of the "Fisherman and the Jinni" is well to the point. A fisherman, casting his nets off the coast of Palestine, pulls up an earthen jar sealed with the Seal of Solomon. He breaks the seal, smoke boils out of the jar and takes the figure of an enormous Jinni. The Being tells him that he is one of those rebellious beings imprisoned by the great King Solomon; that at first he had intended to reward anyone who liberated him with power and riches; but that in the course of ages, he had come to the decision to slay the first mortal he might meet, and above all the man who should bring him freedom.

Fortunately for himself, the fisherman seems to have been an ingenious fellow, with a rich line of blarney. He plays on the vanity of the Jinni and persuades him to show how such a great Being could have been confined in such a small vessel by going back again into the jar. He claps the sealed lid on again, throws the vessel back into the sea, congratulates himself on his narrow escape, and lives happily ever after.

In other tales, the chief character does not have so accidental an encounter with magic and either comes

even closer to the edge of catastrophe or incurs utter ruin. In Goethe's poem, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, the young factotum who cleans the master's magic garments, sweeps his floors, and fetches his water is left alone by the sorcerer, with the command to fill his water butt. Having a full portion of that laziness which is the true mother of invention—it led the boy who tended Newcomen's engine to fasten the valve string which he was to pull to the crosshead, and so led to the idea of the automatic valve gear—the lad remembers some fragments of an incantation which he has heard from his master and puts the broom to work fetching water. This task the broom carries out with promptness and efficiency. When the water begins to overflow the top of the water butt, the boy finds that he does not remember the incantation that the magician has used to stop the broom. The boy is well on the way to be drowned when the magician comes back, recites the words of power, and gives the apprentice a good wholesome scolding.

Even here the final catastrophe is averted through a *deus ex machina*. W. W. Jacobs, an English writer of the beginning of the present century, has carried the principle to its stark logical conclusion in a tale called "The Monkey's Paw,"* which is one of the classics of the literature of horror.

In this tale, an English working family is sitting down to dinner in its kitchen. The son leaves to work at a factory, and the old parents listen to the tales of their guest, a sergeant-major back from service in the Indian army. He tells them of Indian magic and shows them a dried monkey's paw, which, he tells them, is a talisman which has been endowed by an Indian holy man with the virtue of giving three wishes to each of three successive owners. This, he says, was to prove the folly of defying fate.

He says that he does not know what were the first two wishes of the first owner, but that the last one was for death. He himself was the second owner, but his experiences were too terrible to relate. He is about to cast the paw on the coal fire, when his host retrieves it, and despite all the sergeant-major can do, wishes for £200.

Shortly thereafter there is a knock at the door. A very solemn gentleman is there from the company which has employed his son. As gently as he can, he breaks the news that the son has been killed in an accident at the factory. Without recognizing any responsibility in the matter, the company offers its sympathy and £200 as a solatium.

The parents are distracted, and at the mother's suggestion, they wish the son back again. By now it is dark without, a dark windy night. Again there is a knocking at the door. Somehow the parents know that it is their

* Jacobs, W. W., "The Monkey's Paw," in *The Lady of the Barge*, Dodd, Mead, and Company; also in *Modern Short Stories*, Ashmun, Margaret, Ed., The Macmillan Co., New York, 1915.



WOMEN WITH UMBRELLAS BY LEONARD DELONGA

Private collection. Photo, Kraushaar Galleries, N.Y.

DECEMBER 1964

son, but not in the flesh. The story ends with the third wish, that the ghost should go away.

The theme of all these tales is the danger of magic. This seems to lie in the fact that the operation of magic is singularly literal-minded, and that if it grants you anything at all it grants what you ask for, not what you should have asked for or what you intend. If you ask for £200, and do not express the condition that you do not wish it at the cost of the life of your son, £200 you will get, whether your son lives or dies.

THE magic of automation, and in particular the magic of an automatization in which the devices learn, may be expected to be similarly literal-minded. If you are playing a game according to certain rules and set the playing-machine to play for victory, you will get victory if you get anything at all, and the machine will not pay the slightest attention to any consideration except victory according to the rules. If you are playing a war game with a certain conventional interpretation of victory, victory will be the goal at any cost, even that of the extermination of your own side, unless this condition of survival is explicitly contained in the definition of victory according to which you program the machine.

This is more than a purely innocent verbal paradox. I certainly know nothing to contradict the assumption that Russia and the United States, either or both of them, are toying with the idea of using machines, learning machines at that, to determine the moment of pushing the atomic-bomb button which is the *ultima ratio* of this present world of ours.

For many years all armies have played war games, and these games have always been behind the times. It has been said that in every war, the good generals fight the last war, the bad ones the war before the last. That is, the rules of the war games never catch up with the facts of the real situation.

This has always been true, though in periods of much war, there has always been a body of seasoned warriors who have experienced war under conditions that have not varied very rapidly. These experienced men are the only "war experts," in the true sense of the word. At present, there are no experts in atomic warfare: no men, that is, who have any experience of a conflict in which both sides have had atomic weapons at their disposal and have used them. The destruction of our cities in an atomic war, the demoralization of our people, the hunger and disease, and the incidental destruction (which well may be far greater than the number of deaths from explosion and immediate fallout) are known only by conjecture.

Here those who conjecture the least amount of secondary damage, the greatest possibility of the survival, of the nations under the new type of catastrophe, can and do draw about themselves the proud garment of patriotism. If war is utterly self-destructive, if a military operation has lost all possible sense, why then the

Army and Navy have lost much of their purpose, and the poor loyal generals and admirals will be thrown out of work. The missile companies will no longer have the ideal market where all the goods can be used only once and do not remain to compete with other goods yet to be made. The clergy will be cheated of the enthusiasm and exultation which go with a crusade. In short, when there is a war game to program such a campaign, there will be many to forget its consequences, to ask for the £200 and to forget to mention that the son should survive.

While it is always possible to ask for something other than we really want, this possibility is most serious when the process by which we are to obtain our wish is indirect, and the degree to which we have obtained our wish is not clear until the very end. Usually we realize our wishes, insofar as we do actually realize them, by a feedback process, in which we compare the degree of attainment of intermediate goals with our anticipation of them. In this process, the feedback goes through us, and we can turn back before it is too late. If the feedback is built into a machine that cannot be inspected until the final goal is attained, the possibilities for catastrophe are greatly increased. I should very much hate to ride on the first trial of an automobile regulated by photoelectric feedback devices, unless there were somewhere a handle by which I could take over control if I found myself driving smack into a tree.

The gadget-minded people often have the illusion that a highly automatized world will make smaller claims on human ingenuity than does the present one and will take over from us our need for difficult thinking, as a Roman slave who was also a Greek philosopher might have done for his master. This is palpably false. A goal-seeking mechanism will not necessarily seek *our* goals unless we design it for that purpose, and in that designing we must foresee all steps of the process for which it is designed, instead of exercising a tentative foresight which goes up to a certain point, and can be continued from that point on as new difficulties arise. The penalties for errors of foresight, great as they are now, will be enormously increased as automatization comes into its full use.

At present, there is a great vogue for the idea of avoiding some of the dangers, and in particular the dangers accompanying atomic war, by so-called "fail-safe" devices. The notion behind this is that even if a device does not perform properly, it is possible to direct the mode of its failure in a harmless way. For example, if a pump is to break down, it is often much better that it do so by emptying itself of water than by exploding under pressure. When we are facing a particular understood danger, the failsafe technique is legitimate and useful. However, it is of very little value against a danger whose nature has not been already recognized. If, for example, the danger is a remote but terminal one to the human race, involving extermination,

only a very careful study of society will exhibit it as a danger until it is upon us. Dangerous contingencies of this sort do not bear a label on their face. Thus the failsafe technique, while it may be necessary to avoid a human catastrophe, can most emphatically not be regarded as a sufficient precaution.

As engineering technique becomes more and more able to achieve human purposes, it must become more and more accustomed to formulate human purposes. In the past, a partial and inadequate view of human purpose has been relatively innocuous only because it has been accompanied by technical limitations that made it difficult for us to perform operations involving a careful evaluation of human purpose. This is only one of the many places where human impotence has hitherto shielded us from the full destructive impact of human folly.

In other words, while in the past humanity has faced many dangers, these have been much easier to handle, because in many cases peril offered itself from one side only. In an age where hunger is the great threat, there is safety in an increased production of food, and not much danger from it. With a higher death rate (and above all, a high infant death rate) and a medicine of very little effectiveness, the individual human life was of the greatest value, and it was appropriate to enjoin upon us to be fruitful and multiply. The pressure of the threat of hunger was like the pressure of gravity, to which our muscles, bones, and tendons are always attuned.

The change in the tensions of modern life, which results both from the rise of new strains and the disappearance of old ones, is rather analogous to the new problems of space travel. In the weightlessness that is imposed upon us in a space vehicle, this one-directional constant force, upon which we count so much in our daily life, is no longer present. The traveler in such a space vehicle must have handles to which to cling, squeeze bottles for his food and drink, various directional auxiliaries from which he can judge his position, and even at that, though it now appears that his physiology will not be too seriously affected, he may scarcely be as comfortable as he would like. Gravity is our friend at least as much as it is our enemy.

Similarly, in the absence of hunger, overproduction of food, purposelessness, and an attitude of waste and squandering become serious problems. Improved medicine is one factor contributing to overpopulation, which is by far the most serious danger confronting mankind at the moment. The old maxims by which humanity has lived so long—such as "a penny saved is a penny gained"—are no longer to be taken as valid without question.

I have been to dinner with a group of doctors—they were talking freely among themselves, and they were sufficiently self-confident not to be afraid of saying unconventional things—when they began to discuss the possibility of a radical attack upon the de-

generative disease known as old age. They did not consider it as beyond all possibility of medical attack, but rather looked forward to the day—perhaps not too far in the future—when the time of inevitable death should be rolled back, perhaps into the indefinite future, and death would be accidental, as it seems to be with giant sequoias and perhaps some fish.

I am not saying that they were right in this conjecture (and I am quite sure that they would not claim it to be more than a conjecture), but the weight of the names supporting it—there was a Nobel laureate present—was too great to allow me to reject the suggestion out of hand. Consoling as the suggestion may seem at first sight, it is in reality very terrifying, and above all for the doctors. For if one thing is clear, it is that humanity as such could not long survive the indefinite prolongation of all lives which come into being. Not only would the nonselfsupporting part of humanity come to outweigh the part on which its continued existence depends, but we should be under such a perpetual debt to the men of the past that we should be totally unprepared to face the new problems of the future.

It is unthinkable that all lives should be prolonged in an indiscriminate way. If, however, there exists the possibility of indefinite prolongation, the termination of a life or even the refusal or neglect to prolong it involves a moral decision of the doctors. What will then become of the traditional prestige of the medical profession as priests of the battle against death and as ministers of mercy? I will grant that there are cases even at present when doctors qualify this mission of theirs and decide not to prolong a useless and miserable life. They will often refuse to tie the umbilical cord of a monster; or when an old man suffering from an inoperable cancer falls victim to the "old man's friend," hypostatic pneumonia, they will grant him the easier death rather than exact from him the last measure of pain to which survival will condemn him. Most often this is done quietly and decently, and it is only when some incontinent fool blabs the secret that the courts and the papers are full of the talk of "euthanasia."

But what if such decisions, instead of being rare and unmentioned, will have to be made, not in a few special cases, but in the case of almost every death? What if every patient comes to regard every doctor, not only as his savior but his ultimate executioner? Can the doctor survive this power of good and evil that will be thrust upon him? Can mankind itself survive this new order of things?

It is relatively easy to promote good and to fight evil when evil and good are arranged against one another in two clear lines, and when those on the other side are our unquestioned enemies, those on our side our trusted allies. What, however, if we must ask, each time in every situation, where is the friend and



DETAIL: LARGE WARRIOR GROUP BY LEONARD DELONGA

Courtesy, Kraushaar Galleries, N.Y.

where the enemy? What, moreover, when we have put the decision in the hands of an inexorable magic or an inexorable machine of which we must ask the right questions in advance, without fully understanding the operations of the process by which they will be answered? Can we then be confident in the action of the Monkey's Paw from which we have requested the grant of the £200?

