

Period.  
MBS  
25-8

# MOTIVE

MAY 1965 FIFTY CENTS

Boston University  
School of Theology Library



MAY 5 1965

# motive

## contents

may 1965 volume xxv, number 8

PHOTOGRAPH	1	EDWARD WALLOWITCH
PICKET LINE	2	LETTERS
IF THE CREEKS DON'T RISE: EDITORIAL	4	B. J. STILES
GRADUATE LITERARY STUDY IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA	6	JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON
POEM: STATION OF THE CROSS	11	MARGARET RANDALL de MONDRAGON
EXAMINATION	12	PETER FRIEDMAN
THE CRITICS OF DETERRENCE	14	JOSEPH L. ALLEN
POEM: FIVE FEARS	19	WARREN KLIEWER
POEM: A POEM FOR SUMMER		NANCY HOLMES
THE CHRISTIAN AND UNBELIEVERS	21	SCHUBERT M. OGDEN
THE PROFANITY OF MAN	24	WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW
THE NATIONALISTS: WINSTON & MALCOLM	30	WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS
FILMS	33	ROBERT STEELE
ANNUAL INDEX: VOLUME XXV	36	
CONTRIBUTORS	40	

**FRONT COVER: CALLIGRAPHY, "EYEBLINK" by TSUTOMU YOSHIDA,**  
a painter and teacher of classical Japanese calligraphy in Osaka, Japan.  
This stroke announces the radical, existential moment of *being*.

**COVER 3: PHOTOGRAPH by JOHN SPRAGENS, JR.,**  
a student at Florida Presbyterian College in St. Petersburg, Florida. His  
photograph expresses a zestful razzberry to the world of dead feeling and stagnant ideas.

**COVER 4: "FORGIVE US, LORD," by LOU H. SILBERMAN.**



PHOTOGRAPH: EDWARD WALLOWITCH, NEW YORK, N.Y.



LINO CUT: R. O. HODGELL

"Conversion" (December, 1964) has been especially pertinent and useful in our ministry at Drake University. In addition to being the focus of our Christmas worship service, it has been read and discussed in two university classes, Philosophy of Religion and Psychology of Religion.

Both persons in "Conversion" are well represented on our campus. We felt that unless we faced these persons in our Christmas service, we could not honestly proclaim the "good news" of Christmas. We cannot expect anyone to hear our answers if we are not willing to listen to their questions.

Perceptive students can cut through the arguments in "Conversion"; most students, however, lack the opportunity and encouragement to perform this important surgery. We are grateful to *motive* for helping us on this occasion as they have in the areas of civil rights, theology, Latin American affairs, etc., etc., etc.

H. MYRON TALCOTT  
wesley foundation  
drake university

The quality of *motive* continues to excite me. The January satire issue was marvelous. To find the hallowed technique of satire used so well in a publication which carries the Church's mission into university life was delightful! I read it on an airplane while flying to a meeting, and showed it to my seatmate, who was a member of a major university basketball team flying to play a game. He said that he liked satire, so I gave

him my copy. When I last saw him he was standing in the air terminal, reading *motive*.

I want particularly to comment on the December issue, because it brought excited responses from two of our students. One had seen the St. Stephen Church in Mesquite, Texas, and had tried to describe it to me. As soon as he saw the article entitled "Alleluiah!" he hurried to my office to say "that's the one I was talking about."

The other response came to the article, "Conversion," which I had read immediately when I saw the name of its author. Professor Somervill had served on our teaching staff at the South Central MSM Regional Study and Mission Conference, where I had learned to appreciate his competence in psychology and theology—as well as his understanding and insight into student life. A student who is often on the "conservative" side of things came in to tell me "we've got to have a discussion on this article! This is shocking—but the man *really* has something. I agree that he *has* something here. I'm also sure that some readers were a bit shocked. Any who have really listened to the world, particularly the campus world, know it is, in a sense, "a conversation overheard." But his dramatic style gets so much said!

How else to celebrate such emancipation, such "unlearning," such freedom from doubt, but to "get drunk, dead, solid drunk!" The hollowness of the "unlearning" process that jumps too quickly from the stability of moral and ethical axioms to total emancipation is revealed in the only way the emancipated can think of to celebrate it—to get dead drunk. How else could one stand the kind of "unlearning" in which so many of us flounder? Who knows better than the person who has cut away *all* the moorings, that "too much unlearning is a dangerous thing?"

Professor Somervill has done us all a favor for putting something many of us know well into this dramatic form. Like many good things, it may require several readings to appreciate. Like most useful things, it will be unappreciated by some. Please accept my thanks for printing it!

ROBERT L. SHELTON  
wesley foundation  
washburn university

I truly wish I could substantiate the optimistic scope by which we all would like to look at the profile of the church in the Congo today ("Congo Profile," Feb., 1965). But of the "four lines" which Bishop Booth suggested as criteria for our expectations about the future, unity seems to be the only reliable criteria which could guarantee survival. But this unity has no meaning if there is nothing to unite for or against.

It may be true that for the time being, worship, education and medical services go on, and the laity still shows active life in the church, as exemplified by Mr. Tsopotsa, Mr. Mwenda, Miss Banza and many others, but I wonder how long this can be true? It may be also true that the congregation is still paying what is expected of it in terms of financial support, but I wonder how long this will continue, especially as the relevance of the Church is being questioned among the young people.

According to my understanding, "persistence, participation, and payment," are all but echoes of the church of yesterday. The present activity of the church may be just a continuation of the inertia of past activity which has not yet completely felt the

shock of national independence. Undoubtedly "la jeunesse" (the Congolese youth) are the most especially important factor will shape and determine the future of the church in their country. And here lies the tragic scope through which I view the future of the church in the Congo.

Maybe I am just being too pessimistic on this matter; nevertheless, there is an element of realistic approach to the profile of the church. It must be realized that continuation of education in the Congo is an unsound basis on which to judge the church, because education can go on even in the absence of the church; the continuation of medical services is, for the same reason, an equally unsound basis for the future of the church; payment is even less sound, because we cannot and should not define the Church in terms of money.

The real issue is to try to see the image of the Church through the eyes of the new generation, to try to conceive of the connotations and associations which the word "church" brings to their mind; to try to see the image of the missionary in connection with the church as they see it. Of this I am certain; the image of the missionary is so out of focus that the new generation sees in him not only a missionary, but also one of the agents of foreign cultural imperialism in their land. For example, if he is American, he is a carrier of the "American" democracy. Having experienced how democracy works, and without personally being against it, I do realize that it cannot and will not be transplanted into the Congo unless it is extremely modified.

The church (at least the Protestant Church) in the Congo is still very much associated with the countries which brought it into existence there, so that its existence is still very much dependent upon the political future of the Congo. Without a realistic political profile of the Congo's future, a profile of the church in the Congo is unlikely to be realistic. The young Congolese, without going back to embrace their ancestors' types of worship, seem to be taking first steps toward a dangerous agnostic attitude. There seems to be a clear "laissez a desirer" response to the church and church-related activities

from their new outlook. If this be the case, the Congo profile as portrayed in your February issue seems hardly accurate.

MARCUS D. TOLELA  
university of oregon  
eugene, oregon

I have read  *motive*  off and on for over ten years, and while I have always been proud of it, in the last three or four years the improvement has been remarkable.

In the past, it always seemed either exotic or esoteric (take your pick), often failing to find any point of contact with very many students. This is not so much a judgment upon content, which has always been excellent, but upon format and layout, which was often dull and limited. Today, I would consider  *motive*  probably the most attractive magazine in the U.S.

But the greatest improvement has been, I think, in the inclusion of a wider range of articles and features. I think the articles by or about Hugh Hefner, William Golding, Martin Luther King, Ayn Rand, Charles Shultz, folk, liturgical and popular art, and the articles about crucial domestic and international issues have been outstanding.

Perhaps students are more perceptive now than they were a few years ago (everybody says they are), but I have been amazed at the response by our students to  *motive*  this year: for example, a group has formed voluntarily to read and discuss the poetry in  *motive* . Others come by to see me and talk about something they've read.

This is, in short, a fan letter.

MORGAN P. GROVES  
wesley foundation  
arkadelphia, arkansas

I have been concerned for some time about the general character of  *motive* . Although I personally appreciate its literary and artistic excellence, I'm afraid it is beyond most of our students.

Granted, the students in my particular Wesley Foundation are from a rather provincial area. Nevertheless, I find somewhat the same response among more sophisticated students in cosmopolitan areas. I sometimes fear that  *motive*  and indeed the MSM are both coming to be more and more oriented toward the intellectual elite.

Certainly we need a magazine of this type and perhaps its justification is to be found in a broader base (denominationally) of circulation. We find that  *motive*  is read enthusiastically by Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Lutheran faculty members. However, we also note that just over one half of our thirty subscriptions are to faculty members.

I also note that the bulk of the contributors to  *motive*  are nonstudents or at best graduate students. I'm not saying that we should put the cookies on the bottom shelf . . . far from it. But let us not continue to ignore the bulk of Methodist students who desperately need a quality religious publication, but one which they can understand.

(letter unsigned)

---

EDITOR: B. J. STILES

ART EDITOR: MARGARET RIGG

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATE: ALAN D. AUSTIN

CIRCULATION: ELIZABETH JONES

READER SERVICES: INEZ BURKE, JUANITA WRIGHT

SECRETARY: JANE JAMES

---

Address all communications to  *motive* , P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202. Unsolicited manuscripts and art work are welcome, but cannot be returned unless return postage is supplied.

---

Subscription rates: individual subscription, 8 issues, \$3. Single copies, fifty cents. Optional group subscription plans are available; information on request. Transactions with the circulation department require four weeks' advance notice for processing.

---

Published monthly, October through May, by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.  *motive*  is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation through the National Student Christian Federation. Copyright © 1965 by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

---

Second-class postage paid at Nashville, Tennessee. National newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, 255 Seventh Avenue, New York City 10001.

IF THE CREEKS



DRAWING  
BY ZEDNEK SEYDL

## DON'T RISE: EDITORIAL

**Primitive societies** are supposed to be noted for their strange and exotic rituals. These individual or corporate idiosyncracies occasionally even become the hallmark by which a tribe can be recognized.

We at *motive* aren't quite advanced enough to be called an authentic primitive society yet, but we're accumulating our own set of ceremonies. Like the Friday benediction.

It came as a legacy from Miss McCall, faithful keeper of files and subscriptions and editors for 24 years. Her parting Friday colloquialism was as dependable as she: "See ya' Monday, the Lord willing, and if the creeks don't rise."

Most Mondays have found the *motive* team back in harness, though there are occasional absences when editors face life beyond easy chairs and secretaries visit grandchildren or the dentist or wherever else it is that modern grandmothers slip off to occasionally.

We haven't tested the Lord's willingness too far as yet, and the creeks have seldom broken out of bounds.

Except this year.

Critic and congratulator need look no further than our letters column to know that bishops' mantles have bustled and fundamentalists have fumed. And countless of the dis-

enchanted have rejoiced that there are those who will yet say an honest word about the Word.

The annual index, in this issue, isn't exactly inspirational reading, yet in a way these few pages of small type are a revealing documentary. An index stands as the impersonal diary of a year's labors and plans. Between the lines one recalls larger hopes, missed deadlines, unforeseen gems, and unmitigated commitments. Therein lie the objects of derision, the proof-texts for the witch-hunters, and the entree for the unfed.

And so the months and pages have gone . . . from (A)frica to (Y)ates, from politics to poetry, from ethics to aesthetics, from satire to Selma. "From whence cometh the Lord. . ."

Why should fire and brimstone fall when *motive* prints something like the politics issue or "Conversion" or the satire issue? Why is it inevitable that tempers flare and budgets be threatened?

Because we travel a course uncharted, a decade yet undefined. Because *motive* speaks for and to a generation yet un-lived, but not unborn, for our kind prevail in legion in Berkeleys and Selmas and Harlems and New Rochelles and Dallases and Detroits.

Ours **is** to question "Why?"! We intend no blasphemy and design no treachery, but we settle not for the pious cliché or hollow admonitions or sterile conformity. We blow in the wind unashamed and march on the picket line unfettered.

This generation claims not to be messiah but it has grown much too old to settle for being Holden Caulfield. Wrong, impractical, immature, improvident, idealistic, we may be. But anesthetized . . . never!

Younger churchmen labor under no delusions that our efforts at renewal, reform, *aggiornamento* . . . whatever one chooses to label these stirrings . . . will carry the day. The motivations may be inadequate, the methodology unstrategic, the consequences too demanding.

But time and history (and God?) are not to be denied. The contour of the church in society is being altered; the testimonials to this change are omnipresent.

*motive* struggles to be a part of this volatile and faithful movement. We seek to live within the church as servant and witness to God's continuing creation. The issues about which we speak, the language and style in which we communicate, the "secular" saints whom we attend . . . all may be totally misunderstood or regretted by our elders, but they are the blood and sinew for a new church in a new day.

If we err in contemporaneity, then we invite the church to surround us with authentic historicity and viable tradition. If we wallow in jargon or soar in false erudition, then we ask the church to expose our failures by showing us the magnitude of the church's prophetic witness. Our invitation: God, make us honest.

Some are asking if *motive* is worth the effort and cost; others want to know if there is anybody out there really listening. Cogent questions: ones for which you—our readers—and we must provide some answers in the months ahead.

But for now, it's Friday, or May, as the case may be. See you next October, the Lord willing, and if. . . .

—BJS





THE SCRIBE 1964 WOOD CUT

OTIS HUBAND

**GRADUATE LITERARY STUDY  
IN  
BRITAIN  
AND  
AMERICA**

**BY JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON**



In the past several years, there has been an increasing tide of comment on American education. From Conant's brilliantly obvious critiques of American secondary schools to the United States Congress' National Defense Education Scholarships and fellowships, the interest in our schools and their products has become something of a cause. Less dramatic and raucous than civil rights, less hard-nosed and sabre-rattling than our concerns in Southeast Asia, but nonetheless stuff for VIP cocktail conversation and the thoughtful action that invariably follows such well-oiled discussion.

I find all the interest, the money, the ringing public claims and administrative pronouncements something less than inspiring, considerably less than reassuring, because I have had personal—and unforgettable—experience with American education, and none of the currently charted directions seems likely to alter the structure, the academic jungle-gym through which I climbed.

For the present I want to restrict my comments to graduate study in English literature. I supposed—had been led to suppose—that graduate school was the goal, the place where all the frustrations and inadequacies of high school and college magically fell away, and the process of learning began in earnest. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

At the end, of course, things did change. I found a place where education, learning, was taken seriously, and every student was permitted to operate in his own way, at his own pace, and to do work worthy of being called "advanced study." But I had to leave America to do it, and that place was one of the newest of Britain's model universities: The University of Sussex. There I chose a dissertation topic without being limited, pressured, or "assisted" by graduate faculty. I worked closely with one of the most far-ranging and penetrating minds in English literary scholarship. When I was done, two scholars read my work and examined me. Two hours after the examination began, I was told that I had qualified for one of the first doctorates to be granted by the university. If I was tired, I was not disgusted. If I had worked harder than ever before in my life, the reward was commensurate, and it had been gained by work alone, untainted by the stupidities and stumbling blocks which are standard in every American graduate program I know about.

The root difference between English and American graduate study, I think, is a matter of professional attitude. Put simply, the American graduate student, still attending classes at 28 or 30, still carefully advised and supervised, rarely permitted to strike out on his own in search of new intellectual ground, almost never treated as an equal partner in the quest for new knowledge by

professors who are often, in fact, his inferiors in ambition, energy and originality—if not actually in mastery of subject matter—this graduate student remains a child even as he mounts the platform to receive the doctorate. From primary school through "advanced education," he has been groomed and directed and told how he will think, how he will proceed in the act of learning. If there is to be intellectual maturation, it is up to the student to achieve it—after he has done with the schools.

Morris Bishop, president of the Modern Language Association, recently had this to say about the doctoral thesis:

Given the task of writing on a subject that interests nobody in a book that nobody will read, the candidate approaches his task with repugnance and he fulfills it often with loathing.

The remarks are platitude; only Bishop's position as president of the literary scholar's equivalent of the AMA makes his statement more than a little piquant.

Another scholar of the first rank, Louis D. Rubin, has recently castigated American graduate education:

Under the misleading notion that the student is being taught "discipline" and "scholarship," the doctorate system in English literature as presently conceived actually stifles and kills the spontaneity and immediacy that the good student brings to his literary study. It takes a young man or woman of 23 to 25 years, filled with eagerness and vigor for the study of literature, and teaches this young person that the way to deal with it is to be as picayune, as unimaginative, as deadly and cumulatively dull as possible.

Rubin's attitude and my own parallel one another exactly. I believe there is anger—personal and profound anger—behind his words, and the anger becomes him:

I am not talking merely about the introductory bibliography course; I am talking about the whole English Ph.D. system. I am talking about the kind of historically grounded academic regimen that buries its students in a mass of unimportant detail, inflicts upon him unwanted and unnecessary burdens of useless philological and historical knowledge . . . and tells him that the expression of excitement about poems and stories is the mark of an uninformed, immature mind.

The English University, on the other hand, to paraphrase Lord Nelson, "expects every man to do his duty." In the final analysis, one grants or does not grant oneself an advanced degree in Sussex or Oxford or the others. There are no pressures of any kind—except those a man places upon himself. There is a minimum of regulation and no harassment at all. By contrast, my master's degree was one long calvary of bibliography courses, required subjects, mid-term examinations, final examinations, and foreign language requirements. Somewhere in this welter of bureaucratic

fallout, one was supposed to make some headway toward choosing a thesis topic (no subject in American literature or English literature after 1900 was permitted)—which topic was approved or disapproved by a director who might or might not find the student's tastes in conformity with his own. Once a topic was chosen, each chapter had to be submitted. Invariably it was "not quite right." One then shuffled footnotes, shifted paragraphs, rearranged emphases—and usually won approval for saying precisely the same thing in less lively fashion.

AMERICAN graduate study in literature has, ironically, a fairly close parallel in the worst abuses of the college fraternity. The graduate student is a "pledge"; the faculty collectively "actives." Every "active" is determined that no "pledge" shall be initiated until he has endured the same nonsense, the same humiliation, the same arbitrary whimsy that the "active" himself underwent on his way to acceptance. This sort of conduct is frequently singled out for condemnation by administrative figures when fraternity boys indulge in it. When, in more subtle fashion, the graduate faculty entertains itself similarly, no voice is raised in protest.

