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MOTIVE MARCH 1965

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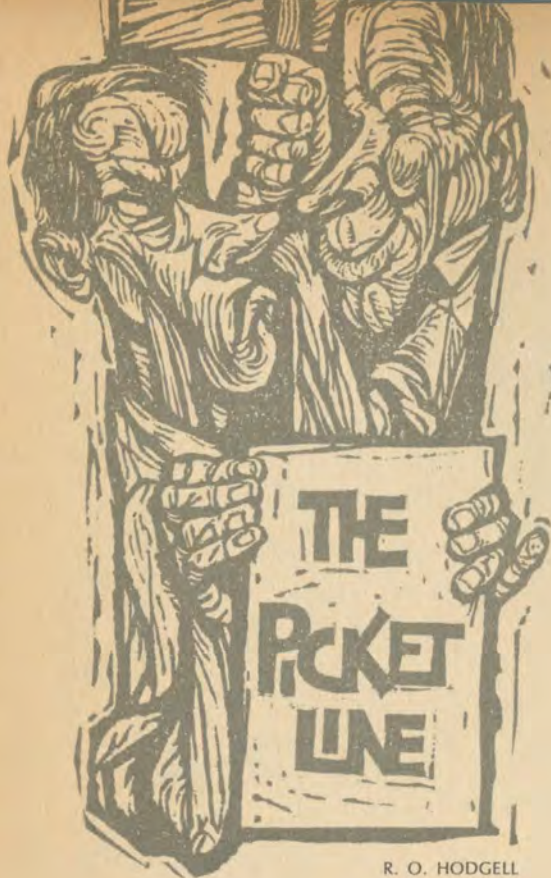
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FRONT COVER: AS WITNESSES TO THE LIGHT. SERIGRAPH PRINT BY SISTER MARY CORITA, IHM. Sister Mary Corita combines the art of the marketplace and the Gospel in affirmation and celebration in the midst of everyday life.

PHOTOGRAPH: EDWARD WALLOWITCH, NEW YORK





R. O. HODGELL

Thank you for the December *motive* which came to me unsolicited. I don't know what I have done to deserve it. I'd been thinking that only the Catholics and Jews were putting out magazines of so much fire and beauty. St. Stephen Church may owe much to Ronchamps and shows the good order which is returning to church building, after the long and weary neo-gothic era. This comes partly by Catholic rethinking of the liturgy, but it stands and speaks for itself without eclecticism or apology. And I'm especially happy to see the glowing cover and the page of Kenneth Patchen, a poet and artist who deserves far more admiration and gratitude than has been given him.

PETER YATES los angeles, cal.

I am a Seaman Recruit stationed at San Diego, California. Coming from the First Methodist Church, Santa Monica, "boot camp" was quite a shock to me. I have made plans to enter the ministry and was not prepared for the type of people I met here.

As I got to know the recruits I was living with, I felt a need to minister as much as possible to them (and myself), for the language was atrocious and the subjects discussed often-times worse. I found myself being only slightly successful in changing the trend of thought, and was on the verge of frustration when my first *motive*, the Nov. issue came in.

When the other guys saw me reading it, many of them asked to look at it. Although there are only ten Methodists in my company, it began to gain popularity. Now, two days after the Dec. issue of *motive* came in, it has seen almost constant use.

Without a doubt it has been a far more successful vehicle of decent thought and of God than either myself or the Sunday services we all attend. My thanks are out to you. May God truly bless all that you do.

JAMES NEWMAN U.S. Navy

I sent, dear sir, a subscription of *motive* to a friend who wants to go into the ministry of the Episcopal Church and who, I thought, needed the theological and intellectual stimulation *motive* offered. He has thrown each issue since October in the trashcan as your political bent prevented whatever worthwhile there was from getting through to him.

Please, please be a little conservative and go back to what made *motive* great in the past (new, exciting art and photographic work, relating student life and problems thereof to Christianity, etc.). Or be liberal and try change. I wouldn't mind if you threw in a political position now and then . . . or a satire. But a little bit of either one goes a long, long way.

JO ANN VINCENT dallas, texas

The reactions of many of the members of your church to your magazine is certainly similar to the reactions one could expect from many of the members of my church (Presbyterian). These people remind me very much of some parents in their dealings with their children. The youngsters who stay out and play when they're supposed to, come when they're called, and don't talk too much at the table are jewels; but the ones with a constantly questioning curiosity, the ones who aren't satisfied with the answer that the stork brought baby sister or even that she came in the doctor's bag, these are brats. I am grateful to you for the strong Christian witness you provide by being "brats."

With regard to the January issue, the almanac theme is beautifully carried through. Another theme appears well followed: that of answering the objections of your letter writers in the body of your magazine. Unfortunately I doubt that Mr. Scott properly appreciated the press release on the poverty pavilion any more than Mr. Keck did the lynching license. The people who most need to understand an article are usually the ones who fail most completely.

JOHN SPRAGENS, JR. florida presbyterian college

The almanac issue of *motive* arrived, and in hopes that I would finally get a suitable calendar this year, I tore the wrapper off. I had already been disappointed by the funeral home back in my home town in Kentucky that had always sent me a calendar with a picture of a scene from the life of Jesus for every month. Although one of my high church friends had mailed me a little desk calendar, it was useless for anything more than clearing up the exact days on which one paid oblation to St. Hilary or St. Denys. Alas, *motive* also lacked a useful calendar. Of course, if there had been one, then someone on the staff might have read it, and might incidentally have noticed that the January issue would not arrive in our eager hands until well into the month. Since this editor had probably already received his February *Playboy* and March *Mad*, along with three Christmas cards for 1965, he would know that in spite of its progressive label, *motive* was still sadly in need of updating.

When I was halfway through, I began to wonder who had let Margaret Rigg loose in the type font. Half the time I could read what was written, and the other half, I had to get out the plastic magnifying glass which I had found two years ago in my breakfast Cracker Jacks, and then try to decipher what you were saying in spite of the well-scratched plastic in my lens.

The letter section seems to have gotten stuck in October. People are now writing letters about letters in the November issue about the October issue. I'm going to wait until I can answer the March letters about the January letter about the November letters about the October issue before I become involved.

Imagine my surprise when I reached the backest page, with the littlest type and found that I was playing the organ for a lower middle class parish, or at least that someone thought I was. Jean and Warren Davis did recently leave our parish, and we miss them. Of course, after years of reading *motive* we all know in our hearts that it really doesn't make any difference what kind of church you're from—God loves you anyway.

And God loves you too, *motive*. The newsman down at 18th and Chestnut doesn't. He's still waiting for the January issue.

JOHN E. FRYER, M.D. philadelphia, pa.

motive reaches me through my housemate and I've thoroughly enjoyed the issues I've seen. Contents are interesting, challenging, alive. The art work is beautiful.

The January issue is superb. You must have had a wonderful time putting it together. I read it from cover to cover at one sitting, and every time I thought that it just couldn't continue to be this good, I found myself again rolling in the aisles.

My special thanks to Jean Davis and John Fergus Ryan for making me laugh to beat all records.

CHARLOTTE K. MUNGER saugatuck, connecticut

Having read your January issue, I've decided that it is absolutely necessary to send this letter. This literary attempt has been inspired by both a technical difficulty with my subscription and this most unusual deviation in your publication.

Would you please ask Jean Reynolds Davis ("Hurried Hints For Harried Homemakers") when she studied the Doppler effect in Physics 1? Most collegians study that in Physics 1.

You asked on your R.S.V.P. form (which I couldn't send back for want of a pair of scissors, a jackknife, or a sharp beer can opener) what we thought you should do with your newly-found editorial wit. My own humble opinion is that even though this very amusing and delightfully sarcastic edition was a welcome break from your usual long-haired, way out, and mystifying style it should not become a permanent format for the magazine. It must be remembered that, as hard as it is for some people to realize, college students are people. And one of the peculiarities of this race is that each one is different from all the others. It just can't be said that all college students are lovers of free verse, or that all students are bourgeois. It appears to me that in order to get all the different types of students to think about what is and what isn't worthwhile in the world, or what Christianity is really all about, it would be best for you to use a varied format. This doesn't mean that the editors would have to come up with a new brainstorm each month but rather that *motive* should be able to throw a curveball once in a while that will show another facet of the messages it is trying to relay.

I'd like to end up by pointing out to Michael and Stephanie Harrington that the question in Newburgh and in Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative* was not the principle of welfare but rather the misuse of it. I have seen people who needed wel-

fare and got it, and women who have used welfare to support various lovers (the net results of which were more illegitimate children which provided a larger check from the county). In the first case, the government is assuming a very important role which at one time was a function of our churches. In the latter example the government is doing a beautiful job of ruining what moral fiber the country does have. I'll have to admit, also, that the second example is also a fine example of the government throwing (my) good (tax) money after bad.

RICHARD R. POTTS potsdam, new york

I never cease to be surprised and pleased at the apparently unending novelty of art and ideas in *motive* . Whatever your critics may say about *motive* , surely it will provide some future investigator of the American scene with insight into American culture hardly matched by any other journal I can think of. I could hardly detail all the good things you are doing in spite of the fact that I get the feeling you are catering to a certain class of appetites. But you certainly have your hand on the pulse of things that interest collegians.

MILTON D. HUNNEX willamette university

I was embarrassed for the Methodist Student Movement when I read Michael and Stephanie Harrington's poor attempt at satire in the January *motive* . Their article, "The Poverty Pavilion," was unworthy of publication by a magazine of the quality of *motive* and which is attempting to address today's college student.

I say this because the whole thrust of "The Poverty Pavilion" is to simplify the problem of poverty by simply placing blame for its existence upon "American industry" and those who are not poor, and conveys the impression that for some reason our present economic system is incompatible with the solution of the problem of poverty. This should be an insult to the intelligence of the students who read *motive* for they should recognize that the problem is far more complex than that, and that part of the blame for the existence of poverty lies with the poverty-stricken themselves (a lesson I learned working in community development work in northern New Mexico this past summer).

I am looking forward to seeing some truly significant articles on the problem of the existence of poverty in an overwhelmingly rich nation, and hope that *motive* will avoid publishing of the poor quality of "The Poverty Pavilion" in the future. Such articles make *motive* sound like the poor-mouthed liberals of twenty years ago who blamed all our problems on "Wall Street" and their conservative cousins who blame all our problems on the "communists." Unfortunately our problems are much more profound than that, and you can help by avoiding the trap of protest, earnestly meant, but poorly focused.

JAMES DUERR santa barbara, cal.

You intrigue me. Your mag improves with age—mine, for example. You run the gamut from social comment to social comment and, amazingly, you don't seem to lose your mind doing so. The gem, "Golden Banjo" (Jan.), was used with a high school group by this writer. It was amazing how much of it they failed to recognize as humor—or was the failure on the part of the writer? Nevertheless, I enjoyed every square inch of the January issue. May your year be full of succulent little pranklets, served up to show us ourselves and our society—a smug, smilingly sinful spatula-full which may be dropped into the frying pan (a la Johnny Edwards) anytime.

W. C. GAWLAS pittsburgh, pa.

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MARCH 1965

THE ECLIPSE OF SIN

BY JAMES M. GUSTAFSON

PROTESTANT ethics are fickle, particularly the versions that become popular with undergraduates.

(By noting this, I am not referring to the particular moral problems that concern Protestants; there is a fickleness here too, though it is one that often relates to the moral concerns that are important in the culture.) Attention should naturally be given to race during a racial revolution and to sex during a sexual revolution. Maybe sometime attention will be given to automation during a new industrial revolution, though this is not as likely since it does not evoke the passions and the indignations that sex and race do. At the level of moral concerns one must expect and approve the attention by Christian students to what is being attended in their society.

The fickleness I wish to deal with is directed in another way. It is fickleness in theological conviction, fickleness in the selection of the sources of belief and insight that inform our moral action. Not only do we properly focus upon particular issues whose importance appears to change (I would guess sex is now replacing race as the topic of discussion), but we seem to find the theology that sustains our momentary (in the light of the history of the Christian community) moral dispositions. In our concern to seek "relevance" we must recreate in each generation the theology for morality. The question implicit in this need only be made explicit: do we first assume a moral posture and then seek the theology to sustain it? Or are there certain affirmations about man and God that have more continuity and authority than our momentary dispositions which ought to inform our posture and judgments?

The only student conference I ever attended as a student was in the days when the discussion of sin

was most fashionable. Sin was the clue to everything; any other explanations were superfluous. I recall a feeble effort I made, in a sociological mode, to suggest that the reasons there are four churches on four respective corners in Lawrence, Kansas, are rather complicated. There are diversities of tradition, and probably each of the various traditions had a valid instrumental value in the past—and *might* still have in the present. There are ethnic factors and other social-cultural factors. And the reasons could be expanded. Some sweet theological student from the school I now call home reminded me that the school I then attended apparently had not yet grasped the significance of sin, and there was one clear answer to the question posed by the four churches on four corners. The discussion had to take place on a theological plane, not on a sociological one. With some timidity I suggested that sin was involved, but that there were manifold gifts of the presence of the spirit of God, and that God in his gracious wisdom might use some diversity of churches to bear witness to his will and work. But the grace of God was no more fashionable than sociological interpretation in that particular student generation. Sin was—in a way that would embarrass the theologians who did the most to recall the attention of the church to its existence in sin—the clue to almost everything.

In the sphere of Christian morals the interpretation of life under the category of sin had a particular import. It reminded us that no matter how many "religious experiences" we might have had in looking at the sunset over the lake or mountain at the summer conference ground, we were not to rely upon them to give us accuracy in moral judgment and action. No matter how often we frequented the Lord's Table, no matter how many communions we "made," there was no assurance that our moral impulses were regenerate. Whether we had answered the altar call in a revival meeting and had properly wept over our sins "to rise to a new joy in the Lord" was a matter of indifference when it came to real moral sensitivity. The accumulation of knowledge about ethical ideas, and conditioning of character by good schools and happy homes was no certain ground for moral wisdom and courage. We could strive to fulfill the law of love in every relationship, but could usually expect to miss the mark. We could open ourselves to the love of God—that distinctive *agape* that could be differentiated from all other forms of love—and yet we were turned inward upon ourselves, serving our own ends

BE OF LOVE
(A LITTLE)



MORE CARE
FUL THAN
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and needs rather than the ends and needs of the neighbor. The fact of our sin, our unfaithfulness to God and to the neighbor, was part of the matrix of self-understanding. It cautioned us to self-criticism, to rigorous examination of our moral judgments and actions, to daily repentance for the failure to be and to do what God enabled and commanded us to be and to do. It made us tentative about our natural impulses to assume that to do what we desired to do was to do what God and his love directed us to do. We could not be happy warriors for a cause, but only mournful participants in the moral struggle.

Since then some things have happened in student movement theology—that hybrid mode of thought which seeks to be in tune with what the turgid professors are saying on the one hand, and with the cultural mood on the other. The theology of grace was translated into English so that student leaders could read it. It was received as if it were a new breakthrough in theology, as if no one in the history of Christian thought and life had ever written or thought about it before. At the same time we have come to see ourselves in some new mirrors: Arthur Miller (who turned out not to be as existentialist as we like men to be because he seemed to locate the problems in the order of society rather than within the self), Camus, Genet, Becket, Ingmar Bergman, William Golding, and those other authors that have been the steady diet of Wesley Foundations and their ecclesiastical cousins. We discovered that we are in a "world come of age," in a "mature world." And now, according to William Hamilton's *ad hominem* theological journalism (see *Christianity and Crisis*, October 19, 1964), if we are critical of Bonhoeffer we have retreated into the world of Faith and Order Conferences (assumed to be a disparaging remark), and are not concerned with the cutting edges of Christian witness. There is a newly *in* world of theological and moral discourse. We are concerned with "modern man"—and if this modern man does not exist as widely as we would like to think he does in Texas, New York, innumerable suburbs and universities, then by nourishing a generation on the student theology we will surely create the modern man to whom we wish to speak.

MY hearing apparatus may not pick up all the right signals, partly because (I can hear this charge before it is made) it is insulated from the signals by the ivied halls of academic theology,

but what it hears is—in summary—something like this: Christ is Lord—though we ought not to make anything of that in metaphysical terms. The churches exist to keep religion alive, and certainly religion is corrupt and sinful even if the world is not (don't forget, Christ is Lord of the *world*). To call for rigor and self-examination in moral judgment-making is to court legalism, and God knows (or if he does not, we surely do) that legalism provides false crutches to weak human beings who in their reliance upon it cannot achieve their authentic humanity. The world of which Christ is Lord is something of a mess, though if we are to interpret this we use the language of sickness and despair, rather than the language of sin, since the language of sin seems corrupted by moralism. So in all this, we are to be involved in the world, identified with it (an especially pleasant thing if "it" takes the form of a physical body of a member of the opposite sex with whom we share a sense of belonging to each other), and respond to its needs.

There is a sentence from *Honest to God* that in many ways summarizes the signals I seem to hear when upon occasion I imprudently answer an invitation to participate in student meetings, or injudiciously accept an invitation such as the one being fulfilled by this particular article for this particular journal. One hesitates to be critical of *Honest to God*; goodness knows it has caused enough ink to run, and William Hamilton (whose friendly judgment I feel) has already prejudged anything I might say to be "patronizing." The sentence is on p. 115: "Love alone, because, as it were, it has a built-in moral compass, enabling it to 'home' intuitively upon the deepest need of the other, can allow itself to be directed completely by the situation." (Unfairly, I quoted this sentence at the dinner table with a group of undergraduates the week before the Yale-Princeton week-end with all of its bacchanalia. I leave the description of their response up to your sinful imaginations, dear readers.) To make my point, all I ask is "what has happened to our understanding of ourselves as unfaithful sinners before God and the neighbor?"