No, the future offers very little hope for those who expect that our new mechanical slaves will offer us a world in which we may rest from thinking. Help us they may, but at the cost of supreme demands upon our honesty and our intelligence. The world of the future will be an ever more demanding struggle against the limitations of our intelligence, not a comfortable hammock in which we can lie down to be waited upon by our robot slaves.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN THEOLOGY WITHOUT STULTIFYING

BY RICHARD E. WENTZ

WE are told by *The Christian Century* that last spring's book-lists introduced about 82 new "How to" books to the American public. Some of these must be worth something. They are an interesting list: *How to Teach and Survive*, *How to Play Golf with an Effortless Swing*, *How to Marry Someone you can Live with all your Life*, *How to Enjoy your Operation*, *How to Understand the Opposite Sex*. Oh, there are many more. For instance, there is *How to Like People*. Then, of course, Moody Press has one which in modern 19th century fashion recommends itself to today's hermeneuticians; it's called *How to Know God's Will*. Bobbs-Merrill has one on *How to Make Love in Five Languages*—a book which will no doubt lead to the formation of an A.S.P.P.—American Society of Promiscuous Polyglots. Well, with such a spate of biblio-maniacal mechanics, there should be something for each of us. And a great many problems should be solved. Except for one area, of course. I would like to see someone publish something on "How to Succeed in Theology Without Really Trying." I say that because theologians seem to be trying so hard to be academically sound that they are often in a position to say no more than refer us to the chapters and volumes of their intricate documentations.

I suppose they are no different from many other academicians in this regard. I sometimes feel that scholarship in the humanities has come to an impasse where it performs only the role of cryptology. So few scholars seem to venture opinions or reveal whatever synthesis has taken place in their own thinking as a result of their work.

But let me stick to theology. Theology is the intellectual life of the Church. Theology is also the attempt to articulate and understand the loyalty (I would say the faith) by which every man lives. Theology is the comprehension and communication of meaning and

value. There are many theologies. To speak of *Christian* theology—in Karl Barth's terms—is to speak of a service which is done by the Christian community, takes place within the Christian community, and is for the Christian community. And the Christian community I understand to be the Church in some sense. Christian theology (at least in terms of focus) is in, by, and for the community. Now, to me that means that the intellectual life of the church in a dynamic society is a life of responsibility to something other than the stock-piling of verbal fall-out. I referred to a dynamic society. And what is that? A cliché perhaps, but useful to suggest the movement and interaction of forces and actions, discoveries and theories. Dynamic in the sense that spatial metaphors are in flux, in the sense that tangibility and materiality have new meaning. Dynamic, yes, in the sense of *change*, but changing, says Paul Tillich, "does not mean the general change implied in everything that exists. Neither does it mean the continuous change involved more fundamentally with history than with nature. But it points to the fact that we are living in a historical period, characterized by a radical and revolutionary transformation of one historical era into another . . . we are in the midst of a world revolution affecting every section of human existence, forcing upon us a new interpretation of life and the world" (p. 82. *Morality and Beyond*). In such a society as this, theology must find its way. In such a society as this, the *community* of faith will discover new dimensions. But let me hasten to add, theology in such an age must acquire a wholeness of purpose which it rarely manifests in our day.

It occurs to me that theology today is so concerned with smashing the other fellow's idol that it fails to see the images in its own workshop (to mix a metaphor). I can hardly read a book review without seeing some posturing new intellect trying to demolish the work of a craftsman. Engage a budding theologian (occasionally even a seasoned master who should know better) in conversation and he begins, "The trouble with Tillich is—" or, "I tell you, Barth misses the boat." I don't believe we need to canonize the work of theologians or place it on a shelf outside the reach of an honorable critique, but let's be honest: we often play the game in order to show our own intellectual cunning. The fact is, every scholar—every intellect—has the marks of human limitation and individual perspective. Many attempts at suggesting the weakness or fallacy of another's exposition seem to ignore the possibility that the other has already recognized that vulnerability of position and has tried to deal with it in his own way. This is not a plea for overlooking error; it is a challenge to submit ourselves in personal openness—hoping to learn from another's experience, thought, and work.

I said earlier that we need a book on "How to Succeed in Theology Without Really Trying." I really meant ". . . without Trying So Hard to be The Master of other Theologians." Lately we have been doing so much



PRAYING HANDS

HANS ORLOWSKI

theological dissection that we may lose sight of the larger anatomy of theology.

There are many reasons for this, not the least of which is the theological poverty of nineteenth-century America. We are familiar with the moralistic rejection of the intellectual life of the Church in that period. The last century felt it could capture certain behavioral patterns that could then be the very fibre of the American people. There were the romantic notions of former moral grandeur. There were the idealistic hopes of guaranteeing social stability and the solidarity of the nation by the establishment of a moral culture. The heart of that culture was to be a common deposit of precepts which Americans felt were essential to society. Deity, providence, service to fellow man, immortality, divine justice—these formed the core of essentials that were at the foundation of all religion, so reasoned the nineteenth century. The facile development and encouragement of that core of essentials could produce an upright society.

Today we have learned the weakness of such reductionism. We have seen the *hubris* in the moralistic position. We know that the last century ignored some very

crucial questions about meaning and existence. We know that it reduced the theological task to one either of obscure biblicism on the one hand, or of vapid spirituality on the other. And the intellect became the enemy of religion—except where religion consented to provide unrefined sentimentalities about nature or the nobility of the human spirit. But this kind of theology was unrealistic in its scope—spun out of its own substance, it was either introspection or identification with natural forces. Morality was king and harmless salubrity was his ill-begotten son.

PERHAPS if theology had taken its own heritage seriously it could have avoided some of the excesses of the times. But there was another factor that hindered the theological task. It was the 'rationalistic orthodoxy' that had a tendency to reduce all intellectual activity to its own size. It was a way of thinking based entirely on the ability of the mind to *begin* with certain abstracted principles and concepts. By implication (and sometimes explicitly) this attitude tended to neatly circumscribe what was to be considered valid thinking about God and man. The anti-

intellectual was the person who refused to abide by the orthodoxy of what was rationally possible and what not. For instance, if you pre-defined what God had to be, then you could discount what anyone else said he was. If you claimed that your own methodology ruled out the possibility of any reality other than what was identifiable, classifiable, and measurable in the structures of nature—then, of course, any use of the intellect which didn't operate in that frame of reference was taboo. Rationalistic orthodoxy—or maybe it ought to be called the orthodoxy of rationalism—is still with us. But it is no longer so sinless as it once seemed. Existentialism has shown the stains of its self-righteousness. Art has splashed its rebellion against the stifling frustrations of such Procrustean rationalism. And the mind has been freed for other activities. Theology has wrested itself free in order to be true to its own responsibility.

There is a third phase to the past captivity of theological endeavor. Perhaps no expression of Christianity has received as severe and repeated a denunciation as the institutional life of the Church. At the risk of painful redundancy, let me be a party to the same kind of conspiracy. The American church has long exhibited a rejection of the intellectual life in terms of its organizational program. For one reason or another, the average church member is just not "interested" in theology. The very word conjures up images of dreary mental gymnastics. The pastor and people who *do* have a concern for theology are often hard put to find a way to make it part of a congregation's life. Revivalism, American activism, and some of the other factors I have already mentioned—these are all ingredients of this apathy. Of course, there are many signs of change today. Still, a theologian in the parish can readily find his role reduced to that of spiritual "baby-sitting." It's still possible to find the Glad-U-Kum classes with their attendance crusades. It's still possible to find congregational leaders who want no more out of their life together than a bowling time, a sauerkraut supper, or a fund-raising drive. To suggest the social implications of the Christian faith is to raise suspicious eyebrows. To raise questions of meaning and truth in the midst of absurdity and boredom is to slide over a subcutaneous inflammation. For a leader to suggest the need for renewal and reform of mission and language in terms of the changing world is to court an invitation to resign.

Now, I think it only fair to say that these three factors—moralistic, rationalistic, and organizational rejection of the intellectual life of the Church—have been exposed for the kind of deficiency and deviation they really are. And to the extent that they still exist, they are the residue of the eccentricities of America's faith—and culture problems. Studies and research in biblical and historical theology have given a new birth of freedom to the whole theological enterprise. Now, the concomitant dangers are those derived from a divorce

of theology from the community in which the theological task has validity. Again, the hazards are those acquired by over-intellectualizing; that is, by so emphasizing the intricacies of methodology that one begins to wonder what the whole business is all about. In fact, too much theology today has little concern for the wholeness and unity of a responsibility that employs many operational tactics and relates itself to the entire range of biblical, ethical, esthetic, historical, and metaphysical (in the newer sense) concerns.

The situation reminds me somewhat of a cartoon of Jules Feiffer's. A distraught figure holding a placard says, "Once I belonged to a group that really had the Word. I fought like hell for them. But another group came along and exposed the word of *My* group as shallow and degenerate. They had a better word. So I quit the first group and lost all the friends I had made. And I joined up with the *new* group. I fought like hell for them. But *another* group came around," continued the little fellow dejectedly, his sign dragging on the ground. "They exposed the work of *my* group as false and materialistic. *Their* word was very much better. So I quit the second group and lost all the friends I had made. And I joined up with this *new* group. I fought like hell for them," he says with clenched fist and martial air. "Till this one guy came along and proved that there wasn't *any* word at all—that I should go off as an *individual* and grow." The little figure grows morose, "So I quit the last group and lost all the friends I had made. And now I sit home alone all day and all I do is *grow*." The card gone from his display stick, an empty look on his face, the poor fellow makes his final speech, "It would be nice to join up with some others who feel the way I do." An exaggeration perhaps. But not too far from the description of much theological activity. And, of course, it is also true of the kind of intellectual approach that doesn't use the word 'theology' but nevertheless operates on the level of the discussion of meaning, loyalty, and confidence—which is a theological domain. Somehow, theology is often a kind of 'in-groupness' that shuts out others—a sort of 'one-upmanship' that is more concerned about its own game than its responsibility to the Christian community and to humanity.

FAITH is the combination of meaning, loyalty, and confidence that immediately involves the reason and the rest of the self in the search for understanding and communication. And by Christian faith I mean that particular frame of reference which has its perspective formed by the demonstration of God's self-giving in Jesus the Christ.

Theology is authentic when it is aware of a threefold pattern of interaction. Theology is healthy when it maintains a proper balance among these three features. First of all, theology has a normative function. While this suggestion may raise a red flag for many of you, I don't believe that mankind ever avoids the normative

function in any of its intellectual life. Quakers have normative theology, Unitarians have normative theology; and, in case you weren't aware of it, so do Calvinists and Roman Catholics.

It is normative theology that produces the verbal symbols of common faith called Creeds. Normative theology leads to the formation of confessional statements and covenants; it is interested in projecting what is primary to the faith that is held. This kind of intellectual activity seeks to sort out fundamentals which are basic to the life of the community. If it is a community that believes there are *no* common presuppositions, then it has that belief in common as over against those who cannot in good conscience agree.

Of course it's true that normative theology often becomes exclusive, rigid, and totalitarian in its thrust. But it can just as readily become vacuous and perfunctory, offering nothing of meaning and confidence to its community or to society in general. Normative theology is concerned lest the authentic character of the faith of the community is threatened. And the point is, it can be threatened by those within who over-emphasize certain elements rather than others, or it can be threatened from without. The entire history of Christianity is illustrative of the normative function. And the first four centuries are a case in point. Terms like Gnosticism, Montanism, Manicheism acquire their meaning because of the community's intellectual concern for the adequacy of its understanding of its faith. If you read the scholarly work of a historian of doctrine, you gain a new appreciation for the brilliance that shines through the bloodshed, controversy, and awkward fumbling of the Church's history—like all human history.