I have suggested the way in which an English Research Student wins his degree. Let me, by way of contrast, detail the ordeal of his American counterpart. My outline cannot be exhaustive, nor do I mean to imply that there are no differences between the graduate schools of various universities. At the same time, I would stand by the position that the majority of graduate programs in literature are more or less guilty of the attitudes, practices and tendencies I discuss. The following remarks, I should add, are drawn as much from the experience of my friends and colleagues as from my own.

To begin with no certain order of priority, virtually every graduate school in the country demands what regulations are pleased to call "a reading knowledge of French and German." Other languages may be substituted, but the essential requirement is general. And farcical.

The requirement is a farce because few students are equipped to take it in stride unless they have planned their education with great care—and attended schools where such language training is offered. Moreover, as a distinguished full professor and widely published scholar recently told me, "Not twenty per cent of the Ph.D.'s in literary study in American universities are competent to read two languages with any real fluency." And those who can rarely find it essential to the practice of their profession. To say that vast quanti-

ties of important scholarship in the fields of English and American literature remains untranslated is to say falsely. The truth is that there is little need to require of students already hard-pressed in the mastery of the world's most extensive literature additional—and distracting—effort in languages they will very likely never handle with reasonable fluency. Regarding language examinations, Professor David Daiches has recently said:

I have examined American graduate students in both French and German . . . and I know how often the student passes this hurdle with no real knowledge of the language at all. I used to be told to set the student a passage of prose in the language and leave him alone for some hours with a dictionary. If, when I returned, he had hammered out a few sentences, he was to be passed . . . Only the other day we had an American university teacher staying with us and I reminded him of a period several years ago when he had been studying German for his Ph.D. language requirement, and quoted a German sentence to him. He replied that he couldn't understand a word, and that after passing his examination he had rapidly forgotten what little he knew.

An offshoot of this sort of thing is even more bizarre. Almost every graduate program demands knowledge of Anglo-Saxon. Outside the field of linguistics, I have yet to meet a scholar who will defend this requirement as genuinely relevant and worth the considerable time and energy it consumes on the part of the student. The study of Middle-English is another thing altogether: there is a large and valuable literature in Middle-English, and control of that language is much less difficult. Anglo-Saxon, like the dodo, is extinct. But unlike that wretched bird, it is consigned not to a museum but to the schedules of students who might find half a hundred more profitable ways to spend their time.

Perhaps the most vicious and totally purposeless agony of graduate study in literature in American colleges coalesces around the written and oral examinations. I say "coalesces around" because the examinations themselves, their content, the manner in which they are given, and their results are deeply involved in a disturbing and inexcusable morass of academic politics. In no graduate school, to my knowledge, are there clear, carefully codified standards which a candidate must meet in order to obtain his degree. Quoting from the Louisiana State University Graduate Bulletin:

The specific requirements of departments vary considerably, but in all cases the degree is not awarded solely on the basis of study, however faithful, extending over any prescribed period of time. Nothing in the following summary of minimum requirements should be construed to imply that the degree will be granted merely in recognition of faithful performance of required work. The basic requirements are really two-fold: (1) To be admitted to

candidacy, an applicant must exhibit unmistakable evidence of penetrating mastery of a rather broad major field, which is ordinarily done in a general examination. (2) A candidate must prove his ability to complete a significant program of original research, which is done in a dissertation embodying creative scholarship and by passing a rigorous final examination. The dissertation must add to the sum of existing knowledge and it must be presented with considerable literary skill.

Let me make clear that this paragraph is in no way anomalous. It is a fair representation of graduate school thought in general. Its most striking features are two: (1) The first section makes clear that no amount of classwork, however "faithfully performed," suffices to gain the degree. Yet such classwork is demanded, nonetheless. (2) Almost every word in the two-part description of requirements is ambiguous. What constitutes "unmistakable evidence" of "penetrating mastery" of a "rather broad" field? Obviously, such imprecise language invites a proliferation of interpretation, and offers the student no defense whatever against arbitrary and whimsical demands. He is, clearly, the hostage of faculty good will. A common phrase among my own graduate school contemporaries was "don't originate; cooperate." When requirements are so vague that interpretation is wholly in the hands of one's future examiners, it is the height of wisdom to follow Sam Rayburn's cynical advice to freshman Congressmen: "Go along, and you'll get along." As Louis Rubin describes it, graduate study in literature is "at best a rather boring and confining routine, and at worst a nightmarish torture of sensibilities and suppression of one's own thoughts and ideas."

The second general requirement listed above deals with "original research" aiming toward "a dissertation embodying creative scholarship." The "original research" is rarely of a kind to be enlightening beyond the most restricted limits of the writer's field. As for "creative scholarship," one might as well seek water in the Sahara. Speaking of his own dissertation, Morris Bishop recently said, "I have often thought of extracting it from the library and burning it, but I renounced that purpose on realizing that no one has looked at it in 38 years."

I cannot quarrel with the reality of a "rigorous final examination." If no other passage in the requirements bears any relationship to fact, that one certainly does, as I shall show in a moment.

It is impossible, however, to pass on without comment on the fanciful notion that the dissertation "must add to the sum of existing knowledge," and that it be "presented with considerable literary skill." Not one dissertation in fifty is worthy of publication (as is evidenced by the fact that it is a rare dissertation indeed

that is published by a university press—and I have never heard of one published in the form it was submitted for the degree, which may suggest something, too, about "literary skill" commonly found in dissertations), and not one in a score serves as a base for further research in the field concerned. One of my colleagues, upon reading my dissertation, smiled and observed that it would never have earned an American doctorate. Hackles rising, I asked why not. "It reads too well," he said. "No jargon, no circumlocution—none of the dullness that marks 'good solid scholarship.'"

FOR all the essentially useless and painful aspects of course work, language requirements and dissertation, American graduate study in literature has no more fully developed grotesque than the "rigorous" written and oral examinations demanded of every Ph.D. candidate. Over the years, one collects numerous stories and anecdotes of absurd and pointless questions asked—some, in misguided or ignorant good faith; too many, in malicious and virulent bad faith. I think that no one presently holding the doctorate will dispute my contention that any bright doctoral candidate could as easily fail his examiners as they him. As the examinations are set up, any question, however supercilious, fugitive, pointless or inane can be asked—and the candidate faulted—and possibly failed—for not answering it. A large proportion of such questions dwell obsessively on factual minutia. I was asked, apparently in good faith, by one of my American examiners, "In what library might one find the original manuscripts of Wordsworth's *Prelude*." I stared at the questioner and shrugged off the question. I have somehow, over the ensuing years, managed to struggle along without looking up that information. Another examiner, from the History Department, asked me what major contribution Alcuin had made to European letters and culture. I replied that he had developed Carolingian minuscule. "My God," the good professor said, "that's right." How I came by that profound and lastingly useful knowledge I do not remember. But judging from the examiner's response, I had no business with it, and he was nonplussed to discover it in my possession.

To be short two-thirds of the questions on most Ph.D. examinations, written and oral, can be answered from the pages of Baugh's *Literary History of England* or some such similar volume, and are hence both irrelevant and impertinent. Irrelevant because nothing is proved by a candidate's failure to know where a particular manuscript is held—or by his knowing that Alcuin had something to do with a new style of hand-

writing. Possession of certain facts may indicate that a candidate has a photographic memory. Photographic memories, I am told, are sometimes possessed by morons. Such questions are impertinent because a truly qualified doctoral candidate should be asked questions worthy of the synthetic and integrative powers one supposes such a person to possess. Should I be asked one such on examination to trace the picaresque novel from Tomas Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller* to Saul Bellow's *Adventures of Augie March*, I might or might not acquit myself well. But it would be a question worthy of an answer, and one which would not shame the professor who asked it or the student required to answer it. Such questions are asked. But not exclusively, not often enough.

One might extend the catalogue of scholarly offenses indefinitely. There is politics in virtually every department. Should a graduate student anger one clique, and have no devoted professorial partisan in another, his final examination—if he gets that far—may be "rigorous" indeed. It may be argued that his answers are "thin," that his dissertation is "facile," or not really a "contribution to knowledge" at all. There is little camaraderie between graduate apprentices and those who have, by one means or another, "arrived" with doctorate in hand. The "community of scholars" which one hears of as a university ideal bears about as much resemblance to the real situation as More's *Utopia* does to the Soviet Union.

THE reader will have noticed how comparatively little I have said concerning British graduate study. That is because, in a sense, there is so little that needs saying. Insofar as I experienced it at Sussex, it is the opposite of the American system. Perhaps the American Ph.D. would call that system "permissive," declare that it does not require and demand enough of the student. The British system demands precisely what any system of advanced research should and may legitimately demand: evidence of the ability to do serious and extensive scholarly or critical work of professional quality. Within the British system, the dissertation in and of itself is considered proof of that. The final examination is used to resolve questionable points. Then a candidate rises or falls on the basis of his accomplished work. So far as I can see, the rest is irrelevant.

The essential good faith of the British system—and the good sense which governs it—is demonstrated by the fact that only two examiners question a candidate. I was amazed at this, recalling the long hassles between factions in American English departments as to whether a student should be passed or failed.

"That doesn't happen here," I was told. "We rarely

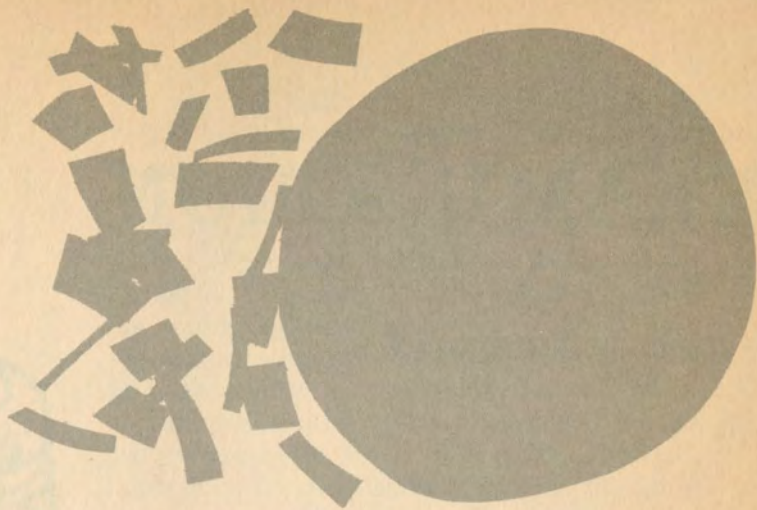
have disagreements." And it is true.

The British system recognizes what should be no less obvious to Americans. David Daiches has said,

The Ph.D. is obviously a valuable degree for many who wish to train themselves as academic teachers of literature, but in itself it guarantees very little—not even literacy. And the thought of all that plodding research going on throughout the country—the hunt for a subject, the piling up of the index cards, the ponderous writing-up with obsessive footnoting and mammoth bibliographical appendices—produces an infinite weariness.

The whole notion of the purpose and meaning of graduate training in literature has been warped in America. There was a time when the doctorate was a rarity, and viewed not as a shop-card, a *sine qua non* for the university teacher, but the reward (usually gained relatively late in his career) properly conferred upon a man who had demonstrated his mastery of a field. His dissertation, usually the fruit of years spent reading widely, considering carefully, and finally written without pressure, was almost always a real "contribution to knowledge" in the widest sense. And he was not marked and rendered cynical, turned into a scholarly and critical hack by bogus requirements and procedures that had the smell of fraud about them. It is worth noting that British universities still grant such a degree. It is called the Doctor of Literature (D.Litt.), and is granted usually a number of years after the candidate has completed his formal training. It is granted upon submission of the candidate's whole published work, if that work is judged worthy. And it is granted, on those terms, to any university graduate, whether he holds the B.A., M.A., M.Phil., or D.Phil. The accomplishment and its measure, not the ritual and the motions, are the criteria.

In summary, it is my view that American graduate study in literature reflects, in what one supposes to be the highest intellectual circles of the country, an immaturity of attitude, a questionable motivation, and an uncertainty as to direction and goal almost beyond description in its essential neurotic complexities. The British system, in contrast, bears, by virtue of its directness, its unequivocal demand for excellence and nothing more nor less than excellence, its surprising (to veterans of American graduate schools) simplicity, the marks of a healthy and well-defined educational operation. If American advanced study has about it the aroma of scissors, paste and construction paper one recalls from nursery school, the British Research Student works in an atmosphere more reminiscent of a professional athletic field uncluttered by lingering juvenilia. The object is honest victory, and the man is weighed not by his facility for obeying kindergarten proprieties but in terms of his ability to win.



### STATION OF THE CROSS

seen through  
this wide light  
as if

only reflecting  
what has been seen, that  
moment

reflecting  
the inner eye and  
standing

in the glare  
tensed  
to protective stance

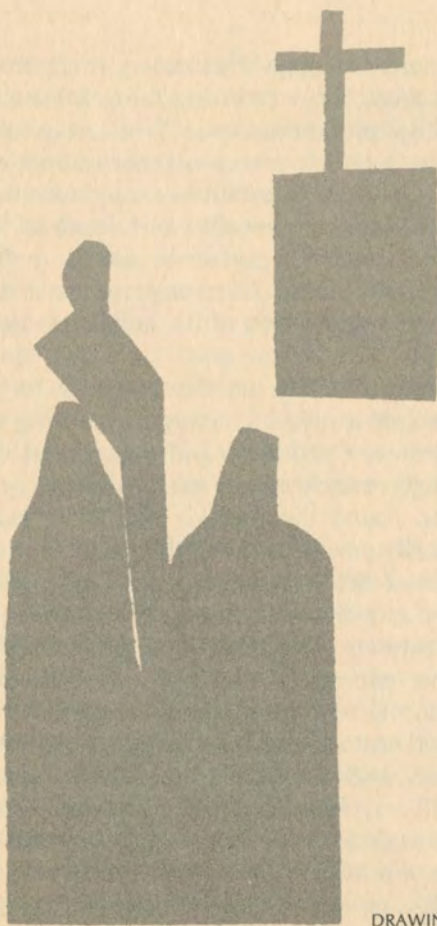
taking  
the numbers as they come  
counting them, eating,

making of them  
new instruments from  
which to gauge

this wide light.

from which to fall.

—MARGARET RANDALL de MONDRAGON



DRAWING BY ROBERT CHARLES BROWN

# EXAMINATION

BY PETER FRIEDMAN



DRAWINGS BY ZDENEK SEYDL

**Answer Question I and one question each from groups II, III and IV. It is suggested that you spend sixty minutes on Question I and forty minutes on each of the other three questions. You should allocate between one-third and one-half of your time on each question to thinking and organizing your answer. A well-written, tightly organized answer is the mark of a good examination paper. You will be graded on the quality, rather than the length of your essays.**

One-third to one-half of the time means thinking 20 to 30 minutes on the first question. Of course, if I think twice as fast as everyone else, then I need only think 10 to 15 minutes, leaving me 15 minutes more to write. Therefore, I will think 10 to 15 minutes twice as fast as the people thinking 20 to 30 minutes.

**Question I. Read the following quotation. Do you agree with the statement it makes? Argue in support of, and in opposition to the view which the quotation expresses. Indicate your own conclusions and the reasoning upon which you base them.**

I recognize the quotation. Why don't they simply ask me to identify it, and forget the rest of this nonsense?

Most of the others here will oppose the quotation because of its apparent restriction in scope and omis-

sion of many factors while dealing exclusively with the religious area. The interesting thing for me to do is to support the quotation. I must find a way to show why, despite its seeming errors of observation and narrow point of view, the quotation, seen in context, reveals an almost boundless breadth and depth of understanding of the historical period in question. If I support the quotation, I should first argue against it, then proceed in the second part of my answer to destroy these arguments.

The obvious attack on the quotation is that it represents solely a religious analysis, ignoring the prevailing economic conditions and the spread of literature increasingly attacking all established dogma. I need a third to round the picture out. Three reasons seem rhythmically more complete than two. Perhaps the personalities of the leaders temporal and spiritual.

I might as well start with the economic reason (ideas can be thrown in later when I get rushed for time): aggressive merchants against happy sheep farmers. Agriculturally revolting squires plagued by trader second sons returning home only when temporarily applied out, and everyone relying on Dutch bottoms. Mercantilism, laissez-faire; it doesn't matter. We'll throw it in and let it arrange itself on paper.

On to the literary revival. Literature thundering out of the dark ages. Rationalism catching the philosophies where it hurt and veering them off in new directions. Locke, Voltaire, Rousseau and Montesquieu. Identifica-



tion as a substitute for knowledge? Perhaps not. But if one is desperate enough and remembers that the meek must wait until the bold die intestate?

The influence of literature on ways of thought. Yet, if most of the people were illiterate, of what use was literature? No. Just stick to the question and don't get bogged down on the side issue of illiteracy.

I'll mention leaders briefly and then move on to the subtle reason tying the other three together.

One subtle reason coming up: The very religiosity that gave rise to the quotation determined both the narrowness of the quote itself and of the civilization from which it emanated. The quote was, perforce, a distortion of reality. A narrow quote born of a narrow world.

I must now resurrect the quotation and establish firmly its veracity. We can say that the truth of the quote lies in its proving a perfect example of the setting from which it came. It was an accurate reflection of the religious nature of the universe as seen from the vantage point of the contemporary mind. The quotation presents the same picture of a civilization as that shown in its own self-portrait: a rare and valuable concurrence of both mode and object of expression.

I'll attack the importance of the literary movement by pointing out that most of the contemporary tracts tended not to inflame the reader to revolution, but to lull him into somnolence. As for personal leadership, we can argue that the leaders were shaped by religion

rather than religion being molded to fit the needs and desires of the leaders.

Religious organization expressed an underlying unity of diverse realms. Religion still reigned supreme in every village of the Land. The quotation, far from being narrowly restrictive, expresses the true extent of a religion that provided sanctuary for the release of every human emotion and a framework for understanding the world as it then existed.

The first question took me an hour and a half, so I'll treat the next three questions as 30 minute rather than 40 minute questions. I like it better this way; 30 minute questions are far more pleasing. Furthermore, if I only think 5 minutes and write for 25 minutes, I'll have just as much writing time as those who can spend 45 minutes on the question, but use 20 of those minutes for thinking.

By the time I get to the questions in group IV, only five minutes are left.

Three questions in group IV to choose from. No time to read them all. I'll just pick the second one whatever it is.