"Love alone . . . can allow itself to be directed completely by the situation." There are many things in this affirmation that cry out for more precise interpretation than is given them in the text. Surely the word "love" is used to refer to many things that can be distinguished from each other. Are God's love and human love different, not only in kind but in quality? Is love to be understood in one, or all four of the terms that

Professor Tillich has delineated in *Love, Power and Justice*, and in *Systematic Theology*, Vol. III, i.e. *agape*, *eros*, *libido*, and *philia*? Is there a love that is knowing, almost cognitive, of what the situation requires? How is such a love, with its "built-in compass" and its homing instinct related to human desires and human passions? Or is love a basic disposition of the will directed toward a proper object? Do we assume that somehow the finite loves and desires of men are ruled, directed, determined by a proper higher love—God's love, or some other really right and true love? Does love in fact have a reliable built-in compass, even after we have clearly delineated the way in which we are using the word? We might delineate it so that we have a tautology, but that in the end is of no help to the undergraduate facing a college week-end. Indeed, the question that most concerns us now is whether human love is in such a state of grace, or such a state of uncorruption by nature that we can rely upon its "intuitive" direction toward the deepest need of the other.

One can rely upon love without setting it in the context of sin as well as grace and natural goodness only if some very large assumptions are made. One might trust its homing intuition if we assumed that the effects of faith in the lordship of Christ, and the effects of the objective rule of Christ (however understood) were so overwhelming that human love is reliable and pure. This would seem to assume that in its cognitive elements love overcomes the wall of separation between selves in such a way that one truly perceives and understands what the deepest needs of others are. It seems to assume that love is the ground of a sure and certain knowledge—intellectual in character—that directs us to the morally right and good act. Now, I would wish to affirm that to love someone is to understand him differently than if I did not love him; but is that understanding of such clarity and reliability that I can permit myself to be guided by the situation in order to know what the deepest need of the neighbor is? I suspect I would have to test this kind of assumption empirically, in a particular loving relationship. Not to risk generalization from my own experience, I would have to affirm that even in relation to my wife, whom I have loved for almost two decades, I cannot claim always to know what her deepest needs are in particular situations. This is the case because two never become one; she remains a person independent and distinct from me, enveloping

a mystery of her own existence that is not mine to penetrate fully even if I desired to do so. It is also true because my relation to her, as my relation to my children whom I love, is ever tainted if not corrupted by self-regard and other forms of evil. Whatever compass my love has, whatever elements of intuition are present in it, it is not beyond critical scrutiny and judgment. And even with scrutiny, it daily misses the mark of what the deepest needs are in others, and uses their needs as a pretext for the fulfillment of my own needs. Now, no doubt, I am more degenerate than others are, and therefore need to subject the homing instinct of my love to other compasses than its own more than others do, to work at a critical analysis of what the needs of the other and the situation are more than the moral virtuoso, the truly saintly man does. But I doubt if I am basically different from many men. Indeed, I find that reliance upon love (presumably my own capacity to love, even though this might by some means be directed toward proper objects or be purged of some elements of self-regard through the efficacy of God's grace) is itself a form of self-regard that not only expresses my sin, but also leads to morally corrupting—if not disastrous—consequences in the lives of others.

Or perhaps we are to understand love as being more passive than active. Perhaps we are not to assume that human love is regenerate, and thus reliable, but that the needs of the other and the situation in which we live is the reliable active agent, and love's compass directs our passivity to the proper, fitting act and relationship. If this is the case, it too carries the baggage of heavy assumptions, theological and moral in character. What is the deepest need of the other? Is it some highly generalized thing—to be loved, to be affirmed in his existence? If it is, how is this made clear in and through the particular needs that he might have? Or is there no problem here, so that what the neighbor thinks is his deepest need in the moment is his most real need? Is his need corrupt? Maybe not as he stands before God: there his deepest need is reconciliation of his corruption. But his need made known to me may very well be corrupted. What is it that is to guide the homing instinct of love? His understanding of his need? Or some superior understanding that I have of the need behind the need? He may want me to support and affirm his existence; he may need someone to make a moral judgment on the state of his being and his deeds. Or it might be the reverse. He may want (for some corrupted and per-

verse reason) someone to make a severe moral judgment upon him; he may really need a word of affirmation. What directs the compass? Or do we assume some kind of automatic harmony between needs and love? At a high level of abstraction this might well be possible, but the deeds and relationships of men take place with some particularity, in finite bodies, limited mentalities, and perverse moral natures.

WHO rules the situation that is to direct us? Are we to assume that the sovereignty of God is so powerful and directive in the events of the world that by permitting events to govern the pointing of our compass we will get to the right place at the right time to do the right thing? Or are we not dealing with something infinitely more complex and difficult than that? The response of the undergraduates at the dinner table, while trite and unsophisticated, nevertheless points to a problem in governing interpersonal relations this way, not to mention the more complicated social situations which require our action. The situation on the college week-end that is to direct their compasses is one that will be brought into being by (among other things) drink and heavy petting. Are they to rely upon being directed by that situation to make a moral response? Or are the canons for a moral judgment to be found in a moral good that exists elsewhere, and pressed upon both the situation and their compasses? Indeed, the situations are already ambiguous by virtue of the mistakes men have made in the past due to ignorance, and to the perversions they present to us as a consequence of human sin.

THE eclipse of sin from the patterns of self-understanding and interpretation that (if my antenna is at all accurate—and I claim no thorough research for what is a piece of journalistic theology) is now current in student movement theology sets things up nicely for what is in fact a rather uncritical ethics of self-realization. It is not strange that Erich Fromm's *Art of Loving* is present on the book tables of student conferences, and is usually one of the first to be sold out. Nor is it strange that Bonhoeffer's *Cost of Discipleship* with its costly obedience, its ethic of heavy self-sacrificial demands, gets less treatment than the intriguing phrases of the *Letters and Papers*. Certainly underlying the sophisticated language of some of the literature on the new morality in sexual relations is the provision of an occasion for a realization of immediate desire, a not too thinly disguised hedonism

of a lower order under Christian auspices. Are we to assume that the self which seeks its affirmation and realization—even in intellectual life as well as in sexual life—is so free of corruption, so untainted by sin, so redeemed by grace that the compasses it has are to perceive intuitively what is right, or to be directed by the situation?

Maybe a Christian ethic can be cognizant of sin, and still speak of the affirmation of one's "true self," his "true humanity," his "essential selfhood," but there is not much literature that takes seriously the task of distinctly relating what is "true and essential" to what is *prima facie* present in impulses, loves, desires, and intuitions, not to mention needs and situations. Maybe with great theological sophistication all these problems can be worked out, so that what the neighbor truly needs is also what I truly love somehow in the economy of human life; or, if we still are old-fashioned enough to speak about God, in the economy of God. But it is not clear that what might be worked out theologically can itself be transferred to the level of human morality as moral counsel or wisdom without taking into account the existent state of corrupt and finite human natures.

If we are to continue to think about the moral life within the demands of the Scripture, we face another crisis in the crypto-self-realizationism of the new morality. That is the persistent theme of the demands of self-sacrifice as a proper way to be a disciple of Jesus Christ. This can only be suggested here, for it opens up a whole box of puzzles to be worked out at great length and with great care. The question is: What are the claims of Jesus (Wow! Does anybody still talk like that?) upon those who call him Lord? These claims have their own authority; they stand extrinsic to ourselves; they provide a compass that is not built-in and probably is more reliable; they do not promise intuitive insight that unites love and need, love and situation. As sinful man, seeking to be obedient to Jesus Christ, perhaps I need more to rely upon what is known of him, and what the Christian community has understood him to require than upon a built-in compass, a homing instinct, an intuition.

All these words are meant to say one simple thing: Let's bring Reinhold Niebuhr's *Nature and Destiny of Man* back into the canon of student movement theology again. Because it is twenty years old does not mean it is *passé*. Curiously, in our fickleness we act as if there is no wisdom but that which is making today's headlines.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR CONTINUES

*"The kiss burns his cheek,
but the old man clings to his idea."*

I
If it were not for these things—
these inconsistencies between your vision
of mankind and what, in fact, he is,
faith would be a tattered mask,
the simulacrum of a skull—
concealing what? A skull, of course.
That must not be. Faith is a cunning vise
to pinch our freedom into useful paths.

The myth of Godhead clinched in flesh,
mercy wedded to justice immaculately,
finding apotheosis in Golgothic slaughter
and the chill assumption on which
the mad depend—
all this requires a tension unfit
for metaphysics, bereft of human sense.

But things are not so arranged:
the universe is silent as a tomb.
We have no roots in this or any world,
no hope and hence no fear. Cosmic bastards,
strangers, castaways, and only the ship,
the sailing matters—
only a steady course. And steady courses
are the products of sailors who behave.

II
I have seen trapped wolves survive
the unspeakable, break away from angry
peasants. But the end was known: for that
night or the next—a week at most—
and your wolf was rotting in deep grass,
corrupting a water-hole. And on that
shaggy corpse the marks of his own teeth.
In his fierce crystal eyes the absolute
fulfillment of despair. All of which
he might have gotten quickly, once
the trap had sprung, by simply lying still.

III
The fossil remnants of God remain
to be explained. That is our function.
Inventor of reason, he stepped beyond
his creature, rose in glory
while disciples gawked. Out of his robe,
by accident perhaps, fell the pebble
of Rome. But through the increment
of centuries, as he drifted onward
beyond the limits of this galaxy,
eyes still warm and kind, mouth full
of figs and mustardseed, that perilous
rock has grown into an anvil upon which
hard sayings are tortured into steel.
The hammer is discipline: the product truth—
or a likeness, a graven image of it,
if you will.

There are eight sacraments. The last
is Obedience. Holiness is not intensity;
sanctity does not consist of shrieks.
The circuit of the Law is a cold road
and at its end, a dark cottage
in which the Holy Family waits
like waxen figures in a Christmas scene,
behind the house a shadowed lane.
The trip is best made with eyes
straight ahead. Arrival is worth
the horror, the pain.
And all of the dead are sane.

—JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

COFFEE HOUSES: EVANGELISM OR EVASION?

BY JOHN D. PERRY, JR.

It is fashionable these days in campus work to say that no one knows where he is going or why. This confusion may be because it is in fact going in many directions at the same time. Those who pride themselves with always being on top of any situation will find the campus whirl distressing—but for those who are able to live with ambiguity in a dynamic field, it promises all the thrilling adventure of a James Bond mystery story. That many chapters are left yet to be written is part of the excitement—and the challenge.

A tentative version of one such chapter in the adventures of the campus ministry is beginning to be written on the coffee-stained tables of the coffee house. About eighty such coffee houses have sprung up in the past five years almost like the spontaneous mutations that follow a nuclear explosion. These coffee houses are found in every section of the country under the sponsorship of almost every major denomination. While the typical coffee house lives in the student center basement on Friday and Saturday nights under the guidance of the campus pastor, the other particulars are as fluid and diverse as campus ministers themselves. Some are upstairs, some down. Some serve only coffee, some full meals. Some represent several thousand dollars' investment, while others began with a used hot plate and a jar of instant coffee.

What is it about the coffee house which accounts for its widespread appeal? Why has this program form

been adopted by so many diverse groups in so many diverse locations? Why is it working so uniformly well on such different campuses? What is it that the coffee house people are trying to accomplish anyway?

One of the most exciting aspects of the coffee house movement is the diversity of theological rationales which different houses use to express their purposes. Yet even within this diversity many themes keep recurring.

One of the most frequently heard themes is *freedom of expression*. In an age of middle-class conformity and sterile freedom the coffee houses encourage a wide range of opinion and feeling. The coffee house serves as neutral ground. Various groups and types meet in the possibility of communication within a context of freedom and openness. By urging free expression the coffee houses hope to expose and develop the talent of artists and performers and to lead the audience—and, not incidentally, the church itself—into a new openness.

For the church, it is a way of meeting the world in a relationship of human equality which paves the way for dialogue and interpersonal relations. The intent of the church is to be of service to the world and community. This is an active, personal ministry of the laity to the needs of their neighbors. It gives the laity a place to express love of God for the world or, in another figure, to incarnate Jesus Christ and function as his body, in the servanthood of the congregation. For some it is evangelism defined as re-creating the good news. In this movement the coffee house is a servant to the whole church: an extension of her mission.

The church's stance is first that of listening—to hear and see what God is doing in the world apart from the rigid confines of the ecclesiastical organization. The church tries to become what it is in faith, the kingdom of God on earth.

For most people the word "evangelism" is dated, diverse, troublesome, and distorted. As a matter of fact, as it is usually understood, it is also dead wrong. But there is a danger in simply substituting "new" words like "presence" (as the World Student Christian Federation has done in recent study documents). The danger is that to allow the "old" understanding of evangelism to remain on the books might lead some to think that it remains an option which might be resurrected at some future date. An analogy is in order: the first ocean-crossing ship equipped with radar was sunk by an iceberg because, in a pinch, the



"BACK DOOR" COFFEE HOUSE, UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE, KNOXVILLE

captain reverted to his old tried and "proved" understanding of navigation. The captain should have known that radar was a better way of achieving what he wanted to accomplish. Unless we understand that the kind of evangelism which I am describing is the *only* kind of personal evangelism possible in the 20th century, we might be tempted, in a pinch, to revert to the "old tried and proven" methods. I cannot imagine anything more ludicrous than "saving someone's soul" in a coffee house!

To apply the term "evangelism" to the activities of the coffee house is in no wise an attempt to "justify"

the coffee house ultimately. But, there can be no equivocation: the coffee house ministry is not simply a clever and relevant evangelistic gimmick. It is the model for the only kind of personal evangelism which the church has any business undertaking at all. In her evangelical mission, the church must "give up" her sacred heritage and privileged position and become, once again, the servant of the world. The traditional *Impedimenta* will be preserved—but only in the archives and the academy. In her mission, the church must abandon her defenses and meet the world naked, clad only in her faith.

In the coffee house this means that the church must exchange her elegant facades for basement dugouts. The red carpets will be replaced by sawdust and dirt. The stained glass windows will give way to coffee-stained tables, and the silver chalice will be exchanged for porcelain cups and saucers. In the past, church buildings—by their very design—were set apart from the world. But in the coffee house the church tries to look like the corner restaurant or the favorite student hang-out.

There is good theological reason for this movement: it is a structural manifestation of the new theological undertaking of sanctification. In the past Christians have tried to be good Jews—and ended up being Pharisees. The church has stressed the “religious” virtues of sanctification—such as pious discipline, clean living, and adherence to the Law and laws. The new understanding is expressed most eloquently by Karl Barth, who stresses instead the “theological” virtues of sanctification—such as being conformed to Christ in his suffering and obedience, his servanthood and his hidden majesty. For Barth, our sanctification does not necessarily imply any specific outward changes in our conduct. Kierkegaard had said, over a century ago, that every second philistine he met on the streets of Copenhagen could, for all he knew, be a veritable Knight of Faith. And John Wesley would have agreed to that too, but he threw in so many contingent qualifications (and they were more contingent than he imagined them to be) that Methodists have been confused about sanctification ever since—and they have had a big influence on the rest of American Protestantism. We have mistakenly tried to be like the Pharisees, when we should have tried to be like Jesus. We have pretended to be actually righteous, sinfully not trusting fully in the righteousness which we have through Jesus Christ.

We must learn again that Jesus did not attract world attention to himself by appearing any different from the world around him. In fact, to the world he looked so ordinary that no secular source took any notice whatsoever of his life, or his death. Moreover, when Jesus was confronted by Pilate and given a chance to declare himself, Jesus steadfastly refused to either affirm or deny his divine commission (how different from us!). Jesus left it up to Pilate to decide who Pilate saw standing before him. And Pilate, worldly man that he was, saw no one spectacular or distinguishable. The church, if it is to be conformed to Christ, must likewise stand before the world without claiming any “worldly”

difference to prove its divine commission. It must labor incognito, in the ordinary looking coffee houses of the world. If Christ is present in this coffee house, he will be perceived by the eye of faith. We need not resort to sacred designs, buildings, or the traditional symbols in any vain attempt to do what only God himself can do—to quicken faith in Jesus Christ.

THESE will have to be, as it were, a complete “re-tooling” of the evangelical weapons. In her mission, the church is going to have to give up her precious well-worked stories about the life and death of Jesus Christ and her well-worn questions about the state of men’s souls before the impending judgment. In our pluralistic age, these stories have become agents of divisiveness, rather than heralds of reconciliation. But there is a more important reason than this simple pragmatic one for shelving the old familiar story: it remains highly suspect as truth.

This is not to say that the “story of Jesus” isn’t true. It is most likely true in its historical dimensions, and most assuredly true theologically. But it is to say that the proclamation of the story of Jesus’ life, death, and resurrection is not the whole core of the proclamation. In fact, taken by itself, it is false. We have been misled in the past by asking “what did the apostles preach?” That question can be answered truly and simply: “Jesus Christ and him crucified,” as Paul put it. But that is not necessarily the right question to ask concerning our evangelism. It is too narrow; it *presupposes* rather than proves that the evangelical task is “telling a story.” We might ask “What did the apostles *do*?”, but even this is too narrow because it presupposes that the emphasis in evangelism is upon the activities of the apostles themselves. In fact, as has been suggested, the Biblical “Acts of the Apostles” would more properly be entitled the “Acts of the Holy Spirit.” That is because that book asserts that the activity of the Holy Spirit is the *central* fact about evangelism and the evangelical task.