Normative theology is directional. It is faith pointing *backward* to certain events and eventualities which have been at the heart of its understanding. And by the same token, it is faith pointing *forward* to an open future which will bear some of the same marks as the past—even though those marks may be clothed in different symbolic expressions. So, this aspect of the theological task is a kind of regulative function. It is the channeling of the substantive material of the faith-perspective. In a sense, therefore, normative theology is language *for* faith. It is what faith takes hold of in order to clarify and interpret its position.

This function is a very misunderstood element in theological work. It often *seems* apparent that normative theology is most concerned with the literal character of its language. In reality, however, it uses Scripture, creed, confession, and covenant not to advance the *cause* of Scripture, creed, confession, and covenant, but to point to a truth and meaning that *wants to come into being*. It uses them to convey and carry forward that anticipated faith. This kind of theology knows that faith does not exist in a vacuum. Faith is never completely abstracted from cultural expression; it is always embodied. Faith lives in human beings, but never in

isolation—rather in community. And it is the concern of the Christian community to maintain and communicate the authentic and adequate possibility of faith. Separation among Christians only occurs when the symbolic expressions of normative theology are rejected *as if they were faith itself*.

Not much is done with this function of theology in Protestant circles today. Perhaps we are afraid of it. Perhaps we have been intimidated by those who over-emphasize other functions of theology. It could also be that we're afraid the world won't take kindly to it. But the whole theological enterprise will be impoverished without it. Our intellectual and liturgical life must begin to do justice to the normative function in a new and creative way.

THE second function of theology is analytical. With the merchandise of this particular business we are well-nigh overstocked, but this is an important function. Left to itself, however, it has a tendency to be turned in upon itself, to come up always with nothing more than the charts of its investigations. Analytical theology can become very conservative—as conservative, perhaps, as normative theology, but for different reasons. Its conservatism is derived of its anxiety to guard the enterprise of religion, which is its bread and butter. Then, too, it is extremely cautious lest it make statements or suggest ideas that are not fully warranted by its research and analysis. Analytical theology is devoted to the vast oceans of examinable material that history has formed from the teeming waters of human resourcefulness.

What is analytical theology? It is a basically scientific program. It is language *about* faith. Some of the materials used by this form of theological activity are the products of normative theology. Wherever in the course of Christian history faith has sought to understand and reveal itself—that is where the analytical program goes to work. It asks questions like: what does faith mean in the particular setting of its expression, what kind of people articulated this faith, what does faith point to, what classifications can we make of the truth that faith expresses, what kind of knowledge is faith, what is faith's relationship to the rest of culture?

Analytical theology talks *about* faith as a phenomenon in general history and in church history. It is a scientific venture. It uses the tools of historical method. It uses the procedures of philosophy and logic. The problems of the nature of myth and symbol are its proving ground. Language analysis is utilized to determine whether faith statements convey meaning and, if they do, the character of that meaning.

Analytical theology wants to examine the role of sociological and psychological factors in the development of religious life and thought. It is concerned with the interaction of all cultural and intellectual forces in a given historical period. So, in a sense, the function of this kind of theology is that of discovery and relation-

ships. It's safe to assume that some particular sense of commitment to the task is essential; yet the analytical theologian can go about his work in as objective a fashion as it is possible for any human being to operate.

I suppose every academic teacher of religion is first of all an analytical theologian. As an individual he may have interest in and commitment to other theological functions, but his primary responsibility is to suggest patterns of clarification *about* faith and faiths. He employs chapter and verse, he sketches metaphysical presuppositions, he plots the course of the development of thought. He tries to suggest the shabbiness of certain doctrinal activity. This kind of scholarship is his stock in trade.

However, there is another kind of scholarship—creative and impelling in its character. You expect the analytical theologian and the academician to be able to quote chapter and verse, to be able to recall book and author. The classroom and the writing desk compell him to work with these materials constantly. But there is another function of theology—affected and influenced by the normative and analytical branches of theology. I call this descriptive theology. I would hazard the opinion that this is the most neglected function of the intellectual life of the Church today. I would also venture to predict that it will be coming into its own in the near future. My only hope is that it will not divorce itself from the rest of theological endeavor.

Descriptive theology will be gaining more attention because of the dynamic character of our society. This is a world that lives with formlessness. It is iconoclastic; it is moving and changing, open to spontaneity. Let me quote a brief section from Herbert J. Muller's *The Uses of the Past*. "Without prejudice to science," he says, "it may help us to realize the value that Lionel Trilling attributes to literature, as 'the human activity that takes the fullest and most precise account of variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty.' By systematically complicating all issues, stressing the defects and the excesses of all values, insisting on tension, imbalance, uncertainty, and contradiction as the essential conditions of civilization, and the source of both its glory and its tragedy—by *ironically* qualifying the great triumphs, and *reverently* qualifying the great failures, we may get both a richer appreciation of the poetry and drama of history and a clearer understanding of the fact, the 'reality' that concerns social science" (p. 24). I should like to suggest the same value in descriptive theology that Muller ascribes to literature. In a sense, descriptive theology is literature. It is certainly the same kind of activity.

Descriptive theology is representative of the whole man. It uses language to communicate the involvement of the entire self as a man of faith. It does not systematize except as it seeks by design to present the interaction of mind, emotion, body, and society. It refuses to reduce what it is compelled to say—reduce that material to any one factor or concern. Descriptive

theology insists on the tension and paradox that are the scheme of living as a man of faith. Inasmuch as it desires to communicate this wholeness, there is implicit the hope to involve others in appreciation of the same understanding.

Therefore, the descriptive function of theology uses evocative imagery—language that seeks to evoke a response. The response may be either empathy or appreciation, or it may lead to a broad commitment to the kind of interpretation and understanding that is being presented.

And so, this branch of theology seeks to flow in and out of the very ethos of the dynamic society of our day. It uses the words, the symbolism, the concepts of this society in order to celebrate what it knows of faith. That's it—descriptive theology is celebration! It knows both the grandeur and misery of man and accepts both as real. Then, like the artist, it flashes that reality before the public eye—both because it is constrained to reveal it and also because it wants the world to know.

Descriptive theology is the language of faith. There isn't much of it around today. But perhaps the poets and dramatists, the novelists and the artists will show us the way to this kind of theology. Some of the great pulpit masters of past generations had this kind of theological stance. Now obviously, their theology and their brand of language would be inappropriate—in fact, irrelevant—to our day. But William Ellery Channing, Phillips Brooks, F. W. Robertson, John Donne, and others—these men had a vision of the theological necessity for faith to use the wings of imagination. We must learn to do for our own time what they did for theirs. Theologians like Karl Barth often come close to the descriptive function. Helmut Thielicke is perhaps one of the most significant illustrations of those who take seriously this function of theology. Sometimes even Tillich—in spite of his systematic bent—approaches the descriptive. Although they are basically normative and analytical theologians, Barth and Tillich are sufficiently aware of the community dimension of their responsibility—and therefore cannot neatly separate themselves from the faith that is their frame of reference. Whether we can accept their analyses or not, we can listen to the language of faith that emerges.

Without descriptive theology, analytical and normative theology can become both idolatrous and sterile. Without the analytical and normative, the descriptive function of theology can become ahistorical, sentimental, and groundless. It is the Christian's faith that redemption is going on in the world—in *this* world. It is this world which we must embrace and accept in order that we may celebrate that redemption. But we shall never sell out to this world, because we recognize that the loyalties it requires need the critical judgment of a loyalty that is not exhausted by the categories of this world. The creation of such a theology is no less than our responsibility to the whole community of man.

HOW IS CHRISTIAN LANGUAGE MEANINGFUL ?

BY JOSEPH HAROUTUNIAN



SKEPTIC

HANS ORLOWSKI

LANGUAGES AND INSTITUTIONS

The use of language by human beings is as many-sided and complex as human behavior itself. Still it is possible to introduce some order into our discussion of language by distinguishing among types of behavior in different contexts, and among the ends of human behavior—control, communication, and self-expression. Men try to understand “the causes and connections of things” in their environment, so that they may be able to control them to their satisfaction: they think, and use language in putting their ideas in order, for success in the solution of a given problem. Thus, language is used as a complex of ideas or symbols in a methodical or logical manner.

Human beings think toward successful interactions with their environment not as isolated individuals, but

in the context of institutions or habits of behavior which they share with other human beings. Cooperation toward common satisfactions is constant in human behavior. Men live in societies which are complexes of institutions and do their thinking according to social habits. Hence they use language for the purpose of communicating with those engaged with them in the pursuit of goods. Such use of language requires a variety of common symbols, common methods of thought and action, and a common world which is more or less well defined and stable. As the language sustains the institution, the institution sustains its constituents.

Communication implies self-expression. People have to express their purposes, their ideas, their feelings—in short, themselves. It is no wonder that they frequently use language primarily for self-expression, and in so

doing attend to themselves rather than to those to whom they meant to express themselves. Self-expression is a part of communication; as such, it is as right as it is necessary. However as an end in itself it signifies a failure of communication, and becomes "emotive" and futile, if not defeating, for everyone. Where people communicate with their neighbors successfully, there is no conscious or willed act of self-expression. The self expresses itself in the pursuit of a common good, and language is used for speaking and hearing which enables people to co-operate toward common satisfaction.

Common satisfactions require common institutions and habits. Men use language as participants in the institutions of a given society, and languages become systems of symbols which enable people to exist and live successfully in these institutions. Each institution has its own language, rooted in institutional behavior. There is a language of baseball or football; a language of the school; a language of business, or politics, or church. There is a scientific language, and under that the dialects of physics, biology, or chemistry. There is a language of "humanities," and under it the languages of art, of literature, and of history. The psychologists speak their own languages; the sociologists theirs; the ethicists, theirs.

The institutions of society have their own separate languages. The languages of the institutions represent not only the habits of thought and behavior of those who participate in them, but also the very existence of these institutions. The institutions are identified by their languages; and the people who benefit from these institutions identify themselves by using the institution language. A physicist speaks the language of physics. A businessman speaks the language of the marketplace. A churchman speaks the language of the church. Negatively, a man who does not speak the language of a given institution, is, as we say, "out of it." Every institution, as it were, has its "doctrine," and those who live under and by it subscribe to its doctrine and take on its habits. Believing the doctrine of an institution is first of all a matter of conformity to its way (or ways); and secondly, a matter of an intelligent adherence to its tenets. What a man does publicly in an institution is of greater consequence than what he understands and privately believes. It is important that he confess the creed of the institution, and not quite so important that he reason about it. A confession is a statement that characterizes an institution, and one who makes a confession identifies himself with an institution. It is this self-identification that matters, rather than the "private judgment" of the believer with regard to the institution's creed. In short, a creed is an institutional apology, and its "truth" rests with the recognized utility of an institution for some common good. The institution justifies its language, not language the institution.

However, since no institution exists in isolation, its language is not independent of other languages in a

society. The plurality of languages in a given society does not establish their autonomy. Changes in the language of one institution, legal, economic, or scientific, are bound, sooner or later, to affect another. There are certain words like "nature," "cause," "law," "freedom," "truth," which appear in the language of several institutions, and when the meanings of such words are changed in one, the others are surprised by confusion.

A given institution finds it necessary to "reinterpret" its language in line with the changes which occur in others, and in its social setting as a whole. It retains the language which marks its identity, even though there may be much uncertainty as to its meanings and its "truth." Its language may thus become "ritualistic," in the sense that it may be conducive to the emotional identification of the people who participate in it with the institution. It may have little to do with the actual function of the institution in a given society. Or, it may no longer be functional, and the people may be uncertain as to what it means. The apologists for the institution may seek to recover the "original" meaning of its language, or they may combine its traditional ideology with a current language which is recognized to be true and meaningful. The institution itself tends to be "fundamentalistic," in the sense of insisting upon the use of the language which expresses its self-identity. But it may allow "modernistic" re-interpretation of its language in line with its cultural environment and its actual place in it. However, there is always a conflict between these two tendencies in an institution, especially in times of rapid change; and there is much confusion among the people involved in the institution. Thinking people, who are properly impressed by "the cultural situation," have the frustrating awareness that they do not understand the language of the institution whose apologists are simultaneously engaged in trying to preserve and to modify its language.