#### **Compare the Revolution in France in 1830 with the Revolution in Germany in 1848.**

Why not compare the French Revolution of 1830 with the French Revolution of 1848, or the German Revolution of 1830 with the German Revolution of 1848? There's no need to cut across both national and temporal lines.

Four and a half minutes left. All thought must be concentrated on the question exactly as written. Thirty seconds of calm thought for each of the revolutions.

The French Revolution of 1830: Reaction to the White Terror, which itself was a reaction to the excesses of the original reaction. Rising bourgeoisie colliding with falling gentry. Change in the property qualification for voting from 300 francs to 200 francs and in the length of military service from eight years to seven years. These are the only two honest facts that I know about the period. What else was there? There must have been something else. Factory riots in Lyon; the first hint of tinge of socialism. Middle class king and middle class subjects—good solid burghers on the march.

Fifteen seconds left to think about Germany of 1848. Bismarck: blood and iron, coal and steel, coke and sweat. Or did that all come later? Germany in 1848: a hotbed of political unrest, seething straight through to the bone. Fomenting ground for those who had no ground at all. Failure of the liberals to take decisive control. Revolt in a paternalistic society. Harbinger of what was to come.

I think I'll begin by saying that the German Revolution of 1848 differed fundamentally from the French Revolution of 1830 in—*Time is up. Complete the sentence you are now working on and hand in your paper*—both scope and intensity, being more of each.



WHY DON'T  
YOU NEGOTIATE?

I CAN'T FROM A POSITION OF WEAKNESS!

## THE CRITICS OF DETERRENCE

BY JOSEPH L. ALLEN



NOW CAN YOU NEGOTIATE?

I SHOULD STOP WHEN I'M WINNING?

*Crane*



"DETERRENCE" has become a dirty word in wide circles today. Among many who consider themselves to be liberal-minded, intellectual, and deeply concerned over peace, deterrence symbolizes a diabolical evil. For them it represents the obtuse mind-set of "the military," the rigid continuation of past patterns of thinking about war under the totally different conditions of modern military technology. Their conclusion is that those concerned for morality, peace, and survival must oppose deterrence and seek another direction for policy.

This body of opinion is supported by a sizeable body of recent studies, by both church groups and writers interested in strategy: all are critics of deterrence. Have they actually come upon a serious and unadmitted flaw in national strategy? How well do they recognize the problems and alternatives strategists face? How well do they understand the nature of the international arena in which strategy is conducted? Must morality—particularly Christian morality—reject deterrence? Or, unlike these critics, should we be asking what *kind* of deterrence policy the United States should maintain?

The critics of deterrence come from diverse sources. Some are long-standing pacifists, Christian or humanist. Their dismay over deterrence is an extension of their general abhorrence of force in international relations. When the American Friends Service Committee, for instance, recently published a series of studies entitled "Beyond Deterrence," no one should have been surprised at the viewpoint. As supporters of the AFSC well know, nonpacifists unfortunately write off its criticisms as the expected response of a "peace group."

The critics of deterrence who apparently make the most impact seldom argue their case on grounds of absolute pacifism. These critics include both humanists and churchmen, and the viewpoints of the two groups have more in common—both in their ideas of what strategy is about and in their underlying assumptions about society—than one might expect. For present purposes we shall examine the criticisms of one widely read humanist, Professor Seymour Melman, and one recent church statement, the unofficial Methodist study document, *The Christian Faith and War in the Nuclear Age*.<sup>1</sup> These two sources will not command agreement from all critics of deterrence, but they represent the view that present deterrence policy is deeply wrong and in need of wholesale change.

<sup>1</sup> Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1963.

Professor Melman, a Columbia University economist, has concentrated for several years on problems of disarmament. His findings have appeared in various books and shorter writings<sup>2</sup> and have been presented to Congressional committees and other governmental agencies. Melman's chief contention is that the United States now has vastly more military might than it needs. This oversized military machine, he argues, has no legitimate military purpose, makes war more likely, and dangerously weakens the American economy.

The catchword of Melman's argument is "overkill," a term he has borrowed from the nuclear physicist Ralph Lapp. How can anyone be overkilled? That common-sense question, and the obvious common-sense answer—that no one can be—is the heart of Melman's argument. The United States, he says, has enough nuclear weapons and strategic delivery vehicles to destroy the 140 major cities of the Soviet Union, not once, but 78 times, even assuming that only half the carriers get through to their targets. In Melman's view of strategy any overkill makes no sense; once a target is destroyed, it is gone, and there is no need for further capacity to destroy it.

Why, then, does the Defense Department maintain so much unnecessary force? Because, Melman says, the policy of "counterforce" has dominated defense thinking. He describes the counterforce policy as the idea of having enough nuclear strength to destroy Soviet forces in one strike, without unbearable losses in return. Although Melman does not quite say so, he implies that the only way to explain the United States forces is to assume that we are considering striking the Soviet Union first.

All this represents in Melman's eyes the avoidance of reality. It ought to be clear, he maintains, that nuclear weapons not only challenge current defense thinking, they "make military strategies and standards obsolete."

Melman's proposals accordingly are drastic. He favors a reduction in the total defense budget to about one-fifth its present size. The budget he wants would be intended to reduce present military programs to one-fourth their present level, would cut back the atomic energy budget to less than one-fifth, would shrink procurement of new weapons to one-sixteenth, and would totally eliminate the billions spent for strategic research, weapons development, and testing.

<sup>2</sup> Especially *The Peace Race* (New York: George Braziller, 1962), and *A Strategy for American Security* (New York: Lee Service, Inc., 1963), pp. 1-6.

His budget would leave some 200 strategic missiles in place, still enough to "overkill" the Soviet Union, but hopefully a much more modest and reasonable force.

The major result of this reversal of policy, he believes, would be to free vast funds for the "peace race"—for conversion to needed peaceful economic purposes and for industrialization of the world. He believes that the peace race would so challenge the Soviet Union as to compel it to compete; and in order to have the economic resources to do so, the Soviets would have to disarm.

The Department of Defense seems to look upon Melman and his arguments with an air of irritated amusement. Defense officials have published detailed replies to his questions and charges. Once the Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of budgetary matters offered a point-by-point refutation of Melman's position, calmly and deliberately disagreeing with both his information about weapons and his assumptions about strategy. Another reply, prepared within the Air Force, was more piqued and less fair. It belittled his opportunity to know anything about strategy, it referred to him condescendingly as "the Professor" (apparently the article was meant for non-professors, or perhaps anti-professors), and it darkly hinted at an alliance between civil rights advocates and "the overkillers" (for whom was that allusion meant?). The tone of that article would lead a strategic amateur to suspect that Melman might have a case; else why would some of his critics turn to innuendo? Obviously he has gotten under their skin. The question is whether that is where he belongs.

In fact Melman's arguments involve erroneous views of strategy, and many of the Defense Department criticisms (from sources both calm and uncalm) are to the point. Take for example his calculations about what constitutes "overkill." He bases his figures on the size of the Hiroshima bomb (20 kilotons) and the estimated deaths it produced (100,000 is the figure he uses). He then concludes that ten megatons' worth of nuclear weapons could kill all the people in the 140 major Soviet cities. Plausible? But why use Hiroshima as the key? The same sized bomb over Nagasaki killed half as many. Also a bomb 50 times as large would not be 50 times as destructive, though Melman fails to make allowance for this fact. Furthermore, he assumes that all our strategic bombers could take part in an attack—but in fact we could retaliate with only those that had been on 15-minute ground alert, re-

ducing the bombers by at least one-half, even before the enemy began reducing them still further. His calculations contain many serious inaccuracies and apparent guesses, even though they give the surface appearance of exact research.

But his image of strategy is far more important than his factual inaccuracies. He assumes a situation in which the United States strikes first, before absorbing any losses. In fact the whole of our nuclear strategy is built around the assumption that we would *not* strike first, and therefore that we can deter only if we would have substantial weapons left after being subjected to a massive attack.

Melman assumes that we would be interested primarily in attacking enemy cities. In fact recent United States strategy has strongly sought to discourage threats against cities. In a retaliatory strike it would be in our interest to destroy remaining enemy strategic forces—a task that requires far more weapons than destroying cities. If we possessed only the 200 missiles Melman wants, we would have far too few weapons to endanger the Soviet strategic force. We could deter only by targeting cities and their millions of people—certainly a dangerous and morally indefensible policy.

Melman assumes, too, that wars come in only one size and shape—the unlimited thermonuclear war. In fact the great number and variety of our weapons reflect the number of possible kinds of wars and the need to tailor the response to the attack. It *may* be that the first use of nuclear weapons in war *would* escalate into all-out war, but that result is certainly not inevitable. If our forces were attacked with small nuclear weapons and we had none, the danger of our resorting to the large ones would be far greater than if we had provided ourselves with a choice. The point of our weapons is not to destroy the enemy but to stop the war. If nuclear war starts, we want to be able to stop it, and this means deterring the enemy from continuing it. If deterrence were to end when war began, all wars would become total. Only if deterrence continues during war can a war be stopped, and that goal requires preparation for a vast variety of military situations. Melman sides with a probable majority of Americans, including many militarists and pacifists, in ignoring this reasoning.

In Melman's thinking, the explanation for our present defense policy must be that it is based on stupidity or malice or both. It is difficult to know what other explanation would fit his picture of strategy. If one listens to the replies of the strategists, however, they look

more reasonable than Melman thinks. What is disturbing is that he made his criticisms and proposals before he has either understood or answered the many good reasons that may be presented in support of present defense policies.

THE unofficial Methodist study document, *The Christian Faith and War in the Nuclear Age*, approaches the subject of deterrence by a very different route from Melman's. The twelve members of the Study Commission are all church leaders, and their judgments about strategy arise out of the effort to relate Christian faith to their picture of what the problem is in current strategy.

The problem, as the commission presents it, is "the war system" in a day when nuclear weapons threaten to make any war total. The war system itself is the root of the matter; nuclear weapons only intensify the problem of depending on weapons at all. The thesis of the report is that there is no justification for the possession, let alone the use, of nuclear weapons. Clear alternatives are posed: "Nuclear weapons and conventional arms are so closely interrelated that in the end there is no really hopeful or acceptable alternative to the present road to ruin except complete and universal disarmament down to police levels and under effective international controls." (p. 33.)

The statement takes for granted, as does Melman, that it is meaningless to talk about war except in terms of indiscriminate and unlimited nuclear war. Nor is any reason envisioned for talking about peacetime strategy apart from actual nuclear war. The problem is seen as war, and peacetime nuclear strategy is discussed simply as a part of the war system. Strategists talk of limited war in the nuclear age, but with the likelihood of escalation into major war, the report pictures limited war theory simply as part of a strategy of annihilation. The report does not approve of any strategy that involves using, threatening to use, or possessing nuclear weapons.

At several points one imagines he senses in the report some impulse to draw back from this conclusion. It might be in the admission that Christians may disagree over strategy, but this is a standard precaution, not necessarily signifying personal uncertainty. Or it might be in the comment that force can be compatible with Christian faith, although the example given along with that statement is taken from domestic policy

power, not international relations. One's suspicions of uncertainty are aroused, however, by this sentence: "It is true that in a world of armed nations, often guided only by self-interest, order can be preserved only by the restraint of military power." (p. 41.) The sentence reads like an insertion designed to reassure someone on the commission who is hesitant over where the argument is leading. If so, he should not have been reassured. The sentence could please the most ardent advocate of the report's thesis. Note the qualifications: "in a world of armed nations" (aside: "But must the nations be armed?"); "often guided only by self-interest" ("but not always; nations can and should become altruistic"); "military power" (apparently not including nuclear weapons, the most important kind of military power). An open sign of the uneasiness within the commission is that one member twice dissociated himself from the main position of the report. He did so in such a way as to suggest that he disagreed at many other points. In any event his protest did not significantly alter the report's rejection of any strategy dependent on nuclear weapons.

The discussion of deterrence takes place within that framework. The most important question about the report's view of deterrence is whether it grasps the purpose of deterrence. What are deterrence strategists trying to accomplish? The report strongly implies that the goal of deterrence strategy is to perpetuate the war system. In one passage, for example, this goal is attributed to limited war preparedness. Another implies that the goal of nuclear deterrence is to make limited wars possible. A fairer statement would have been that the goal is to encourage the enemy to keep wars limited if they do occur, but the report fails to use this more careful language and thus gives the opposite impression. The same misleading conclusion is implied about the goals of civil defense: "To promote civil defense programs in an effort to make nuclear war a tolerable alternative is immoral and deceptive." (p. 68.) The reader is thus encouraged to see civil defense as an effort to promote nuclear war (unquestionably immoral—if it were true). In fact advocates of civil defense seek to reduce war's destructiveness if it comes, not to encourage its coming. One wonders why the report did not make this clear. Instead it repeatedly identifies deterrence with support of war.

Any careful reading of current strategy should dispel that misunderstanding. The prime purpose of deter-

rence is to avoid war, not to encourage it. Strategists have two main goals, represented by two standard questions they ask about virtually any proposal: Would it reduce the chances of war, and would it reduce the destructiveness of the wars that do occur? These are not the questions of people seeking ways to encourage some "war system." Yet these goals repeatedly influence United States policies. They are behind the efforts of Secretary McNamara to avoid threatening cities; they help explain our limited war capability; they show why some advocates of moderate civil defense programs are against a large program, for fear it would suggest that we are preparing to attack. The Study Commission fails to show the importance of these two goals in our deterrence strategy; as a result, it misrepresents the nature of deterrence.

The writers of the report were apparently convinced that deterrence is a devilish scheme, not a live alternative for reasonable men. Otherwise it is difficult to interpret either the tone or the words of the report. The reference to preventive war, for example, comes in the midst of the discussion of deterrence so as to link the two together. Nowhere is it explained that no reputable strategist advocates preventive war—the calculating, unprovoked attack upon an enemy before he becomes strong enough to be a threat. Or again, it is said that deterrence "involves the destruction of whole cities and their populations, a process which is called genocide." (p. 45.) Yet the United States need not threaten Soviet cities in order to deter, and deterrence theorists neither desire nor encourage genocide. (It ought not be necessary to say that!) The most outlandish charge of the report is that nuclear deterrence implies "a nihilism and disrespect for life not unlike that which motivated Adolf Hitler." (p. 45.) Doubtless the members of the Study Commission would protest if such an insinuation were turned against them, and they ought to protest. One searches the report in vain for an accurate picture of current deterrence strategy.

**P**ROFESSOR Melman and the Study Commission report have two characteristics in common in their rejection of deterrence. The first is a failure to take sufficient pains to understand what they are criticizing. It should be said very clearly that nuclear deterrence involves serious problems. Let nothing hide that fact. As the Study Commission report plainly states, deterrence involves the risk of nuclear war by accident or miscalculation or escalation or by the suicidal impulse of a mad dictator. Whether these risks are currently large or small, some of them may well increase with time. Furthermore, national defense does cost the nation in resources that could be turned to more constructive purposes, as Melman says, and there is some

level, wherever it is (this writer thinks it is much higher than Melman does) beyond which it is useless and unduly costly to keep accumulating weapons.

But sympathetic understanding must precede and accompany criticism. Deterrence strategy is an effort to promote peace, and strategists ought to be appreciated as associates in a common dilemma, in need of whatever calm insight a critic may supply, just as he is in need of their specialized knowledge. If we misunderstand their goals, we shall also misinterpret their reasoning and their proposals, and our criticisms will be so much tilting at windmills. If we convince anyone by that procedure, it will not be the most careful, capable, and responsible of the strategists.

Strategists have been heard to plead for more conversation with their critics, particularly with specialists in ethics. Many strategists would like all the help they can get from specialists in ethics, but they are not sure how much help is forthcoming. They sadly comment that few indeed are the ethicists who give strategy a careful reading.

**T**HE failure to understand the strategists grows out of a second common characteristic of the critics we have discussed. They share the assumption about international politics—that armaments are the main cause of the problems between nations. Therefore the critics pose their absolute choice: the arms race or the peace race; the war system or total disarmament. Get rid of the arms, turn to rebuilding the world, and the conflicts among nations will subside. This is a strange and wondrous interpretation to be so prevalent in the 1960's, especially among Christians, who should know that the human problem cannot be explained by external possessions like armaments. The problem lies in the interests men hold dear. Nations arm because they have conflicting interests. Though the size and technological development of modern armaments aggravate the problem, they are also symptoms of deeper international conflicts. Simply getting rid of armaments would not eliminate the reasons nations arm. As long as the world lacks a unifying government to help reconcile conflicting interests—and there is no prospect for any such government in the foreseeable future—nations will seek arms as a means of protecting themselves. Otherwise they could not deter their enemies from evil-doing.

Deterrence is not a dirty word, but a reflection of the plight of international society. Men may devise deterrence policies that will worsen the situation, or other deterrence policies that will help to improve matters. Only the fairest and most careful analysis will stand a chance of distinguishing the one from the other.

## Five Fears

1.

There was a day when,  
asking the mirror, "Who  
are  
you?"  
I heard an answer.

2.

Maybe this April grass is  
only another December  
thaw.



3.

The window rattles.  
Around the edges  
jets of air pierce  
the room, pierce me.  
Somewhere to the northwest  
other people battle  
behind other windows.  
Between us is the wind,  
nothing but wind.

4.

The radio news report  
describes Marc's accident:  
yesterday I  
told him how much I despise him.

5.

"Christ is," the sign  
says, "the answer."  
Pardon me, but  
I've forgotten the  
question.