This is certain to be troublesome to American Protestants in general. Jesus Christ didn’t fare very well in the deism of our Founding Fathers, and their stepchild, liberalism, is still very much with us. We have only recently learned to talk of “Jesus Christ”; how much more difficult it is to discuss the Holy Spirit. The rather crass revivals of interest in the Holy Spirit on American campuses in the past two years, centering around *glossolalia*, have only served to heighten our resistance



"BLUE DOOR" COFFEE HOUSE, HARTFORD. DOWNTOWN COMMUNITY COLLEGES POOL EFFORTS FOR IN-SERVICE STAFF TRAINING STUDY GROUP.

to the very mention of his name. But my purpose is not to plead for the Holy Spirit—rather, it is to announce that he is pleading his own case—in the coffee houses!

That calls for an explanation, and here it is: the tongues incidents last year reminded us all that the Bible *does* speak of "signs" of the presence of the Spirit. When the excitement wore off and ordinary Christians could once again mention his name without snickers, they began to look again at Acts (cf. John Cantelon's *A Protestant Approach to Campus Ministry*, Appendix). They discovered again that the Spirit is supposed to be at work in and through the activities of the apostles. And they wondered if this Spirit was not indeed the same spirit that is at work in the coffee houses. He had been there all along, although we only now begin to understand why he called us into the coffee house business. Wherever the Spirit is at work, the church's message will be confirmed by "signs" of his presence. These are not to be signs of *response* to the message, but signs of power which accompany the message and confirm it—the tongues of fire at Pentecost came not from the apostles, but to the apostles, from Heaven. Are there any signs of power accompanying the message of the coffee house?

The coffee house building is itself a concrete sign of

concern for the nameless faces of the metropolis and the masses of students on the campus; this may very well be the "sign" which confirms the message. This may be the proof that the spirit is "working with them." It is a far cry from the embarrassing situation when one pious soul challenges another's salvation. There the only "sign" is embarrassment, which contradicts the message that "God cares." But in the coffee house the message that God cares for men is both proclaimed and acted out.

Another example: "Christ died to set you free!" If we compulsively apply coercion (the overwhelming heritage of centuries, the power of social pressure) the accompanying signs says "you must, you have to believe"—which contradicts the proclamation. The only sign which can confirm the message of the freedom that is to be found in Jesus Christ is the presence of real freedom in the lives of the coffee house workers themselves. If we are defensive and arrogant in our proclamation of Christian freedom, we contradict with our lives what we say with our lips.

The message of the church must be true in both *content* and *context* if it is to be true at all. True statements can be rendered false by placing them in the wrong context. We all have seen or heard the man who objected furiously, pounding the table: "I am objective, I am objective!"

All this is to say that a message of salvation can be

preached in a context of damnation which overshadows and negates the message. Or, as Reuel Howe says, the "good news" can be preached in such a way that it becomes "bad news."

Another "proclamation" suggests a good coffee house illustration: If we are to preach that men are accepted just as they are, we must preach it in a context which *in fact* accepts men just as they are. In the coffee house this means opening the doors to all sorts and conditions of men—including those who spill their coffee on the floor, crush out their cigarettes on our rugs, challenge our precious heritage to our faces and even try to seduce the waitresses in the kitchen. Not that we encourage these activities—but neither do we demand rigid conformity to middle-class etiquette as a precondition for our fellowship.

It must be a special dispensation of divine grace whenever a student wearing Sunday-best clothes hears with his inner heart the message of salvation by grace alone. In the context of the good works required for Sunday morning worship service, the message of grace fights an uphill battle. On the other hand, when the coffee house worker is able to say to the slob who has done nothing to merit acceptance and everything to make that more difficult: "God cares for you," perhaps we do indeed have a case of the Lord working along with his apostles, confirming their message by the signs that attend it.

It is *humanly* impossible to accept the slobs who take advantage of our hospitality in the church-run coffee houses. They come, week after week, night after night, and tell us how indifferent they are to all that we hold sacred and precious. We try patiently to explain how much Jesus Christ means to us, and they laugh in our faces or, worse still, a sly condescending smile comes to their faces. All that we can do to and for and with them is to serve them—coffee, a program, food. We can say that we care about them, we can demonstrate our love for them, we can wait on their needs, but we cannot "tell" them anything. They have heard it all, they think. As soon as we drag God into the conversation they tune out.

And if we listen to what they say, we learn that the message which they have already heard from the church is anything but the gospel. It is, for some, a system of superstition and magic; for others a Sunday school attendance program; for still others a way to earn entrance into a supernatural second world based entirely upon conjecture. For some, it is a glorified Father image (and daddy just doesn't stack up against

boy-friend). In every case the symptoms are different and the disease requires a different cure. Each "case" is singular, individual, personal, and requires years of patient loving care.

We can even label two characteristic approaches—the life-history type and the existential type. In the former, the new-style evangelist of the coffee house seeks to understand the religious and theological ideas which the customer has come to hold and their context—his life. In the latter, he seeks to share an "existential encounter" which the two of them have with a work of art, drama, music or poetry. In either case, he shows warm human concern for the other person, primarily and first of all by being a good listener, by trying to understand the other as he presents himself.

There is nothing more painful for an evangelical Christian than to listen to a garbled, distorted theological mind rattle off half-baked religious views without rushing in to edify the poor slob and show him how he has got it all wrong. It takes much patience to resist the temptation to try to undo 20 or 30 years of twisted theology in 20 or 30 minutes. But a frontal assault will always be resisted. The only viable alternative is to project yourself into his situation, and that takes both patience and skill, as well as love. And it cannot possibly be accomplished by one who is defensive about his own religious views.

Neither can it be accomplished unless the other is willing to let the evangelist share his perspective—unless, that is, he reveals himself willingly to our evangelist. This will only happen when he is willing to trust the evangelist as a person who is genuinely concerned about him as a person and a human being. So, there are the weeks and weeks of serving coffee patiently, of providing a place for students to find or bring dates. It takes many hours of contact to establish rapport, during which time the other is constantly testing the evangelist to see whether his interest and concern is genuine or subversive. If he concludes that the evangelist has some hidden motive—seduction into a sect, conformity to a set of propositions—he will probably never allow a deep relationship. But if he concludes that the evangelist is sincere in loving him as a human being the soil has been prepared for understanding what Christians mean when they say "God does care. God does accept you the way you are (beard, vulgar tongue, and hostility included!)."

At least he has the experiential basis for understanding the Christian proclamation—at some future date and place. Now at least he has some evidence which

"KOINONIA" COFFEE HOUSE, UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT



"KOINONIA" COFFEE HOUSE



VERMONT CONGRESSMAN, HON. ROBERT STAFFORD, SPEAKING AT "THE LOFT" COFFEE HOUSE (SERVING COLLEGES IN BURLINGTON AREA) ON CIVIL RIGHTS.

contradicts his perhaps heretofore correct impression that Christians were all, and only, hypocrites.

COFFEE house proprietors are not of one mind at this point. Some feel very strongly that the good old Christian "gospel" ought to be explained sometime in the course of coffee house activities. Others feel quite the opposite: "Christian" religion and theology have no place at all in the life of the coffee house. This group takes D. T. Niles' statement that evangelism is "one beggar telling another where they both can find food" in its most literal sense, so that they fight very hard against giving anyone the impression that they know any more of life than the other does.

But most coffee houses operate somewhere between these two extremes. They have a clue that somehow the church has the answer—Jesus Christ—but they are aware that the gap between the church and the world has grown so wide that it defies the customary bridges. They know that the problem of relating the theological jargon of the church to the rapidly evolving language of the world is the church's biggest task. They are not arrogant enough to think that the world should be expected to speak and hear the church's language.

But neither are they so timid that they rate all answers equal. Rather, they believe that their "cross" is to find the means of communication to bridge the gap between these cultures.

THE tools are being found in some areas. The coffee house employs modern art forms—painting, sculpture, music, and written forms, to find new common ground for the discussion of the ultimate concerns of the world and to find new means of expressing the old familiar truth. (So much has been written and said about this in *motive* and elsewhere that no more need be said here.)

In the second place, the old neat distinctions between "service projects" and "evangelistic proclamation" have been obscured. We customarily think of service projects and evangelism as two separate and absolutely distinct categories of Christian activity. Service projects involve physical labor directed solely at the object of service—recreation, tutorials, health, education, voter registration and the like. Evangelism, on the other hand, is conceived as verbal proclamation of the Word or words about the historical event of Jesus Christ and its significance for individuals. Evangelism, as it is usually viewed, involves no service and service involves no evangelism. In fact, it is usually considered

unethical to discuss Jesus Christ in the YMCA gymnasium, and those few who have done this publicly have been a source of embarrassment to the rest of us.

But in the coffee house, the old distinctions are broken down. There, the service which we provide *includes* talking about what is important to us—our ultimate concerns as human beings. For human beings who are religious, this quite naturally includes talking about religion. For these people the service includes the proclamation of the Word. And, in every case where the waiter or waitress is also recognizable and willingly a human being (how different from the corner restaurant!) he will at least have Tillichian "ultimate concerns" to share and discuss.

We might expect that the church would have a hard time proving to the world that she truly wants to listen to it. After all, in this "post-Christian" age, the church is highly suspect. But in fact, the experience of the coffee houses has been that where the church enters into dialogue with no hidden agenda and no ulterior motives the world will talk gladly and freely with her.

For a time a few critics seemed to suggest that the church would have to give up Sunday morning worship and the "chaplaincy-to-families" ministry. That suggestion was never realistic nor was it well received. The answer lies in adding a Saturday night coffee house—or *its equivalent*. Sunday morning stays the same—but Saturday night the church can demonstrate its willingness to serve, to listen, to wash cups and saucers as is our custom (in Jesus' time they washed feet—but then times change!).

The task is not easy. It was easy—and rewarding—to state our case for Jesus and persuade the campus heathens to accept the wisdom of our enlightened ways. But it is not easy to demonstrate our love for the world. It is not easy to be suffering servants. It is even more difficult to suffer ingloriously, washing dishes and mopping floors.

IT remains to be said what the coffee house is not. There are a good many valuable things that cannot be done in or through this activity—including almost all forms of structured activity and action. Corporate worship and Bible study certainly do not belong in the coffee house program. There is little opportunity for any meaningful involvement in social and political action (although these can be discussed easily there). These areas of Christian concern must be met by structures other than the coffee house.

The coffee house approach to mission is highly unstructured and personal, and the danger always lurks



"THE EXIT" COFFEE HOUSE, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

that we might spend all of our time in the personal mission of the coffee house without ever coming to grips with the structures of society and corporate social action. The coffee house could, therefore, become the breeding ground for a new kind of religious "personalism" which thrives on "eye-ball to eye-ball relationships."

To guard against this, the coffee house must be part of a larger program, if not organically (as, for instance, sponsored by a local congregation), then at least through the lives of its members who spend a good deal of time outside the house itself.

Another safeguard against the "ingrown toenail syndrome" is to bring the means of grace into the coffee house itself. Especially if the members of the house do not belong to a larger congregation, they must bring the Word and sacrament into the coffee house.

In the coffee house context, this can be accomplished by a corporate Bible study hour before the doors open to the public and "coffee and doughnuts" communion. It doesn't matter whether the form is liturgical or not—but it must take some form. The work of the coffee house requires superhuman strength—which can only be found in the gracious presence of the Lord himself in our midst.



RELIGIOUS MYTHS OF THE TLINGIT INDIANS

BY DALE B. DeARMOND

THE Tlingit Indians live in Southeast Alaska and are a part of the Northwest Coast Indian culture which includes the tribes living along this coast from Yakutat through British Columbia. This lovely green land of great mountains cut by fjord-like waterways has a temperate climate damp and cool in summer, relatively mild in winter.

Before the white traders came the Tlingits and others in this culture were seafarers, traders, hunters, fishermen, warriors, and artists. The sea teemed with fish and edible seaweeds. The beaches yielded various kinds of shellfish; there was plentiful game in the great rain forests. Their villages of big communal houses were built on points of land where they could watch the sea for raiders. In the winter there was leisure for ceremonies and dances and the making of songs and stories and for visiting back and forth among the villages. They developed an elaborate art and everything was embellished and made beautiful, from the sheeps horn spoons to the great house posts. They made huge feast dishes of carved wood inlaid with abalone shell and dentalium. Some were weavers and made intricately patterned dance shirts and ceremonial blankets. The tribal story tellers were the historians and passed on the traditions and tales by word of mouth.

The great Northwest Indian culture is dead, of course, but vestiges of it still remain. Some of the old customs still survive in the villages. Some of the native families still have old ceremonial costumes, the dance blankets, and shirts, the wonderful carved and woven hats and occasionally a group will bring these out and perform some of the old dances.

Ethnologists have recorded hundreds of the mythological tales of these people and most of us in Southeast Alaska are familiar with some of them, at least. Of these tales the *Story of Raven* seems to me to capture the very essence of this land and this people. At the same time it contains fascinating elements of the universal myths: the creation, the great flood, the virgin birth and others. The *Story of Raven* has come from a dim past but Raven's descendants are still with us, especially out in the villages: great black, lordly rogues, strolling the beaches, gossiping on the rooftops, conferring on the docks. They have a certain comic dignity and a derisive air. On windy days they play wild games in the sky, sliding down the air currents, chasing each other in well organized games of tag. Sometimes two ravens will fly very high, grasp claws and tumble almost to earth and then fly up and do it all over again. They are inquisitive, greedy, and alarmingly intelligent. A certain mystery clings to them. At dusk they all fly away, deep into the mountains, and no man knows where they nest. Just before a summer rain the ravens sit in the trees and give their lovely, melancholy "water-call": two deep, bell-like notes, once heard remembered forever.

Woodcuts seemed an excellent medium for illustrating these tales. The Tlingits worked mostly in yellow cedar which is an almost perfect wood for print blocks, finely grained and responsive. All of the Raven blocks were cut in yellow cedar.

I tried to keep these prints as simple and direct as possible and to use the northwest coast art forms without being bound by the rigid conventions of the style.



BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE TLINGIT RAVEN MYTH

Raven was the son of a divine being whom no one has ever seen. When Raven was grown his Father gave him the strength to make a world.

A man at the head of the Nass River kept the sun, the moon, and the stars hidden in his house. Raven tricked him out of all three and set the sun, the moon, and the stars in the sky.

There was no fresh water in the world except for an everlasting spring which Petrel guarded and kept for himself. Raven stole the water from Petrel and escaped through the smoke-hole but his white feathers were blackened by Petrel's pitch-wood fire. After he escaped Raven used the water to make the great rivers of Alaska. The drops that fell from his mouth became the small salmon streams.

Raven saw fire floating far out on the water and sent Chicken Hawk to bring it to him. Then Raven put the fire into the white beach stones and the red cedar so that people everywhere could make fire when they needed it.

Raven cleverly used the foreleg of a giant beaver for a post to hold up the earth.

Raven taught the people to make many things, jade tools, and canoes and fish-traps.

Using his magic devilfish cane Raven brought an everlasting house ashore. When it came ashore it burst open and all the creatures of the sea were set free to provide food for the people everywhere.



Raven tormented the old woman who controls the tides by sticking sea-urchin spines into her buttocks until she promised to let the tides rise and fall each day through all the months and years so that people could find shellfish on the beach when the tide was out.

Then Raven went among the shellfish with his magic devilfish cane and rooted out those which would harm human beings.

Once when Raven wanted to see what lay under the waters of the earth, he had the tide woman raise the waters to the tops of the mountains and a great flood covered the earth.

Another time Raven flew into the mouth of a whale and lived inside the whale, eating its parts, until it died and floated up on a sandy beach.

Raven named the birds and told them how they were to live.

Raven made the winds and instructed them in how they were to blow.

One day a man quarreled with Raven and Raven turned him into a wild celery plant and said that people would eat him every spring.

Although he never became such a great person as his father, Raven did many things for the people but he taught them lots of foolishness too.

By and by people found out about spirits and shamans and forgot about Raven and now only the old people remember him.



RAVEN STEALS DAYLIGHT

Raven was first called "Son of Kitkaositiyiqua." When he was born his father tried to instruct him in all things and told him that after he grew up he would give him strength to make a world. After trying in all sorts of ways Raven finally succeeded.

Then there was no light in this world but it was told him that far up the Nass River was a large house in which someone kept light just for himself.

Raven thought over all kinds of plans for getting this light for the world and at last he hit upon a good one. The rich man living there had a daughter and after journeying to the place where the man lived Raven turned himself into a hemlock needle and dropped into the water which the girl was drinking and the girl became pregnant and when her time was come she gave birth to Raven.

Bundles of many shapes and sizes hung on the walls of the house of the Chief of the Nass. When the child became larger he crawled around back of the people, weeping continually and as he cried he pointed to the bundles. At last the grandfather said, "Give my grandchild what he is crying for. Give him that one hanging on the end. That is the bag

of stars." So the child played with the bundle, rolling it around on the floor until suddenly he let it go up through the smoke hole and the stars scattered out of it arranging themselves as you see them now.

