motive

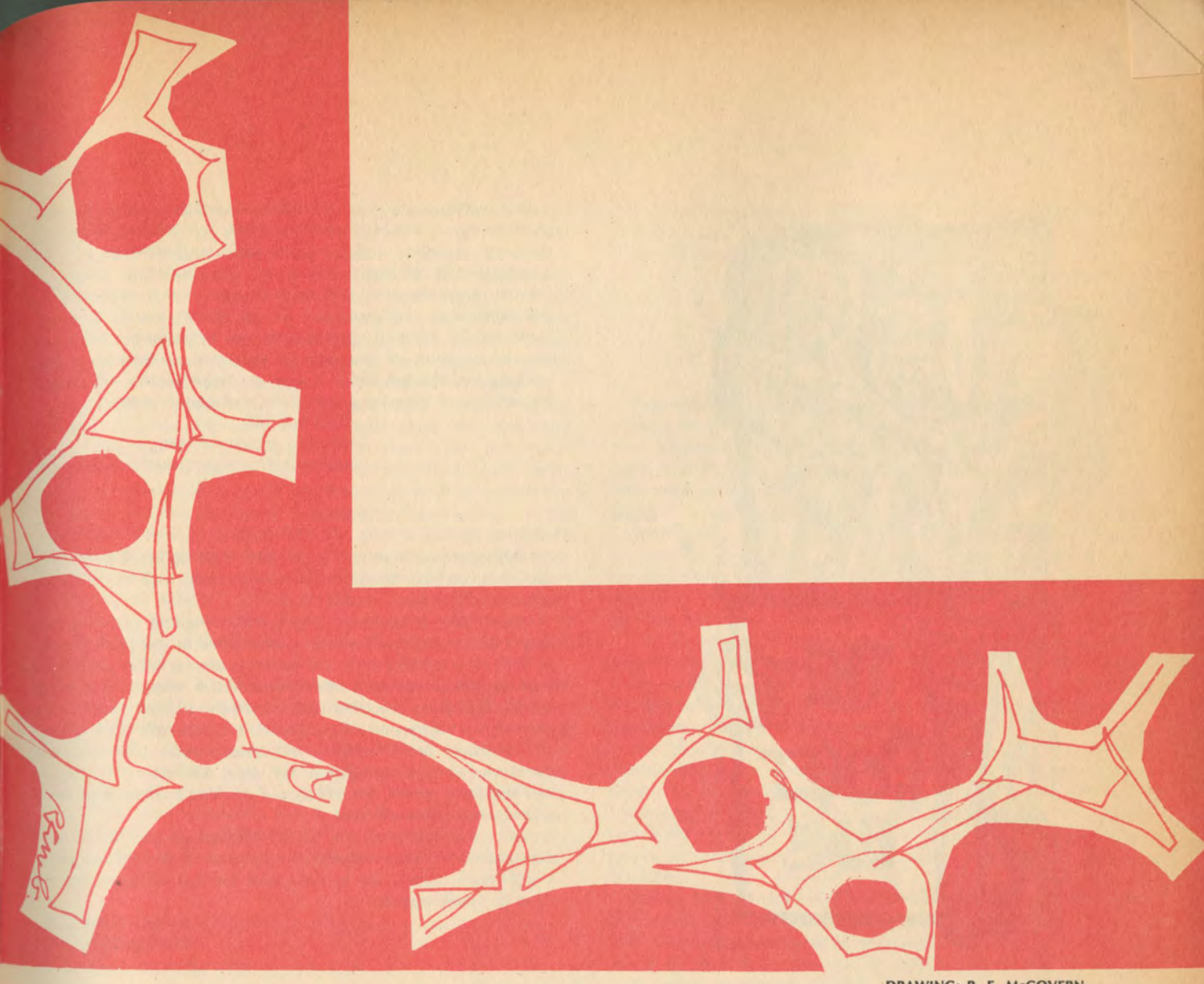
november 1965 fifty cents

MOTIVE

CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 1965 **VOLUME XXVI, NUMBER 2**
Twenty-fifth anniversary volume