MEANINGFUL LANGUAGE AS AN ETHICAL PROBLEM

It is not sufficiently illuminating to put the question of the meaning of statements simply in terms of communication between persons. Statements are made in the context of institutions, and they are understood in terms of institutional habits of thought. Thought and language are functional. They function in inquiry toward the solution of problems which engage attention in an institutional setting. They have meaning in a context of common life and behavior. Where there is no such life and behavior, with problems arising from shared difficulties, language is meaningless and thought a pointless interplay of shadows.

The troubles we have with the languages of the churches arise from a failure of common life and behavior within which these languages have their functions and their resultant meanings. Insofar as our conduct is not formed by habits common to our churches, and insofar as we are engaged in the solution of prob-

lems which do not occur in a way of life formed by our churches, the languages of the churches are to us meaningless. The question of meaningful Christian language is above all the question of the Christian life, or the question of Christian habits of conduct which are Christian institutions. The difficulty we have with Christian language is ethical first; intellectual secondarily. Where there is not a distinguishable Christian ethos, there can be no authentic, distinguishable Christian thinking and language. A language is a system of symbols which we use in particular transactions. In that there is such a thing as Christian transaction, Christian language is meaningful. Otherwise it is meaningless. The problem of Christian language in our culture is that we have difficulty in distinguishing Christian conduct. This means that our religious institutions have no readily identifiable function in our society; therefore, their language is threatened with meaninglessness.

The behavior of a scientist, or a lawyer, or a businessman, or a driver of a truck is identifiable, and his language is meaningful. Each has his system of symbols which is generally adequate for problems which arise in his behavior and the ends he pursues. Each has his own method or logic which provides him with a procedure toward success in his conduct. There is a palpable difference between his success and failure: he can tell right from wrong. Thus his language is meaningful. Furthermore, he identifies himself with certain economic, political, social (perchance intellectual) institutions which provide him with his set of more or less related languages.

This same man, when he turns to his church, is unable to understand its language. He is unable to do this because he does not participate in a common life and behavior which might make the language of his church meaningful. As he lives and transacts from day to day, he is aware of no problem or problems arising from his engagement in a mode of conduct which goes with his being a churchman. His conduct as a scientist, or engineer, or citizen, is according to habits which are those of the laboratory, or the factory, or the city hall; hence he uses the language of one of these institutions. His problems are those of a scientist, or engineer, or citizen; and his methods of dealing with them are congruent with the given role he plays in society. As a churchman, he may use the language of his church in a purely ritualistic way; that is, he may use it for the sole purpose of identifying himself with an institution for ends which are other than the Christian life. In this case, the language he uses need have no meaning or function at all. He may vaguely believe in its "truth," but his believing has nothing to do with reason or inquiry because it has nothing to do with his conduct. Any conflict between his religious beliefs and his daily thoughts as he participates in the life of society at large is of no concern for him.

On the other hand, if he is a thinking man (that is,

if he notices such a conflict) he tries to translate "the language of faith" into the language of science, law, business, or any other institution which provides him with his primary role in society. He insists more or less effably that the preacher or teacher who speaks the language of his church speak the language he himself uses as a citizen playing his own role in a given institution. He wants to know what is meant by the doctrines of creation and sin, of the incarnation and the atonement, of justification and sanctification.

THE INTEGRITY OF CHRISTIAN LANGUAGE

The question here is whether such a demand can be met without destroying the integrity of the language which goes with the Christian way of life (assuming that there is such a thing). If the doctrines of the incarnation and sanctification belong functionally in the context of the Christian ethos, and if they deal with problems which emerge in it, is it not illogical that they should be translated into a language, such as that of physics or economics, which is a system of symbols belonging to another dimension of social life? We might be amused if a butcher complained that justification appears to have nothing to do with cutting meat, or if a painter complained that it appears to have nothing to do with mixing paints. Is the matter in principle different when a chemist or a biologist complains that he does not understand words like reconciliation and justice? No Christian man, whether a butcher or a biologist, may logically demand that the language of the Christian faith be translated to the language of his "profession." As a Christian man, it is his business to know the language which goes with his style of life, or, it is the business of his church to instruct him in it. The issue of "theological language" is in part the issue of the Christian life, especially with regard to its "reality" among the people called Christians.

On the other hand, it is true that "theological languages," and even biblical languages, may become unintelligible by becoming "ritualistic" in the sense of no longer functioning as a system of symbols in a style of life that is Christian. The difficulty may be not that Christians are engaged in medicine or mechanics, but that the language of the churches is not, in fact, the language of Christians. Christians concerned with living as Christians may no longer recognize theological language as a system of symbols which they may use in meeting issues presented to them by their common life in their culture. They may not know what the doctrine of the incarnation has to do with "doing the will of God." They may not know what the doctrine of creation has to do with loving their enemies. In short, they may not know what the Gospel has to do with law and life. The separation of Christian theology from Christian ethics is certainly the major source of the unintelligibility of theological language among Christians.

This separation has come about through a fateful

practice on the part of our churches of misrepresenting the relationship between faith or believing and life or practice. It has been convenient for our religious institutions to make of the Christian faith an apologetic for their own existence and practices. They have made it much too easy for their adherents to make faith into a matter of believing their doctrines or teachings as propositions which require assent rather than inquiry. People have been led to believe a doctrine of creation or incarnation not as it illumines the problems they meet in the Christian life, but as a "truth" taught by the Bible as the book of the institution. The institution has not always been too serious in letting the Bible be the judge of its doctrine. In fulfilling its function in a given society, it has been led as much by its wisdom as by the mind or minds of the Bible. In any case, it has made doctrine symbolic of itself and its own practices, rather than of a way of life for the people in their common occupations. The people have believed certain doctrines as church members, and followed a "way of life" as dictated by the several institutions of society. Thus there has been a vague (or no) logical connection between believing the churches' teachings and their occupations. And this had made doctrine unintelligible, and has produced the demand that the theological language be translated into some other language in our culture. Non-functional language is meaningless language. But functional language is one which enables us to deal methodically or in a disciplined way with problems we meet in trying to live with each other in our common world. Theological language which shall be meaningful is one which enables us to live successfully as Christians.

A Christian style of life makes Christian theology meaningful. Such a style of life is formed in and by our transactions in the presence of Jesus Christ. It is derived from his style of life, and depends upon its reality among us. To us, he is "the way, the truth, and the life." Thus it is that he is the word become flesh, and dwells "among us full of grace and truth," and "from his fulness" we all receive "grace upon grace." (John 1:14) Thus we say he is the Son of God, the wisdom of God and the power of God, the Lord and Savior; and we say much else about him, as we live and suffer and hope and rejoice "in him" and among ourselves. Our language may be more or less vague. We may not always be too clear as to its coherence in itself and with other languages we use. We may have doubts as to our use of it in our inquiries toward "justice, mercy and peace," at this time and place, or another; among ourselves and in our world. But, while we live as his people, as members of his Body, we do not speak nonsense or words without meaning. Our language, with all the

pitfalls in it, and all its logical defects, is—rather, becomes—one that is appropriate for its function, which is to provide us with symbols which we are to use in our communion as Christ's people, in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God, finding our opportunities where we are and in the freedom for which we are the Church of Jesus Christ.

Our opportunities change. The Christian style of life, suggested by words like justice, mercy, and peace, is expressed in behavior which varies with its context and the new opportunities a new context may present to us. Institutionalized or habitual behavior may well stand in the way of Christian conduct in a changing or changed context of behavior. Thus also a traditional language of theology may appear meaningless. The language of Christian ethics may become unilluminating, and with it the language of theology may lose its symbolic power. Hallowed words like love, freedom, incarnation, atonement, may thus lose their meaning. Insofar as religious institutions represent purely habitual ways of using such words, they contribute to their failure as living symbols, and to the dissatisfaction of thoughtful Christians with them.

On the other hand, the very restiveness of Christians with theological language, expressed in their complaint that they do not understand it, contains within it the promise of new vitality in Christian language. If such restiveness is not to end in frustration and alienation from the church, the thing required is that Christians seize the opportunities provided them by their common life to engage in behavior, in the presence of Jesus Christ, toward particular acts of peace. Our life together is so constituted that there always is a problem of humane and helpful conduct. There always is a problem which requires both freedom and intelligence for a proper solution of it, and for appropriate action. When Christians, as Christ's people and members of Christ's body, building one another up, bearing one another's burdens, encouraging one another in truth and love, seize their opportunities to show forth the life they have in Christ, they will not only understand the language of theology but will as well become theologians in making proper use of Christian language toward doing the deeds of love and justice which shall be to them the very revelation of God.

In this way, the Christian Church shall come alive as an institution. Its worship shall be a thing of joy and hope. Its theology shall be a system of meaningful symbols. Its ethics shall be a way of life for its people. God only knows what blessings shall come from it, both to the glory of Jesus Christ and for the peace of his people.

A Mercy-Filled & Defiant Xmas To All Still Worthy To Be Called Men

1 December

How to celebrate this Birthday, my friends **X** This life, so real in love, so beautiful with sameness & humility that a thousand thousand Caesars must ever bow before its contemptful anger **X** This green and Human Life which had its sacrificial ending, even as each year; as the Tree which thrusting ever heavenward, its every leaf fallen, stands nailed at last upon the winter sky **X** Even as the Bountiful & Watery Earth-Place of all creatures' lifeness does itself sicken over and lie Bride to cold death **X** O ever and solely that from such Marrying LIFE more glorious may rise **X** O to Life, all! even death! O Glory of Life! The only real Law & Commandment to men-as to every other living thing **+ That they live in Helpful Continuing Life together X** THERE IS NO OTHER ISSUE O you leaders of nations! you speak of "causes" of "a side of rightness and of justice" of "a side of tyranny and oppression" BUT WHAT IS THE TRUTH! That each and every one of you is preparing to carry out the horrible and insane extermination of all human beings! DOES ANY SANE MAN ANYWHERE DOUBT THIS! Does any sane man believe anything justifies this Murder of the World! **Blasphemers of God & of Man! of Life itself X This TREASON! this Monstrous, Inhuman Betrayal! this Hideous and Cancerous Assault on all that man has been! O in Fire shall the screaming void be cleared that Life may again live X** Mansions in the hearts of men... What voice sounds there now! What rage of Grief! **X** O my Brothers! why have you forsaken one another **Kenneth Patchen**

EMMANUEL

At the Inn of our last delight
We cast our shoes off
In the night
Where God is born in a garage.

Cursing our corns and hanging ties
On coatracks next to corsets,
We watch the white-clad waiter
Hang a tablecloth across
A bird-infested clothesline.

The broken bottles of our grief
Keep feet from falling into bed;
And out our windowed dread
The sacrament of snow
Wraps, wet, the wine-red
Tablecloth around the post.

And we hear God,
As sparrows count,
Crying on the floor of the garage.

—HARVEY BATES



INK DRAWING NAOMI WRAY

CHRISTMAS

anymore
—no one comes simultaneous—
everyone
has to have his own private Birthday
no one
DARES to be born on Christmas
(Creation is too common too quick too
simple)

who wants a symbol for a womb?

(The starred clarity is not enough
footnoted)
only kids fall for redgreen strung just
on staring branches
(BLOOD ON THE PAUSED TREES
SPILLING EXACT TINSEL LINES
DOES NOT WIDEN ON OUR EYES
IT IS TOO)

merry
snow is very silent and walks
on the open graves of ears
(knocking at the doorless)
but everyone
wants to be the womb of his symbol
carries his belly like a cymbal
through white Christmas
bangs against [LISTEN]

—CAROL HILL

SOJOURN IN A STRANGE LAND

I.