Some time after this Raven began crying again and he cried so much that it was thought he would die. At last the grandfather said, "Untie the next one and give it to him." He played for a long time with this bundle but after awhile he let that go up through the smoke hole also and there was the big moon.

Now just one thing more remained, the box that held the daylight, and Raven cried for that. His eyes turned around and showed different colors, and the people began thinking that he must be something other than an ordinary baby. But it always happens that a grandfather loves his grandchild just as he does his own daughter, so the grandfather said, "Untie that last thing and give it to him." The grandfather felt very sad when he gave this to the child. When the child had this in his hands he uttered the raven cry, "Ga," and flew out with it through the smoke hole. Then the Chief of the Nass from whom he had stolen it knew he had been tricked and he cried, "That old Raven has stolen all my things!"



RAVEN SETS THE SUN IN THE SKY

RAVEN SETS THE SUN IN THE SKY

OPPOSITE PAGE

Raven came to a large town where there were people who had never seen daylight. They were out catching eulachon in the darkness when he came to the bank opposite the town and he called out and asked them to take him across the creek but they would not. Then he said, "If you don't come over and get me I will have daylight break on you."

The people did not come over but they called back saying "Where are you from? Do you come from far up the Nass where the man lives who has daylight?" At this Raven opened the box of daylight just a little and shed so great a light on them that they were nearly thrown over. He shut it quickly, but they quarreled with him so loudly across the creek that he became angry and opened the box completely and the sun flew up into the sky. Then those people who wore sea-otter or fur-seal skins, or the skins of any other sea animals, went into the ocean, while those who wore land-otter, bear, or marten skins, or the skins of any other land animals, went into the woods. All became the animals whose skins they wore.

RAVEN NAMING THE BIRDS

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After having been down among the fish teaching them, Raven went among the birds. He said to the grouse, "You are to live in a place where it is wintry, and you will always look out for a place high up so that you can get plenty of breeze." Then he handed the grouse four white pebbles, telling him to swallow them so that they might become his strength. "You will never starve so long as you have these four pebbles," he told grouse.

Raven said to the ptarmigan: "You will be the maker of snowshoes. You will know how to travel in snow."

Next Raven came to the wild canary, which is found in the Tlingit country all the year round, and said, "You will be head among the very small birds. You are not to live on what human beings eat. Keep away from them."

Then he went to the robin and said, "You will make the people happy by letting them hear your whistle. You will be a good whistler."

Then he came to the snipes and said to them, "You will always go in flocks. You will never go out alone." Therefore we always see them in flocks.

To the bluejay Raven said, "You will have very fine clothes and be a good talker. People will take colors from your clothes."

He came to the hummingbird and said, "A person will enjoy seeing you. If he sees you once he will want to see you again."

He said to the eagle, "You will be very powerful and above all birds. Your eyesight will be very good. What you want will be very easy for you." He put talons on the eagle and said they would be very useful to him.

And so he went on speaking to all the birds and giving them names.

RAVEN IN THE WHALE

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One day Raven came upon a great whale blowing along out at sea. And Raven saw that every time the whale came up his mouth was wide open. So Raven took his knife and something with which to make fire and when the whale came up he flew into its mouth and sat down at the further end of its stomach. When the whale came up it opened its mouth and herring and other fish came pouring in. Raven ate all of these things and then he made a fire and cooked the fat of the whale itself. Last of all he ate the heart of the whale and when he did this the whale died.

Then Raven wished very hard that the whale would float up on a long sandy beach. By and by the whale did so and Raven called out from inside the whale. Some young boys who were playing on the beach heard him and ran into the town to tell the people about the dead whale and the strange voice. When the people came down to the beach they began to cut up the whale and Raven managed to escape unseen. He hid himself until the people had made much oil from the whale then he came into the town and asked if they had heard a strange voice coming from the whale. And when they told him that they had Raven shook his head and said that where he came from this was a very bad thing and when it happened all the people went away from that place lest they be destroyed. So the people fled leaving all their things behind, and Raven took possession of their things and lived in the town for a long time.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO MAKES EARTHQUAKES

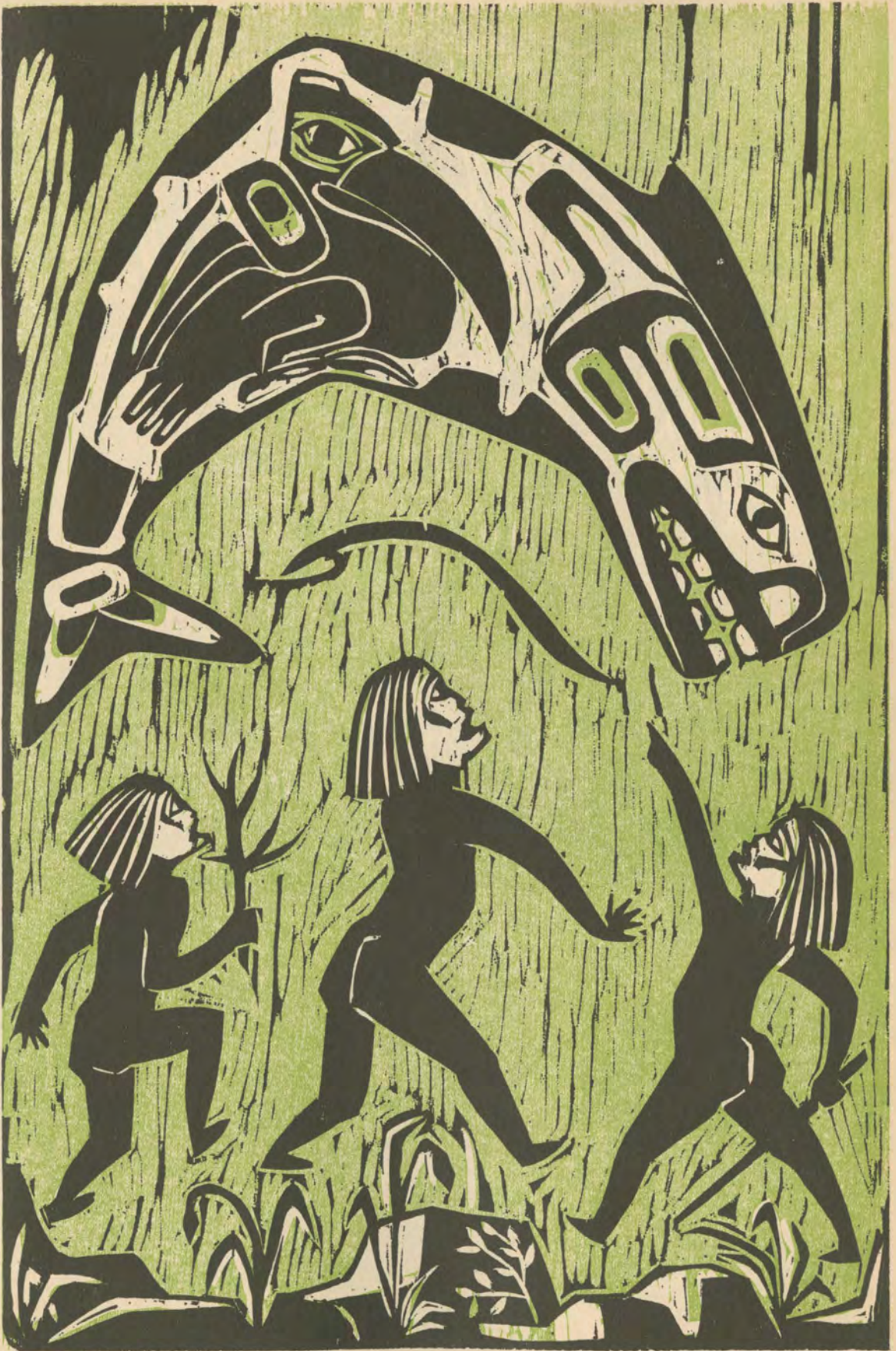
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Once Raven wanted to put a post under the earth. He tried many things but nothing suited him. Finally he found a giant beaver who lived in a lake. Raven dug two trenches and drained the lake. He killed the giant beaver and used the foreleg, which is very solid, for the post to hold up the earth.

Then Raven put "Old Woman Underneath" to care for this post. When the old woman is hungry she shakes the post and that is why we have earthquakes. Then the people run to put grease in the fire and the smoke goes to her and feeds her.



RAVEN NAMING THE BIRDS



RAVEN IN THE WHALE



RAVEN MAKES A GREAT FLOOD

One time Raven wanted to learn about everything under the water so he had the Tide Woman raise the water so that he could go there. This made a great flood but he had it rise very slowly so that people could load their canoes. When the tide lifted them up between the mountains they could see the bears and other animals walking about on the still un-submerged tops. That was a very dangerous time. The people who survived could see trees, roots, large devilfish and other sea creatures carried up by it.

When the tide began to fall the people followed it down but they had nothing to use for firewood so many were destroyed by the cold. When Raven came up from under the earth he turned all he met into stones.

When all the human beings had been destroyed Raven made new ones out of leaves. Ever since human beings were made of leaves people always die off rapidly in the fall when the flowers and the leaves are falling.

OPPOSITE PAGE: THE OLD WOMAN WHO MAKES EARTHQUAKES.



*A Coin For
Each Eye*

STORIES

BY

*Mauro Senesi
and
Alexei Panshin*

Death of Orfeo

BY MAURO SENESI

If you go slow as slow can be, down a long road, you never get there. Or you get there at night, when if you meet a black man dressed in black you don't even see him. Orfeo said that, then began to walk so very fast that after a while I couldn't keep up with him and had to stop still for ten minutes, with my tongue hanging out, to catch my breath again.

He in the meantime had passed around a curve, at least a mile away, disappearing from my sight. An uneasiness then took hold of me, vague at first but stronger and stronger every step I took (and I made them as long as I could) since I didn't succeed, let alone in rejoining him, even in catching sight of him again, of my friend Orfeo.

Was he really, though, a friend of mine? Not that I knew him or for that matter knew anything about him other than his name: I had met him just an hour ago, just beyond the city limits of Lascienville, and we had walked along for a while together: during which time he had told me only that his name was Orfeo and that he had a rendezvous down at Bledana with a certain Mrs. Sguaith.

But his eyes were transparent and benevolent, this is the point (even toward someone like me, barely met and diffident, ambiguous imposter that I am), so that you felt immediately like loving him or at least like becoming strangely fond of him.

It was the same, I see now, as if you happened upon an old picture of yourself (it had got lost who knows when) now forgotten, and it had given me a natural sense of astonishment to find it before me clean and pure, almost as if since that time my eyes had never been clouded over.

But it outdistanced me again and in my hurried chasing there was already the consciousness of a lost chance, of an impossible reunion. Orfeo, Orfeo! I think I even called him at the top of my voice: and

perhaps he heard me, I hope he heard me even if he wouldn't or couldn't answer.

Another fact which aroused my curiosity was that appointment with the certain Mrs. Sguaith: Orfeo took it too much to heart for it to be a simple love affair. Besides, I knew almost everyone down there at Bledana, but I couldn't recall anybody with a similar name: nor could I recall any woman (maybe it's malicious of me to say so) whose promise of a rendezvous could put wings on the feet of a man handsome as without a doubt Orfeo was.

So as to make him leave behind a friend whom he had just met and who would have been glad to walk along together with him, simply so he could get there a few minutes earlier. I'm trying, obviously, to create grounds for resentment against Orfeo and, as a result, an alibi for my subsequent behavior. I'm trying to show that if he had waited for me, nothing of what instead happened would have happened.

But I've small luck and can't convince even myself: the picture I have of Orfeo and above all the transparency of his eyes, the innocence the candor the courage the joy the love the enthusiasm to be seen in the bottom of them, remain engraved in my soul's memory as the noblest and most living thing I have ever had occasion to behold.

At the same time as I called him, then, I was aware that he couldn't stop to wait for me: otherwise his destiny wouldn't have been fulfilled. And now I must put you on your guard once more against my prejudiced interpretation of the facts, for I know as well as you that sometimes a movement of a finger suffices to change the entire course of events: especially if that finger is laid against the trigger of a carbine.

I had a carbine slung over my shoulder and it weighed down on me, it prevented me from walking fast, so that I would have gladly thrown it away. Damn it all anyway: if I had, now I'd have a final, decisive,

truly valid excuse. I didn't, though, I even kept it tight under my arm, with a bullet in the barrel, knowing very well that that was a really dangerous road for a white man to be on alone, after a while.

I caught sight of Orfeo again, at last, when I had already given up hope, scarcely two miles out of Bledana. He had stopped down there right at the end of a straight stretch of road, in the middle and with his arms hanging loosely, his legs slightly spread apart and bent, in a sort of expectation.

I hoped, really, he was waiting for me: and I slowed down on purpose, to get even with him for the breath I had wasted running. I felt a strange kind of jealousy, I must admit, toward him: because he took longer steps than I did or on account of his rendezvous with that certain Mrs. Sguaith, I'm not sure.

I was a hundred years away from him, in any case, when the black man rose before him. A huge black man and dressed in black besides, who stood out with unparalleled clarity against the white road and against the white sky, in front of my white friend Orfeo.

If you meet a black man dressed in black at night you don't even see him, Orfeo had said: whereas it was still day, a white day, white as I have ever seen before or since, a day made on purpose so you could see a black man dressed in black. So much so that the world seemed to become diluted, colorless, seemed to disappear as soon as the black man dressed in black was there in the middle: it was a little like witnessing an eclipse of the sun and the sun was Orfeo whereas the black man was black as the moon that covers the sun.

I might say that I didn't know right away how hostile to Orfeo the Negro's intentions were. Instead I don't want to attempt a new lie, now, and acknowledge that I knew at once, as soon as the unforeseen Negro appeared before him, Orfeo, that his fate, the fate of Orfeo, was sealed. That I knew, I acknowledge, that only I with my carbine could have, had I wished, modified it in any substantial way.

The black man approached Orfeo, who stood motionless waiting for him, with his legs still spread apart, bent, uncertain, almost as if he had been hypnotized. If he had run away, in my direction, I think maybe I would have shot, shot, shot at the Negro to protect my strange and tender friend Orfeo.

But no, he stood motionless before him with the greatest fear and the greatest courage that I, now that I have seen them there, can imagine. And the black man calm and huge advancing, coming to tower over him second after second, against the background of that world so white it seemed nonexistent.

The black man stretching his long arms toward

Orfeo, quietly, so quietly I could have deceived myself that he wanted to caress him: as he took him by the neck and squeezed suddenly, smiling blissfully, sure of what he was doing and yet unaware, so that I couldn't tell whether he hated him or was killing him out of an excess of love.

I could have fired, this much is certain, shooting the black man in the middle of his forehead: for I'm a good marksman and the Negro's entire head projected above Orfeo's, forming a perfectly visible target. I could have, in that way, saved Orfeo and permitted him to arrive at that rendezvous with the certain Mrs. Sguaith.

Now I shall try to analyze, calmly, the reasons for which I remained still instead, following the line of sight along the carbine barrel to the death agony of Orfeo at the hands of the Negro. In the first place there is, without a doubt, the fact that to prevent the Negro from becoming a murderer I would have had to become one myself, by killing him.

It may be, I warn you again, that I'm bringing up this moral problem in an attempt to construe a final excuse for myself: but the problem exists in any case: whether we have, that is, quite the duty to save someone else's soul by damning our own to hell. What did I care about the soul of that absurd black man arisen in the middle of the road with the precise and mysterious intention of killing Orfeo?

I didn't care, not a bit. Then I must conclude, must admit that an important part in my decision not to intervene belongs to Mrs. Sguaith for whom Orfeo had put wings on his feet so as to outdistance me and therefore find himself alone before the black man dressed in black.

(If I had taken longer steps myself, here's a fundamental question, would the black man have arisen just the same from the white road?) Anyway, I cut across a field of white grass, so as to avoid the black man who was strangling Orfeo slow as slow can be on the main road, and I arrived at Bledana when perhaps my friend hadn't yet stopped dying.

I asked the first passer-by (a little black boy whose face was all smiles) whether he knew who that certain Mrs. Sguaith was and where she lived: so as to inform her, you understand, of the dreadful end her lover had come to and (depending upon the circumstances) to console her.

He told me, that silly inoffensive and merry little black boy, that Mrs. Sguaith lived down that way, just where the square began: and that she was, he told me, the mistress of the cemetery (which, in civilized language, means a proprietor of a funeral home): then why had Orfeo run so fast? ■

The Death of Orville Murchison

BY ALEXEI PANSHIN

THE fat man had seen the whole thing, and that was why he was skeptical. He'd been in at the death, so to speak, and he wasn't about to surrender his proprietorship of the facts of the matter, the whole story, to the first fellow who came along with a loud rumor.

"Car lost its steering and jumped the curb," he said to the first people who came. He waved the hot dog he was munching like a Roman tourist guide and said with a full mouth, "Smashed the hell out of that guy there. That's the driver over there talking to that cop."

The body was laid out neatly, the dead man's sport jacket laid discreetly over his face. On the sidewalk near him lay a torn brown paper sack and pieces of broken milk bottle, some of them with teardrops of milk still clinging. Just above the right front headlight of the Chevrolet resting comfortably with its nose in the window of a pawn shop and its tail on the sidewalk were streaks of milk and of blood.

People gathered. Two policemen held the crowd at as careful a distance as they could manage.