1 **THE SEVEN-THIRTY ROLLER COASTER** *poem,* BEN HOWARD
2 **THE PICKET LINE**
4 **ON SEPARATING HOPES FROM ILLUSIONS** VAN A. HARVEY
7 **SEX: MYTHS & REALITIES** HUGH HEFNER AND HARVEY COX
12 **DR. AORTA** fiction, JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON
20 **OSIRIS, GOD OF CORN** *poem,* JAMES M. NEYLON
21 **SHEILA HICKS WEAVING** MARGARET RIGG
29 **THE REMODELED RIGHT** ERLING JORSTAD
33 **QUINTET FOR ALARM CLOCKS** *poem,* SUZANNE GROSS
34 **SOME REFLECTIONS ON BEATLE-ESE** ROBERT L. WHITE
38 **THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION REVISITED** RICHARD N. BENDER
41 **STORM THE MUSEUMS: THE ARTS IN U. S. EDUCATION** FRANCOIS BUCHER
46 **AND WHEN IN SCENES OF GLORY** *poem,* MILLER WILLIAMS
48 **SONG** *poem,* MICHELE MURRAY
50 **FALL BOOKS**
56 **CONTRIBUTORS**
COVER 3: Photograph, Algimantas Kezys, S.J.
COVER 4: THE REAL STORY OF CINDERELLA fable, JIM MAGNUSON
FRONT COVER: Wool Weaving by Sheila Hicks. See art feature, Page 21.



DRAWING: R. F. McGOVERN

The Seven-thirty Roller Coaster

At seven-thirty in the morning
the cars come rumbling
down without warning
sending noise in rending
ripples across the air,
and without spending
extra motion,
the empty cars speed,
without a notion,
up and down the rails,
still wet with dew,
and leave a slippery trail.

In the parking lot
a bit of paper blows
and the new sun is hot.

There are no people
here, except one
who runs the steeple
steep rails with cars
and wonders how,
in the night sky, stars
look to screaming riders.

In the early light,
the rumbling, tumbling cars
are a fleshless spine in flight
from all the life that cries.

—RONN SPARGUR

R. O. HODGELL

As a continuous *motive* subscriber since Duke University undergraduate days, I would like to express my appreciation for *motive's* persistent relevance and its significant contribution to adult life as a Methodist minister's wife. Thank you, *motive,* as always.

Without my treasured collection of past *motive* magazines, this first attempt at "art exposure" in our church would have been bland indeed. Little of original work was available but *motive* has covered so much of the field of significant contemporary artists working in Christian ideas, it was a comprehensive exhibit with the addition of museum prints of the well-known masters.

JEAN E. CARR
christian arts committee
bethesda (maryland) methodist church

Listen.

"Whatever you have said in the dark shall be heard in the light, and what you have whispered in private rooms shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."—Luke 12:3.

Amen. Some of us pray honestly "Thy kingdom come" without fear of the openness of expression envisioned by our Lord. The men of faith who create *motive* are brothers among us in proclaiming from the housetops what others would have whispered in private rooms. The dawn that finds the Methodist Church afraid of the openness of expression of our Lord's kingdom will mark the end of Christianity in Methodism. The Church must either bless and speed *motive* in bringing political views and ethical controversy into the light, or the Church should no longer pretend to follow a Lord whose vision it fears.

motive has been a source of the courageous and faithful spirit needed by both The Methodist Church and its student movement. I, with many others, am in your debt for this magazine that still dares to speak openly.

DAVID C. TAYLOR
mt. hamilton, calif.

We commend the General Board of Education for its on-going support of *motive,* the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, as a creative and influential instrument for the development of critical Christian thought especially among college and university readers, widely recognized as an innovator of new forms of expression and as an outspoken advocate of sensitive issues and concerns.