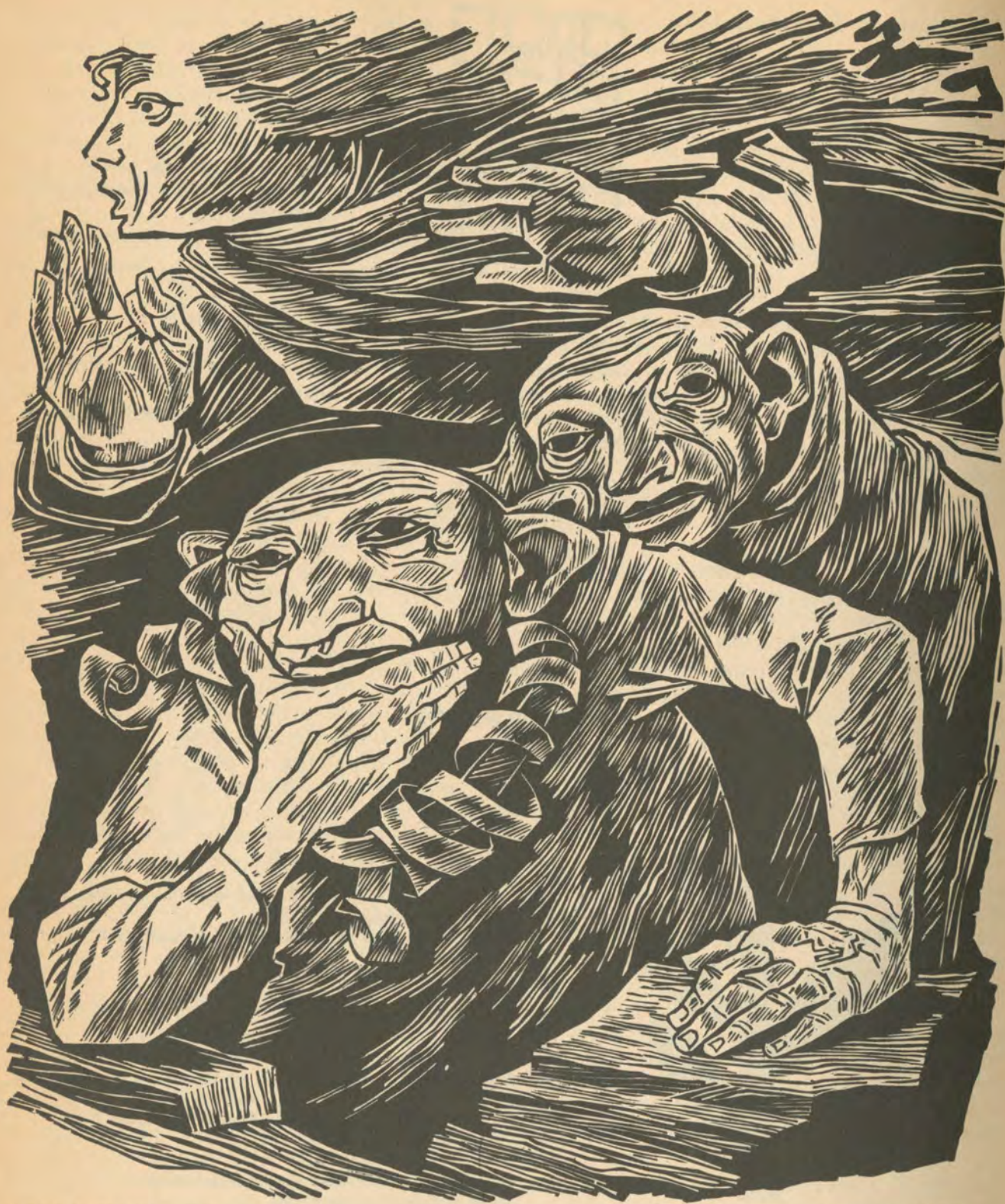
—WARREN KIEWER

## A POEM FOR SUMMER



We can conceive of only so much chaos here at home  
where we belong,  
until one day the vegetation we've fawned upon  
no longer steams  
and sand is blowing, blowing over.  
As if each careless evening is the last  
we wait to make our plans  
and finally leave as people do with maps,  
the paper bags of limp and seedless grapes.  
We leave pretending to forget what is important here:  
a chance for hotter weather and old love.  
We used to travel in awe of relaxation because  
it stayed in place like thighs,  
but present destinations  
are remembered for all things nearly over  
from stiff parental worship  
to love affairs unreachable by phone.  
It's truth that gets undone and truth beginning  
with objective stains of fall,  
yet we'll perpetuate these dislocated days  
and work to be estranged  
and win the deaths of the rose after all.

—NANCY HOLMES



WOOD ENGRAVING, 1947

HANS ORLOWSKI

# THE CHRISTIAN AND UNBELIEVERS

BY SCHUBERT M. OGDEN

OF the many statements by those in our time who have declined to join in a Christian confession, few are as eloquent or searching as Albert Camus' address, "The Unbeliever and Christians."<sup>1</sup> Speaking to the question of what unbelievers expect Christians to be and do, Camus here focuses unforgettably the reason why countless men today turn a deaf ear to Christian claims. He points to the fact recently dramatized by Rolf Hochhuth's play, *The Deputy*, that in the struggle for human dignity during the frightful years of the Second World War, the Christian church was judged and found wanting. Even when it condemned the executioners and torturers, it did so, in one case at least, only "in the style of the encyclicals, which is not at all clear." This example by itself, Camus suggests, answers the question of the unbeliever's expectations: "What the world expects of Christians is that Christians should speak out loud and clear, and that they should voice their condemnation in such a way that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt, could rise in the heart of the simplest man. They should get away from abstraction and confront the bloodstained face history has taken on today. The grouping we need is a grouping of men resolved to speak out clearly and to pay up personally. We are still waiting, and I am waiting, for a grouping of all those who refuse to be dogs and are resolved to pay the price that must be paid so that man can be something more than a dog."

In another passage, Camus speaks of "a great unequal battle" which has begun between "the forces of terror and the forces of dialogue." Declining to predict

<sup>1</sup> Albert Camus, *Resistance, Rebellion, and Death*, trans. by Justin O'Brien (New York: The Modern Library, n.d.), pp. 51-56.

the outcome of the battle, he expresses his belief that it has to be fought, and his knowledge that at least some men have determined to fight it. But he also confesses to the fear that these men, "a handful of isolated individuals . . . without any sort of affiliation," will be left to stand alone, and that "after an interval of two thousand years we may see the sacrifice of Socrates repeated several times . . . The program for the future is either a permanent dialogue or the solemn and significant putting to death of any who have experienced dialogue." Whereupon Camus puts this question to his Christian hearers: "Will Socrates still be alone and is there nothing in him and in your doctrine that urges you to join us?"

This question epitomizes the whole issue between some of the most sensitive spirits of our time and traditional Christianity. What these men want to know once and for all is whether Christians as Christians are on the side of man; whether the faith they profess makes them friends or enemies of the humanism of which Socrates is taken as the symbol. At first glance, the answer to this question might appear obvious. After all, it was quite early in their history that Christians saw enough both in Socrates and in their doctrine to join him to their cause, if not themselves to his. And what do we mean by the word "Christendom" if not the successive attempts to synthesize the religious legacy of ancient Israel with the humanistic culture of classical Greece? Yet true as this is, it hardly allays the suspicions of those whose one commitment is to the worth and significance of man. They know what honesty compels anyone to admit, that in mankind's long struggle for freedom from all that enslaves and degrades it, official Christianity has too often lent its support to the oppressors. Time and again, Christians have looked away from the blood-stained face of history and sacrificed man's concrete good to an abstraction.

Thus, the conventional formulations of Christian belief usually have been marked by an abstract or one-sided otherworldliness. Instead of conceiving of God as the infinite depth or ultimate significance of our present historical life, they have portrayed him as something merely alongside our life, without any real organic relation to it. The result is that men have been distracted from their proper tasks and opportunities in this world by the imagined consolations and demands of another. Then, too, there has been the fateful divorce of sacred from secular, of religious from non-religious, which has contributed just as surely to man's betrayal. Given this divorce, Christians have either abandoned the world to shift for itself—as when they have claimed, say, that "Religion has nothing to do with politics;" or else they have treated the world as but a means to "religious" ends—as when the Pope in

Hochhuth's drama refuses to condemn Hitler's genocide because Germany is a "bulwark against Bolshevism." But perhaps worst of all, Christians have too seldom let themselves be counted among "the forces of dialogue." Far too frequently, they have exempted their claims from the common tests of experience and reason, insisting that they be accepted blindly on sheer authority. Hence even Christian faith itself has come to seem something alien to man, something he could bring himself to affirm only by sacrificing his own integrity.

You may believe that these failings of traditional Christianity are really distortions of its own inmost essence. You may even believe that it is just this essence, just the fact of Jesus Christ, which represents the only sound basis for a Socratic humanism. But what no Christian may do is either ignore the question of Camus and all the others for whom he speaks or pretend that the answer to this question is already evident. If there is that in Christian doctrine which urges Christians to throw themselves wholeheartedly into the struggle for man, they have nevertheless failed to make that clear for all to see. It is not simply that they as individuals have repeatedly fallen short of their professed faith. The deeper failure is that even their profession itself, even their doctrine, has not been unambiguous in affirming man's dignity and freedom. The cardinal claim of Christ that what finally encompasses us is "pure unbounded love" and that for this reason every creature has an ultimate and unassailable significance has been set forth in terms, partly mythical, partly metaphysical, which have obscured and distorted its meaning. Therefore, the Christian has the right to answer yes to Camus' question, to claim that Christian faith is on the side of man, only on one condition. He must concede the need for a radical reformation of much in traditional Christianity. He must, in fact, pledge his own effort and support to that full humanization of Christian beliefs and institutions which Christ himself also demands.

**B**UT if this is the Christian's first responsibility in his dialogue with unbelievers, he also has another.

Dialogue, if it is genuine, is always a two-way affair, and the Christian has a question to ask as well as to answer. Actually, what he wishes to know is whether those who reject his faith in the name of man are themselves really clear in their humanistic commitment. It may appear odd that he should be uncertain about this, since modern unbelief scarcely seems intelligible except as the great declaration of human independence. The whole boast of the unbeliever is to speak for man come of age, free at last from the gods and lords who would keep him a child. But for many



who have lived through the tragic history of our century, this boast now has a hollow ring. As Camus himself was acutely aware, unbelief has only too often forged its own weapons of oppression and terror which have degraded the human spirit on a scale and with an efficiency that are unparalleled. Whether Nietzschean nihilism or Marxist collectivism, the modern strategies of rebellion have not ushered in the era of man's liberation but the age of totalitarian tyranny and mass produced murder. There is reason to ask then whether unbelievers too may not be so obsessed by an abstraction as to sin against the lived concreteness of man's actual existence.

That the so-called worldliness of modern atheism fails to do justice to a humanistic affirmation seems evident enough. By conceiving man's life as utterly lacking in any transcendent ground of significance, unbelief provides a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole human enterprise. It points us to our proper tasks and opportunities in this world, only to tell us that our pursuit of them is finally meaningless. Our efforts serve no purpose, advance no cause beyond ourselves and our race, on whom "the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark." What kind of world is it where nothing whatever can be sacred or religious? Is it not a world where there can never be moments of insight or revelation and where the claim that "might is right" has as much or as little validity as any other? Is it not in fact a world in which, as Dostoevsky once wrote, everything is permitted because objective judgments of true and false, right and wrong, simply are no longer possible? Equally problematic is the contribution of unbelievers to the paramount task of dialogue. Not even the true believer is more fixated by traditional beliefs than the rebel whose one task in life is to deny them. How often unbelief has blocked the path of inquiry by its complicity in assuming that the conventional formulations of belief are the only formulations there are!

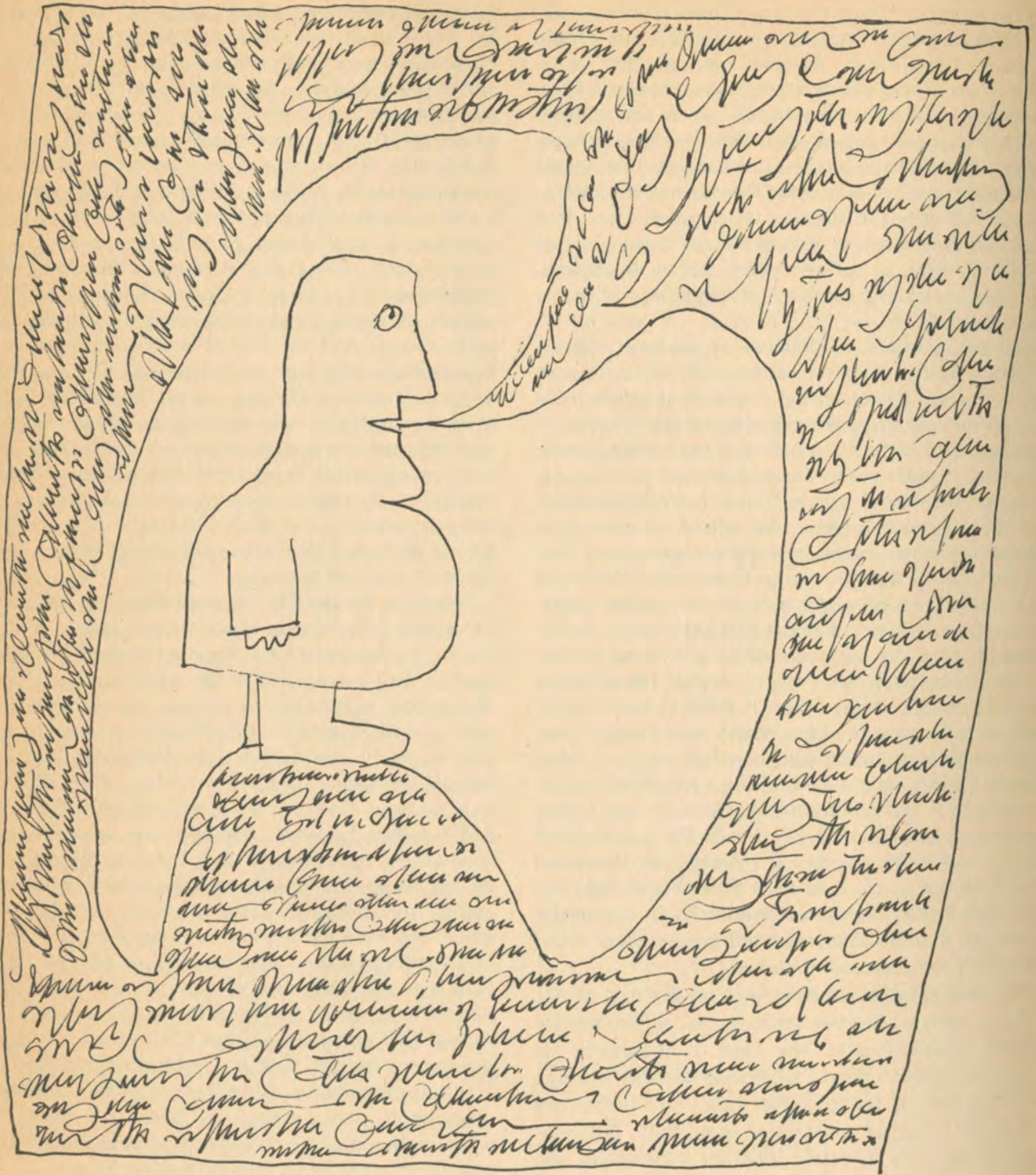
Of course, none of these failings on the part of unbelievers warrants the verdict that their intentions are nihilistic or antihuman. The kind of apologetic for Christianity which charges otherwise violates the first commandment of any dialogue: that one's partner be taken at his word, as speaking in good faith. But what is warranted is the question whether unbelievers also have not too often spoken for man only in "the style of the encyclicals"; whether their advocacy of man's dignity and freedom has not time and again been fatally compromised by their sweeping atheistic denial.

Camus tells us that the program for the future is either "a permanent dialogue" or victory by "the forces of terror." Yet what is there in his own philosophy of ultimate absurdity to urge anyone to take his stand with "the forces of dialogue"? Indeed, can any-

thing like a permanent dialogue be so much as possible if, as Camus seems to hold, each individual man is the only source of truth and meaning there is? Must not one assume, rather, that there is an objective truth somehow independent of our individual projects, which we do not create but discover? And must not one further assume that pursuit of that truth through common inquiry has a meaning and worth that transcend our affirmations of them? Then there are all the questions as to our own participation in such a dialogue. What about that sovereign freedom which enables any of us to hold loosely the answers he has already obtained, so as to be ready for a truth as yet undiscerned? And from what source do we take the courage to renew our commitment to dialogue when, as each of us must confess, we are repeatedly disloyal to its demands? To hold with the unbeliever that man is abandoned in a godless world is to make these questions unanswerable in principle. But this can only mean that the whole project of permanent dialogue becomes self-contradictory and absurd. It becomes a possibility for our existence, the very conditions of which it is the effect of unbelief to deny.

Therefore for the Christian unbelief, too, requires us to become fully human. As with much traditional Christianity, the unbeliever's affirmation of man is rendered unclear and uncertain by the statements he makes about God. In his case, of course, these statements all add up to the denial that God is in any sense real. But it is just this unqualified denial which most profoundly betrays the cause of an integral humanism. Man utterly without God is man utterly without the dignity and freedom by which he both can and should be "something more than a dog." As traditionally conceived, to be sure, God has not been clearly presented as the One whose own cause is entirely the cause of the world and man. Rather, he has been proclaimed either as a mythical power which denies to man his proper freedom and responsibility, or as the metaphysical Absolute for which the life of the world is simply indifferent. But in the light of Jesus Christ, the Christian discovers that the real God is wholly other. He knows in fact that the encompassing mystery of our existence is One whose very being is his being *for others*, and whose sole purpose is that every creature should realize as fully as possible its own proper perfection.

Thus it is that the Christian can never be content simply to "answer" the question which his unbelieving brothers put to him. With full awareness of the failings both of himself and of his fellow believers, he knows there is another question that he is bound to put to them. He must ask without arrogance, but also without embarrassment: "Will Christ still be alone, and is there nothing in him and in your doctrine that urges you to join us?"



DRAWING FROM THE LABYRINTH BY SAUL STEINBERG

Collection, Margaret Rigg

# THE PROFANITY OF MAN

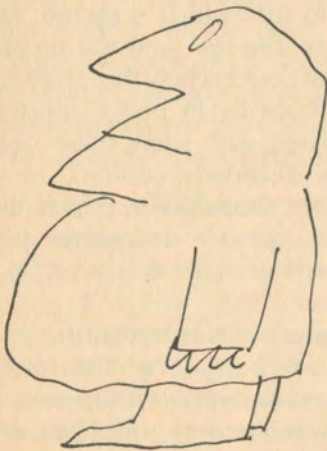
BY WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW

Do not swear at all, either by heaven, for it is the throne of God, or by the earth, for it is his footstool, or by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the Great King. And do not swear by your head, for you cannot make one hair white or black.