". . . wasn't so bad," the newcomers said to each other. "I saw one over on the Drive and they had to cut them out—it was a head-on—and when they did, there was blood . . ."

". . . and every day he says, every day: 'Frieda,

where you been today?' like every day I was off to Europe or something, instead of just down to the corner days when I got the price of a beer. Well, tonight I got something to tell . . ."

". . . you really think they bury them if nobody claims the body? You out of your head, man. They dump 'em in an incinerator and . . ."

The fat man had his little circle. ". . . in the grill next door," he said, "and when I thought it was going to end in my lap, I nearly swallowed my hot dog whole . . ."

The driver of the car was standing at one side, waving his hands and talking rapidly, while the policeman in charge nodded and made notes in a little brown-covered notebook.

"See, he dropped the milk bottle," the fat man said, "and the bottle got hit first in the air—milk flying all over the place."

There was a little man in the crowd with gold-rimmed glasses, a graying mustache, and a business-like air, small business. He watched what was going on and listened to the fat man's running account.

". . . forty, fifty thousand people every year. It's statistics, see. Your number comes up and you're meat. You can't beat it. He wasn't smashed up so bad you couldn't look at him. See the cut on his hand there? That's from the glass."

Somebody said, a newcomer, well, who was it got killed?

The fat man swallowed the last of his hot dog and said, "It wasn't nobody. Just some jerk walking down the street."

At that the little man with the glasses looked up at him with tears in the corners of his eyes. "Do you know who that was?" His voice was loud enough that people looked at him. He said, "That was Orville Murchison." He pointed at the body. "Yes, right there. Orville Murchison."

The fat man said, "Who's that?" with an edge in his voice.

"Seems to me I seen that name in the papers," somebody said. "Texas oilman, wasn't he?"

"No," somebody else said. "That's Clint Murchison."

"I still seen his name in the papers. Didn't he give the money for that hospital on the South Side?" He appealed to the little man.

The little man nodded.

The rumor spread away through the crowd that the dead man was somebody important. A man named

Murchison. Several people watching recognized him from his picture in the papers, even under the jacket laid over his face.

The bald man didn't know anything about Orville Murchison, couldn't add anything about him, and he shortly lost his audience to those who could. He started to turn away, but then a thought struck him and he looked for the man in the gold glasses, but he couldn't see him. He tapped one of the people by him and said, "How'd that guy know it was this Murchison fellow? He wasn't here when they covered him up?"

The man looked at him, somewhat annoyed. "So how do I know? He recognized him there. So what do you want?"

In a few minutes, an ambulance whined its way up the street and came to a stop at the curb. Two brisk young men in white brought a stretcher over to the body and the crowd surged forward around them.

The fat man didn't move. He stood there for a long moment, and then with a let's-settle-this air, walked over to the policeman who had been taking the driver's statement.

"That wasn't Orville Murchison," he said.

The policeman looked up. "Who?"

"The guy who got killed."

The policeman opened his notebook. "Alfred Thompson, 217 Grove Street."

In an unhappy tone, the fat man said, "There's a guy going around saying it's some millionaire named Murchison."

"There's no law against that, buddy."

The fat man started to turn away, and the policeman said, "Hey, was this a little guy with a mustache, glasses with metal rims?"

The fat man said eagerly, "Yeah, it was."

Tiredly, the policeman turned and yelled to one of the others, "Hey, Charlie, that nut's back. You know, the guy with the mustache."

"So what's he do?" the fat man asked.

"He shows up at smash-ups. When somebody's dead, he makes up names and tells everybody that the guy was important, only they never are. Man, we get all kinds. At least he's harmless."

The fat man turned away and kicked fiercely at a piece of the broken milk bottle that was lying on the sidewalk. It went skittering away and fell into the gutter.

He said, "He ought to know better than fool people like that. He oughta be locked up." ■

TWO POEMS

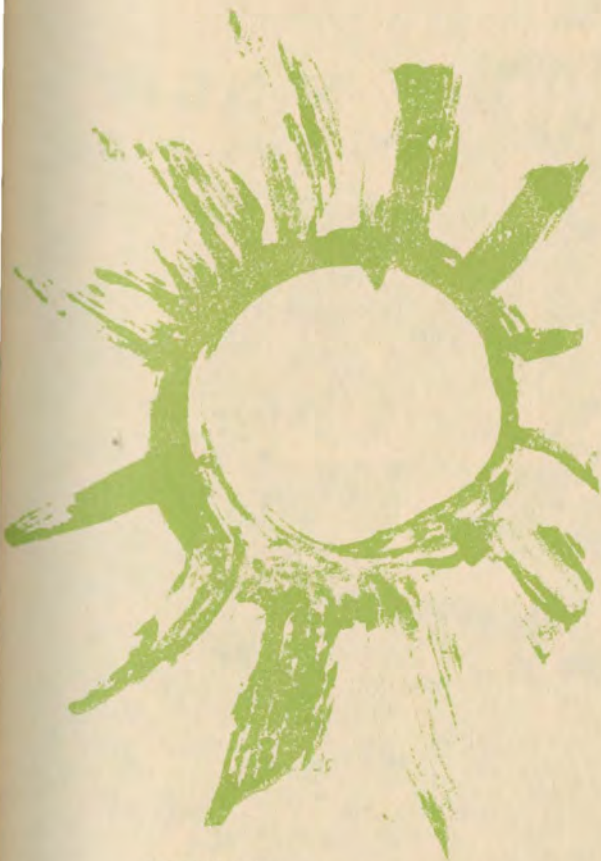
BY JAMES H. BOWDEN

ONEIDA 1963

Western New York, the land of religious lunacy, the place where Calvinism, enlightened, finally broke, and it burst into *America*: an end to time, history, and sin: perfection. A bus passes, its fumes make worse the heat. The prism of my windshield shows foliage, neon, first a hotel, then a movie, one that's prime: Kennedy at war. The service station man directs me on to the tourist homes. I always stay at them, not because they're cheap but because they're homes. The one I chose is large, late manifest destiny, one built just as we won the Philippines. Domes of wood on either side, and trees. The air is patterned with leaves: the woman that rose from the porch as I climbed the steps slides through a black shawl of leaves; and following, I too. I register from the seminary address, not saying I am a scholar not a priest. She doesn't notice. Although she sees the town. No, not that Cambridge, no race trouble in Massachusetts. We're free there by law of guilt. Yes, I have come far, to see Oneida. They make silver there now where once they thought Jesus had returned and ended time and sin and guilt, except for those who live as if unfree. So they took off the fig leaf and hoped to reenter the Garden thereby. They all died. And burned? At least not in this life. And they have kept records. A girl-woman, not yet thirty, passes my door: another traveller. She draws the bath before me, and leaves her scent upon the soap. I leave there shirtless and above the towel wrap my medals show. She sees me in her slip, since she's left her door ajar. I too. The heat. Then the purr of the summer night. In the dark we guess our weights. I hear her breathe, and she me, slow.

LOVE

In the weeds of the park, two dogs, baptized by the crazy sun, begin to practice open communion. They have no clergy and need none: they're very protestant, protestant, protestant. Parallax-sized light leaves through the tree and fingers bladeness about our heads, swarming like flies. They free themselves, and we're bound to discuss the cant of pleasure: a rare kind of pain, perhaps, like several wool sweaters on a hot day and then working them suddenly off. Or so it seemed to us. You can't be sure, for we read ourselves into it; one can say with surety it is no god that chaps us so together; but then no one said sacraments came by aught but bloody bread.



INK DRAWING
BY JEAN PENLAND



ARTIST: TOM ALLEN

DETAIL FROM "FLATT & SCRUGGS AT CARNEGIE HALL" ALBUM © COLUMBIA RECORDS

SNICKNESS UNTO DEATH

BY DAVID BRETT

. . . folk vs. contemporary country music

FOR the unlearned, contemporary country music is what they sing at the Grand Ole Opry on Saturday night, and now on Friday night, and for a lot of people:

*"Once a day, all day long
And once a night from dusk 'til dawn."*¹

It is honest.

It is the only liberal American music.

It is the only true American art form.

Folk music is what they sing at "The Bitter End," at off-campus coffee houses with names sounding like "The Bitter End," or wherever people with Bronx sounding voices gather with people with Alabama sounding voices who have learned to say "Kneegrow" with exactness and "moderate" with contempt. (Generally they have learned all this in not more than two semesters, for a "move-mint" drop-out is folk the most.)

Contemporary country music is honest because the people who sing it have been.

It is liberal because there is no *line* everybody in the field must follow, no *message* all must proclaim. Each song and each singer has his own line and own message and each line and each message is tolerated by his fellows.

It is the only true American art form because it is the only true American art form. Having gone to college I know already that this claim has been made for others—jazz and spirituals for example. But it is just not the truth. Jazz had its roots in Africa and, as the sophisticates who have been there say, on the Continent. The spiritual is not American for its roots are in Mississippi. (That's a sort of

innuendo, showing that I could be a folksman too if I wanted to, for to be a folksman one must castigate Mississippi as often as the occasion arises.)

Folk music is illiberal because there is always one line and one message everyone must proclaim or he is not admitted. It doesn't seem to matter much about the sound of the music. It is the line that counts.

The line varies from era to era but there is always one dominating influence and everybody with strings and vocal chords is expected to be consumed with passion for that cause.

Once it was the trials and tribulations of Big Mike as he sought to organize the cotton mills and coal mines. When the Wagner Act got that one the suffering brought on by the Great Depression moved in to replace it. And how dare FDR, the New Deal and WW II steal it away! But they did, and folk music went into a rapid decline and was assumed dead. There just didn't seem to be anything sad enough to be happy for.

The resurrection came about four years ago. The startling discovery was made that everyone is not the same color. Some say Bob Dylan found it out first, and told Guy Carowan since being too young to grow a beard himself he was in no position to do anything about it at the time. Others insist that it was discovered during a Greenwich Village Wake. Really it is the uncertainty that is important, for to the folk addict vagueness enhances authenticity.

The good news point is that there is something brand new in the world.

Smashing! Let's hootaboutit. Not since 1926 when

(See p. 56 for song credits.)

Floyd Collins died in a Kentucky cave has there been such a breakthrough.

The boom has resulted in fifty new chords—major, minor, augmented, 7th, diminished 5ths (innumerable diminished 5ths, for it takes a lot of diminished 5ths to endure such awareness) and several hundred new words for old tunes.

Well, I believe SNCC did it. I believe they coldly, calculatingly and deliberately did it. Normally a pretty decent lot as humans go—all heart, dedication and commitment—but this time they set out to put their stamp on the folkist and have created a whole generation of them in their own image.

Just what they propose to do with them when we shall have overcome is not clear, but at the moment they've got 'em by the Bass full, all singing of the new discovery.

According to Jean Shepherd, they are of several types and generally appear on concert stage in this order:

"1. Tall and blonde, usually with crew cut; white shirt open at the neck, strong Bronx accent (CCNY division). This type often comes in threes and occasionally in fours. They are clean-limbed and sing in a high nasal, ecclesiastical whine. Often billed as brothers.

2. The Primitive. Wears blue work shirt, suitably faded; blue jeans, suitably faded, and a scraggly beard. Unmistakable aura of having Suffered. Also strong Bronx accent (CCNY division). Often has comfortable private income from father, who is a successful stockbroker.

3. Thin, intense, nervous-looking girl. Hair usually worn *au natural*. Comes equipped with, and occasionally without, sandals. This is a representative of the Sackcloth and Ashes school. Strums guitar Meaningfully. Usually knows from three to four chords, learned at great effort. Has strong Bronx accent. Specializes in Guilt songs.

4. Rollicking, Jolly Boy division. This type often comes in gangs, complete with banjos, jugs, kazoos, and an assortment of bawdy songs, usually of Welsh origin. These young men, when out for a high time on the town, have often been known to drink as many as two malted milks. One once kissed a girl. Heavy Princeton accent.

5. Scholarly Division. Usually comes in threes. Heavily degreed. Most often led by bespectackled man with Ph.D. They specialize in College Humor

type patter, consisting mainly of snide remarks regarding the Sociology Department."²

And there are others. Occasionally a Negro is permitted to sing of The New Him, but he is generally squeezed in between the major acts.

But whatever the type they walk the line.

I'm not just sure why SNCC did this but I think it has something to do with "De Camp Town Races" and "Ole Black Joe" and "Do Dah, Do Dah" and "Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground." Reasons enough, heaven knows, but there *is* such a thing as forgiveness; else there'll be nobody left to walk hand in hand with.

When they filled up the jails of:

(Read rhythmically)

Boston, Charleston, Dayton, Louisiana

Washington, Houston, Kingston,

Texarkana

Monterey, Ferriday, Santa Fe, Tallapoosa

poosa

Glen Rock, Black Rock, Little Rock,

Oskaloosa

Tennessee, Hennesey, Chicopee, Spirit

Lake

Grand Lake, Devil's Lake, Crater Lake

For Pete's sake.

Louisville, Nashville, Knoxville,

Omhabika

Shefferville, Jacksonville, Waterville,

Costa Rica

Pittsfield, Springfield, Bakersfield,

Shreveport

Hackensack, Cadillac, Fond du Lac,

Davenport

Idaho, Jellicoe, Pickle Crow, Argentina

Diamantina, Pasadena, Catalina (etc.)³

(Stop reading rhythmically)

that was one thing. Even wanting to vote in Mississippi was one thing. But when an aluminum blond Vassar daughter of Vassar daughter, heir to forty million if she can only survive her newfound suffering, pours on stage in denim jacket and tearfully announces that she ain't gonna let ole Bull Conner turn her round, turn her round, turn her round; well, that's not one thing at all. That's something else. It's downright pushy and being pushy just isn't part of the SNCC image.

So much for the current line of folk music.



PHOTOGRAPH: EDWARD WALLOWITCH, N. Y.

NOT so with contemporary country music. Not only is it honest, liberal and the only true American art form. It is also theologically sound (sound meaning Orthodox). They know the world is all fouled up, but if you listen to the ever present closing number, the "song of inspiration," you will be reminded that any real hope for changing that situation lies beyond the hands of the Steering Committee. Accepting the doctrine of original sin—all people are no good most of the time—they can get along without a line.

One minute they sing the patriotic "I'll do my best each day for the good ole USA" followed closely by the Louvin Brothers' devastating attack on American government, the A.C.L.U., and the American Jewish Committee:

*They're trying to take the Bible out of our
Schoolroom,
They say our children can't give thanks with
prayer.*

*....
If it's right to allow likker in most counties,
On the newstands see the sinful pictures there,
If it's right for moving pictures of corruption
Then, dear God! How can they say it's wrong
for prayer.⁴*

Or Roger Miller revels in an experience of adolescent acute alcoholism with his "Chug-a-lug, Chug-a-lug" as he outlines how the 4-H and the FFA made a trip to the farm, and him and this other ole boy uncovered a covered-up still behind this big ole barn and all about the trip back home on the school bus. This followed by Roy Acuff in the finest tradition of Carrie Nation with the prophetic warning, "Whisky and blood flowed together, but I didn't hear nobody pray."

In one quarter-hour of listening one can hear the virtues of chastity extolled, rejoicing in infidelity, and a biblical acceptance of the inevitable tragedy.

*If I should see you tomorrow
On some street in town,
Pardon me if I don't say hello.
I belong to another and
It wouldn't look so good
To know someone I'm not supposed to know.*

So

*Walk on by.
Wait on the corner.
I love you but we're strangers when we meet.⁵*

And finally, Roy Drusky with the biblical resignation:

*I'm alone while you're somewhere with some
friends of yours.
I'd find you but you'd laugh me down I know.
It hurts to love so much and not be loved at all,
BUT I'D RATHER LOAN YOU OUT THAN LET YOU
GO.⁶
(See Hosea 3:1.)*

Well, the corn doesn't grow in a line, anyway.

And when Bob Dylan comes out under the lights and leads the audience, all standing, in all the verses of the Ole Miss alma mater and Joan Baez follows with "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," I'll repent and contemporary country music will be in trouble. (It really isn't very good anyway.)

Meanwhile, in the words of William Stringfellow:
My People is the Opry.

OUTLINE FOR A SPEECH

*In this cabin there was
A lamp and the sound of the
Wind. A shawl and the tide.
Hemp, several records by wordless
Musicians and the scratching of
The leaves over the dry weeds
And frozen hard-packed ground . . .*

*America is a novel I don't want to read,
But the school-teacher, who wanted to
Be principal, said, I have dealt with
Delinquents before. The social worker:
He sang hit tunes from musical comedies
In the morning when the sand off
Brush Neck Cove was beginning to shift.
Quahaugers, he said, are sea-going hillbillies . . .
When the social worker shaved he sang
Tunes from Kismet.*

*There were the woods over the roof-tops
And the October sun suspended like a lantern
Over the finely inscribed twigs of empty
Boughs, and the sound and the voice of the woods.*

*Sea-farms that I see, the cold of my eyes
Matched by the waves off Galidette, reeds
From a tundra of vanishing fowl, the vanishing . . .
"You," said the school-teacher, "and your
Vanishing Americana!" He handed me Lysol,
A new broom of glistening straw. And went
Home and slashed his wrists.*

*Sometimes now I do not bother to wonder,
But that cabin is gone, the four small walls
Of my winter world where I spotted
The ducks through the chinks.
The social worker did not succumb.
"I'm sane, I'm sane!" he screamed (in good English)
So now he's back at Bombardier High teaching
Guidance. Meanwhile the cabin is gone.*

—DAVID STANDISH

SLUM

*I walked through a chorus of turmoil down streets that foamed
With every canker of shades in bondage on noon's wave.
Scenes splattered by events, as the scarred hands of leaves
Autumn disbands, are stains like hieroglyphs in a cave
And beacons felled. Still, in a doorway the child's figure
 cumbered with rubble weaves
In despair its plight while combed
By maledictions in streams shifty as cat's play.
There suddenly cultures crumbling sink as bird,
That curving the girl's shy smile queries unheard
At altars of sound, interminable images through clay.*

—MARGARET DIORIO



PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN S. DWORKIN, N. Y.