So, appoint over this business, seven men of honest report, full of faith and power.

And this people say, No, we are not satisfied, and we will never be satisfied,
Until justice flows down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream,
For the time of the promise draws near, the time when the covenant is ratified.

Is it time for you to dwell in your panelled houses, and this house lies in ruins?

Now is the time, when the church in the wilderness is filled with lively oracles,
And the heavens above us are stayed from dew, and the earth is stayed from her fruit.
Is the seed yet in the barn? Consider now and from this day upward:
You sow much, but bring in little; you eat, but you have not enough fruit;
You drink, but are not filled with drink; you are clothed, but no one is warm.

They who sojourn in this strange land, having been brought into bondage,
And having endured evil four hundred years, have grown and multiplied,
Until they have become a people, and a witness in the wilderness. Their freedom
Is confirmed in the shakings of nations, and the peace for which nations have died.
I have seen, I have heard, the afflictions of this people, and their faces,
Terrible like the faces of angels, and their voices like the voices of the dead:
Sirs, consider your ways; you are brothers, why do you wrong one another?

II.

Stop your ears, and run upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city.

The time is not yet come, not yet, the time that the Lord's house shall be built,
For he that earns wages earns wages to put into a bag with holes, and the remnant,
The remnant of the people, have made great havoc of the church, kneeling down,
And consenting to his death with great lamentation. There is nothing permanent
About the vine and the fig tree, the olive tree and the pomegranate, for yet once,
It is a little while, and the kingdoms will be overthrown, and the firmament,
The heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land, all will be given peace.

Every man runs, each into his own house, and no one has any place of rest.

Prepare a great house. Go up into the mountain, and bring wood, and build a house,
And let freedom ring from the mountainside. Have you not seen with your own eyes
How they have gnashed upon him with their teeth, cut to the heart, and stoned him?
He has fallen asleep, and by the disposition of angels there is glory in his eyes,
For he has been made a signet, through whom the desires of all nations will come.

How do you see it now, this land promised to you, and given for a possession?

Endure even unto death, and lay not this sin to any man's charge. Free at last,
We are free at last! Who is left among us that saw this house in her first glory?
We looked for much, and it has come to little, and even that little we have lost.

Now, full of faith and power, let us build this house, and take full pleasure in it.

—ANTHONY TOWNE

THE AMORALIST: MARY MCCARTHY

BY PAUL SCHLUETER

THE recent critical and popular acclaim received by Mary McCarthy for her novel *The Group* (1963) has, regardless of the reason, tended to bring to the attention of many who otherwise would consider her merely another bitchy, idiosyncratic authoress somewhat of the same literary value as Ayn Rand. But Mary McCarthy has been writing notable fiction for some two decades now, and the accident of her becoming, after all these books and years, both a best-selling writer and a critical success is not because these two audiences, the popular and the critical, have just discovered that she exists, but probably more because Chapter Two of *The Group* is so sexually explicit. But to damn her for her emphasis on sex, which has been an integral part of her entire literary career, or to praise her for writing a best-seller, are both invalid approaches to a writer like Miss McCarthy. There is enough intrinsic value to her work, together with several notable weaknesses which need exposure, to warrant an essay evaluating her from the moral point of view. Indeed, if there is any one theme which can serve to tie together her entire literary output, it is the quality of morality, which will, of necessity, touch on her obsessive treatment of sex.

But morality as it applies to Mary McCarthy is a more complex thing than might be assumed from the preceding. While the sexual behavior of her characters is active and free, and usually described with little left to the reader's own mental processes, it can by no means be said that this behavior is *ipso facto* immoral, or that her novels are immoral as books. Her searing and incisive exposure of human frailties and hypocrisies, however, seems to be her main emphasis, and morality, particularly sexual morality, is recognized by Miss McCarthy, as it has by generations preceding her, as a prime occasion for exposure of hypocrisy. Hence the usual critical evaluation of her writing tends to include such terms as "honest," "satiric," "witty," "savage," "dispassionate," and—this is a favorite—"intellectual," as if any novel could be written without the intellect playing a role. Categorization, however, is impossible, even with the use of these labels; Mary McCarthy is more interested in analyzing how people react in certain situations than in mental gymnastics for their own sake, even though, in her sometimes



DRAWING BY JIM CRANE

ruthless desire for truth and her cutting away of accumulated social pretense, she sometimes appears to be bitchy for the sake of being bitchy. And contemporary man and woman, lying thus exposed to her critical examination, become of greater interest to her as a means of arriving at a clearer understanding of human psychology (and, perhaps, physiology as well) than as human beings as such, designed to appeal to human beings.

When Miss McCarthy's first book, *The Company She Keeps*, appeared in 1942, it was immediately evident to literary critics that she had unique gifts for probing into and analyzing human character, particularly the character of a person like herself, who seems, despite whatever fictional name she is given, to appear in almost all her fiction. This recurring character is called Margaret Sargent in *The Company She Keeps*, and, in most particulars, she seems to be much like Mary McCarthy herself in the late 1930's: a New Yorker, born a Catholic but raised under predominately Protestant influence, though remaining a Catholic; a sometime Trotskyite; and, when we first meet her in the book, in the process of getting a divorce. Many of the familiar topics or themes to be found in Mary McCarthy's books are wrapped up in this one character: religious, political, sexual, intellectual. For example, Margaret Sargent works in an art gallery run by an odd confidence man, she goes west for a divorce (and, merely as a whim, makes love with a stranger in a Pullman berth), she becomes a part of a fashionable literary-political crowd, and, at the end of the book, she is psychoanalyzed, concluding that she no longer believes in God. Although *The Company She Keeps* is a loosely linked collection of stories rather than a novel, there is obviously a strong autobiographical element present (as, indeed, there is in most of her books), and in the person of Margaret Sargent, particularly at the book's end, we feel that Miss McCarthy sees in her more than a novelistic alter ego; she seems, in most particulars, to identify with her.

Also introduced in *The Company She Keeps* is another, lesser theme, which can also be seen in one form or another in all her books: the metamorphosis in the lives of the liberals of the 1930's who find out, somewhat belatedly, that society is not capable of being reshaped from their liberal position. Thus many of Miss McCarthy's characters, instead of maintaining a staunch, even bohemian, liberalism, instead develop into somewhat conventional middle-class

conservatives whose only vestige of liberalism is their cynical pessimism. Margaret Sargent clearly fits this description, as does another character in this book, a young editor who moves from a left-wing opinion magazine to a middle-of-the-road news magazine as his own views change in the same direction. Such a conversion, of course, also closely matches Miss McCarthy's own.

The Oasis (1949), the first of Miss McCarthy's novels (although really a long story, or novelette), is a cold and analytical glimpse into a utopian society of artists and intellectuals. As with most other societies of this sort, however, this society (suitably named Utopia) is foredoomed to failure, not so much for the inadequacy of the theory behind such a cooperative community, but rather because even intellectuals are incapable of overcoming the pretty and bothersome trifles inherent in such a society. More purely satiric than the previous book and less concerned with sex, *The Oasis* makes it perfectly clear from the outset that Miss McCarthy has little sympathy with such escapists. For instance, although all the residents in the community believe theoretically in the rightness of their brand of utopianism, when it comes to a practical test of that theory, the society crumbles. Ironically, the incident that brings matters to the breaking point is a dispute over some intruders attempting to pick some strawberries on the society's land, as if a few berries would invalidate a philosophy. It seems clear that Miss McCarthy believes that men among other men (especially intellectuals among other intellectuals) are far too complex and uncertain to live together harmoniously. The Utopians are cliqueish, incapable of action, stubborn, anachronistically left-wing, lethargically pacifistic (except for the one member whose gun, itself out of place in Utopia, serves to frighten away the interlopers), and incapable of coping with the primitive conditions of their surroundings; they doubtlessly represent in Miss McCarthy's mind a *reductio ad absurdum* of the thirties. For example, among the other reasons why the society crumbles is certainly the attempt at removing one middle-aged manufacturer from the society because, in some indefinable way, he "just doesn't fit."

THE theory, then, is not sufficient for these people to make of Utopia the ideal society they had dreamed of. That along with the strawberry incident and a fantastic and short-lived abortive plan to

consolidate all the peace-loving peoples of the world, effectively diminishes the possibility of Utopia surviving. So, because the group had considered Utopia a means of arriving at "collective security," and as a means of separating themselves from the real world, it was doomed to failure. Idealists, Miss McCarthy seems to say, must ultimately remain ineffective individualists, because when individualism is given up, even in part, for the sake of a utopia, something is bound to break, and in *The Oasis*, it is society itself.

Miss McCarthy changed settings in her next novel, *The Groves of Academe* (1952), although the same preoccupation with the inadequacies of doctrinaire liberalism is evident. Set in a fictional progressive college in Pennsylvania, *The Groves of Academe* concerns Henry Mulcahy, a comical, villainous professor, who, because of obvious incompetency, is threatened with dismissal. The professor, however, lets word drop that he had been a Communist during the 1930's, and this is sufficient to get the professional liberals on the Jocelyn College faculty and administration to support him, since, of course, a "witch-hunt" is anathema in such a setting, particularly during the (Joseph) McCarthy era when this novel appeared. Handled as a satire, as this is, the theme is highly successful; handled more heavily, as one might have expected, the book would have become a polemic about academic freedom. But the professor is so adept a scoundrel that, in the end, he is rehired and the academic-freedom-defending president of the college is forced to resign. In short, both justice and freedom are inverted, and the issue becomes, not whether or not a one-time Communist should or should not teach, but rather whether or not the liberal world of the college is a world in which such qualities as morality, integrity, freedom, and intellectualism really mean anything, or if these terms are merely part of the classroom jargon, and, as such, deserve to be exposed for the empty concepts they are. Certainly, the spontaneous support the professor with the would-be past receives is part of the liberal-intellectual-idealistic mentality which Miss McCarthy seems to take such delight in assaulting, but, in this novel, it is done with what must be called a more humorous and less savage satire than in her other novels. What makes *The Groves of Academe* so delightful is the irony of a spurious liberal making himself seem to be a victim of conservative persecution, thus forcing the authentically liberal administration to rehire him.

Incidentally, Miss McCarthy's satire in *The Groves of Academe* not only is less caustic than that in her other books, it is also considerably more knowledgeable about the jargon, the pet beliefs, the occurrences on a college campus, than, for instance, is the case with *Utopia*. Almost every stereotype to be found on real "progressive" campuses is found at Jocelyn College: the president is the epitome of the well-meaning, rugged, thoughtful, liberal administra-

tor; the poetry conference held on Jocelyn's campus has all expected types of poets represented (with Miss McCarthy's sympathies obviously lying with a "poet of the masses" who hitchhiked to the conference, and who puts the lie to Mulcahy's claims of earlier communist affiliation); the faddish preference on the students' part for particular writers; the narrow specialist (Mulcahy himself, a Joycean, fits this category) who cannot understand why everyone doesn't appreciate his speciality; and so on, down the list of academic habits. The target of the satire, however, is considerably larger than this listing would indicate. In the essential conflict between Mulcahy and the administration, such other major issues are raised as the impossibility of the academic mind either being free or knowing what to do with freedom, the professional liberal whose liberalism is shaken by not being able to champion another liberal, and the liberal who is at heart an opportunist using liberalism for his own advantage. Essentially, the weakness Miss McCarthy sees in the shallow philosophy held by the characters in *The Groves of Academe* is a moral inability to see a "darker truth about human nature" than they think they should believe in. Thus, Mulcahy manipulates people and liberalism for his own immoral benefit, and the others at Jocelyn College, liberals one and all, can neither adjust to nor handle the results of that "darker truth" as it applies to them personally.