Matthew 5:34-36

**T**WO recent incidents have again raised the issues of obscenity and profanity for both society and the Church.

One is the trial of night club personality Lenny Bruce, who has been convicted in New York of giving obscene performances in a Greenwich Village coffee house. His case represents the first time such a conviction has been had in New York where the alleged obscenity consisted of words alone; gestures did not figure in the prosecution against Bruce. Bruce is free on bail pending appeal of the New York conviction and jail sentence. He has been prosecuted and cleared be-



fore on similar charges—once in Illinois and twice in California. He has delivered substantially the same material in his performances in the other two jurisdictions as in the New York appearances for which he was arrested. Whether he will be exonerated in New York depends upon a good many factors, including whether his attorneys can manage to transfer his case from the local to the federal courts and thereby take maximum advantage of recent Supreme Court decisions on obscenity.

The other incident involves an Episcopal priest—Malcolm Boyd—an established author and playwright, who is deeply and directly involved in the civil rights crisis, and whose ministry has been unconventional enough to be controversial. Father Boyd wrote several plays and released them for production and performance in which, it is charged by some, profane words were used. ("Study in Color" was published first by *motive*, Nov., 1962.) Upon this accusation, certain performances of the plays were cancelled and he endured the public reprimand of his own bishop. Recently, allegedly because of this, he was impelled to leave his work as chaplain at Wayne State University.

Both the Bruce and the Boyd incidents remain, at this writing, unresolved, and beclouded by debate and publicity, but each raises substantive issues in the law and in theology.

Obscenity and profanity are often confused with each other; indeed, in the Boyd incident, it seems evident that the ecclesiastical rebuke Father Boyd suffered was based in part upon some such confusion. In any case, they are much confused in the popular mind and the public media, hence some distinctions.

Obscenity and profanity share in common the use of words or gestures or a combination of words and gestures regarded as offensive to the beholders in the specific circumstances in which they are employed.

The *context* is important: what may be profane or obscene in public utterance or conduct may not be so in private conversation or behavior, or, anyway, may not have in private any significance worthy of the attention of the law or society. At the same time, the concern of Christians and of the church in the same areas may extend to both private and public spheres.

The gist of obscenity is language and/or action appealing to prurient or lascivious thought or desire. Obscenity consists of that which incites lust or depravity. In the law, that which is obscene is that which

is disgusting to the sensibilities of an *ordinary* person as distinguished from a person who is psychotic or otherwise radically deviate. Even at that the law does not disallow language or gestures which would be condemned *per se* if there is a significant social purpose or importance associated with their employment. Thus, to take the most notorious example, the Bible is not banned as obscene though it refers to and describes in blunt and vulgar language, in places, incest, sexual perversion, bowel movements and the sexual organs. Luther and Shakespeare, among legions of others, escape the same censure for the same reason. Legally, obscenity which is forbidden is only obscenity for its own sake. This is the ultimate test applicable in the Lenny Bruce case.

The essence of profanity is the violation of the integrity of something or someone regarded as sacred by irreverence, misuse, abuse or debasement. Thus, that which is condemned as profane is wholly relative to that which is considered sacred. To take the Lord's name in vain is a profanity to the Lord, no doubt, and similarly offensive to those who honor him as the Lord, but it is not profanity to an unbeliever. And words or acts which constitute profanity in a given instance may or may not be also obscene.

A man may be profane without being obscene; a man may be obscene without being profane. Sometimes a man is both.

The law takes a more lenient and, I believe, more realistic attitude toward both profanity and obscenity than the Church generally has in our society.

Profanity is not often a serious issue for the law because the law recognizes the relativity of profanity in a pluralistic society in which there is but a limited public consensus as to that which is sacred. Profanity in private is ignored by the law, and the profaning of a person is only condemned when the profanity constitutes defamation. Profanity in public must also be obscene or be associated with some other objectionable incident, usually disorderly conduct, to warrant prosecution, apart from situations in which the institutions of public authority are themselves profaned, as in contempt proceedings in the courts or the legislatures.

The law in America is hesitant to censure or restrict obscenity, not so much because of the relativity of obscene words and gestures as out of the more impelling concern for comprehensive social values which might be jeopardized by too zealous a pursuit of that which is obscene or allegedly so. Obscenity in private

is generally overlooked because there is seldom public nuisance or scandal created by private obscene language or conduct and because the right to be secure from intrusion or surveillance in private is so fundamental to the maintenance of political democracy. That general policy of the law in present days is sadly compromised by legislation, in some jurisdictions, authorizing police to break into private dwellings where they have reason to suspect a crime is being committed and where an announced search would risk the destruction of evidence. The snooping engaged in by welfare investigators, the widespread commercial and governmental use of eavesdropping devices, and the interference with and recording of communications through "mail covers," the employment of decoys and other means of entrapment of prostitutes or other sexual offenders are all indications of the massive inroads being made on legal privacy. But despite such instances as these it remains the general policy of the law and has not yet been modified, to disregard obscene words or conduct as *such* in private.

More than that, the law is reluctant to prosecute obscenity in public because to do so raises delicate issues regarding freedom of speech and assembly, public censorship and regulation which affect and might subvert the fundamental conduct of a free society. Excessive zeal in banishing public obscenity through censorship or prosecution opens a Pandora's box for constitutional democracy foreboding the curtailment of freedom of expression in the arts, education, politics and religion and what is more ominous, threatening the imposition of a conformity of public thought, utterance and action consistent only with totalitarianism. To guard against just these perils, the courts have wisely settled upon the guideline of distinguishing obscenity *per se* from the use of obscene words or gestures in legitimate artistic or literary work or in some performance or other creation serving a significant and recognized social purpose.

Freedom of expression, of course, in the eyes of law, has never meant the license of anarchy, so, in the classic instance, free speech does not legally justify a person yelling *fire!* in a crowded theater which is not on fire. By the same token, the same freedom does not license a performer to utter obscenities just for the sake of saying them. Yet it surely lies within legitimate artistic work to portray existence as it is realistically and thus to permit the representation of language and gestures in common usage. The realistic dramatization or

exposition of life can itself be said to be a social purpose sufficient to legally justify obscenity.

That policy of the law can, no doubt, be carried to absurdities. Under the social purpose rule, I suppose, an obscene performance would be legally protected if, within it, a monologue on freedom of speech were inserted.

What risk there is in that, I think, is neutralized by the dangers on a far broader front. I, for one, argue that artistic creation inherently is of social significance and should not be hampered or bridled by censorship of any kind. Let the arts be at least one realm of unqualified free enterprise, in which the painter or writer or performer or other artist creates what he can and will. Let him endure every criticism and scrutiny contended for or against his work. Let any mature person see or hear or read or exhibit or buy or sell what the free artist creates. Let the artist create, compete for public recognition, and survive if he can manage to do so. Let the artist be free from the vested interests of advertisers and sponsors just as much as from the propaganda claims of the government. Let the whole enterprise of the arts in America, at least, be unrestricted by censorship or similar impediments. Let it be thus because artistic endeavor is intrinsically important for society.

Some may think such a view too radical; in fact, it is most conservative so far as the constitutional issue is concerned. Moreover, to uphold an unfettered freedom of expression in the several arts is a way—one of the few ways left—of deterring further encroachments upon freedom of expression in education, religion and politics in America, so that even citizens with little interest in the arts are beneficiaries of the freedom of artistic creation.

Such a view provides no assurance that freedom from censorship will not be abused now and then, but the most effective deterrent to the merely obscene performance which lacks either social importance or artistic merit is what the public will patronize. Certainly censorship or comparable governmental regulation has never successfully eliminated obscenity, but—as in the instances of prohibition and prostitution—has only succeeded in hiding the activity from public view, thereby, incidentally, increasing its lure by forbidding it. Leaving aside, for the purposes of this article, the particular question of the exposure of children and adolescents to obscenity, in adult society obscenity is encouraged if forced by censorship to become clandestine, while obscenity which has no artistic integrity or

social purpose is unlikely to prosper in the open or; if it does so prosper, there is much more at fault with society than is expressed in "dirty" words or gestures.

The matter is more one of aesthetics than ethics.

If this were the prevailing public attitude and policy, there would never have been a prosecution of Lenny Bruce, whether he is obscene for the sake of being obscene or employs obscenity in a performance which has social importance and artistic significance. Even under the existing law there was no necessity to prosecute Bruce, save for the complaint of the authorities themselves against Bruce; there was no public outcry against his performances. Regardless of how the trial of Bruce is ultimately determined by the courts, the net result of the proceedings has been to give Bruce a greatly enhanced notoriety as a performer. Many more people know of Bruce than had heard of him before; it seems obvious that many more will now wish to see him perform. The prosecution, if it was aimed at curbing alleged obscenity, only serves to focus attention on it.

Beyond that one may speculate that the prosecution of a case of this sort serves as a kind of distraction for the people. The common citizen is beset at every hand by issues of such complexity and remoteness that it is, after all, some relief to have an issue posed and dramatized which is, apparently, simple and within one's grasp. If the war in South Viet Nam eludes the involvement and comprehension of most ordinary people, at least the Bruce case is one upon which opinions can be formed, sides taken and arguments had. But if a matter like the Bruce case is such a distraction for multitudes of citizens, it is appalling, for it nourishes the people's apathy. And apathy is a much more profound decadence in a democratic society than obscenity has ever been or is ever likely to be.

The Church is called and constituted as a new society in the world but not conformed to the world: as a new society to which the world can look, as it were, to find an example and foretaste of reconciliation and wholeness. When secular society beholds the society of the church (where the church is faithful), it is given a glimpse of the common life of men as it is in its fulfillment in Christ.

There is always, thus, a discrepancy or marked distinction between secular society and the Church in every respect, including the realms of ethics and aesthetics. Sometimes, however, the Church is apostate and all there is for secular society to discern in the Church's life are the imitations and echoes of its own

existence. Often the Church is confused about the service it owes to the world as a witness and instead feigns to be the dictator or arbiter of the ethics and aesthetics of the world. When that happens, the ethics and aesthetics preached and practiced by and within the Church turn out ironically to be merely religious versions of the already predominant ethics and aesthetics of secular society or else of the ethics and aesthetics which have been dominant at some previous time but have since been superseded in secular society though the Church still clings to them or advocates a return to them.

In the areas of obscenity and profanity the Church suffers from attempting to be an arbiter rather than a witness.

The Church has generally been much more harsh than the courts in condemning obscenity. I suppose this stems, in America anyway, from a puritanical tradition which regards any use of obscene words or gestures regardless of context, artistic connection or social purpose as a sin.

But behind that, I suggest, is another matter of more theological importance; that is, the notion within the Church that there are certain words or gestures which are literally and inherently obscene, and therefore in all circumstances forbidden of use. This notion is not seriously possible to rationalize in terms of Christ's own affirmation of all of life, in all its varieties and conditions, the sordid as well as the splendid, the frail as well as the strong, even, according to Saint Paul, the false as well as the true. The secret of Christ's affirmation of life is not that the obscene is to be denied and banished, but rather that it is transcended and brought to integrity in him. In that sense, there is nothing which is inherently obscene, and indeed that which on its face may seem obscene may in grace be holy.

The Church should be the first place where ritual obscenity is recognized. It is a very common thing, after all, among friends, perhaps especially, for examples, in the military services, in adolescent gangs or in college fraternities, for words and gestures which in other circumstances might be obscene and insulting to be employed as symbols of intimate relationship. When a soldier greets a buddy: "hello you old son-of-a-bitch!"—or some more pithy salutation—that is not obscene, but rather a stylized, ritual usage.

And there is such a thing as ritual profanity, too. It is otherwise known as iconoclasm. I suppose Christ's cleansing the temple is an example of that.

In profanity, of course, the Church's position is ambiguous because it is so burdened with self-interest. The temptation is for the Church to impose its own understanding of what is sacred, and hence what is profane, upon secular society. While the Church has not accomplished that in America with the vehemence it sometimes has elsewhere, it has at least done so in securing the secular observance of holy days, notably, of course, in the Sunday observance laws.

Apart from the question previously mentioned about the apparent confusion of obscenity and profanity, the ambivalence of the church's attitude toward profanity is evidenced in the Boyd incident. Father Boyd was criticized for using the word "nigger" in one of his plays. "Nigger" is a profane word wherever it expresses derision or contempt for the Negro, but the profanity is that of the character in the play, not, in this case, the playwright. The irony of the rebuke of Boyd for pro-

fanity is that in fact he was engaged in exposing profanity in the context in which the offensive word was used.

In the midst of racial crisis in America, as much as in the days of slavery and hard-core segregation, "nigger" is profane and also obscene. The issue is—can the Church stop fussing about profanity and obscenity in plays and other performances which have some social and artistic context and complain instead about Sheriff Clark or Bull Conner or, for that matter, hosts of white church members in their profanity and obscenity when they speak, indeed, when they think, of Negroes.

If the conscience of the Church were moved enough to discern where the real obscenity is practiced and the real profanity invoked, the Church would begin to realize that what is said and done in the sanctuaries of the Church is often more obscene and more profane than anything yet booked in a night club.

---

"When Plato wrote that poets should be banished from his ideal Republic, he based his magisterial action on grounds that have been repeated by the censorious ever since: the poets taught false ideas about the gods, and the poets corrupted youth. Implicit in Plato's reasoning were two premises that have also been adopted by the censorious of every subsequent age: literature of its very nature is didactic, and the youthful reader of literature is affected, all but mechanically, by what he reads.

The irony of the history of censorship in the West is this: too often those who have welcomed the censor for Plato's reasons have been forced to accept Plato's premises. Thus—to cite but one example—where a St. Augustine could express his reverence for pagan writers like Vergil and Cicero, Roman Catholic educators after the Renaissance often could not, with easy conscience, teach Milton's *Paradise Lost* because the author was a Protestant. The psychological premise beneath the pedagogical practice was that of Plato: the poet sings of error more sweetly and more suavely than the theologian can possibly proclaim the truth.

The opposite, more modern, view is equally misguided and, if anything, ultimately more corrosive, for it holds, implicitly, that literature has no effect whatsoever upon the reader. Hence it is, even at best, an idle pastime holding the mirror up, not to nature, but to the individual reader. Caliban, in such a mirror, will see only Caliban, and Miranda see only Miranda—

whether the mirror be labeled *Tropic of Cancer* or *Idylls of the King*.

There is a further irony in this: that while the censor holds his post as guardian of "orthodoxy," his nay has frequently served to keep undiscovered and undisclosed the organic growth and expanding relevance of orthodox teaching. In religious terms, one can but note the irony that the writings of Thomas Aquinas were burned in his lifetime by his fellow Dominicans; in military terms, one notes the courtmartial of General "Billy" Mitchell for proposing a better way to defend the very country which his judges were pledged to defend with their lives.

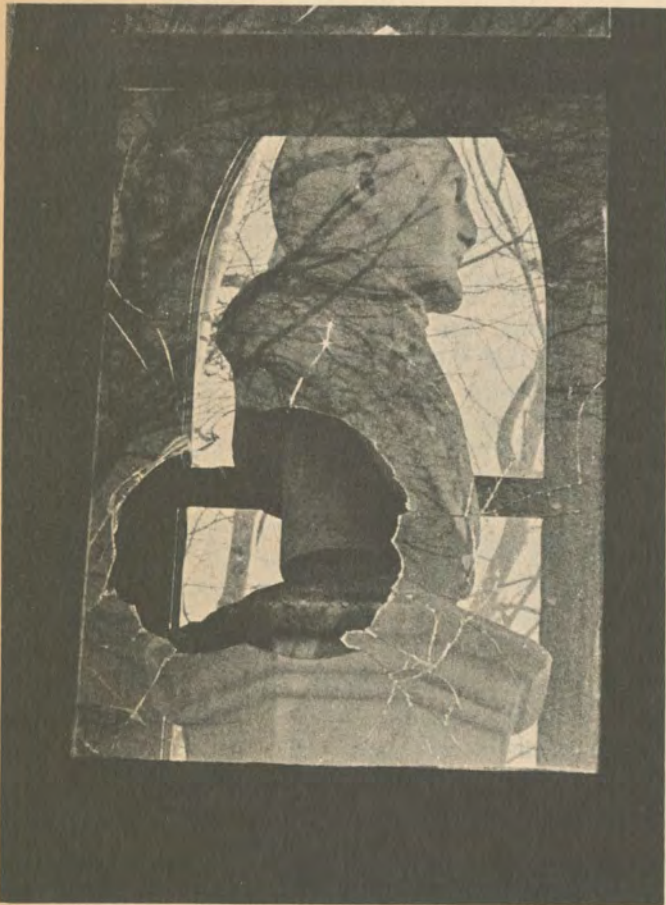
In short, no matter how justified it may be in principle under sharply limited circumstances, in practice censorship is no better than the censors—and censors, all too often, have betrayed their trust and thereby called the principle itself into disrepute. The policeman on the beat is rarely a moral theologian; the sheriff rarely a clinical psychologist; the censorious priest or pastor rarely a literary critic or even a devotee of the arts; the official guardian of orthodoxy's garden too often cannot distinguish between mushrooms and toadstools."

—Philip Scharper,  
President, The Religious Education Association of the U.S.  
and Canada

## THE NATIONALISTS:

BY WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN MAST, N.Y.



WINSTON and Malcolm, to read the American press, were characters out of one of those 19th-century Sunday School books that used to outrage Mark Twain. Winston was a good little boy, who minded the moral law and in the end, heaped with honors, ascended to join the heavenly choir; Malcolm was a bad little boy, and in the end, got his just deserts. Yet the old morality story misses the point and the lesson which these two very dissimilar lives can convey.

Were they really so dissimilar anyway? In terms of absolute accomplishments, neither had much of an edge on the other. Churchill did more and was a part of greater events, but he began with more. Measured from a common starting point, there isn't much difference between the achievements of the two. To be sure, Churchill has been the subject of countless eulogies which Malcolm will never receive. Yet what if Churchill had died at thirty-nine? The Tories, whose idol he was to become, would have solemnly and sadly pronounced him a demagogue, a charlatan and a poseur; the betrayer of a great family and heritage; a showy but shallow egotist. His then-colleagues, the Liberals, would have been only a bit kinder: recalling the follies of his youth, they would have noted that he had managed to transcend the disadvantage of Tory birth to attach himself to the cause of liberal reform. Read the pronouncements on Malcolm: is there really such a difference, if one substitutes Elijah Muhammad for Balfour and James Farmer for Lloyd George?