THE IMPACT OF SCIENCE ON MAN

... some themes and resources

BY JOHN J. COMPTON

THE growth of the natural sciences has changed our life and thought more than any other cultural force.

There has been consequently a rapid increase in the variety of literature analyzing science and its influence. Many books and articles treat of "Science and . . ." and special journals are devoted to the study of science (as distinct from the many which present studies *in* science), for example *Philosophy of Science*, *Isis* (History of Science), *Impact* (Science and Society), and the like. In addition, journals such as *Scientific American* serve to publicize scientific findings to the educated public and the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* expresses and promotes the concern of scientists for public affairs.

In certain important respects the study of science has itself become scientific. Logic and the mathematical theory of probability are used to formalize, clarify, and, where possible, to quantify criteria for the formation and confirmation of scientific hypotheses. Historical and psychological studies probe the creative process of discovery and invention. Historians and sociologists see the scientific community as a sub-culture with its own internal structure, evolution, and ethics. Economists examine the effects of technical change on industrial production, labor resources, and on social patterns generally. Political scientists study decision-

making in government as it affects and is affected by specialized scientific research. Anyone today who is concerned with the assimilation of science by man should become familiar with the findings of these newly developing sciences of science.

At the same time, partly through the stimulus of these studies of science, and partly through the impact of scientific ideas and applications themselves, there continue to be questions raised, or intensified, which are of a more speculative and evaluative sort. To study science in a reflective way inevitably poses what are broadly philosophical and theological issues regarding cosmology, man's place in nature, rationality, method, the power of science, freedom, faith, science and human values, and the meaning of history. These issues are controversial and not easily domesticated. Since they are often treated "on the back" of more prosaic studies in or about science, or else treated with some practical problem in view, it is extremely difficult to sort out neatly the materials related to them. In what follows, however, I have tried to select and group specific questions which recur in these discussions. And in the appended bibliography I have suggested certain technical studies of science together with some relevant interpretative works which would be instruc-

tive for exploring those questions further. Wherever possible, I have listed paperbacks.

ONE source of the ferment in our thinking about the sciences lies in the very concepts which have been developed within them and which raise fundamental speculative questions. In mathematics, for example, the 19th-century discovery of non-Euclidean geometries forced attention to the fact that geometry is not *geo-metria* (earth or space measurement) after all.¹ Its postulates are not "self-evident." And with different postulates different (and queer) theorems can be proved. But if there are many equally "proper" geometries what then is geometry about? Perhaps it is about nothing; a geometrical system is simply a set of stipulated relations among uninterpreted terms from which consequences can be logically derived; and all of mathematics can be viewed as consisting of such formal systems. Besides such formalism, other mathematicians and philosophers revived the view that mathematics is essentially logic. This would mean that geometrical concepts could be treated algebraically (*a la* Descartes), algebra reduced to number, and number defined in terms of the logical properties and relations of sets. Still others, rejecting logicism and formalism alike, have insisted that mathematical thinking is essentially constructive and involves certain fundamental and irreducible intuitions (such as ordinal number).² Now, modern mathematics is concerned with many fields besides geometry and numbers.³ However, these controversies have raised current critical questions about the relation of pure to applied mathematics and the nature of mathematical demonstration,⁴ the place of logic in and the consistency and completeness of mathematical systems.⁵

In physics, cosmology has become (somewhat) scientifically manageable but remains, as always, a field of fundamental controversy. The great debate is between the proponents of the "big-bang theory" of the origins and explosive, expanding evolution of the universe,⁶ and those proponents of the "steady-state" who find the notion of origins and historicity unintelligible if there is to be constancy of physical law.⁷ In order to explain the constant material structure of the universe—expansion and separation of the galaxies notwithstanding—these latter men postulate the constant creation of matter in intergalactic space! As for microphysics, almost every physicist of note has his philosophical book. This is because the concepts of quanta, statistical description, and indeterminacy

seem to break so decisively with the concepts of continuity, exact description, and determinacy which the classical theory of matter had employed.^{8, 9, 10} Some interpretations find in this an effect of unavoidable interference with the observed system which reflects the limits of our knowledge;¹¹ some have hope for the development of a new and deterministic theory;¹² others see an objectively valid description of a probabilistic, "chancy," physical world;^{13, 10} and others eschew any metaphysical account whatever.¹⁴ The shocking plethora of elementary particles provides another issue of present theoretical concern.¹⁵ And relativity theory still calls for reflection and assimilation.¹⁴

The dramatic growing edge of biology is in genetics and biochemistry. This "molecular" biology uses the principles of chemistry and physics to analyze and explain fundamental life-processes.¹⁶ However, many classical biologists (warmly) object that this approach fails to consider a living organism as a total system in relation to its environment and cannot therefore replace descriptive, ecological, and evolutionary studies.¹⁷ Not only is there here an issue of biological method but the remains of the traditional issue of mechanism versus organism: What are the uses, if any, of organismic or telic analysis of biological systems? Can we speak of purposive behavior here (or anywhere)?¹⁸ The many developments in evolutionary theory since Darwin are relevant to this question also.^{19, 20} And some biologists have sought to explain the basis of freedom in biological terms.²¹

Similar issues have constantly plagued psychology. What kind of a science is psychology? For most academic psychologists, it is an experimental, natural science of human behavior continuous, if not identical, with physiology.²² On the contrary, argue others, psychology can and should be the study of the life-world of the conscious subject.²³ Basic issues separating theorists of the former group arise in approaches to learning.²⁴ The latter group tends often to be oriented to therapy and finds the ethical problems of control of behavior acute.²⁵ Lurking in these different psychologies are basic problems in the philosophy of mind: Is conscious mind reducible to brain process?²⁶ To behavior?²⁷ What empirical justification is there, if any, for psychoanalytical theories?^{28, 29} What should an adequate concept of a "person" include?³⁰ The invention of varieties of high-speed computers and cybernetic (feed-back) mechanisms has given new grist to the dispute over whether thinking is "mechanical" or whether machines can be said to "think."³¹

CONSIDERABLE study has been made of the language and methods of the sciences.^{32, 33} Pure empiricism, the doctrine that scientific terms just mean (or refer to) observations, and unreconstructed operationism, the doctrine that scientific terms just mean a set of experimental operations of measurement, have all but disappeared from view.^{34, 35} Writers of all persuasions seem agreed that theoretical (syntactical) criteria as well as empirical (or operational) ones determine the functioning of scientific terms.³⁶ That is, theoretical terms such as "electron," "gene," or "culture," receive their meaning not solely from empirical data but from their relations to other terms in a system of postulates which governs their use.³⁷ And this means that theory plays a distinctive role in science. The logical foundations of definition, classification, and measurement for various kinds of terms in science have been carefully worked out.³⁸ But as to the question whether there is any such thing as "the scientific method" in the sense of a logic of *discovery* for scientific hypotheses, there is considerable doubt. Inductive techniques have been elaborated by some.³⁹ The prevailing view, however, the hypothetico-deductive analysis of method, finds induction entirely insufficient to warrant the positing of explanatory laws or theoretical hypotheses and emphasizes their *ex post facto* justification via deduced consequences.^{40, 41} New life has come into the discussion through the study of historical cases of scientific discovery in which it can be seen that *some* kind of logical or analogical reasoning (sometimes called "retroduction") operates to suggest new hypotheses.⁴² Is this a logical or merely "psychological" process (genius)? That depends on one's view of logic itself.⁴³

With the disappearance of faith in any simple account of scientific discovery a rush of interest has been shown in the non-scientific, biographical and cultural factors which affect and guide investigation.⁴⁴ Temperament⁴⁵ and accident⁴⁶ are often influential. Intuition,⁴⁷ philosophical ideals of order,⁴⁸ historical paradigms of research and explanation,⁴⁹ personal commitment,⁵⁰ the "climate" of the times,⁵¹ all seem to be of importance in the evolution of concepts. As a result, it seems clear that science is not a science at all, but an art!⁵²

Yet for whatever reasons they may become initially accepted, it is nonetheless required of hypotheses and theories that they work. But "work" in what sense? Certainly they must "accord with the facts." *All* the facts? How many, then? Of what sorts? Are negative tests decisive? What do you mean, "accord"? The prob-

lem of determining objective criteria for estimating and comparing the confirmation of scientific statements is terribly intricate.⁵³ One view is that this can be done by measuring the relative frequency of successful predictions derived from them.³⁹ Another argues that it is the positive number of confirming instances that counts.⁵⁴ While others hold that there is no objective measure of the credibility of an hypothesis or theory in science at all.⁵⁵ And this latter view becomes all the more plausible when one considers the variety of criteria (besides empirical confirmation) which seem to function in the deliberations of scientists—what of "simplicity" for example,^{56, 57} or elegance, extensibility, fertility, and systematic usefulness?⁵⁸ Clarification of these concepts is only beginning.

But now, suppose a "confirmed" theory at hand. What has one got? Reply: An "explanation" of some event or pattern of events. However, there seem to be several senses in which the sciences explain.⁵⁹ Traditionally (since Aristotle), the deductive analysis is accepted: to explain is to deduce a phenomenon (or rather a statement describing it) from general laws, usually causal laws, in order to show that it "was to be expected." But must these laws be causal and must the deduction be strict? Genetic explanations are employed in historical branches of many sciences; teleological explanations are often found in biology; statistical explanations in psychology and social science.

What is a "law" anyhow, and what is "causality?"⁶⁰ How, if at all, are "models" used in conjunction with explanations—for example, objectified mechanical agents such as the Id and Super-Ego, pictures of the atom, and geometrical diagrams? Are these essential to the intelligibility of an explanation, or merely heuristic?⁶¹ Finally, what is one to make of the "existence" of the theoretical entities postulated in explanations such as electrons, wave functions, chemical actions, cultural forces, and the like?⁶² Are these useful mental constructs only?⁶³ If not, some rules for their interpretation must be provided.⁶⁴ Very much in the analysis of science depends on how one deals with these questions.⁶⁵

THE history of science has only recently become a specialty of serious intellectual historians. In the process many myths have fallen. The "good and free" scientist no longer struggles with the "bad and slavish" rulers, philosophers, or theologians. The natural conservatism as well as the adventuresomeness of

science is seen.⁶⁶ The science of early times is not selected and read as nascent contemporary thought; rather the richness of alien ideas, error, and lingering controversy is explored.⁶⁷ "Revolutions" have become less revolutionary, while individual innovators emerge as more remarkable human beings.⁶⁸ There are beginning to be good general histories of science.^{69, 70, 71} Conflicts of interpretation abound, but the air is fresh.

Historical studies enable us to understand the scientist and the growth of science as a force in history. Studies of restricted scope are particularly helpful: The Copernican and Darwinian episodes have had excellent recent treatment.^{68, 72} There are examinations of the longer evolution of a single cluster of ideas such as atomism,⁷³ or space.⁷⁴ Histories of individual sciences,⁷⁵ or histories of science in individual countries,⁷⁶ have been tried. In the process many broad questions arise: How much influence do social and economic conditions have on the development of scientific ideas? What of the relation of war technology to science? These questions suggest an economic interpretation of the history of science.⁷⁷ The question of why science came to flourish chiefly in the West (and not, say in China) suggests a dependence of science upon philosophical attitudes toward the world and modes of perceiving it.⁷⁸

Recent science has also become an object of descriptive social analysis.^{79, 80} What has particularly impressed sociologists and historians is the expansion to "Big Science" as an organized, communal, highly technical institution with vast laboratories, a "new class" of science managers, and considerable material and political involvements.^{81, 82}

It is a natural next step to consider the social effects of science today. Of course they are felt all across the issues of foreign policy.⁸³ The concept of war has been transformed and scientists have found themselves involved in new and unaccustomed ways in the fashioning of weapons and in advising on their use and control.^{84, 85} The debates on fall-out, testing, deterrence, and on military use of nuclear weapons are often strident and confused. But some careful summaries and assessments exist.^{86, 87, 88} The community of atomic scientists has emerged as a political force of importance.⁸⁹ And some see hope in the existence of an international scientific community for the foundations of a world community under law.⁹⁰

The extensive dependence of scientific research upon government support causes many to be anxious

concerning basic research, freedom of inquiry, secrecy, and science education.^{91, 92, 93} Similarly, since decisions in government depend more and more upon technical scientific knowledge, political concern is properly felt for the democracy and responsibility of the procedures exercised in making them.⁹⁴ Has technological growth contributed to more centralized government?⁹⁵ Do scientists tend to become routine civil servants?⁹⁶ What can be the role of congress and the layman in directing massive scientific developments such as the space program? Many are the relationships today between science and government.⁹⁷

Among the most dramatic problems facing man is men, that is, increasing numbers of us. Scientific technology has aggravated this condition through improved nutrition, medicine, and agriculture. And it possesses great potential to meet the problem by means of population limitation,⁹⁸ economic growth,⁹⁹ conservation,¹⁰⁰ and the development of new sources of power¹⁰¹ and food¹⁰² production. One of the basic issues is the extent of the earth's resources.¹⁰³ The religious, moral, and political issues are also immense.¹⁰⁴ And this is the case for many other social problems affected by technical change.¹⁰⁵ Historically, of course, our entire civilization—cities, farms, labor, families, the arts, group relations and institutions—have been transformed by industrialization.¹⁰⁶ The new phase of this process lies in the impact of automation—not only on industry, but on the concept of work¹⁰⁷ and on the understanding of man himself.¹⁰⁸

Such matters inevitably raise the question of the value of science. After all, there is a question whether the entire growth of scientific ideas, techniques, and methods is humane or demonic.¹⁰⁹ And there is a breach between humanistically trained and scientifically trained intellectuals on this point.^{110, 111} In partial response, the humane values of science have been argued in several ways. In the renaissance tradition, some argue that man's distinctive progress as man has come through his growing scientific understanding of himself and of his environment.¹¹² Others make the obvious point of the technical utility of scientific knowledge.¹¹³ And there are fascinating similarities between scientific investigation and creativity in the arts.¹¹⁴ Some are persuaded that science is itself a humanistic discipline,¹¹⁵ while others are not.¹¹⁶ And so the confrontation continues.

In addition, because the sciences do offer reliable knowledge, there has always been the hope of establishing ethical principles in some way upon them.¹¹⁷



PHOTOGRAPH: EDWARD WALLOWITCH, N. Y.

The general scientific method of open, critical intelligence has been seen as presupposing and fostering human dignity, freedom, and mutual respect.^{114, 118} Some psychologists, in the classical tradition of Aristotle, propose a scientifically based analysis of human personality as fundamental to an ethic of human fulfillment.¹¹⁹ Others emphasize the ethical neutrality of science, the progressive elimination of purpose and value from scientific explanation and the radically distinctive character of ethical judgment.¹²⁰ Anthropological study continues to remind us of the variety of cultural norms and to puncture our parochialism.¹²¹ Recent good studies analyze the logical import of cultural relativity.^{122, 123}

The problem of freedom has beset the interpretation

of science from the earliest times. Socrates, Aristotle, and the Stoics were all exercised by the meaning of human freedom of action in a world of physical determination. And every modern philosopher of note, from Descartes on, has spoken to it. Surely one's responsibility for his actions depends upon his "being able to perform alternatives," but in what sense? Current discussions have been influenced by close analysis of basic concepts such as causality, determinism, natural law, and responsibility.¹²⁴ And the appearance of quantum indeterminacy in physics has suggested to some that for the first time an intelligible notion of human freedom is possible,¹²⁵ while to others the issue of determinism and indeterminism leaves the essence of freedom, the inevitable moment of decision

as it is experienced, quite unaffected.¹²⁶ In many ways the problem is more acute in thinking through the implications of the sciences of human behavior.¹²⁷ Some hold freedom to be compatible with the determinism supposed by these sciences,¹²⁸ others speak of self-determinism,¹²² and still others insist on the radical difference between determination by motives and reasons (which is free) and by causes (which is not).¹²⁹

HOW is it with the traditional "warfare" of science and religion? In the first place, recent historical studies have brought in fresh life and light. We "moderns" have great difficulty in appreciating why the disputes ever arose, why anyone should take the Bible literally, why anyone should refuse to look through the telescope or accept fossil remains. But the conservatives had a point and it is critical to understand it: Natural science has no religious authority, for God is the author and Lord of nature. On the other hand, natural science must secularize nature and treat it independently of its authorship. The struggle was virtually inevitable.¹³⁰ And yet it was confused as well. For what was often deemed authoritative by Christians was not God but Aristotle and the classical idealization of an earth-centered, changeless cosmos.^{131, 132, 133, 134} Quite apart from any involvement with religion, the conceptual revolution to the infinite, evolving world found in current scientific thought would have been enormous.^{135, 136, 137}

The issues here are those of faith and reason in new dress.¹³⁸ It is generally insisted now that theology cannot properly make scientific claims, nor science theological ones.^{139, 140} Yet we know (roughly) how to validate scientific claims. Can theological claims be in any way verified or falsified? This is *the* logical issue for "science and religion" today.¹⁴¹ Some argue that there is no "belief component" in religious affirmation at all, only commitment to persons or ways of life or to authorities.¹⁴² Others insist that metaphysical beliefs are inevitably supposed in faith and that these may have some systematic justification.^{143, 144} Still others rejoin that science involves commitment and mythology as well.^{50, 145} And careful comparative study of the communal methods in the scientific community and the community of faith reveals important congruence.^{146, 147}

A most pressing theological issue lies in the relation of God to the natural order. How, in the light of recent science, can we conceive the creation, God's action

in nature, and the destiny of man? Such questions force anew the confrontation of faith with detailed scientific knowledge. Serious attention has been given to restating the meaning of the doctrine of creation.¹⁴⁸ And several fresh and suggestive studies have been made of the concept of providence.^{149, 150} It has been held that genuine historicity is to be found not only in man but in the physical cosmos as well—expressed in the essentially irreversible evolution of the galaxies and their contents, issuing in life, mind, and community.^{151, 152} Excellent theological discussions from varied viewpoints have appeared.^{153, 154, 155} The non-theists have been at work too and have produced profound statements of non-Christian religious responses to the destiny of man in nature.^{156, 157}

There is, of course, the scientific study of religion itself. Historical, linguistic, and anthropological work is of long standing.^{158, 159} Among current emphases are psychological and sociological analysis.^{160, 161, 162} Many writers have contributed to the discussion of psychiatric aspects of religion.^{163, 164, 165} But not only has Freud's criticism been superseded, some now hold that the crucial concepts of guilt and sin are psychologically healthy!¹⁶⁶ Social studies of denominations,¹⁶⁷ church membership, and the ministry are revealing and sobering.^{168, 169}

FINALLY it has not been overlooked that religion itself may be, and has been, a powerful force in the lives of many scientists. The histories of Galileo, Boyle, Newton, and others, show this. And a survey of American scientists reveals it strikingly in our day.¹⁷⁰ Several scientists have made their own personal testaments. And the essential point has been eloquently made that the work of science is a Christian vocation.¹⁷¹

This brief survey of issues and sources demonstrates, I think, that the assimilation of science to our ways of thinking and living constitutes our most pervasive cultural challenge. We should be better prepared to meet it if we understand its full magnitude.