A Charmed Life (1955) is also concerned with intellectuals and artists, but the setting, instead of being a college campus or utopian colony, is a New England summer artist-colony named New Leeds. The characters, instead of being itinerant summer visitors to the town, as one would expect, are the permanent residents of the community. Martha Sinnott, the central character, had been married to a sometime writer in the town, and comes back, with a new husband, to try to make a success of her second marriage on the site of the first. The story, what there is of it, concerns Martha's relationships with the various odd members of New Leeds, her seduction by her first husband, her discovery of her pregnancy, and a fatal drive to Boston for an abortion. Quite caustic and bitter, *A Charmed Life* reveals even in its title an obsession on Miss McCarthy's part with a sarcastic stripping-away of her characters' psyches and lives; although Martha is, at the end of the novel, the only character who has died, it can certainly be said that none of the characters has any real life left, so complete has been Miss McCarthy's exposure. The characters are clearly types (including the great original, but undiscovered, artist, the virginal rich girl, and the universal genius, expert in all fields but recognized in none), and do not seem at all believable. Even Martha, for instance, seems quite contradictory; in her college days, she had had many sexual flings with no concern over conscience or consequences—so, the reader wonders, why the mania for an abortion when the slim chance exists

that her first husband is the father of her unborn child? If the intent in this novel is satire (and no other term seems to fit), then what, exactly, is being satirized? If it is Martha who is being satirized, there is certainly not as much on which to base the satire as, say, with Margaret Sargent, where the satire seems less forced, less contrived, less uncertain. Norman Podhoretz once said that Miss McCarthy's characters are either intelligent or stupid, and that the intelligent are those "who refuse to harbor illusions about themselves," and who persistently self-analyze themselves. But for Martha, as for some other McCarthy heroines, an increase in self-awareness does not mean greater self-control, but the opposite; and Martha, instead of knowing what she has been and is, and what her life means, reacts in a totally unexpected manner and then, conveniently, is killed.

And even Martha, despite her claims to "not fitting in," seems as typical a New Leedsian as the others in the novel, only (perhaps) more blatantly amoral. It is not the adulterous relationship she has with her first husband that bothers her, but, instead, the fact of her pregnancy, which for some unaccountable and unexplained reason she seems to wish had been caused by her present husband! Similar motivations control the lives of the others in the book; a relationship is never immoral because of its intrinsic corruption, but because of the possible effects it *might* have on the others involved.

ALTHOUGH *The Group* (1963), Miss McCarthy's latest and most famous novel, has received considerable popular attention, it too shows some of the same characteristics found in *A Charmed Life*. Eight Vassar graduates (class of 1933, Miss McCarthy's own class) enter into the real world of the depression (which scarcely affects them personally, since none really seems to have financial difficulties), and, along the way, they discover contraceptives (in what is surely some sort of landmark in American letters, one of the girls is half-cajoled, half-ordered: "Get yourself a pessary!"), lesbianism, death, divorce, fashionable literary and artistic movements and figures, and the rest of the trappings with which her earlier novels are filled. The emphasis in *The Group* shifts from one girl to another, but with most attention given to Kay, who is introduced first, at her sudden marriage, and who serves at the end, in her death by falling—or jumping—out a window, to bring "the group" together again. Little real action occurs; as with the earlier books, but to a far greater degree, the characters just talk. Their talking, however, serves quite effectively to characterize them—so well, in fact, that one might say that in this respect Miss McCarthy is superb. The treatment of the several characters is considerably more varied than in the earlier novels; not only is there actually a character whom Miss McCarthy seems content to describe approvingly (Polly), but there are also

several lesser characters (Dottie, Helena, Priss) whose idiosyncracies, although vividly portrayed, nonetheless seem muted by contrast with Kay's.

The same sharp, ruthless satiric touch is seen in *The Group* as in earlier books. Bohemianism, the literary world, would-be dramatists, the brainlessness of certain rich families whose every action is determined by their butlers, and marriage itself—all these are touched upon, all are shown in their gruesome extremity, and all become self-consciously real. But even in this book, where a greater spectrum of characterization is present than in the earlier novels, ideas and character traits which Miss McCarthy does not favor are reduced to a pulpy puddle not unlike Kay at the end of the novel. Even the funeral scene, a conclusion fittingly contrasted to the wedding scene with which the book opens, seems less an occasion for the author to demonstrate the changes and maturation in the remaining members of "the group," than it is for her to pin-point once again the girls' shortcomings—their desire for security, their fashionable marriages, their concern not for the dead girl but for their own interests, their self-consciousness at the ostentation of having three psalms at the funeral instead of a more "proper" number. But even more than in the earlier books, Miss McCarthy is interested in these characters' reaction to certain moral situations, not so much the situations themselves. When one of the girls is given a contraceptive by a clinic only to discard it nervously under a park bench, she does so not because of mixed feelings about contraception, but rather because of uncertainty about her relationship to the man with whom she had been involved sexually—who had persuaded her to go to the clinic.

Although many areas of human concern could be included under the term "moral," it is primarily sexual morality which concerns Mary McCarthy, as is abundantly clear from the preceding. Rarely does a relationship between a man and a woman approach a level deeper than the physical—and when the physical is unsatisfactory, no other relationship is possible. And aside from the explicitness with which sex is presented in Miss McCarthy's fiction, it can be considered a moral matter from another point of view as well: it always seems to be something done more as a whim than because of love or true passion. In *The Group*, Dottie's curiosity, not any feelings of love, leads to her seduction; and when it is over, she thinks of the dichotomy of sex and love. In *A Charmed Life*, Martha at first resists Miles' (her first husband) attempts at making love; then, stoically, she "takes a deep breath, like a doomed person," and says "all right." In "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt," one of the sections of *The Company She Keeps*, Margaret eventually gives in: "She had felt tired and kind, and thought, why not?" Then: "There was to be no more love-making, she saw, and from the moment she felt sure of this, she began

to be a little bit in love." Sex, then, serves not as an expression of love, but as an amoral encounter between man and woman in their eternal struggle for superiority over one another, or even as a means of passing the time. Even the act of love coincides with Miss McCarthy's clinical and dispassionate exposure of her fellow human beings, an exposure not only evident in the irrational and illogical behavior patterns of these humans, but even in the deepest emotional and moral human experiences.

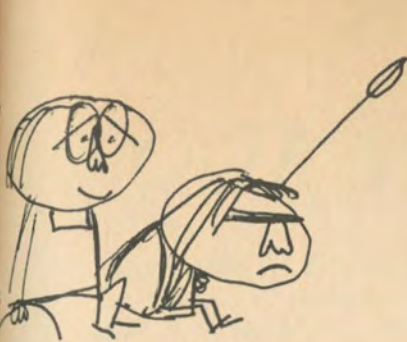
THE question obviously arises, based on the preceding, of how much of what Mary McCarthy writes is her own philosophy of life, and how much is fictional creation. It is certain that she identifies with her heroines, who, despite their particular names and situations in life, are all from the same mold. And, in a *Paris Review* interview, she once said that most of the stories in *The Company She Keeps* had a basis in her own experience; in particular, "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt," the story about the Pullman trip to the west coast, described something that "actually happened," with, of course, names and locales changed. Even beyond this, however, it can easily be seen that most of the novels and collections of shorter fictional pieces that Miss McCarthy has written have a basis in her own life. *The Groves of Academe* was written shortly after her own stint at a progressive college, and the other books have a somewhat similar basis in her own experience. Indeed, it might well be asked whether or not she could write about something that she has not herself experienced, although it can be said dogmatically that her best writing results when she is not attempting a novel, as in some of her excellent stories in *The Company She Keeps*, or her semi-autobiographical narratives in *Cast a Cold Eye* (1950, later incorporated into *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* [1957]). In these cases, she has no noticeable trouble winding things up; there is none of the sometimes-forced attempts at polemic; there is none of the artificial intrusion of the author in literary or political digressions. In short, whatever strengths are

to be found in her novels—vigor, wit, honesty, critical intelligence, to name a few—are more than adequately represented in the shorter and nonfictional pieces as well.

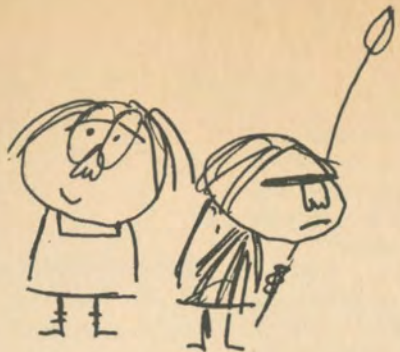
Her dependence on autobiographical or semi-autobiographical materials is not in itself a deficiency, but her technique is. Her enormous vocabulary and erudition show on every page; indeed, scarcely a page appears without some italicized French phrase or esoteric term. But this witty, highly intelligent fondness for words for their own sake sometimes makes of a relatively short narrative a book of several hundred pages. Her treatment of characters, with rare exceptions, serves as a pulpit or platform from which she can lecture on some evil in humanity or some *cause celebre* with which she is no longer personally involved. Indeed, so cavalier is she with characters, even central ones, that she disposes of them in the best *deus ex machina* fashion; when all else fails, kill them off; it's neater that way, and it saves the chore of figuring out some logical means of concluding the novel. In *A Charmed Life*, Martha is killed off "accidentally" by a character introduced two pages from the end, and who serves no purpose in the book other than this. And Kay, in *The Group*, is disposed of in a similarly cavalier manner.

So, despite the current popularity and general critical favor enjoyed by Mary McCarthy, it must at the last be said that, despite the intellectualism, the occasional clarity of insight into character, and the frequently bitter satire of others' weaknesses, her novels lack the foundation, the moral foundation, on which the greatest, most enduring art must be based. Without this foundation, her stories reflect a sterile, purposeless, amoral world not unlike the world Lear saw (the comparison is obvious) when he shouted, "Let copulation thrive!" And amorality (unlike immorality, which knowingly rejects any moral order in the universe) is ultimately self-destructive, since it posits not only a rejection of the moral cosmos but even the sense of right and wrong on which any moral position is based.





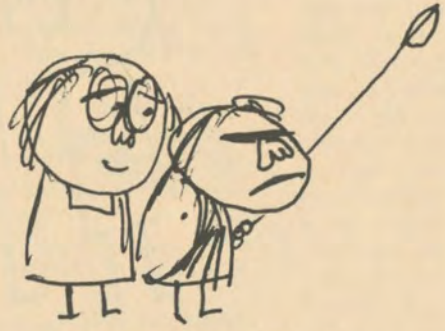
I DON'T LIKE OUR PROBLEMS ANY MORE THAN YOU DO



AND I SOMETIMES LONG FOR THE SIMPLE DAYS OF OUR CHILDHOOD



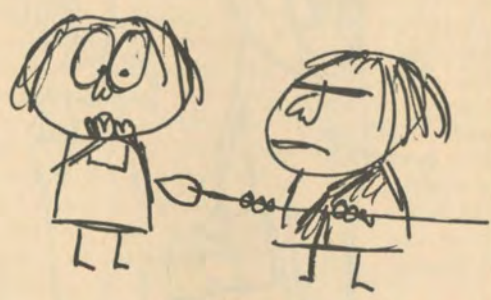
BUT UR IS A DIFFERENT PLACE THAN IT WAS THEN.



WE'VE DONE SO MUCH—AND THERE'S STILL A HIGH CULTURE TO CREATE!



TIMES CHANGE, AND WE HAVE TO HAVE THE FAITH TO CHANGE TOO . . .



TRAITOR!

Crane

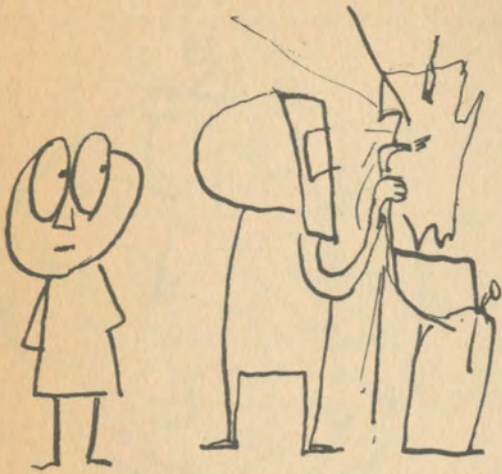


LOVE MIGHT MAKE A DIFFERENCE . . .