Malcolm never lived to know the great moments of



## WINSTON & MALCOLM

vindication that were Churchill's. Probably, human life knows no higher moment than that in which the individual is proved "right" when everyone else was wrong. Malcolm may yet be vindicated; his prophecy was not really different from Winston's: the world is going to hell in a handbasket and the people must arise and make ready for the struggle. That, more than the softer note in recent months, is what people will remember of the life of Malcolm X. Of course, it will be said, Malcolm *advocated* the handbasket of racial separation—or, at least, did so until late in the game. Yet what would the liberals and the left have said—indeed, what *did* they say—about Churchill in the 'thirties? They said that, fortunately, the old imperialist had dropped the idea of a crusade against Bolshevism when he recognized the Nazi peril, but that he was still bloody-minded, still pessimistic, still obsessed with ideas of irrevocable conflict and war. The lesson the liberals learned then, to their cost, might be applied to the racial struggle in America: that there are times, when fanatics are loose in the world, when conflict is irrevocable, and when the advocates of fraternity must be prepared to fight those who would destroy it, however great their differences among themselves.

Perhaps the greatest similarity of the two was in the structure of their thought. Low's great cartoons of Churchill's mind showed it cluttered with the symbols of Empire, of a past conceived through the glass of nostalgia, a muddled world of symbol and sentiment dominated by an aesthetic and romantic view of "the

PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN SPRAGENS, JR., FLORIDA



nation." Malcolm wasn't much different on that score. The strange theology of Black Islam differs little from the somewhat weird history of Anglo-American civilization that Winston won the Nobel Prize for. (Certainly, the committee was wiser than it may have realized: Churchill's history was great literature, but incredible as historical analysis). If, in the end, Malcolm X came to identify that romantic nation of his with the cause of mankind, Winston always did the same in his great moments, and those are what he will always be remembered for.

Much was similar between the two in thought and symbol. Yet they were very different as men. It was possible to have little respect for Churchill, but impossible to dislike him. It was hard to avoid admiring Malcolm X and impossible to feel much friendliness toward the man. A personal comparison of the two reveals types as different as Tom Sawyer and Injun Joe. Churchill was the perennial non-conformist, the insouciant, an aging pixie who did things because they attracted attention by being different. Captured by the Boers and escaping from them in a story of wild adventure, he became pro-Boer; Tory became Liberal became Tory; the paladin of British respectables painted and boasted of his alcoholic capacity. If it was an act, it was the greatest show in the business: rollicking, charming, and even with a suggestion of bawdy.

Malcolm was different: a moralist who set his jaw grimly and wore steel spectacles, Woodrow Wilson in ebony. Malcolm was hardly a non-conformist: he spent his life trying to find something to conform to, from the ethics of crime through Elijah Muhammad, to a community all his own that, whether they wanted it or not, was bound to embrace all humankind. Eric Hoffer, more than any existing writer, is qualified to understand him: the true believer *par excellence*.

Why the difference between two men whose ideas were so similar? The answer, of course, is not far to seek. Churchill *inherited* a nation, which makes the task of a nationalist much easier, to say the least. His history was romanticized but it was history: the events were there and merely needed the glowing mirror of Churchill's style to transform them. There was a tradition, and, more important, there was a people, with a common culture and a perception of community. Unity? What Briton ever felt it necessary to value that? Unity was something so basic, so self-evident, that it

could afford—even luxuriate in—nonconformity as a relief from boredom. Churchill understood, as Hitler never did, that a resolution refusing to "die for King and Country" can only be debated, passed, and tolerated in a country where no one has any doubt that, if it comes to that, the debaters will (like everyone else) do just what they purport to disclaim.

But Malcolm belonged by birth only to the disinherited. The negro community is a "community" only by virtue of segregation; the American negro acquires a special ethnicity and a status as a people and a culture only by the grammatical fiction of capitalizing the "N" in negro. (Grammar, in this case, is wiser than the fools: it doesn't, aside from meddlers, conceive of race as a "proper" name, but regards it as accidental and unessential). The "American" and not the "negro" describes the culture and the identity of Malcolm's *Volk*. Malcolm X, unlike Churchill, had to create his people, build his own nation out of the whole cloth of his imagination, forge the idea into the reality by the hard discipline of a movement that wars with the fact.

Two nationalists by temperament, two heroes by ability, but as different as the peoples they sought to champion: Moses and the Sir Galahad—the law-giver and the wonder-child. In fact, Malcolm and Moses make a good combination. Except by the miracle of mythology, Moses was not "born" to his people: he created it. Moses was culturally—if not racially—an Egyptian and it was the Egyptians' folly not to recognize it, and to perceive that a lawgiver greater than Pharaoh stood among them.

Much the same lesson can be learned in Malcolm X. America forced a statesman by nature to create a people for him to lead; Britain smiled at Churchill and kept him in reserve for that crisis when the ordinary prudence of men fails and the wisdom of statecraft is demanded as a matter of necessity.

Nothing, perhaps, is a better illustration of the combination of pathos and folly that is the result of American racism. Statesmen, and the great generally, are non-conformists by the fact of their greatness and it is the wisdom of a people to make them non-conformists within, rather than fanatics without, driven to forge a world out of will and idea. For surely, one fact can be admitted by anyone: the coming age, for the races and the nations, is one in which the wisdom of statesmen may become the daily necessity of political life.

FILM:

## PASSION FROM UTAH TO CHERBOURG

BY ROBERT STEELE

THESE need be no argument about *The Greatest Story Ever Told* being the longest, most costly and lavish version of the Passion Play ever to be conceived. It is Irish through and through. Max Von Sydow plays Jesus as if he were a plaster statue straight out of a Dublin church. Jesus gets born of an Irish mother, Dorothy McQuire, who has a young Irish face at the birth and looks not a day older at the crucifixion. From the opening shot of a Church ceiling fresco to the windup using the same fresco, one gets consistent blarney.

On February 15th the film had its premiere at the Warner Brothers Cinerama Theater on Broadway. Those of us who sat through it all were exposed to four hours of shenanigans in color, Ultra Panvision 70, a deafening choric speech choir chanting the beatitudes and the Lord's Prayer, and, from time to time, thousands singing the Hallelujah Chorus. Others probably would have liked to join me in booing the film, but the awesome loudness of the music preceding the intermission at the end of Act I, as it was called, and at the last-gasp end of Act II, made it impossible for us to be heard.

According to the free, lush program, this potboiler bears the patronage of President and Mrs. Johnson; even Adlai Stevenson's name was on the program. I suppose they shouldn't be held responsible; it sounded like something that would further the national cause. (The world premiere was a benefit for the U.N. Association and the Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation.) But I can't imagine that they had actually seen the film. The Los Angeles premiere on February 17th sported Danny Kaye and Samuel Goldwyn as more fitting sponsors.

One guesses that its producer-director, George Stevens, who also takes half credit for writing the screenplay, probably feels he can justifiably now lie down and die. He has done it; he can never expect to top this one. He has pulled off the most ambitious Passion Play there has ever been on film. He may be sincere in wishing to make this film the greatest experience in the lifetime of viewers. Probably, he expects it to be a religious experience which will convert. The Ten Commandments and admonition to love one another are there. The production shows fleeting moments of taste and imagination and the Utah landscapes are more

awesome than they ever have been in a John Ford Western. A sodden solemnity supports the total extravaganza. It is lacking in humor and sex, children and dogs—Stevens didn't pull every stop.

The film has to be seen, else one may find it impossible to believe that the director, who also made *A Place in the Sun* and *Shane*, could permit himself to indulge in this claptrap. Stevens is a professional showman which makes it forgivable for having his name tacked onto the credits. But why Carl Sandburg had anything to do with this film, or what he contributed, I can't fathom. Money is the explanation, 22 millions of it, for creditable actors and actresses permitting their faces to be used for peekaboo "performances." Did Sandburg do it for money too?

Charlton Heston as John the Baptist is the least offensive among the galaxy who give "cameo" performances (\$100,000 for two days' shooting, and the editor puts in the body at suitable spots). Sidney Poitier as Simon of Cyrene, who gives Jesus assistance with carrying the cross, makes one big fool of himself. Probably it is not all his fault. Stevens wished to make a token gesture to show that he is for integration; Poitier has earned another Oscar for contributing the most mawkish and hideously embarrassing minute on this year's screen. You have to look fast to spot Carol Baker as Veronica because she is nothing wearing a brunette wig. Van Heflin, Shelley Winters, Ed Wynn, John Wayne, Jose Ferrer, Claude Rains, Donald Pleasence, and Richard Conte are just a few of the stellar faces woven into this profane debacle.

Fifty-two persons are given production credits. Four go to those who provided the special visual effects. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant. Credit is given for hair styles, make-up, properties, casting, sets, costumes, and choral supervision, but not a single credit is given to a person who took responsibility for the historicity of the thing. Evidently, Stevens trusted himself as an authority on the New Testament, Palestine, archaeology, and Jesus of Nazareth. On the other hand he may not have wished to have anybody around who knew anything which might deter his milking his ingenuity for every ounce of swashbuckling histrionics.

Naturally, the house was papered with wives swathed in mink who wept into four-by-four lace handkerchiefs. I heard, however, as much snoring as

weeping. The weepers, I suspected, were surprised at the sad way it all came out. They might agree that Jesus was dull, wooden, and unlikable, but he had done nothing bad enough to make him deserve getting killed at the end.

I didn't weep or snore, but I might have done both had I not been bursting with outrage. Carl Dreyer, the great director of *The Passion of St. Joan*, *Days of Wrath*, and *Ordet*, who is now in his seventies, has been working for fifteen years to get a million dollars to make a film on the life of Jesus. The script has been finished for twenty years. Part of his cost difficulties stem from his feeling he should not make it if he could not afford to shoot it in Israel and Jordan.

The sources for the screenplay were a hodgepodge: "the books of the Old and New Testaments, other ancient writings, *The Greatest Story Ever Told* by Fulton Oursler, and other writings by Henry Denker." (Probably Plato, Joseph Ernest Renan, Norman Vincent Peale, Daniel Poling, Ayn Rand, Houdini, Upton Sinclair, and Cecil B. DeMille were also leaned upon heavily.) It's hard to believe such a movie can happen in 1965. Giovanni Pastrone did it better in his films made prior to World War I. Shows like Stevens' have made money since the dawn of cinema, and this most recent commodity will do the same since our movie public evidently has a long way to go before it knows the difference between truth and hokum.

**D**ESPITE his success with *Room at the Top*, Jack Clayton has not been my idea of a fine director.

With Harold Pinter to write his screenplay and Anne Bancroft to clothe it with her flesh, I expected to enjoy *The Pumpkin Eater*. It is not as loaded with hokum as the Dublin Passion Play, but it is equally boring. Anne Bancroft gets awards for being a fine actress. She made *The Miracle Worker* a play to be remembered but her limitations killed *Mother Courage*. From what I had read, I expected her to be something in her latest film. She has beautiful eyes and a fetching smile, but most of the time she mopes around with a fixed, anguished face, and one cannot figure out what is going on in her head. But this probably is the director's fault and not hers. He tells his story in flashbacks which are fancy, elaborate, and confusing.

Why this film has been taken seriously is a mystery to me. It is a year's television soap opera packaged into a couple of long, long hours. Everything is tucked in: smart fashions, a tour of Harrod's zoo and piano department, psychiatry, cremation, the death of a father and two funerals, abortion, sterilization, post-hysterec-

tomy confessions, a husband's infidelity that is answered by a wife's infidelity, a husband who has a child by another woman which upsets James Mason, a town house and a summer house, Anne looking like a mess at the beginning, her husband's earning millions as a screen writer, Anne's looking *tres chic*, hysterics, children galore, separations and reconciliations, Anne crying and laughing simultaneously, and after all this travail, for no reason at all, Anne looks at her errant mate, Peter Finch, for three minutes, he looks at her for a minute, and they make it all up, and evidently decide to carry on for another day in bed. *The Pumpkin Eater* pushes a gigantic, rotten pumpkin down one's gullet to continue its decay in one's belly.

Movie magic must still be with us, else persons who have no time for soap opera or pulpy detective stories, would reject *Seance on a Wet Afternoon* along with *Pumpkin*. Yet they do not. Both films are pulling in the crowds and have gotten some favorable criticism. When looking at a film, common sense and ordinary tastes seem to be left at home by persons who otherwise are trustworthy. Persons feeling slightly guilty for having been taken by *Seance* justify it by the performances of Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough. If you go to movies to watch actors act a lot, this film may satisfy. Stanley and Attenborough act for all they're worth. Their acting styles are so theatrically overblown, I'd prefer to watch them from the last row of the top balcony of the Metropolitan Opera House. Anybody with an iota of sense could tell with his eyes closed that Kim Stanley is demented after two minutes of the opening of the film. She makes her condition clear. But the film goes on for 113 more minutes making this fact clearer. Had Bette Davis done the role, theatrical actress that she is, occasionally she would have given us a bit of uncertainty. Subtlety in performances would give us more patience to sit through the whole works.

The film should appeal to persons who get their kicks from savoring the intricacies of a kidnapping plot. The police and detectives are such sensible and sane guys, you know, of course, that it is only a matter of time until they win. Without realizing its possibilities for a fresh angle, the film grinds on to its inexorable climax. The fresh angle had to do with a medium who was a balmy Lady Macbeth. Bryan Forbes, writer and director of the film, has some talent, so we may yet have a good film from him.

A huckster Hollywood director with a paltry budget, probably could have cranked out a better picture pandering Brigitte Bardot than *Love on a Pillow* made by her first husband, Roger Vadim. He must really hate her—it's a crime to make B.B. an inciter of yawns even

when she is pushing a vacuum sweeper *toute nue*. The vacuum sweeper steals the scene. Vadim is out to demolish Bardot or else he has lost the sense of cinema he once had.

Her lips, torso, and messy hair are spread over a screen the size of a pair of tennis courts end to end. The film is said to be based on a novel, *Warrior's Rest*, which did not win any Goncourt prize. A girl, B.B., inherits a fortune. She goes to Dijon to collect it. Also she collects a man, Robert Hossein, brings him home along with the money, and he begins to live for what seems like months in her bed. The first night she seems not to want him. Then she changes her mind and wants him badly. The drama get boiling when he doesn't want her. She gives up family, friends, and her fiance for Robert, but he can't get himself settled and has her drive him in her sleek car to a street where she is forced to watch him pick up a prostitute. This is too much for her. She leaves him and goes to the home of another man who conveniently appears. All the time, however, we know she is miserable and longs for Robert. Unshaven, coatless and tieless, he appears. He has learned his lesson—she alone is for him. He enters the end of a roofless Tuscan cathedral, and she enters the other end. It is not made clear where they are or just how either happened to arrive at this ruin. The wind is blowing like crazy. Finally, they meet in the middle with the wind blowing her hair and his beard. The rake bows on his knees, snuggles close to her standing figure, and tenderly, very tenderly, she strokes his head. Fadeout.

*Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, winner of this year's *Palme d'Or* at Cannes, is pretty and pleasant. It is also trivial and silly, which proves we had better never take seriously even the highest of awards doled out by festivals. They are solutions resulting from political and commercial hokus pokus. Since the film's arrival in New York, it has been given attention which would not have been forthcoming had it not been for the prestige of this award.

*West Side Story* is Shakespearean tragedy compared to this French winner. *Les Parapluies* is a light, musical romance that also ends unhappily. The girl gets the wrong man and the boy gets his next-best girl. Despite the denouement, one does not doubt the world will carry on turning for a few months more. Jacques Demy, the director, has style, and Michel Legrand's music is so melodious that I bought the recording. Brilliant colors in wall paper and costumes are used with taste. If the decor were not a steal from Matisse, who made the same color combinations fifty years ago, it would be a credit to the film. Jean Rabier's photography is

conventional, Hollywoodlike instead of French, and relaxing.

By the following synopsis, I am not deriding the film. A teenage girl, whose mother runs an umbrella shop in Cherbourg, which has nothing to do with the film but provides a colorful set, falls in love with a young garage mechanic. The night before he leaves for military service in Algiers, they sleep together; bingo, she's pregnant. Now the conflict gets going. The mother thinks she and her daughter have a problem, so the former invites an older man to dinner to find out if he will help solve the problem. The daughter is pretty, sweet, and as I have said, very young, and he drives an expensive car and gets his clothes from Brooks Brothers, so they get married. The child has a name. But the girl can think only of her beloved in the war. He returns, still loves her, doesn't know about the baby, can't find her, hears about her marriage, gets drunk, goes to a prostitute. Big love scene. The prostitute is the understanding sort, and recognizes a body without a soul when she meets one. The boy marries another girl who is less pretty than his old girl or the prostitute. (Still, about the only way we can separate the bride from the umbrella girl is that she is brunette. Neither girl has what you might describe as character, individuality, or personality.) He makes the best of his second choice. On Christmas eve, the blonde drives into his Esso station in a slinky car. She is dressed for a ball, swathed in black tulle with her hair up. She's no kid now but a woman of the world. They meet but have nothing to say to each other. They look at one another and pingpong some pleasantries at each other. They part. *Fin*.

In *Les Parapluies* the actors sing all the lines, so one squirms as he hears, "Come into the office," "Now, what do you want?," "Do you want superior or ordinary wine?" But the love songs are wooingly presented, and when you can avoid understanding or thinking about the lyrics, Legrand's score is enchanting. Despite the absence of drama, the film provides entertainment that can be satisfying for teenagers on a date. If others could see it in Paris as I did, I think they would enjoy the clear and easy-to-follow French. Singing takes longer than Paris chit-chat. Beginning students of French will benefit from the film, if they can locate a print without subtitles.

This may be the time of year to stay home and read those books you have always wanted to read. Current movies in New York City need not compete for time. Or better still, for rich, full, tasty, enjoyable entertainment, get a camera and use your friends to make a home movie.