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* Indicates a basic and very readable source.

THE MAN OF THE HALF-MAD MOON

*In the perverse rumblings of a half-mad moon,
 Passion like powdered glass, ground between
 The mind and the hurt of hunger
 Too great for a lithe wife or a world,
 The simple truth of children's songs
 Banner-hang in the night wind
 And droop in the stillness of day,
 Spread only to the blue fog of cigarettes at ten
 Or a pipe at two.
 All the harpstruck sun delights
 In hiding among swallows and shattered glass
 Or bounding among water and ice,
 Cold-bound in the hollow day,
 Careless of the heat of coffee
 And ash trays filling with philosophy:
 Headless of the mad moon, pale in the sun.*

—TERENCE MICHAEL BROWN

books

William H. Marnell, *The First Amendment: The History of Religious Freedom in America*. Doubleday (1964), 247 pp., \$4.50.

To one interested in recent Supreme Court decisions in the matters of the free exercise of religion in America, Dr. Marnell's excellent survey of the history of religious freedom in America will be most welcome. It is a book that traces the intriguing story of the peculiarly pluralistic religious tradition in America from colonial days to the Supreme Court case involving the Lord's Prayer in 1963. In contrast to many contemporary writers and, unfortunately, the arguments constructed by some Supreme Court justices to explain or justify decisions in the highest American court, Dr. Marnell demonstrates knowledge of the history of American religious pluralism, and he refuses to read back into the Constitution of the United States with its First and Fourteenth Amendments contemporary notions that could never have been part of the eighteenth-century world or the world of 1868 when the Fourteenth Amendment was ratified.

The singularly significant point that Marnell accurately and repeatedly insists upon is especially noteworthy: *historically, religious toleration in America, in all of its various forms, arose out of religious conviction and not out of religious indifference*. Religious toleration was the result of the practical search for religious peace as in New York, Maryland, and Virginia, or of principle as in Rhode Island, or of policy-rooted-in-principle as in Pennsylvania. It was not a conclusion drawn from what today is called "secularism" or indifference or atheism. As Marnell says, and says quite well: "To the men of the eighteenth century the prohibition of an established church meant freedom for religion, not freedom from religion."

The separation of church and state was also rooted in religious divergence and competition, not in secularism or indifference in matters religious. Any integral analysis of the First Amendment to the Constitution clearly exhibits the historically incontestable fact that the "establishment of religion" clause meant that the Federal Government could not establish a church. The clause had nothing to do with the various states, many of which continued to have established and semi-established churches for many years. While it was also true historically that the Fourteenth Amendment was not fashioned for those who sought total separation of church and state in America, it is true in the present moment of history that the establishment clause of the First Amendment is often ripped out of context, conjoined with the extension of the aspects of due-process and equal-protection of the Fourteenth Amendment, and used not only to protect

minority rights of religious freedom but to establish the minority's rule over what some take to be majority's rights of religious freedom. This complex point is developed by Marnell and may be illustrated.

From 1871 (*Watson v. Jones*, 80 US 679, 728) until 1947 (*Everson v. Board of Education*, 330 US 1) the Supreme Court preserved the religious rights of minorities without dismissing what Marnell believes to be the religious rights of the majority. The essential trend Marnell detects in the cases from 1947 to the present, however, is that in the clash between majority rights and minority rights the Supreme Court has favored the latter at the expense of the former. That is, minority rights, which are limited rights, are made into "minority rule" with the consequence that the limited majority rights are simply dismissed. Marnell argues that the religious rights of the majority are dismissed, for example, by the decision in the *McCullum v. Board of Education* 333, US 203 case in which released time (begun in American education in 1914) was declared unconstitutional on the grounds that the government was showing preference for one religion over another, an activity contrary to the establishment-of-religion clause as extended by the Fourteenth Amendment according to the Court. Marnell maintains that the Supreme Court has favored secularism in the 1962 New York State Board of Regents' Prayer Case, the 1963 Pennsylvania Bible-reading case, and the Maryland Lord's Prayer case.

In so far as the Court has construed "free exercise of religion" in terms of "establishment" of religion, modern secularists, a minority in the present day, may have achieved a definite advantage over the non-secularist American majority, at least in matters pertaining to educational institutions. Furthermore, to the extent that "separation" of church and state becomes "total separation" American history is rejected and the citizen's constitutional rights of religious freedom are severely impaired. Marnell fails to indicate, however, that many religious persons agree with the Courts' recent decisions (though perhaps not with its arguments or explanations). Baptists and Jews, for example, often support a rather radical "separation" of church and state. It seems that the final issue involved cannot be resolved in terms of the minorities and majorities. A more careful analysis of the citizen's civil freedom, with its correlative religious freedom, in relationship to the limited, i.e., constitutional, state is requisite.

Marnell's book is important not because it answers the difficult question of religious liberty in the contemporary American society, and not in its proposal with regard to majority rights and minority rule. Its genuine significance is its clear delineation of the phases of the American problem of religious freedom historically and, correlatively, its indication of the present state of the question.

—THOMAS T. LOVE

Gunter Lewy, *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany*. McGraw-Hill (1964), 320 pp., \$6.50.

This review will hardly be objective—it is written by a German who lived through the events under consideration himself. But neither does the book claim to be written objectively. Considering the *curriculum vitae* of its author this cannot be expected. The personal involvement accounts for an approach which is by no means sympathetic. It does not, however, distort the truth. It only justifies the passion which becomes here and there visible, though restrainedly. This is particularly true with regard to the Jewish question. Here—above all—the personal angle of the viewpoint determines the judgments, and rightly so.

Just like Hochhuth's *Deputy* this book gets under the skin. Hochhuth, according to Lewy, has personalized a problem in the Pope which is really broader and institutional, affecting the whole Catholic Church. Thus the author treats mainly the official stand of the church as represented by the ranking clergy. The church folk is only implicitly touched and it is granted that their problems, though less complex, are different. The clash between Roman Catholicism and National Socialism is correctly seen as the irreconcilable conflict between two totalitarian systems. Both sides were aware of their own totalitarian claims, but they differed in assessing those of the other side. The Nazis always recognized the role of the church and therefore wanted, finally, to eliminate her altogether. The church, fooling herself, sought an arrangement, arguing that the state offered on the natural level what the church worked for in the revealed realm. The result was that the church failed. For in her attempt to coexist with Hitler's state she always regarded it as the legitimate authority which she never opposed in principle. Only occasionally when some of her own institutional rights were at stake she raised her voice. In other words, the church as a whole misunderstood Hitler's aims and therefore felt free to support him. Only individuals stood up courageously here and there, but they acted in opposition to their own church. The author clearly traces the historical steps which led to this situation, indicating that apparently everything developed legally. He thus points to a danger which is still latent in other western states as well. In discussing the position of the church he is more than right in attributing its weakness to her constant attempts to marry Christ and Culture. These tendencies may be recognized in Europe today but it is rare to find them understood in this country, allegedly the defender of a separation of church and state. Is no church going to learn from the mistakes which were made then and there? Did Catholicism in Germany repent itself? Hardly. For after the war it was bold enough not only to accept the credit of an anti-Nazi attitude but even to attribute it to itself. Here Lewy's investigations come as a painful but necessary corrective in interpreting history. One can only hope that the other churches including the minor free churches will find similarly candid treatments.

In her totalitarian aspirations the Catholic Church may well be seen in parallel to the other form of totalitarianism which is still alive, communism. Where politics and social ethics are concerned both of them are essentially pragmatic. And after the events have occurred, the facts have been established, they rationalize them with great sophistication, adjusting their ideology and theology. This may also hold true for other churches, so that the question may be justified whether we should not get around to de-

theologize our Christian faith and learn to see it in its proper perspective which is historical. And another point is of interest. Like many other churches Catholicism has interpreted outward success, be it of church or state, as a clear sign of God's blessing. Divine Providence was often invoked in the Third Reich. But could God not grant man success in order to punish him thereby, i.e., heighten his *hubris* so as to deepen his fall? This view of divine providence comes out of the heritage of ill-reputed Pietism with its critical attitude toward this world. Some men of the opposition against Hitler shared it. But their attempts to assassinate the *Fuhrer* did not succeed, and one wonders why. Is it possible that God heard the thousands of prayers which the churches indiscriminately offered for the well-being of Hitler? Anyway, Germany was punished through the preservation of his life. And to some this was a lesson. Among the church people who could not be treated in Lewy's book this feeling was alive here and there. They could see the signs of the Antichrist in Hitler. But no such personal sense of history was prevalent in the official church. Maybe the future will see changes occur, for instance through the new attitude taken by Vatican II toward Judaism. And the other churches? On the basis of personal involvement in German Methodism it must be said that her role was by no means more glorious. Thus Lewy's book makes one think and wonder and . . .

—EGON W. GERDES

Albert C. Outler, ed., *John Wesley*. Oxford (1964), 560 pp., \$7.50.

To most Methodists, John Wesley is a hero of religious experience, a revered saint whose heart was warmed at Aldersgate. We believe the way to take Wesley seriously is to encourage others to go and do likewise, so we spend big sums on billboards to advertise a "warm up your heart" campaign. Those who know only this popular image of Wesley may be surprised to discover he is being seriously discussed by Christians who are genuinely committed to the renewal of the church. These Christians have rediscovered John Wesley as a theologian, preacher and teacher.

A number of books have appeared to herald this new look at Wesley. Among these, Albert C. Outler's edition of selected portions of Wesley's works is surely the most important. A professor at Perkins School of Theology, SMU, Outler is generally regarded as one of America's leading theologians. Although he has wide interests, his forte is the field of historical theology, the study of the life and thought of the church from Biblical times to the present. He believes that if the church, through a study of its past, knows where it has been, it can then see more clearly where it ought to go. He has applied his study of historical theology to his efforts in the ecumenical movement, and has suggested the churches seek the common Christian Tradition in their common past rather than engage in self-defense of their divided present. (This thesis is presented in *The Christian Tradition and the Unity We Seek*, Oxford, 1957.)

John Wesley is an effort which appears to be motivated at least in part by Outler's ecumenical concern. Wesley is shown to be a Biblical theologian who drew inspiration for his understanding of the faith from both the ancient catholic church and the protestant

tradition. He found one Christian tradition underlying the traditions of the divided church of his time. This unique perspective, which became the theological viewpoint of the Methodist revival, is described by Outler as "evangelical catholicism." Wesley is thus offered not only to Methodists who seek to be knowledgeable about their own heritage, but also as a teacher of ecumenics for all those who seek the renewal of the church through a recovery of Christian unity.

In *John Wesley*, Outler offers selections which have been carefully corrected to weed out textual errors in previous printings. Making necessary corrections was a painstaking task and entailed a trip to England to consult as many original sources as possible. Many selections are offered which were previously out of print. Outler's most valuable contribution, however, is to be found in the general introduction, in the brief introductions to each selection, and in the copious footnotes he has added. Drawing from a detailed knowledge of Wesley and the 18th century, he sheds light on much that would be otherwise obscure to the modern reader.

Outler presents Wesley from three perspectives. First, he gives us a glimpse of Wesley's image of himself as seen in his autobiographical writings. Perhaps the most surprising note in the entire book is Outler's observation that Wesley's Aldersgate experience is mentioned only twice in his voluminous works. Rather than being the single turning point of Wesley's life, Aldersgate is actually only one in a series of personal crises from which he emerged as the mature leader of the Methodist revival. The major section of the book is devoted to selections which clearly outline Wesley's doctrinal viewpoint. Wesley comes through as the eminently practical theologian who had no time or patience for idle theological speculation.

Theology, for Wesley, was to be vindicated in its service to the Christian life. His chief intellectual interest, and achievement, was in what one could call a folk theology: the Christian message in its fullness and integrity, in 'plain words for plain people.'

The evangelical side of Wesley's theology is seen in his proclamation of salvation as a free gift from God to be received through faith by undeserving sinners. His obligation to the ancient catholic church emerges in his opposition to the notion that because salvation is a free gift, Christians may dispense with good works or even continue to live in sin. He stoutly maintains that real Christian faith is "faith working through love." It is a faith which always bears fruit in a life lived for God and one's neighbor through obedience to God's law. On the one hand, he steadfastly opposes legalists who think of salvation as something earned by good deeds, while on the other he is adamant against any attempt to pull the nerve of the Christian life by denying that good works are an inevitable fruit of living faith. The last section, called "Theologies in Conflict," shows Wesley defending his understanding of the faith from attack by foes within the church. Since these 18th-century enemies of the Methodist revival look suspiciously like certain elements in the modern church, Wesley's debates with them have a highly contemporary ring.

This five-hundred-page book is not for those who want Wesley laid out in an easy-to-swallow capsule. However, for those who want a lively encounter with the father of Methodism, it is the book to buy.

—L. RAY BRANTON

Martin E. Marty, *Varieties of Unbelief*. Holt, Rinehart and Winston (1964), 231 pp., \$5.00.

How long can he keep it up? This is a question you can anticipate every time the name Martin Marty is mentioned. As the dust jacket of *Varieties of Unbelief* reminds us, he has written eleven books, co-authored four more, and edited or co-edited seven others in the last six years. Even Mickey Spillane would find this record enviable.

During this period Marty has also served as pastor of the "fastest growing" Lutheran Church (Missouri Synod) in metropolitan Chicago, associate editor of the *Christian Century*, and associate professor of church history at the University of Chicago Divinity School. He's held at least two of these positions at the same time during all of these six years. It's also difficult to find any major event in the religious life of metropolitan Chicago where the name Martin E. Marty does not appear on the program. Any time his name does not ring a bell, that bell has surely not been touched by a theological or sociological hammer in the last five years. Marty may not be the most profound commentator on things theological and cultural, but few will deny that he is the most prolific.

Varieties of Unbelief originated as the 1963 Rauschenbusch lectures given at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. Like the lectures, the book is addressed to the Christian community; specifically, the Christian community of Europe and North America. It is an introduction to the practical ideologies which lie behind the contemporary religious and anti-religious phenomena which confront the Christian community in the Western world. *Varieties of Unbelief* makes explicit many of the implications of Marty's *New Shape of American Religion*.

Marty carefully outlines "two types and a number of forms of modern unbelief." The two types are integral (closed) and nonintegral (open). The forms of unbelief are secular (i.e. nihilism, atheism, agnosticism, etc.), syncretistic (i.e. combinations of Christian belief with contradictory cultural and political features), and religious (i.e. institutional and traditional mores). The Christian can communicate and conspire with the nonintegral forms but the integral forms are closed to him. The agnostic and the atheist provide illustrations of the nonintegral and integral forms of unbelief.

Marty has a problem which he recognizes but doesn't solve: how do you talk about unbelief? He maintains that unbelief from the Christian perspective is "any kind of permanent or serious departure from belief in God (as symbolized by the term 'Trinity') and from the belief that God not only is but acts (as symbolized by the historic reference 'Incarnation.')" (p. 33). He says, "We must keep unbelief somewhat ill-defined and undifferentiated." He succeeds. With such a broad definition he intends to keep unbelief a neutral category (see p. 31). Unbelief is, however, a negative category which he defines as a departure from

traditional Christian beliefs, as symbolized by the terms Trinity and Incarnation.