We view with confidence the accomplishments of this journal for the past 25 years in challenging the minds of students and their leaders and indeed the entire church. Therefore, we congratulate the editorial staff for its continuing excellence in forward-looking Christian journalism, and we favor the continued material support of the Board of Education. Moreover, in order to give effective evidence of our confidence, we urge individuals to support *motive* with private subscriptions, and local churches to place *motive* in their own libraries, to the end that increased subscriptions may help minimize dependence on subsidies. . . .

A resolution passed June 12, 1965
THE WESTERN NEW YORK CONFERENCE
OF THE METHODIST CHURCH
jamestown, new york

I was understandably disturbed to read the ominous signs in [your] editorial (May, 1965). . . . My concern about *motive* has two aspects: the first is that *motive* is an excellent magazine . . . a magazine which is good and getting better all the time, visually and verbally. . . . But there is a more important reason. . . . Since I devote all my time to dealing with the age group to which the magazine is directed, I feel obligated to point out that the church would do itself great damage by hindering, censoring, or suspending *motive*. Professional churchmen may not be so aware as a college teacher is that every college generation, at least in my experience, is less interested and less tolerant of the established church than was the preceding generation. From within the church one would have to say that the world outside stands under judgment: but when looking at the world through eyes of college students one sees that the church is being judged by its own criteria. And every college generation finds the church lacking more than did the previous one. It is this sort of serious, thoughtful judgment which led one college person to say to me in a letter: "Martin Luther King and *motive* are the only two aspects of Christianity worth paying attention to." His attitude may be right or wrong. But that he does have such an attitude is a fact, and the attitude is typical. . . .

In short, *motive* is one of the most important activities in the current Protestant situation. It is not that *motive* is taking old ideas and dressing them up in a slick new garment . . . but rather *motive* has been the instrument for the creation of new forms and new insights. One of these new insights has certainly been a redefinition of what the church is . . . *motive* has shown that the church is not only the organization but is also the body of committed people. *motive* has demonstrated this in a clearer way than any other publication I know. If this creative redefinition were lost, the church would unfortunately prove its college age critics right and this would be disastrous. For the future of a vigorous church rests very heavily on *motive* and a few other activities.

WARREN KLIEWER
department of english
earlham college
richmond, indiana

Your editorial (May, 1965) seemed to express uncertainty concerning the future of *motive*. . . . It has, indeed, been a difficult year. Members of the W.S.C.S. came to me with a defensive and angry look in their eyes and the December *motive* in their hands. They soon expressed what was in their minds: "*motive* is pornographic!" I was surprised and a little disappointed to learn the judgment was made on the basis of Somervill's "Conversion." But how do you explain such a satirical article to someone? You are either shocked into "righteous" indignation (as they were), moved to critical reflection (as I was), or you miss the point and read on, failing to be moved in either of the other directions.

I didn't attempt to explain the nature of satire, but suggested they not judge the magazine on one issue alone. Then the January issue arrived . . . with a BANG! One huge issue of satire (which I thought was delightful) made all the difference. Your circulation department got the message: cancellation . . .

The cancellation was made with my blessing, because we learned our lesson—that *motive* ought not to be circulated by those who have no understanding or experience of the university community to which it addresses itself. That is, unless we can do something to bridge the gap and facilitate communication between the local church and the university: Which is the point of this letter.

Perhaps such mutual interpretation and communication between the various segments and situations within the church is not your task, since you are concerned only with one segment. But whose job is it then? Your attempts at *aggiornamento* will be to no avail unless somehow someone somewhere seeks to heal the ever-widening breaches within the church. It's unlikely that this ministry toward wholeness will come from the ecclesiastical hierarchy, since they seem to prefer simply removing the disturbing elements. But it does seem entirely possible that a staff such as yours, who are intellectually and spiritually attentive to the needs and issues in both church and world, could do much to close the gaps caused by ignorance and misunderstanding.

True, this ought not to be an exercise in self-justification, nor should you relax your critical stance and fail to allow the judgment of the Word expression in the church. But is there no word for the misunderstanding of the scandalized mother, the confused father, the indignant W.S.C.S. member, and the ill-informed pastor? We surely cannot label them "narrowminded pharisees" and let it go at that.