# INDEX VOLUME XXV

## ABC

### AFRICA

- The Congo and Southern Africa: The Fire This Time, by David Wiley .....Apr 25  
 Congo Profile, by Newell Snow Booth .....Feb 16  
 The Rivonia Trials in South Africa, by Mary Benson .....Nov 10  
 Allen, Joseph L.  
 The Critics of Deterrence .....May 14  
 Amoralist, The: Mary McCarthy, by Paul Schlueter .....Dec 46

### ARCHITECTURE, see Art Features

### ART

- The Art of Perpetual Salvage, by Dore Ashton .....Nov 26  
 Barth's Dream, by Thomas Merton .....Mar 58  
 The Profanity of Man, by William Stringfellow .....May 24

### ART FEATURES

- The Bread and Puppet Theater, by Peter Schumann and Margaret Rigg .....Feb 27  
 Poetry and Politics in Chile, by Miller Williams .....Feb 20  
 Religious Myths of the Tlingit Indians, by Dale B. DeArmond .....Mar 19  
 St. Stephen Church, by Roger E. Ortmyer, William K. McElvaney, and Margaret Rigg .....Dec 7  
 Sick, Sick, Sick? Then Give, Give, Give—or Die!, by Robert Short .....Oct 34

### ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS

- Barroso, Derli, *Sugar Cane Cutter* .....Feb 43  
 Bemel, Susan, *I Held The Hammer* .....Apr 1  
 Corita, Sister Mary, *As Witnesses to the Light* .....Mar cvr  
*Be of Love* .....Mar 5  
*Sunkist* (poem illus.) .....Mar 57  
 Crane, Jim, *Annunciation* .....Dec 1  
*Committee Report* .....Oct 3  
 Da Hora, Abelardo, *Crab-Digging* (ex Recife Series) .....Feb 57  
*The Garbage Eater* (ex Recife Series) .....Dec 27  
*Life in the Slum* (ex Recife Series) .....Nov 57  
 Delonga, Leonard, *Large Warrior Group* (detail) .....Dec 33  
*Subway Group* .....Dec 29  
*Women With Umbrellas* .....Dec 31  
 Goeritz, Mathias, *The Book* .....Apr 35  
*The Fire* .....Apr 31  
*Message V* .....Nov 1  
 Hodgell, Robert O., *Dancing Prophet* .....Apr 6  
*Husband-Up Christ* .....Apr 4  
*A Still, Small Voice?* .....Oct 1  
*Where Can We Hide?* .....Dec 57  
 McClean, Jim, *Tondo II* .....Nov cvr  
 McGovern, R. F., *A Man Telling His Story* .....Feb 11  
*Crucifixion* .....Feb 13  
 Mollari, Mario, *The Poor Ones* .....Apr 8  
 Orlowski, Hans, *Bittende Hande* .....Dec 35  
*Man* .....Oct 10  
*The Saviour* .....Feb cvr  
*Skeptic* .....Dec 39  
 Patchen, Kenneth, *All Right, You May Alight* .....Jan 41  
*A Mercy Filled and Defiant Xmas* .....Dec 43  
*I'll Trade You Love and Glory* .....Jan 23  
*The King of Toys* .....Dec cvr  
 Rigg, Margaret, *Every Valley* (calligraphy) .....Apr 41  
 Wenger, Suzanne, *The Dance* .....Feb 17  
*Hunger* .....Apr 27  
 Yoshida, Tsotamo, *Eyeblink* .....May cvr  
 Art of Perpetual Salvage, The, by Dore Ashton .....Nov 26  
 Ashton, Dore  
 The Art of Perpetual Salvage .....Nov 26  
 Barth's Dream, by Thomas Merton .....Mar 58  
 Bates, Harvey  
*Emmanuel* (poem) .....Dec 44  
 Bead on the Birchers, A, by John Allen Broyles .....Oct 12  
 Beckwith Trial in Mississippi, The, by Charles Butts .....Nov 15  
 Beneath Affluence, Beyond Alienation: Christian Ethics and American Society, by Alvin Pitcher .....Oct 42  
 Benson, Mary  
 The Rivonia Trials in South Africa .....Nov 10

### BOOKS REVIEWED

- Adler, Elizabeth, *Here For a Reason*, rv. by Allan J. Burry .....Nov 49  
 Altizer, Thos. J. J., *Mircea Eliade*, rv. by F. Thomas Trotter .....Nov 49  
 Berger, Peter, ed., *The Human Shape of Work*, rv. by Robert L. Johnson .....Nov 46  
 Booker, Simeon, *Black Man's America*, rv. by John Howard Griffin .....Nov 45  
 Chamber, Clarke A., *Seedtime of Reform*, rv. by Henry L. Swint .....Nov 45

- Chaplin, Charles, *My Autobiography*, rv. by Dan Bates .....Feb 55  
 Cohen, Arthur H., ed., *Humanistic Education and Western Civilization*, rv. by Louis W. Norris .....Nov 47  
 Fiedler, Leslie A., *Waiting for the End*, rv. by Banks O. Godfrey .....Nov 53  
 Gilkey, Langdon S., *How the Church Can Minister to the World Without Losing Itself*, rv. by C. Ebb Munden .....Dec 55  
 Golden, Harry, *Mr. Kennedy and the Negroes*, rv. by Kelly Miller Smith .....Oct 55  
 Golding, William, *The Spire*, rv. by Joseph J. Irwin .....Nov 50  
 Hunt, Everett Lee, *The Revolt of the College Intellectual*, rv. by Francis Christie .....Feb 54  
 Kilby, Clyde S., *The Christian World of C. S. Lewis*, rv. by William E. Rhodes .....Dec 54  
 King, Magda, *Heidegger's Philosophy*, rv. by James Wiggins .....Nov 48  
 Lee, Robert, and Martin E. Marty, eds., *Religion and Social Conflict*, rv. by Franklin Littell .....Nov 46  
 Leigh, James, *What Can You Do?* rv. by James Donaldson .....Mar 53  
 Lewy, Guenter, *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany*, rv. by Egon W. Gerdes .....Mar 51  
 Marnell, William H., *The First Amendment: The History of Religious Freedom in America*, rv. by Thomas T. Love .....Mar 50  
 Marty, Martin E., *Varieties of Unbelief*, rv. by Philip Holtsford .....Mar 52  
 Mayer, George H., *The Republican Party 1854-1964*, rv. by Joseph L. Bernd .....Oct 53  
 Mayer, Milton, *What Can a Man Do?*, rv. by Martin E. Marty .....Oct 54  
 Mehl, Roger, *The Condition of the Christian Philosopher*, rv. by Larry Shiner .....Nov 48  
 Morehouse, Clifford P., *A Layman Looks at the Church*, rv. by Edward Keating .....Nov 52  
 Outler, Albert Cook, ed., *John Wesley*, rv. by L. Ray Branton .....Mar 51  
 Scott, Nathan A., Jr., *The Climate of Faith in Modern Literature*, rv. by Paul Schlueter .....Dec 53  
 ———, *The New Orpheus, Essays Toward a Christian Poetic*, rv. by Paul Schlueter .....Dec 53  
 Vahanian, Gabriel A., *Wait Without Idols*, rv. by Banks O. Godfrey .....Nov 53  
 Williamson, Rene DeVisme, *Independence and Involvement: A Christian Re-orientation in Political Science*, rv. by Avery Leiserson .....Oct 55  
 Zinn, Howard, *SNCC: The New Abolitionists*, rv. by James Lawson .....Feb 54  
 Booth, Newell Snow  
 Congo Profile .....Feb 16  
 Bowden, James H.  
*Oneida 1963* (poem) .....Mar 33  
*Love* (poem) .....Mar 33  
 Brett, David  
*Snickness Unto Death* .....Mar 35  
 Brown, Terence Michael  
*The Man of the Half-Mad Moon* (poem) .....Mar 49  
 Broyles, John Allen  
*A Bead on the Birchers* .....Oct 12  
 Burt, David  
*Pious Politics: A Puritan Legacy* .....Nov 30  
 Butts, Charles  
 The Beckwith Trial in Mississippi .....Nov 15  
 Caged Nightingale and the Intelligent Bat, The (Aesop fable) .....Jan 42  
 Case, L. L.  
 The End of the Grand Alliance (satire) .....Jan 9  
 Cawood, Hap  
*Synchromocracy* (fable) .....Nov 58  
 Dante's Inferno (satire) .....Jan 37  
 Christian and Unbelievers, The, by Schubert M. Ogden .....May 21  
 Christians in a New Situation, by Joseph Duffey .....Feb 10

### CHURCH RENEWAL

- Christians in a New Situation, by Joseph Duffey .....Feb 10  
 The Hushed-Up Revolution in the Church, by Martin E. Marty .....Apr 5  
 Impressions of the Protestant Churches in Cuba, by Valdo Galland .....Feb 41  
 The New Breed, by John Donahue .....Apr 30  
 St. Stephen Church (art feature), by Roger E. Ortmyer, William K. McElvaney, and Margaret Rigg .....Dec 7

### CIVIL RIGHTS, see Integration, Politics

- Coffeehouses: Evangelism or Evasion? by John D. Perry, Jr. .....Mar 10  
 Compton, John J.  
 The Impact of Science on Man .....Mar 41  
 Congo and Southern Africa, The: The Fire This Time, by David Wiley .....Apr 25  
 Congo Profile, by Newell Snow Booth .....Feb 16  
 Conservatism vs. the Modern Right, by William A. Koelsch .....Oct 24  
 CONSERVATISM, see Politics, Social Criticism  
*Conversion* (satire), by John Somerville .....Dec 4  
 Corrington, John William  
 Graduate Literary Study in Britain and America .....May 6  
*The Grand Inquisitor Continues* (poem) .....Mar 9  
 Crane, Jim  
 The Eighth Day (fable) .....Apr 42

Crews, Judson	
Season, Season, Tart So Red (poem)	Oct 44
The Noose (poem)	Feb 1
Critics of Deterrence, The, by Joseph L. Allen	May 14

## DEF

Dante's Inferno (satire), by Hap Cawood	Jan 37
Davis, Jean Reynolds	
Hurried Hints for Harried Homemakers (satire)	Jan 19
Dean's Blue Pencil, The, by Hoyt Purvis	Nov 35
Death of Orfeo (fiction), by Mauro Senesi	Mar 29
Death of Orville Murchison, The (fiction), by Alexei Panshin	Mar 31
DeJong, David Cornel	
Illustrated Lesson (poem)	Feb 19
DEMOCRATIC PARTY, see Politics	
de Mondragon, Margaret Randall	
Station of the Cross (poem)	May 11
Diorio, Margaret	
Slum (poem)	Mar 39
Dirty Christians (editorial), by B. J. Stiles	Oct 4
Dobbs, Jack	
The Refugees (poem)	Apr 18

## DOCUMENTARIES

Barth's Dream, by Thomas Merton	Mar 58
Mississippi's Child, by Gayle Graham Yates	Feb 38
Donahue, John	
The New Breed	Apr 30
Duffey, Joseph	
Christians in a New Situation	Feb 10
East, P. D.	
A Lynching License (satire)	Jan 13
Eclipse of Sin, The, by James M. Gustafson	Mar 4

## EDITORIALS

Stiles, B. J., Dirty Christians	Oct 2
Who—Me?	Nov 3
If the Creeks Don't Rise	May 4
Editorial Board, Christianity and Crisis, We Oppose Senator Goldwater!	Oct 37
Eighth Day, The (fable), by Jim Crane	Apr 42
Endless Prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa, The, by Sidney Lens	Nov 20
End of the Grand Alliance, The (satire), by L. L. Case	Jan 9

## ETHICS

The Amoralist: Mary McCarthy, by Paul Schlueter	Dec 46
The Beckwith Trial in Mississippi, by Charles Butts	Nov 15
Beneath Affluence, Beyond Alienation: Christian Ethics in American Society, by Alvin Pitcher	Oct 42
Christians in a New Situation, by Joseph Duffey	Feb 10
Coffeehouses: Evangelism or Evasion? by John D. Perry	Mar 10
Conversion, by John Somerville	Dec 4
The Dean's Blue Pencil, by Hoyt Purvis	Nov 35
The Eclipse of Sin, by James M. Gustafson	Mar 4
The Endless Prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa, by Sidney Lens	Nov 20
The Gadget Worshipers, by Norbert Wiener	Dec 28
How is Christian Language Meaningful? by Joseph Haroutunian	Dec 39
How to Succeed in Theology Without Stultifying, by Richard E. Wentz	Dec 34
The Hushed-Up Revolution in the Church, by Martin E. Marty	Apr 5
The Impact of Science on Man, by John J. Compton	Mar 41
Impressions of the Protestant Churches in Cuba, by Valdo Galland	Feb 41
Pious Politics: A Puritan Legacy, by David Burt	Nov 31
The Press and Politics, by Richard T. Baker	Oct 59
The Profanity of Man, by William Stringfellow	May 24
The Rivonia Trials in South Africa, by Mary Benson	Nov 10
The Shape of Theology for a World in Revolution, by Paul M. Lehmann	Apr 9
Three Letters, by Thomas Merton	Nov 4
Examination (satire), by Peter Friedman	May 12

## FABLES

The Caged Nightingale and the Intelligent Bat, by Aesop	Jan 42
The Eighth Day, by Jim Crane	Apr 42
The Integrating Mirror, by John D. Keefauver	Feb 58
On the Train, by Millie McCoo	Apr 19
Synchromocracy, by Hap Cawood	Nov 58

## FEIFFER, JULES

Sick, Sick, Sick? Then Give, Give, Give—or Die! by Robert Short	Oct 34
---	--------

## FICTION

Death of Orfeo, by Mauro Senesi	Mar 29
---------------------------------	--------

Death of Orville Murchison, by Alexei Panshin	Mar 31
Jim Bellwether in Action, by John Pauker	Feb 46
Kiniev—After, by Edward Lanning	Oct 48
Merry Christmas, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.	Dec 58
Vision of Arimathea, by William Paulk	Dec 20

## FILMS REVIEWED (Robert Steele, film editor)

All My Babies	Mar 55
The Americanization of Emily	Feb 52
The Face of War	Feb 52
The Greatest Story Ever Told	May 34
Les Parapluies de Cherbourg	May 35
Love on a Pillow	May 35
Nothing But a Man	Mar 54
One Potato, Two Potato	Mar 54
The Pumpkin Eater	May 35
Seance on a Wet Afternoon	May 35
Woman in the Dunes	Feb 52
Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow	Feb 53
Flaherty Influence, The, by Robert Steele	Nov 42
Forgive Us, Lord, by Lou H. Silberman	May 42
Friedman, Peter	
Examination (satire)	May 12

## GHIJK

Gadget Worshipers, The, by Norbert Wiener	Dec 28
Galland, Valdo	
Impressions of the Protestant Churches in Cuba	Feb 41
Golden Banjo (satire), by John Fergus Ryan	Jan 3
Golden Fleece, The, by Shirley M. Kent	Dec 22
Gould, William B.	
Seven Lessons in Spiritual Deficiency (satire)	Jan 24
Graduate Literary Study in Britain and America, by John William Corrington	May 6
Gross, Suzanne	
Bluebeard's Castle (poem)	Nov 29
Gustafson, James M., The Eclipse of Sin	Mar 4
Haroutunian, Joseph, How is Christian Language Meaningful?	Dec 39
Harrington, Stephanie and Michael	
The Poverty Pavilion (satire)	Jan 6
Hassencahl, Fran	
A Revelation (poem)	Oct 45
Hentoff, Nat	
Poverty Prognosis: Who Needs the Poor?	Apr 15
The Search for Black Power	Oct 21
Hill, Carol	
Christmas (poem)	Dec 44
Southern Shore (poem)	Oct 45
Hofstadter, Richard	
The Unpopularity of Intellect	Oct 29
Holmes, Nancy	
For W. (poem)	Nov 49
Poem for Summer	May 19
How is Christian Language Meaningful? by Joseph Haroutunian	Dec 39
How to Succeed in Theology Without Stultifying, by Richard E. Wentz	Dec 34
Howard, Ben	
Interim (poem)	Nov 25
Hurried Hints to Harried Homemakers (satire), by Jean Reynolds Davis	Jan 19
Hushed-Up Revolution, The, by Martin E. Marty	Apr 5
Integrating Mirror, The (fable), by John D. Keefauver	Feb 58

## INTEGRATION

Golden Banjo (satire), by John Fergus Ryan	Jan 3
The Integrating Mirror (fable), by John D. Keefauver	Feb 58
Mississippi's Child, by Gayle Graham Yates	Feb 38
The Nationalists: Winston and Malcolm, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	May 30
The Proper Role of Government, by J. G. Stewart	Oct 60
The Search for Black Power, by Nat Hentoff	Oct 21
Snickness unto Death: Folk vs. Country Music, by David Brett	Mar 35

## INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Barry Goldwater's Worldview, by James Finn	Oct 63
The Congo and Southern Africa . . . , by David Wiley	Apr 25
The End of the Grand Alliance (satire), by L. L. Case	Jan 9
Impressions of the Protestant Church in Cuba, by Valdo Galland	Feb 41
The New Soviet Man: An Amendment, by Ronald L. Williams	Feb 4
Impact of Science on Man, The, by John J. Compton	Mar 41
Impressions of the Protestant Churches in Cuba, by Valdo Galland	Feb 41
Jim Bellwether in Action (fiction), by John Pauker	Feb 46

## JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY, see Politics, Social Criticism

Jonas, Gerald	
What's In On Off-Broadway (satire)	Jan 34

## JUSTICE

The Beckwith Trial in Mississippi, by Charles Butts	Nov 15
The Endless Prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa, by Sidney Lens	Nov 20
The Profanity of Man, by William Stringfellow	May 24
The Rivonia Trials in South Africa, by Mary Benson	Nov 10
Keefauver, John D.	
The Integrating Mirror (fable)	Feb 58
Kent, Shirley M.	
The Golden Fleece	Dec 22
Kiniev—After (fiction), by Edward Lanning	Oct 48
Koelsch, William A.	
Conservatism vs. the Modern Right	Oct 24
Kliewer, Warren	
Five Fears (poem)	May 19
Kominars, Sheppard B.	
A Higher Fidelity (poem)	Oct 44

## LMNO

### LANGUAGE

The Art of Perpetual Salvage, by Dore Ashton	Nov 26
How is Christian Language Meaningful? by Joseph Haroutunian	Dec 39
How to Succeed in Theology Without Stultifying, by Richard Wentz	Dec 35
The Profanity of Man, by William Stringfellow	May 24
Lanning, Edward	
Kiniev—After (fiction)	Oct 48
Larsen, R. B.	
Change-of-Life (poem)	Nov 51

### LATIN AMERICA

Impressions of the Protestant Churches in Cuba, by Valdo Galland	Feb 41
Poetry and Politics in Chile, by Miller Williams	Feb 20
Three Letters, by Thomas Merton	Nov 4
Lehmann, Paul L.	
The Shape of Theology for a World in Revolution	Apr 9
Lens, Sidney	
The Endless Prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa	Nov 20
LIBERALISM, see Politics, Marxism, Social Criticism	