What is unbelief from one perspective is always belief from another, as Marty points out by saying that Christianity would be considered unbelief on Hindu soil. The question is whether you adequately deal with beliefs when you classify them as unbeliefs. Doesn't the category unbelief bring with it too many complications? Unbelief is always predicated on belief, both ontologically and practically. Those who depart from belief in God (as symbolized by the Trinity and Incarnation) do so not simply because they fail to believe but because they believe something other than this God. From the Christian perspective what they believe may be wrong, but to term wrong belief unbelief is to borrow unnecessary problems. To treat secularism, syncretism, and religiosity as unbeliefs runs the danger of underestimating their dynamic, de-emphasizing their threat, and depreciating their validity.

Would Marty include Judaism and Unitarianism as forms of unbelief? Certainly, these are as well defined as nihilism. Would his references to the Trinity and Incarnation in his definition of what constitutes belief rule out traditional, Western, non-Christian religions? This he doesn't clarify, but the implication is that it would. This illustrates the problems that the use of the term unbelief poses. The term not only has condescending and judgmental connotations—which cannot be allayed no matter how diligently he might try—but is hopelessly inaccurate and consequently useless for any serious discussion.

Once you're over this hurdle and realize that what Marty is talking about are the beliefs which challenge the Christian faith in a post-Christian world, then this book becomes useful, but its usefulness is always that of a handbook. It introduces and defines the unbeliefs, but does not bring them to life. Marty says that this is a pre-apologetic book, but it is really a pre-pre-apologetic book, for it does not communicate any deep understanding of the unbeliefs. It simply introduces and categorizes them. Those who would be apologists for the Christian faith must know more about these unbeliefs than can be learned from this book, but this is a good place to start. Marty provides an excellent bibliography and a plethora of footnotes and quotations (some chapters look as if they were pasted together), so that those who wish to grapple with the dynamics of the beliefs which he has categorized will know where to turn.

—PHILIP HOLTSFORD

James Leigh, *What Can You Do?* Harper and Row (1965), \$3.95.

This novel, like a night in *A Thurbur Carnival*, is a sportively funny book; like Henry VIII's bedroom it is a story of sexual chairs. For serious consideration of the common question of all mankind—"But what can you do?"—it is the amplified voice of three generations of America.

What Can You Do? is the voice of frustration, and involve-

ment. It is the depth contrast of the dodger-man and the response-man to the present complexity of our civilization.

Phil Fuller (fill-my-cup fuller) is the young man with a pleasure principle. His nature is thirsty for life. He is "highly intelligent, aware of the world around him, sensitive and potentially creative, shy and lonely and in danger of becoming cynical." He is the complicated individual (the very valuable type) according to all psychological measurements.

Phil Fuller is the new organic who enters a world of the increasingly inorganic. "After all, the Balloon might go up any time . . . fifteen minutes warning, if they felt like giving it to you." Phil is an accident of *elan vital* for his father was a potato and his mother was just a nice Betty. But the high I.Q. potential and the alphabet gave him his erotic exuberance for a life in a dead world.

At the age of seventeen Phil Fuller's thirst for life turns into a young and glossy stud's hunger for sex. But it is "object sex" and a hidden plea in Fuller for full creativity. Phil is right about himself—"he is a regular genital on wheels."

Phil Fuller is the plot of the book. He is the wise man. In fact he is wiser than most of his textbooks or professors. He is 99% smarter than anyone he meets. He is searching for someone who can one-up him. In this search he will find the answer to the meaning of life.

One day, in the unexpected quarters of a university. Phil is met (like encountered) by Professor Mallory who is one-up-manship par excellence. Phil Fuller's whole life suddenly stands at attention. Phil's life style is: take life, manipulate it or dodge it. But Mallory's posture responds to life. Mallory receives a man, touches life, and commits himself to the life Phil Fuller inhabits. Before Mallory, Phil's motto has been "what can you do when you're 99% smarter but take advantage of your situation?" In short, screw the neighbor. Phil Fuller will have nothing to do with the old abstractions of honor and courage. But Mallory is the concrete manifestation or flesh of courage. Mallory, Mr. 1%, takes Phil Fuller seriously. For Phil it is an "ontological shock." Too, Mallory is a surprise (like an unexpected gift) for Phil exclaims, "Mallory gave me the pleasant feeling of being put on my mettle." Mallory, the responsible, committed and involved man engages Phil, the manipulator. Phil Fuller reminds Mallory of Flem Snopes, the Faulkner picture of the "manipulative man." Mallory tells Phil the meaning of Phil's present identity as the screw of human existence. Here is the secret of one-upmanship. Mr. One Per Cent is the man concerned to know the other human person fully; he dares to reveal to Fuller the content of his own 99% which is the extra 1% which makes a man 100% human. Self-revelation is the consequence. Phil Fuller says earlier in the book, "I didn't even know my generation was conscious." What Phil likes about Mallory is Mallory's sense of the past and his heart for life. Mallory's name symbolizes the old myth of King Arthur who passed the light to a page in the hope that the Phil Fullers would fill their cups fuller with life.

What Can You Do? is a new possibility for men to sit down "at the table round" to disclose the meaning of life to one another.

—JAMES W. DONALDSON

FILM:

Overbaked Potatoes Are No Good

BY ROBERT STEELE

ADMIT I may be taking trouble on interest, as Aunt Harriet Lee used to say, but I have a worry. My worries began long ago with the play, *Deep Are the Roots*; they became entrenched with the play and film, *Raisin in the Sun*; and now they are refurbished with two new and excellent films: *One Potato, Two Potato* and *Nothing But a Man*. Both films have their false and horny moments, but both provide insights emerging from bona fide racial entanglements that I will wager will unleash some prejudices. That is good and a notable achievement for the film. These are mature films, adult themes handled by adults on consequential subjects. They are what we have been calling for, especially when we have railed against the hokum put over on us by the likes of Stanley Kramer's *The Defiant Ones*.

The films are fine, but the problem is: Should we have any more Negro films exploring Negro problems? Films that make it a point of Negroes being Negroes make me more conscious of there being black Americans and white Americans. Color difference is a fact of actuality and heritage, of course, and it will continue to be a fact for generations to come. But for how long, I ask myself, must I be reminded of the fact? What is important is that all of us are men and women, we all speak English in the United States, have similar weaknesses and strengths; we get born, we die, and get hurt all alike, and what separates us is so transient that it is trivial.

The two films mentioned exist because of the presence of ignorance and—I use the word without a shudder—sin which creeps into the citizenry of these greatly nonunited states. The sooner we become knowledgeable and brotherly folk in this country, then such films will make no more contemporary sense to us than a Cecil B. DeMille costume, period piece.

The films are centuries away from being Hattie McDaniel vehicles. There is no imitation of life, a *la* Fannie Hurst, being spawned in *One Potato, Two Potato* and *Nothing But a Man*, and that is why they are important. *One Potato, Two Potato* is genuinely touching. The Negro man and white woman who marry are real enough to get the flu and an occasional boil. They are of us. We are of them. The impact of the movie on audiences evidences that it is not a caboose trailing our lives to give us a few hours of diversion. The meeting of Frank and Julie, in an actual town that I could recognize (Painesville, Ohio), is 100% plausible. Their perfunctory acquaintance in a car pool, their friendship which warms into love, their agonizing decision to marry are explored with honesty, depth, and grace. The look on the face of the wife of the preacher who does the job is so potent that we have the whole film and the history of the crucible of a generation in a single facial expression.

Raphael Hayes, writer, proved by the verbal epilogue that concludes the film that he had more on his mind than spinning a fabrication which would get him a better job next time. He tells us bluntly that the persons he has created in the film are fictitious, but the decision made by the judge in the film is one that has been made many, many times. The circumstances which lead to the same solution, that satisfy the legalized mind and court, are facts of our history. These facts are dramatized by way of characters created by Mr. Hayes. (He may be protecting his producer from a lawsuit, in case a racially mixed couple thinks they see their story on the screen; still, one feels the epilogue is added to drive deeper the pathetic fact: inhuman decisions are made and coerced by our courts.) A printed epilogue is not a screen writer or director's first choice as the way to end a film. In most films it screams a failure to show! It smacks of an apology or explanation as if the film has failed to do its job. When a film aspires to be a work of art, any aesthete will say such an ending is gauche and inartistic, but in this case, propaganda and artistry are at work. Passionate feelings of Hayes and the director, Larry Peerce, growing from their painful subject matter, seem to prompt throwing conventional film endings to the Joe Levines. Peerce has evoked an uncannily subtle performance from Barbara Barrie. We have not had many good women, through and through without compromise, created for the screen. Bernie Hamilton, the husband, has been directed to carry on a couple of scenes that are blunders, so that we have no perfect film, but most of the time his character is one of nobility and restraint.

Nothing But a Man is a better film. It is without name actors and actresses, and the writer-director, Michael Roemer, has more on his mind than Hollywood. It is less loaded with emotion. It, too, uses a child but does not use the child to castigate us for our prejudices. It hits harder where we need to be hit. Employment for a Negro rather than the custody of a child is its theme. No one can damn this film as soap opera with a color angle. White men in the film, which takes place in the South, do not give Duff, the hero played by Ivan Dixon, a chance to be a man when it comes to giving him a job worthy of his ability and character. What is tremendous about his character is that he refuses to go to Detroit, but decides to stick and fight it out. He will take a Negro job and behave like a Negro is supposed to behave rather than put self-welfare above his right to be a man at home. The characters and problems in the film seem to be real and absolutely believable. Negroes are not idealized or patronized. The whole film, except when Duff cruelly and stupidly knocks down Josie, his wife, played without stereotype by Abbey Lincoln, rings true. I wish he hadn't knocked her down. His coarse behavior made him not quite a man, but I

could believe Duff might do this, and I laud the film maker for letting me see his hero in a shadowy light.

This is a film that we can be proud of having been made in the United States. Happily, it was esteemed at the Venice Film Festival this year. Alongside this film, no wonder the sappy *Lilith*, our official entry, was rejected as not being of festival caliber. We have two examples of films—*One Potato, Two Potato* and *Nothing But a Man*—that indicate some growing up is taking place.

Yet, it is their goodness and success that eggs on my worrying. What if Negro problems become formulae for hot box offices? Will the same old movie hucksters take over and shower us for a decade with the same movie by varying its embroidery? Am I thinking contemporaneously and realistically when I say I wish these might be terminal films? I wonder how persons from states that I don't know well might be thinking. Or should we have a rainstorm of such films, provided they are sincere, as long as the populace will stomach them? I don't know.

I do know that the films we should battle for in the future, the films we should make and help their makers to make more by renting them and showing them constantly, are those in which races mingle so readily that we no longer notice color. As we move on from this year can we have exclusively all-color films in black and white except for the historical epics? Am I right in feeling it will be a calamity which we *should abhor* if we are told many more times that Negroes are like anybody else, that they have feelings, clean houses, nice clothes and cars, and are just as respectable as you are—sitting out there in the dark cinema.

Until colorlessness of performers in films and on the stage becomes a factor provoking no more notice than whether hair is curly or straight, our film and theater offerings will be U.S.A. provincial. A further worry: in the happy event that we get on with our business of being human beings, will Greece, Sweden, India, and Africa discover U.S.A. Negro-white relations as fodder for their film industries? Already it has happened in the case of witch-hunting in New England. *Viva La France!* Manhattan kidnapping and Indians being shot by cowboys embellish the Japanese cinema today. Are we to be plagued with heaped-on humiliation? Might the Carnegie Foundation make a special grant to the United Nations to subsidize a movie police force ordered to woo "foreigners" away from perpetuating this kind of violence against one majority country?

The film that does satisfy me that has an almost all-Negro cast is George Stoney's *All My Babies*. Let the world make more *All My Babies*; I shan't mind. It can show us the way even though it is not feature length

and even though it was financed by the Georgia State Board of Health. George Stoney, the director, is a Southerner, and more important, he is a loving human being. Every time I see the film, I love its "star," Miss Mary, more. All she is is Miss Mary. Her being Miss Mary is more important than her being a Negro midwife in the South. We see her do her work. We see her get along with people and tell Adam Smith off. She's in touch with people, Negro and white. She seems to be color blind. She makes me more that way.

George Stoney, writer as well as director of this film, has the most *noblesse oblige* of any film director I know. And while Ripley might doubt it in a film director, I believe him to be genuinely modest. According to what he says, his editor, Sylvia Betts, is the one responsible for making *All My Babies* a noncolored film. He wanted a big ending for his film. What director doesn't? By spending an extra ten days on location and shooting up another \$10,000, he shot a big ending. He got persons to do just as he had scripted they should do. They all poured out to church on Sunday. Naturally, for a film about midwifery, there was to be a big christening in the big Baptist church. The choir, all black and white and combed and smoothed, was there. The big preacher was there. Miss Mary, out of uniform and in Sunday hat and shoes, was there. All the parents and all the babies whom she and the other midwives had delivered since the previous christening were there. It was a happy and dressy occasion.

Sylvia Betts, fine editor that she is, and also a human being, looked at the images on the celluloid captured as the cameras rolled and rolled. Like the great Soviet director, V. I. Pudovkin, she knows that editing is the foundation of film art—not the writing, acting, or shooting. She responds as a viewer does to an image on the screen—only to what is actually there. "George," she said, "until these last rushes arrived, I never thought of these persons as Negroes. Your final sequence throws it in my face. We just can not use your big ending." I wasn't there, but I know George was abashed, stuttered his protests about Sylvia's wanting to slaughter his film. It took a little while for George to stumble and fall, and then he came around and has never regretted "the loss." The "loss" was a gain for maturing film making, and the woman had never been more right.

I hope soon we will be handling "Negro problems" in films as historical events. A viewer will be re-creating along with a film what has been. If there is a residue of prejudice in him which is touched, he will be so shamed he will oust it rather than be a has-been. Is it conceivable that only Aunt Jemima would think of making another *One Potato, Two Potato* or *Nothing But a Man* in 1966?

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Song Credits, pp. 35-38:

1. From "ONCE A DAY," Bill Anderson, writer; MOSS ROSE PUBLICATIONS, INC., publisher.
2. Jean Shepherd, "Folk Biz Forevermore," *ABC Hootenanny*, Vol. 1, No. 1.
3. From "I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE," Geoff Mack, writer; HILL & RANGE SONGS, INC., publisher.
4. From "DON'T TAKE THE BIBLE OUT OF OUR SCHOOLROOM," George Donald McGraw, writer; SKIDMORE MUSIC CO., publisher.
5. From "WALK ON BY," Leroy Van Dyke, writer; LOWERY PUBLISHING CO., publisher.
6. From "I'D RATHER LOAN YOU OUT," Roy Drusky, Vic McAlpin, Lester Vanadore, writers; MOSS ROSE PUBLICATIONS, INC., publisher.

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SUNKIST

ANOTHER WAY OF SAYING
"BLESSINGS"

GOD
OF ALL GOLD
SHINE US IN
LOTS OF YOU

YOU US
WITH LOVE LIGHT

SUNKIST ORANGES
SUNKIST LEMONS
SUNKIST GRASSES

SUNKIST FOODS AND WINES

TO WARM MAN'S HEART AND
YOU ♥ HIM FROM INSIDE OUT
TO GLOW HIM IN RICH LIGHT

SUNKIST PEOPLE
MORNINGIZED WITH SUNGLORY
FREE

NEW LIFE

SPRINGING UP
ALL GREEN AND GORGEOUS
... WORK SHINES WITH WONDER
AND FATIGUE

SUN GOD

LOVE KIST

WORLD CATCHES YOUR BRAND NAME
ON THE SUNSIDE
EACH DAY.

SISTER CLAUDE



BARTH'S DREAM

KARL Barth had a dream about Mozart. Barth had always been piqued by the Catholicism of Mozart, and by Mozart's rejection of Protestantism. For Mozart said that "Protestantism was all in the head" and that "Protestants did not know the meaning of the Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi."

Barth, in his dream, was appointed to examine Mozart in theology. He wanted to make the examination as favorable as possible, and in his questions he alluded pointedly to Mozart's Masses.

But Mozart did not answer a word.

I was deeply moved by Barth's account of this dream and almost wanted to write him a letter about it. The dream concerns his salvation, and Barth perhaps is striving to admit that he will be saved more by the Mozart in himself than by his theology.

Each day, for years, Barth played Mozart every morning before going to work on his dogma: unconsciously seeking to awaken, perhaps, the hidden sophian Mozart in himself, the central wisdom that comes in tune with the divine and cosmic music and is saved by love, yes, even by *eros*. While the other, theological self, seemingly more concerned with love, grasps at a more stern, more cerebral *agape*: a love that, after all, is not in our own heart but only in God and revealed only to our head.

Barth says also significantly that "it is a child, even a 'divine' child, who speaks in Mozart's music to us." Some, he says, considered Mozart always a child in practical affairs (but Burchardt "earnestly took exception" to this view). At the same time, Mozart, the child prodigy, "was never allowed to be a child in the literal meaning of that word." He gave his first concert at the age of six.

Yet he was always a child "in the higher meaning of that word."

Fear not, Karl Barth! Trust in the divine mercy. Though you have grown up to become a theologian, Christ remains a child in you. Your books (and mine) matter less than we might think! There is in us a Mozart who will be our salvation.

THOMAS MERTON