I have no answer to the problem, but I'm searching. Since it is highly probable that this lack of understanding is at the root of the opposition to *motive*, I hope you and your staff are searching for an answer too. *motive* is one of the reasons I chose the ministry. . . .

JACK K. KING
st. paul's methodist church
northport, new york

EDITOR: B. J. STILES
MANAGING EDITOR: RON HENDERSON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: ALAN D. AUSTIN
ART DIRECTION: JOHN SELLERS/McDONALD & SAUSSY
CIRCULATION: ELIZABETH JONES
READER SERVICES: INEZ BURKE
PROMOTION: H. ELLIOTT 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.

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

ON SEPARATING HOPES

ELIZABETH EDDY "MORE LOVE, BROTHER"

BISHOP J. A. T. Robinson, speaking in Dallas last spring, developed the implications of what he had called "The New Reformation" for the institutional church. His basic premise was that the task of the church is not to gather Christians out of the world but to help them live in mission in the world. Then he drew two conclusions. The first was that we ought to deplore the large bureaucracy we now call the church. We ought to dismantle those large cathedrals which consume so much capital which could more profitably be spent elsewhere. The second was that the church of the future must be oriented to the laity. The church should look to new forms of community, to the factory and house church, for example, and should develop a non-professional lay ministry. We should remember, he suggested, that Paul did not make his living as a missionary but worked as a tent-maker while ministering to the people.

Robinson stated his case with the simplicity and power we have come to expect of him. More than any other modern churchman, perhaps, he is able to dramatize the question of relevance. Nevertheless, there was a note in his lectures that was disturbing—his tendency to romanticize the factory and house church while deprecating large, bureaucratic organizations, his tendency to elevate the laity while deprecating the professional who takes a salary (he habitually uses the word "professionalism" pejoratively).

There is a certain validity in Robinson's horror of professionalism. We all know about the ingrown character of much Christianity, the enormous energies expended on getting members and keeping our "plants" in physical repair. We have all been disgusted at the irrelevance of so much "churchiness," the dissipation of energies in political bickering and ecclesiastical gossip. But does this imply a rejection of professionalism, a dismantling of the organizational machinery and a return to the image of a little band of Christians huddled together in a house church?

FROM ILLUSIONS

Reflections on the Future of the Ministry

BY VAN A. HARVEY

Or could it be argued that in a highly technological society in which all of the major institutions are becoming highly rationalized that the church requires not a less but a *more* professionalized ministry? Is it possible that we need a clergy second to none in expertise? A clergy which is aware of the opportunities and limitations of institutional power? A hierarchy that is as wise as a serpent in the training and placing of its representatives? If the mission of the church is to permeate and mold the institutions of the world, then it could be said that a more devastating criticism of the church is not that it is professional but that it is not professional enough; that it is ingrown, mediocre, concerned with the wrong things, unwise in its allocation of resources and naive in its conception of the problems of modern man. In short, that it is amateur.

There is, I believe, something primitive, something romantic, in Robinson's appeal to Paul the tentmaker as a model for the twentieth-century minister. What we need is a highly skilled, trained, intelligent, articulate professional class which is in contact with the world and its centers of power. We need a clergy that knows the world better than the world knows itself and that is able, therefore, to interpret this world so that Christians may be at home in it, act in it, love it, and take responsibility for it. And it is just because we do not have such a conception of the clergy that it is increasingly being regarded by the most thoughtful and idealistic young people as a vocation unworthy of their aspirations and abilities. They believe it is neither a demanding nor an influential means of service in the modern world.

THIS rejection of the ministry as a vocation constitutes one of the "signs of the times" which the church cannot afford to ignore. There is increasing evidence that the most intelligent and best-informed of our young men no longer consider the ministry as a live option for service in the modern world. The ministry does not challenge them; indeed, if they are Christians, they believe that there are far more significant ways in which they can serve in the Kingdom of God. As a result, enrollments in our seminaries have been declining almost precisely in inverse ratio to the nation's increasing population.