LET'S TRY IT ON ME FIRST!

Crane



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A MESSAGE OF HOPE.



SO HAVE I.

BOOKS

Nathan A. Scott, Jr., Ed., *The Climate of Faith in Modern Literature*. Seabury (1964), 237 pp., \$5.95.

Nathan A. Scott, Jr., Ed., *The New Orpheus: Essays Toward a Christian Poetic*. Sheed & Ward (1964), 431 pp., \$7.50.

Prof. Nathan A. Scott, Jr., of the University of Chicago Divinity School, is fast becoming the most articulate and widely published of the several major commentators in America on the relationship of literature and Christianity. These two new books—which make a total of seven he has written or edited either on this relationship or on particular writers (Camus, Beckett) from the Christian perspective—will do much to enhance his reputation and to advance the dialogue between these two disciplines as they come to grips with the most complex problem facing those interested in faith and (or in) literature: the possibility of a unique and authentic Christian poetic. If such a poetic is impossible, then the entire discussion of art and belief becomes a purely parochial matter in which one specialist speaks solely to another, in the jargon both know; but if this poetic is possible, as Scott and others seem intent on proving, then the role of the arts in Christianity takes on an entirely new and more important function than normally realized, not merely decorative or illustrative but a vivid and profound testimony to the creative instinct in both art and belief.

Saying all this, I must add that neither of these two books, despite their great value, as I will discuss below, is really the best formulation of a Christian aesthetic or rationale; that honor still rests with Roland M. Frye's *Perspective on Man* (Westminster, 1961), still the only sustained treatment of "myth," symbol, and the major Christian doctrines and beliefs as they relate to the major literary tradition of Western man. But Scott's two new symposia certainly bring to focus a variety of scholars' viewpoints on the same issues, and serve incidentally to illustrate beyond any doubt that this concern is not limited to, say, the Anglican tradition of which Scott is a part, or any other branch of Christianity; and even if neither of these books displaces Frye's seminal treatise, they are worthy complements to it.

The Climate of Faith in Modern Literature is the more welcome of the two volumes under review, since it includes essays which for the most part have not been published elsewhere, while *The New Orpheus* includes many of the essays on the topic which have become, over the years, classics of a sort. Too, the main concerns of the two books are somewhat different: *Climate* is more involved with the basic artistic problems (e.g., what is the relationship between faith and art; what does each have to say to the other and to the world; how is Christianity expressed in fiction, in drama, in poetry; and what future is there for literature?), which, although basic, are by no means handled in an elementary fashion. The ten critics who attempt to provide answers are both committed Christians and recognized literary specialists, and include, besides Scott himself, Chad Walsh, E. Martin Browne, and Martin Jarrett-Kerr. Perhaps the most stimulating and provocative essay of the ten is Walsh's, which attempts to look to literature's future (much as he did in his *Early Christians of the 21st Century*) and includes an uneasy warning that the future of both literature and the "Christian" writer may be drastically altered from what we would today anticipate.

The New Orpheus, on the other hand, makes no attempt at predicting the future; its main concern is to gather together in

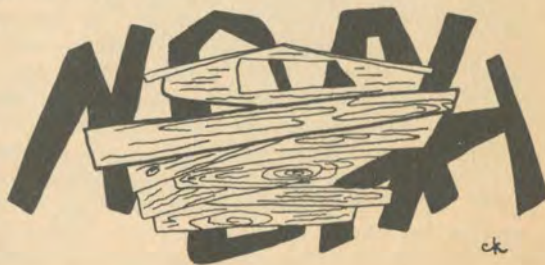
one collection the most significant of all the isolated essays which have appeared in the past generation or so, many of which have not previously been reprinted. Twenty-two writers altogether discuss, in a much more highly structured fashion than in previous symposia on the same topic, the problem of a Christian aesthetic, the nature of the Christian vision, and, in other sections of the book, how theological criticism can serve to relate "belief and form." Finally, a section is devoted to the "silence, exile, and cunning" of the modern imagination. Among the writers included in this volume are Dorothy Sayers, W. H. Auden, Allen Tate, T. S. Eliot, Christopher Fry, Amos Wilder, and Scott himself. Both criticism and creativity are represented in the roster of writers included, a balance necessary for the formulation of an aesthetic if it is not to be lopsidedly overbalanced in one direction.

With such a disparate gathering of writers, it is surprising that there is not more difference of opinion or interpretation among them, as each, in one way or another, attempts to answer such questions as, what have Christians thought about literature, and how (if at all) does Christian faith cast light upon the literary imagination? And how is "Christian" criticism of literature different from other criticism, and, more specifically, how does "Christian" criticism evaluate the novel, the film, the drama, the poem? It is certainly true that Christian critics have preferred tackling the latter questions to the former, and yet the former, as Scott wisely points out, remain the most difficult to answer, the most necessary to answer, and the most unlikely to be answered glibly or easily. As Dorothy Sayers points out, "We must not substitute Art for God"; yet both Art and God imply not only a creation but a stimulus, an inspiration for the act of creation, whether of the universe or of a short story, and in this respect, as most of these writers suggest, religious belief and literary art overlap.

Important though these two volumes are, they remain, as both the editor and contributors must realize, merely faltering steps toward what remains to be written: a thorough, systematic, and inspired Christian poetic, as Scott's subtitle for *Orpheus* indicates. Incidentally, excellent bibliographies conclude both volumes, with the one in *The New Orpheus* the more comprehensive and the more highly structured. Unfortunately neither book has an index, and no biographical sketches of the contributors are available in *The New Orpheus*. Also: Scott's essay in *The Climate of Faith*, "Faith and Art in a World Awry," originally appeared in *motive* in November, 1961.

But if a reviewer may end on a hopeful note, it is that someone—perhaps Prof. Scott himself—will begin where these and earlier books left off, that is, to begin with the collective insights of the many who have pondered and speculated about the interrelationship of faith and art, and to proceed from that point, with all the theological and literary insight possible, to the formulation of a "systematic theology" for faith and art. But until such a definitive project is available, these two collections of essays edited by Prof. Scott will come closer than most volumes to put into the clearest possible focus the possibilities and challenges of such a study.

—PAUL SCHLUETER



INK DRAWING

CAROL KELLEY

Clyde S. Kilby, *The Christian World of C. S. Lewis*. Eerdmans (1964), 207 pp., \$4.50.

Clive Staples Lewis has been dead now for a year. For us, 'tis a pity. For him it must be a very good thing, if he believed what he wrote. We are the losers because he wrote well—intriguingly, cleverly, subtly and with a certain fine instruction. He is the gainer, because for thirty years he said that life, the Christian life, culminates joyously in Heaven through Christ with God. Lewis hoped for Heaven. His hope he enjoyed. But he did not hate the world in his heaven-happiness. As Dr. Kilby points out in this volume, Lewis did not feel that Christianity was a replacement of the natural life, but that the natural life was to be enjoyed genuinely and exploited for supernatural ends.

One wonders often whether C. S. Lewis' fame in religious circles comes from his excellence as writer and scholar or simply because he is one of the few famous ones in modern Academia who owns up to being Christian in an orthodox way. In Kilby's summary book on Lewis the emphasis is clearly on the latter. In the status world of higher education the Christian underlings rejoice when someone up there likes what they like. C. S. Lewis has been the darling of literate Christians, and often it appears that it is more because he is a Christian than because he is literate. This is not to say that Lewis is deficient or minor as a literary figure. It is to say that usually, as in Kilby's small volume, the weight of worth seems to be placed on right faith rather than on major literary criticism.

Dr. Kilby attempts to survey, summarize and theologize the Lewis literature. On the first two counts *The Christian World of C. S. Lewis* is worth buying. But not on the third. Kilby, who has been studying Lewis for twenty-five years and who has had association and correspondence with Lewis, offers no real critique of Lewis theologically any more than he deals with Lewis via contemporary and trenchant literary criticism. This book sounds more like a labor of love, in which scholarly disagreement or critique would be jarringly out of place.

The point of view of the author (other than calm adulation) is not spelled out. One suspects that Kilby throughout does a good bit of tedious fawning for the fundamentalists. It sounds frequently as if one rather cosmopolitan nineteenth-century person is introducing a really great nineteenth-century figure to snappish, oversensitive nineteenth-century moralistic friends. While the first part of the introduction is first-class summary, the last half, as interpretation, dribbles off into lumbering old-fashioned puritanical apology. The conclusions lack depth and elegance. In the appendix Dr. Kilby has summarized the Lewis studies so that the general reader can find his way about. An exhaustive Lewis bibliography is referred to but not included. The index appears adequate.

C. S. Lewis is not a twentieth-century writer even though he was born in 1898 and died in 1963. He valued what the British country squires of the nineteenth century valued—the manners of eighteenth-century minor aristocracy. Lewis was reared in a middle-class home where he had the privileges of space, privacy, protection and books. Tragedy came early: his mother died before he was ten. Illness in adolescent years further pressed Lewis toward extensive, leisurely reading. He did not marry until he was 59. His adult life, except for tough World War I experience in France, was largely spent in the disciplined quiet of Oxford and Cambridge universities, in solitary walks in the lovely parts of England, in a bachelor's country house, and in very little travel. C. S. Lewis hated the tawdry, crowded results of the British industrial revolution and the mechanization of the human spirit everywhere. But he was excused the terrible necessities which the new urban industrial togetherness pushed own on the great majority of Englishmen in their mines, factories and slums. For example, D. H. Lawrence, Lewis' contemporary and one whose Romantic imagination was sometimes similar, was in part quite a different English writer simply because of

the crude, soulless childhood in a Derbyshire mining town and the anonymous, smelly crush of Nottingham's mass of rowhouses (no inside plumbing there).

Dr. Kilby did not mention these factors in the making or posture of Lewis. Kilby, like Lewis, exercises little social critique of this sort. From their shared position of moral idealism with its emphasis on eternal forms which pull along our deepest intuitions to perfections and individual excellence, social relevance is down-played. Viewed from within a twentieth-century comprehensive social ethic, Lewis very well may have been captured by a nineteenth-century, Anglo-Saxon, middle-class privatism which can be maintained only by those who have the privileges of the prosperous middle class and who often simply want to make everyone else over into their own image by moralizing or exemplary "inspiring" without taking into account the real situations of most of modern mankind. Dr. Kilby was likely right when he wrote, "Lewis was an Old Western Man who wanted to make theology paramount again and restore to humanity some of the ancient graces as well."

Weak as Lewis' social understanding was, he was strong in presenting some major aspects of orthodox Christianity. He had something important to say. Nearly always he said it well. He could tell a tale. He could make extraordinary irony. He em-



ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

ployed all manner of forms to tantalize, edify, transform and instruct. Dr. Kilby's book is good on these points. Kilby shows how *The Screwtape Letters*, *The Great Divorce*, *Pilgrim's Regress*, *Till We Have Faces*, *Perelandra* and *The Case for Christianity* deserve a place on any well-informed person's bookshelf. The first five are almost classics. Too, the Narnia stories of Lewis make fine gifts to the sensitive, old and young. Dr. Kilby should have shown more of the weaknesses of Lewis' *The Problem of Pain*, *Miracles* and *The Four Loves* as well as those of *The Case* which is as strong as is moral idealism—not very strong these days.