### LITERARY CRITICISM

The Amoralist: Mary McCarthy, by Paul Schlueter	Dec 46
The Art of Perpetual Salvage, by Dore Ashton	Nov 26
Poetry and Politics in Chile, by Miller Williams	Feb 20
see also Books, Social Criticism, Satire	
Locke, Duane	
The House Without Shutters (poem)	Dec 19
Lynching License, by P. D. East	Jan 13
McClesky, H. C.	
The Meeting of the Twain: The South and the Republican Party	Oct 16
McCoo, Millie	
On the Train (satire)	Apr 19
McWilliams, Wilson Carey	
The Nationalists: Winston and Malcolm	May 30
Students and Politics	Oct 6
Marty, Martin E.	
The Hushed-Up Revolution	Apr 5

### MARXISM

A Bead on the Birchers, by John Allen Broyles	Oct 13
The New Soviet Man: An Amendment, by Ronald L. Williams	Feb 4
Students and Politics, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	Oct 6
Meeting of the Twain, The: The South and the Republican Party, by H. C. McClesky	Oct 16
Merchant, Frank	
Christ of the Bavarian Roads (poem)	Dec 19
Merry Christmas (fiction), by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.	Dec 58
Merton, Thomas	
Barth's Dream	Mar 58
Three Letters	Nov 4

### MINISTRY

Coffeehouses: Evangelism or Evasion? by John D. Perry	Mar 10
The Hushed-Up Revolution in the Church, by Martin E. Marty	Apr 5
The Shape of Theology for a World in Revolution, by Paul L. Lehmann	Apr 9
Mississippi's Child (documentary), by Gayle Graham Yates	Feb 38

### MYTH

Religious Myths of the Tlingit Indians, by Dale B. DeArmond	Mar 19
Nationalists, The: Winston and Malcolm, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	May 30
New Bread, The, by John Donahue	Apr 30
New Soviet Man, The: An Amendment, by Ronald L. Williams	Feb 4

Notes from Underwater: The Graduate Students' Revolutionary Committee (satire), by Reed Whittemore	Jan 26
Ogden, Schubert M.	
The Christian and Unbelievers	May 21
On the Poet Creek (satire), by John Fergus Ryan	Jan 32
On the Train (satire), by Millie McCoo	Apr 19
Oster, Edward	
Sun in the Wilderness (poem)	Nov 47

## PQR

Panshin, Alexei	
The Death of Orville Murchison (fiction)	Mar 31
Pauker, John	
Jim Bellwether in Action (fiction)	Feb 46
Paulk, William	
Vision of Arimathea (fiction)	Dec 20
Perry, John D.	
Coffeehouses: Evangelism or Evasion?	Mar 10
Pious Politics: A Puritan Legacy, by David Burt	Nov 30
Pitcher, Alvin	
Beneath Affluence, Beyond Alienation: Christian Ethics and American Society	Oct 42
Poetry and Politics in Chile, by Miller Williams	Feb 20

### POETRY

All Right, You May Alight, by Kenneth Patchen	Jan 41
Bluebeard's Castle, by Suzanne Gross	Nov 29
Change-of-Life, by R. B. Larsen	Nov 51
Christmas, by Carol Hill	Dec 44
Christ of the Bavarian Roads, by Frank Merchant	Dec 19
Clear Sky. Warm Sun. Shapes of Melting Snow, by Richard Purdum	Feb 15
Easter Comes for Walter McTavish, by Stanley J. Rowland	Apr 39
Emmanuel, by Harvey Bates	Dec 44
Five Fears, by Warren Kliewer	May 19
For W., by Nancy Holmes	Nov 49
Good Friday, 1964, by John Tagliabue	Apr 1
The Grand Inquisitor Continues, by John William Corrington	Mar 9
A Higher Fidelity, by Sheppard B. Kominars	Oct 44
The House Without Shutters, by Duane Locke	Dec 19
I'll Trade You Love & Glory, by Kenneth Patchen	Jan 23
Illustrated Lesson, by David Cornel DeJong	Feb 19
Interim, by Ben Howard	Nov 25
The King of Toys, by Kenneth Patchen	Dec 25
Love, by James H. Bowden	Mar 33
The Man of the Half-Mad Moon, by Terence Michael Brown	Mar 49
A Mercy-Filled and Defiant Xmas, by Kenneth Patchen	Dec 43
The Noose, by Judson Crews	Feb 1
Notes for a Homily, by James T. Whitehead	Nov 29
Oneida 1963, by James H. Bowden	Mar 33
Outline for a Speech, by David Standish	Mar 39
Paraphrasis, by Richard Purdum	Feb 15
Poem for Summer, by Nancy Holmes	May 19
The Refugees, by Jack Dobbs	Apr 18
A Revelation, by Fran Hassencahl	Oct 45
Season, Tart So Red, by Judson Crews	Oct 44
Slum, by Margaret Diorio	Mar 39
Sojourn in a Strange Land, by Anthony Towne	Dec 45
Southern Shore, by Carol Hill	Oct 45
Station of the Cross, by Margaret Randall de Mondragon	May 11
Sun in the Wilderness, by Edward Oster	Nov 47
Sunkist, by Sister Claude	Mar 57

### POLITICS

America's "Rising Discontent," by Donald L. Robinson	Oct 66
Barry Goldwater's Worldview, by James Finn	Oct 63
A Bead on the Birchers, by John Allen Broyles	Oct 13
Beneath Affluence, Beyond Alienation: Christian Ethics and American Society, by Alvin Pitcher	Oct 42
Conservatism vs. the Modern Right, by William A. Koelsch	Oct 24
The Endless Prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa, by Sidney Lens	Nov 20
The Meeting of the Twain: The South and the Republican Party, by H. C. McClesky	Oct 16
Pious Politics: A Puritan Legacy, by David Burt	Nov 31
The Poverty Pavilion, by Stephanie and Michael Harrington (satire)	Jan 6
Poverty Prognosis: Who Needs the Poor? by Nat Hentoff	Apr 15
The Press and Politics, by Richard T. Baker	Oct 59
The Proper Role of Government, by J. G. Stewart	Oct 60
The Rivonia Trials in South Africa, by Mary Benson	Nov 10
The Search for Black Power, by Nat Hentoff	Oct 21
Some Patterns for Politics, by William P. Tolley	Nov 39
Students and Politics, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	Oct 6
See October 1965 issue, <i>passim</i>	



Porter, William	
Report from Berkeley	Apr 35
Poverty Pavilion, The, by Stephanie and Michael Harrington (satire)	Jan 6
Poverty Prognosis: Who Needs the Poor? by Nat Hentoff	Apr 15
PREJUDICE, see Integration, Politics, The South and Southern Problems	
Profanity of Man, The, by William Stringfellow	May 24
Purdum, Richard	
<i>Clear Sky, Warm Sun, Shapes of Melting Snow.</i> (poem)	Feb 15
<i>Paraphrasis</i> (poem)	Feb 15
Purvis, Hoyt	
The Dean's Blue Pencil	Nov 35
RADICAL RIGHT, see Politics, Ethics, Social Criticism	
Report from Berkeley, by William Porter	Apr 35
REPUBLICAN PARTY, see Politics	

## REVOLUTION

America's "Rising Discontent," by Donald L. Robinson	Oct 66
The Shape of Theology for a World in Revolution, by Paul L. Lehmann	Apr 9
Students and Politics, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	Oct 6
Rivonia Trials in South Africa, The, by Mary Benson	Nov 10
Rowland, Stanley J., Jr.	
<i>Easter Comes for Walter McTavish</i> (poem)	Apr 39
Ryan, John Fergus	
Golden Banjo (satire)	Jan 3
On the Poet Creek (satire)	Jan 32

## ST

### SATIRE

Conversion, by John Somerville	Dec 4
The Eighth Day, by Jime Crane	Apr 42
Merry Christmas, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.	Dec 58
Multi-Racial Societies (cartoon series), by Jim Crane	Apr 20
On the Train, by Millie McCoo	Apr 19
Snickness Unto Death: Folk vs. Country Music, by David Brett	Mar 35
see January 1965 issue, <i>passim</i>	

### SCIENCE

The Gadget Worshipers, by Norbert Wiener	Dec 28
The Impact of Science on Man, by John J. Compton	Mar 41
Schlueter, Paul	
The Amoralist: Mary McCarthy	Dec 46
Search for Black Power, The, by Nat Hentoff	Oct 21
SEGREGATION, see Integration, Prejudice, The South and Southern Problems	
Senesi, Mauro	
<i>Death of Orfeo</i> (fiction)	Mar 29
Seven Lessons in Spiritual Deficiency (satire), by William B. Gould	Jan 24
Shape of Theology for a World in Revolution, The, by Paul L. Lehmann	Apr 9
Short, Robert	
Sick, Sick, Sick? Then Give, Give, Give—or Die! (art feature)	Oct 34
Sick, Sick, Sick? Then Give, Give, Give—or Die! (art feature), by Robert Short	Oct 34
Silberman, Lou H.	
Forgive Us, Lord	May 42
Snickness Unto Death, by David Brett	Mar 35

### SOCIAL CRITICISM

America's "Rising Discontent," by Donald L. Robinson	Oct 67
A Bead on the Birchers, by John Allen Broyles	Oct 13
The Beckwith Trial in Mississippi, by Charles Butts	Nov 15
Beneath Affluence, Beyond Alienation: Christian Ethics and American Society, by Alvin Pitcher	Oct 42
The Congo and Southern Africa: The Fire This Time, by David Wiley	Apr 25
Conservatism vs. the Modern Right, by William A. Koelsch	Oct 24
The Critics of Deterrence, by Joseph L. Allen	May 14
The Endless Prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa, by Sidney Lens	Nov 20
The Gadget Worshipers, by Norbert Wiener	Dec 28
The Golden Fleece: College Students as an Economic Market, by Shirley M. Kent	Dec 22
Mississippi's Child, by Gayle Graham Yates	Feb 38
The Nationalists: Winston and Malcolm, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	May 30
Pious Politics: A Puritan Legacy, by David Burt	Nov 31
Poverty Prognosis: Who Needs the Poor? by Nat Hentoff	Apr 15
The Press and Politics, by Richard T. Baker	Oct 39
The Profanity of Man, by William Stringfellow	May 24
The Proper Role of Government, by J. G. Stewart	Oct 60
The Search for Black Power, by Nat Hentoff	Oct 21
Sick, Sick, Sick? Then Give, Give, Give—or Die!	Oct 34
Students and Politics, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	Oct 6
The Unpopularity of Intellect, by Richard Hofstadter	Oct 29
Some Patterns for Politics, by William P. Tolley	Nov 39

Somerville, John	
<i>Conversion</i> (satire)	Dec 4

## THE SOUTH AND SOUTHERN PROBLEMS

The Beckwith Trial in Mississippi, by Charles Butts	Nov 15
The Meeting of the Twain: The South and the Republican Party, by H. C. McClesky	Oct 16
Mississippi's Child, by Gayle Graham Yates	Feb 38
Some Patterns for Politics, by William P. Tolley	Nov 39
The Search for Black Power, by Nat Hentoff	Oct 21
Standish, David	
<i>Outline for a Speech</i> (poem)	Mar 39
Steele, Robert	
The Flaherty Influence	Nov 42
see also Films Reviewed	
Stiles, B. J., see Editorials	
Stringfellow, William	
The Profanity of Man	May 24
Students and Politics, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	Oct 6
Synchromocracy (fable), by Hap Cawood	Nov 58
Tagliabue, John	
<i>Good Friday, 1964</i> (poem)	Apr 1

## THEOLOGY

Barth's Dream, by Thomas Merton	Mar 58
Christians in a New Situation, by Joseph Duffey	Feb 10
Coffeehouses: Evangelism or Evasion? by John D. Perry, Jr.	Mar 10
Conversion, by John Somerville	Dec 4
The Eclipse of Sin, by James M. Gustafson	Mar 4
The Gadget Worshipers, by Norbert Wiener	Dec 28
How is Christian Language Meaningful? by Joseph Haroutunian	Dec 39
How to Succeed in Theology Without Stultifying, by Richard Wentz	Dec 34
The New Breed, by John Donahue	Apr 30
Pious Politics: A Puritan Legacy, by David Burt	Nov 31
The Shape of Theology for a World in Revolution, by Paul M. Lehmann	Apr 9
Three Letters, by Thomas Merton	Nov 4
Three Letters, by Thomas Merton	Nov 4
Tolley, William P.	
Some Patterns for Politics	Nov 39
Towne, Anthony	
<i>Sojourn in a Strange Land</i> (poem)	Dec 45

## UVWXYZ

### UNIVERSITY LIFE AND PROBLEMS

The Dean's Blue Pencil, by Hoyt Purvis	Nov 35
The Eclipse of Sin, by James M. Gustafson	Mar 4
The Golden Fleece: College Students as an Economic Market, by Shirley M. Kent	Dec 22
Graduate Literary Study in Britain and America, by John William Corrington	May 6
The Impact of Science on Man, by John J. Compton	Mar 41
The New Breed, by John Donahue	Apr 30
Report from Berkeley, by William Porter	Apr 35
Students and Politics, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	Oct 6
The Unpopularity of Intellect, by Richard Hofstadter	Oct 29
Unpopularity of Intellect, The, by Richard Hofstadter	Oct 29
<i>Vision of Arimathea</i> (fiction), by William Paulk	Dec 20

### VOCATION

Sick, Sick, Sick? Then Give, Give, Give—or Die!, by Robert Short	Oct 34
Students and Politics, by Wilson Carey McWilliams	Oct 6
Three Letters, by Thomas Merton	Nov 4
Vonnegut, Kurt, Jr.	
<i>Merry Christmas</i> (fiction)	Dec 58
Wentz, Richard E.	
How to Succeed in Theology Without Stultifying	Dec 34
What's in on Off-Broadway (satire), by Gerald Jonas	Jan 34
Whitehead, James T.	
<i>Notes for a Homily</i> (poem)	Nov 29
Whittemore, Reed	
Notes from Underwater (satire)	Jan 26
Wiener, Norbert	
The Gadget Worshipers	Dec 28
Wiley, David	
The Congo and Southern Africa: The Fire This Time	Apr 25
Williams, Miller	
Poetry and Politics in Chile	Feb 20
Williams, Ronald L.	
The New Soviet Man: An Amendment	Feb 4
Yates, Gayle Graham	
Mississippi's Child (documentary)	Feb 38

## CONTRIBUTORS

**JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON** is on the English faculty at Louisiana State University. His publications include three volumes of poetry, the latest, *Lines to the South and Other Poems*, just published by L.S.U. press. He is currently editing an anthology of contemporary Southern writing with another *motive* contributor, Miller Williams. His D. Phil. is from the University of Sussex.

**PETER FRIEDMAN** is a lawyer, Ph.D. candidate at Columbia, and a freelance writer. He has written several articles on Berlin, where he spent a year studying East German law on a Fulbright grant.

**JOSEPH L. ALLEN** is associate professor of ethics at Perkins School of Theology in Dallas. His article reflects a year of study at the Hudson Institute, the findings of which will be published later this year by Association Press.

**SCHUBERT M. OGDEN** is noted for his recent book, *Christ Without Myth*, and numerous other writings in theology. He is professor of theology at Perkins School of Theology.

**WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW**, a prominent Episcopal layman and lawyer, is a zealous spokesman for the relevance of the gospel to contemporary life. His journey from Harvard Law School to legal counsellor for the East Harlem Protestant Parish is vividly recorded in *My People Is the Enemy*. He is the author of two other books, *A Private and Public Faith* and *Free in Obedience*.

**WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS**, an instructor in government at Oberlin College, is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley. He is faculty advisor for *the activist*, a provocative independent student magazine at Oberlin, and a frequent political lecturer and debater.

**ROBERT STEELE** is spending a sabbatical year from Boston University's School of Communication writing and researching a book on films.

**LOU H. SILBERMAN** is Hillel Professor of Jewish Literature and Thought at Vanderbilt University Divinity School.

### POETS:

**MARGARET RANDALL de MONDRAGON** is an editor of *El Corno Emplumado* in Mexico City, the bilingual journal which has become essential reading for all those concerned with the interchange of poetry between the Americas and the search for a possible international style. Her own poems, appropriately, achieve at their best an openness and clarity of impact typical of the best new work on both continents.

**NANCY HOLMES** is a student in the Writers' Workshop at Iowa City, who disconcertingly insists no other infor-

mation is necessary. Her work has the rare grace of being distinctly female without the cloying aftertaste of either lukewarm milk or stale sheets.

**WARREN KIEWER**, known to *motive* readers as poet and playwright, has become since his last appearance here an author (*The Violators*, a volume of short fiction) and editor (of the new journal *Religious Theatre*). We leave it to less prejudiced minds to judge whether this line of development represents achievement or decline—or, perhaps, simply antic virtuosity.

### ARTISTS:

**EDWARD WALLOWITCH**, a photographer of consummate skill and sensitivity, is a freelance photographer in New York City, and a faithful contributor to *motive*.

**ZDENEK SEYDL**, born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, has become internationally known for his delightful illustrations for *The Fables of La Fontaine* and many children's books. His style, humor and understanding of human nature are distinctive; he is listed in the international *Who's Who in Graphic Arts* for his contributions to the art of illustration.

**OTIS HUBAND** recently returned to teaching in Virginia after spending two years painting and printmaking in Italy. We are delighted that he is back in the pages of *motive*. His graphics were featured in our Nov., 1962 issue.

**ROBERT CHARLES BROWN** has also returned to the pages of *motive* after a long absence. His work is deeply rooted in the discipline of visual meditation. Just now he is travelling across the United States via Greyhound bus to see how America looks and thinks.

**JIM CRANE** is teaching at Florida Presbyterian College in St. Petersburg, Florida and continues to explore reality by way of his acid drawing pen. His new book of cartoons, *On Edge*, will be published this summer by John Knox.

**HANS ORLOWSKI**, in his long career as a wood engraver, has achieved a high place for himself and his medium all over the world. He has just been nominated for honorary membership in the four-hundred-year-old *Accademia Delle Arti Del Disegno* of Florence, Italy. We are honored by having his work in the pages of *motive* as well as his continuing friendship and concern for the magazine.

**SAUL STEINBERG** hardly needs an introduction to anyone with eyes and a sense of history and art. He is a profound commentator on the human condition and our age. His books of cartoons are to be found everywhere.

**JOHN MAST** lives and works in New York City as a freelance photographer, recording the world around him from a personal point of view with universal implications. This is his first appearance in *motive*.



PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN SPRAGENS, JR.