The church has fostered this feeling also by not taking theological training in the modern world seriously. We have continued to establish third- and fourth-rate seminaries without proximity or relation to the already existing great centers of higher education in this country. While most of the academic talent and resources are flowing to the state universities and to the large private universities, we have in effect declared that one can train the ministry in our time without exposing them to the dialogue with the great issues going on in these places. So we have our quiet little denominational enclaves of genteel learning in which we foster just that provincial view of the church and its past that might have been radically challenged in the dialogue with secular learning.

There is surely some relation between these two failures and another fact: on the whole, the kind of men who rise professionally to the top are undistinguished men. These men lack an understanding of the real structures of our society or its problems and they have no theological perspective on them. It is not that they are stupid or ineffective men; it is that they do not command respect from the nation. They are not men to whom, when they speak, one feels he must listen because they will inevitably have an authentic, responsible word. This lesson is surely not lost on a man considering the parish ministry as a vocation.

The churches have not taken seriously the high calling of the ministry, high not in the sense of being 'holy,' but high in the sense that it is a vocation which demands all the intellectual skills, imagination and abilities a man can muster. No one should think of entering it unless he is equipped to the teeth.

This profession is demanding just because it deals with matters of life and death. Far more, say, than the teaching profession, which so many want to enter, the pastorate calls not only for a man of learning but for a man of action. And since this is true, those who love the church should be just those who carefully stand guard over its standards. They should be as concerned as lawyers are with protections against malpractice, as conscious as teachers are of standards in the schools, as zealous as medical doctors are in protecting the quality of the profession. For the ministry is a profession, with professional skills, and it differs from other professions only in that it has to do continually and creatively with the basic issues of life and death. But very few really believe that the ministry is that important. And yet that is the crux of the matter, whether or not this is true—that we deal with matters of life and death—and whether or not we are going to act as if it were true.

Where, indeed, can a man invest his life effectively in so many directions? That is what we need to hear from our recruiters and demand in our churches—a call to imagination and idealism. But that call will be hollow unless together with it comes the challenge to accept the rigors, the sacrifices, which justify appealing to idealism. For the needs of man in the modern world are so complex that all of the dedication in the world will, without understanding, knowledge, and skill, lead only to misguided and impotent action. The children of light must have the wisdom of the children of darkness.

How can one, for example, help imperiled families shape the standards and values by which family life can be saved unless he understands what has happened to the male figure in American society in the last half century and how this, in turn, reflects the changing demands and expectations for success in our culture? Or unless he understands how the increased emancipation and edu-

cation of women has led to a dissatisfaction with their roles as wives and mothers? For just at that time in our culture in which the woman has had to assume the role of both father and mother in relation to the children, she has become so educated that her own expectations do not permit her to be content with that role. Who, if not the minister, will be able to speak to this crisis? And how can he do it unless he is armed with a professional competence and authority he does not now have?

I suppose it would be a kind of comfort, although a strange one, if we could assume that this trend is but a manifestation of the materialism and the lack of idealism of the younger generation. We could then argue that the fault lies not in ourselves but in the secularism of our culture. But that excuse will not bear much inspection. As Bishop Dwight Loder has pointed out, at the same time there is a decrease in interest in the parish ministry, the Peace Corps is receiving at least five hundred inquiries a week and is having to turn away qualified and eager candidates. It is not materialism or a lack of idealism which explains disinterest in the ministry. It suggests that idealists do not find a legitimate vehicle for their idealism in the institutional church, and anyone who has talked very seriously with undergraduates can confirm this suspicion—these most intelligent and idealistic of Christians believe that the church of Jesus Christ is the last place where they could expect to cast their weight on behalf of the conception of reality for which He died.