Kilby has caught Lewis' main strengths: joy, wondrous longing (*Sehnsucht*), faith, excellence and the ironic criticism of the degradation of man by modernization. Kilby shows well the prominence of the British Arthurian myth in Lewis' contribution. Kilby might well have compared Lewis' work with that of some other popular Romantic privatists such as Ayn Rand's *Atlas* (which might be read over against Lewis' *Faces*) or Lawrence's *Women*. Lewis' rejection of positivism, materialism, naturalism, pragmatism, relativism and any form of modernism ("chronological snobbery," he called it nastily; though he may have had the inverse form of the same disease) in favor of a delightful, perceptive, simplistic, nonpolitical, anti-managerial quietism is made clear by Dr. Kilby.

No critical question is raised by what is personified philosophically or theologically by Mr. Lewis. Neither author seems to be aware that orthodoxy—equally as well in economics, government or literature—can be captured by some privately preferred culture, and used as an instrument of uncritical, even sinful privilege.

—WILLIAM E. RHODES

Langdon Gilkey, *How the Church Can Minister to the World Without Losing Itself*. Harper & Row (1964), 151 pp., \$3.75.

One of the most prominent symptoms of the anxiety which has gripped the church in our time with regard to its nature and purpose is the rash of books concerning the church which has erupted from the presses of our leading publishing houses. Unfortunately, the overwhelming majority of these books, including Professor Gilkey's own contribution, succeed more in demonstrating the reason for this anxiety than in offering a solution to it.

Professor Gilkey finds the answer to the nature of the church in the purpose of the church, which he defines as the task of mediating God to man. The church today, he insists, is unable to do this because it preserves no essential area of its life separate or removed from cultural domination. Having no separated areas which might be able to preserve the transcendent God from the world, and thus be enabled to mediate God to the world, the church today is in imminent danger of being engulfed by the world.

What we are searching for, then, he declares, are valid and pertinent ways in which the church can become a vehicle of God's judgment and grace to today's world. Professor Gilkey finds his way through three biblical symbols of the church which he believes can lead us to a recovery of the lost relationship between the church and God and to a new mediation by the church of God to the world. These biblical symbols are: (a) the church as the people of God; (b) the church as the bearer of the Word of God; and (c) the church as the Body of Christ.

Professor Gilkey specifies two criteria for the church as mediator of God to man. First, the church must maintain a dimension of its life separate and apart from domination by the world. Second, the church must maintain a relevance for the daily affairs of the world. He declares that conservative Protestantism has maintained the former only at the sacrifice of the latter and that liberal Protestantism has maintained the latter only at the sacrifice of the former. In either case the end result has been the capitulation of the church to the world—by default in the case of conservative Protestantism, by the poverty of its own resources in the case of liberal Protestantism.

Professor Gilkey finds in the biblical understanding of the church as the people of God a symbol which points to the high moral calling of the church and, consequently, a way which leads to the relevance of the church for the world. But he acknowledges that for Protestantism the central mediation of the transcendent in the life of the church comes through the Word of God. Professor Gilkey defines the Word of God as the message of Jesus Christ in lordly claim, in judgment, and in grace. If, he insists, this message is not heard, believed, and enacted, then the main element of transcendence in the Protestant church is gone, and it reflects merely the views and ideals of its surrounding society.

This transcendent God, according to Professor Gilkey, who addresses us through his Word and calls us to serve him in the world, is present in his church through the sacraments. It is to this presence which the symbol of the church as the Body of Christ points. The transcendent element in the church, then, is the means of grace which God has given in Word and Sacrament.

In each instance Professor Gilkey sets forth the problem which has robbed these traditional biblical symbols of the church of meaning for modern man and suggests in an interesting and clear manner ways which the church today can undertake to recover the meaning and significance of these symbols. The difficulty, however, is that this problem has been recognized by others and these suggestions tried by others; granted, not by nearly enough in either case, but at least by enough to be able to say with reasonable assurance that even after we have tried everything Professor Gilkey suggests—and we should—the fact remains that the transcendent God is absent.

Now Professor Gilkey is aware of this. In his opening chapter he acknowledges the fact of the absence of God and that some

commentators today are convinced that this fact must be accepted rather than deplored if the church is to be the church in our time. Professor Gilkey seems to be convinced, however, that these commentators are suggesting that since the transcendent God is absent from this world—and, as a consequence, there is no transcendent or holy dimension to life in the world either in the church or elsewhere—there is no God and no need for the church. Whereas, what at least some of these commentators are suggesting is that God's transcendence is only maintained and the church's nature and purpose only clarified when God's absence is affirmed and taken seriously.

It is true, as Professor Gilkey affirms, that the source and origin of the church is the Word of God. But this Word is too narrowly conceived if it is defined only as a message about something God has done. The Word of God is something God is doing, and it is in response to this prior activity of God now and in each new now that we become his church.

Again, it must be acknowledged that Professor Gilkey himself declares that the Word of God which creates and recreates the church is neither a system of doctrine nor a series of scriptural passages, but the living impact of God on man. If this is so, however, then it would seem that the purpose of the church is not so much to mediate God to man as to stand in the world as a witness to man that this reality which is acting upon us is God. Professor Gilkey wants to find this point of impact in the sacred and religious areas of life within the church which are separated from the world. He doesn't find it there, not because such a point of impact does not exist, but because to the religious man it looks like the point of no return.

Maybe this means that the church *cannot* minister to the world without losing itself. Maybe this means that only when we do lose ourselves will we find ourselves. Seems as though we have heard this somewhere before!

—C. EBB MUNDEN III



ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

CONTRIBUTORS

THE ART CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH are a magnificent breed, as usual. There is **KENNETH PATCHEN** on the front cover; then he turns up again for another go at Christmas on page 43. **JIM CRANE** gets in his digs and **ZDENEK SEYDL** is for Conversion, of a sort. **BOB HODGELL**, like Crane, is artist-professor, that dubious proliferation in our day, has a drawing on page 20 and a print on Cover 3. The Brazilian sculptor-muralist-draughtsman **ABELARDO DA HORA** appears again through one of his *Streets of Recife* series: exactly what one sees and feels there in the Brazilian Northeast. **LEONARD DELONGA**, a Georgia sculptor, lends his own view of our age of gadget worshipping. And the master wood engraver, **HANS ORLOWSKI** contributes. Like the poetry with which it appears, the ink drawing of **NAOMI WRAY**, who now lives in India, is inspired by biblical imagery. **CAROL KELLY**, with *Noah*, is a first-time contributor this month; a recent graduate of Scarritt College. And, after a long absence, the drawings of **ROBERT CHARLES BROWN** are most welcome.

POETS: CAROL HILL, philosopher by training and poet by disposition, is now living in Ithaca. **ANTHONY TOWNE**, who insists that he is "a Christian and a poet, but not, please, a Christian poet," has recently had work in *The New Yorker* and the *Sewanee Review*. Mr. Towne is almost unique among poets at the moment in his ability to use biblical language meaningfully without resorting to irony, homilectics, or splintered diction. **FRANK MERCHANT** credits *motive* with helping him break out of a fifteen-year-long dry spell in his writing. "Christ of the Bavarian Roads" was begun on a *Autobahn*, and revised aboard ship, during a European junket last summer. **DUANE LOCKE** teaches at the University of Tampa, where he is editing the striking and ambitious *Poetry Review*. **HARVEY BATES** is a prodigy: a clergyman who knows the difference between a poem and a sermon. He works on the staff of the University of Maine.

JOHN SOMERVILL is an instructor in psychology at Arkansas State Teachers' College.

ROGER ORTMAYER, spending a sabbatical year in Austria, is indulging himself in Byzantine art, European

cuisine, and the sheer joy of not meeting 8 o'clocks at Perkins School of Theology where he is professor of Christianity and the Arts.

WILLIAM K. McELVANEY is the pastor of St. Stephen Methodist Church in the Dallas suburb of Mesquite.

WILLIAM PAULK's fiction most recently appeared in the *Georgia Review*; another story was honored in the *Best American Short Stories* series. He has also recently published a one-act play, *The Gallery*.

SHIRLEY M. KENT is an associate editor of *PRINTER'S INK*, the weekly "bible" for those in advertising and marketing.

NORBERT WIENER, one of the world's ranking mathematical analysts and internationally-known author of *Cybernetics*, was professor at M.I.T. from 1919 until his recent death.

RICHARD E. WENTZ sends an occasional manuscript which gives insight into the significant contributions he is making as faculty director in the University Christian Association at Penn State.

JOSEPH HAROUTUNIAN, *provocateur par excellence*, is a professor at The Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

PAUL SCHLUETER teaches English at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. This essay is an expansion of his earlier essay, "The Dissections of Mary McCarthy," which appeared in *The Contemporary American Novel*, edited by Harry T. Moore (Southern Illinois University Press).

KURT VONNEGUT, Jr.'s fifth novel, *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, will appear in February. He is probably best known for his earlier science-fiction novels.

BOOK REVIEWERS include **WILLIAM E. RHODES**, chaplain at the University of Denver and **C. EBB MUNDEN III**, pastor of St. Matthew's Church in Metairie, Louisiana.



WHERE CAN WE HIDE?

ROBERT O. HODGELL

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Research Laboratory of the General Forge and Foundry Company was near the main gate of the company's Ilium works, about a city block from the executive parking lot where Dr. Breed put his car.

I asked Dr. Breed how many people worked for the Research Laboratory. "Seven hundred," he said, "but less than a hundred are actually doing research. The other six hundred are all housekeepers in one way or another, and I am the chiefest housekeeper of all."

When we joined the mainstream of mankind in the company street, a woman behind us wished Dr. Breed a merry Christmas. Dr. Breed turned to peer benignly into the sea of pale pies, and identified the greeter as one Miss Francine Pefko. Miss Pefko was twenty, vacantly pretty, and healthy—a dull normal.

In honor of the dulcitude of Christmastime, Dr. Breed invited Miss Pefko to join us. He introduced her as the secretary of Dr. Nilsak Horvath. He then told me who Horvath was. "The famous surface chemist," he said, "the one who's doing such wonderful things with films."

"What's new in surface chemistry?" I asked Miss Pefko.

"God," she said, "don't ask me. I just type what he tells me to type." And then she apologized for having said "God."

"Oh, I think you understand more than you let on," said Dr. Breed.

"Not me." Miss Pefko wasn't used to chatting with someone as important as Dr. Breed and she was embarrassed. Her gait was affected, becoming stiff and chickenlike. Her smile was glassy, and she was ransacking her mind for something to say, finding nothing in it but used Kleenex and costume jewelry.

"Well. . . ." rumbled Dr. Breed expansively, "how do you like us, now that you've been with us—how long? Almost a year?"

"You scientists *think* too much," blurted Miss Pefko. She laughed idiotically. Dr. Breed's friendli-

ness had blown every fuse in her nervous system. She was no longer responsible. "You *all* think too much."

A winded, defeated-looking fat woman in filthy coveralls trudged beside us, hearing what Miss Pefko said. She turned to examine Dr. Breed, looking at him with helpless reproach. She hated people who thought too much. At that moment, she struck me as an appropriate representative for almost all mankind.

The fat women's expression implied that she would go crazy on the spot if anybody did any more thinking.

"I think you'll find," said Dr. Breed, "that everybody does about the same amount of thinking. Scientists simply think about things in one way, and other people think about things in others."

"Ech," gurgled Miss Pefko emptily. "I take dictation from Dr. Horvath and it's just like a foreign language. I don't think I'd understand—even if I was to go to college. And here he's maybe talking about something that's going to turn everything upside-down and inside-out like the atom bomb."

"When I used to come home from school Mother used to ask me what happened that day, and I'd tell her," said Miss Pefko. "Now I come home from work and she asks me the same question, and all I can say is—" Miss Pefko shook her head and let her crimson lips flap slackly—"I dunno, I dunno, I dunno."

"If there's something you don't understand," urged Dr. Breed, "ask Dr. Horvath to explain it. He's very good at explaining." He turned to me. "Dr. Hoenikker used to say that any scientist who couldn't explain to an eight-year-old what he was doing was a charlatan."

"Then I'm dumber than an eight-year-old," Miss Pefko mourned. "I don't even know what a charlatan is."

—KURT VONNEGUT, JR.