Nor can we explain the dearth of interest in the ministry in terms of a general lack of intellectual interest in religion and theology. There has probably never been a time in our educational history when theological instruction of a sophisticated sort was available to more people and to college students than now. College departments of religion are flourishing throughout the nation, and even the great state universities are beginning to respond to student and faculty demand. But there has been a proportionate decrease in the number of those who want to identify themselves professionally with religious institutions. The more theology one learns, it seems, the more one does not want to be identified with the institutional church.

What are the reasons for this curious paradox? There are doubtless many and, lacking any precise data, all of them sound more or less reasonable. My own hypothesis (I recognize that it is somewhat oversimplified) is that it is becoming apparent to the best of our young men that the ministry does not make any real professional demands upon them. As a profession, it does not consume their creative energies of intellect, courage and imagination. When one compares the opportunities for service and self-realization with other professions, like science, teaching, clinical psychology, law, governmental service, the parish ministry as it is now commonly regarded requires no particular expertise at all. It is, to put it quite bluntly, a profession for 'under-achievers,' men who could not really excel in the truly professional professions.

UNFORTUNATELY, the church—including the seminaries—is itself to blame for this tarnished image of the ministry. We have done it in a number of ways. We have virtually announced to one and all that it really does not take much skill to become a minister, that all it requires is a warm heart and a warm hand, a calling, a spirit of dedication. Have these, and one can get through. We do this, for example, by licensing young men to preach while they are still in college, or by giving them churches while they are still in seminary. We say, in effect, that one does not really need training to be a minister, although it is a good thing to have it for advancement. We say that a high school graduate, or a person with two years of college, or a businessman who has been converted, is perfectly able to handle the chores of the parish ministry. And yet we know that the newspapers and parents of children would rise up in arms if this practice were indulged in by any other profession; if, for example, we were to allow school teachers without any training to teach schools while they were learning, or law students to practice law, or medical students to practice medicine, or psychiatric students to practice psychiatry, or students in social work to practice welfare. And if you say that these professions really cannot be compared with the ministry, then I would like to know why. Is it true that there is no expertise essential to the clergyman, no knowledge he must have lacking which it is criminal to let him loose on the populace? No, the church does not take its own ministry seriously as a profession—and not taking it seriously, it tells all those contemplating it as a profession that what they will be expected to do can be done as well by a supply pastor or by a well-intentioned college student who has 'felt the call.'

OR consider the role of the ministry in softening the asperities of racial conflict and of aiding the various groups of a polyglot city to understand one another and themselves. How can a minister do this if he does not even understand the basic rudiments of his own sad sociological condition, the fact that he is the spokesman of white middle class America and its values? All the warm, sincere hearts in the world will not be able to act wisely in this situation without some deeper awareness of what is afoot. What greater proof of this do we need than the ministerial responses to the racial crises that have wracked this nation? The religious banalities, the sermons on reconciliation and "love" emanating from our most prestigious pulpits and printed in our newspapers reflect an abysmal ignorance of the dynamics of the racial struggle in our times, not to mention an ignorance of the Gospel which might illumine the bondage of so much of our white clergy. Some day these sermons will provide illustration material for some of the more dismal chapters in American church history.

Or consider the role of the clergy in separating hopes from illusions, so that one need not perish with the other. Actually, this is not one role alongside others; it is that role which overarches and makes sense of all the others. For this is the mission of the church: to distinguish the real from the unreal, the hope from the illusion entangled with the hope. The minister in our time is called to be an interpreter, an illuminator of the meaning of this life in relation to the will of God who orders, sustains, and judges us all. Unless we take this challenge with greater seriousness than we hitherto have, men will continue to pass this profession by for those other professions where the standards are equally as high and the sacrifices of time and resources as great.

HEFNER & COX

SEX: MYTHS & REALITIES

When Hugh Hefner and Harvey Cox met recently at Cornell University, a lively, entertaining and probing discussion was the inevitable result. Their subject: "The Sexual Revolution on the Campus."

Hefner, as editor and publisher of Playboy *magazine, is spokesman and oracle for an astonishing number of young men and women today. Author, theologian and scholar, Cox stands as one of* Playboy's *most vociferous and effective critics. He is on the faculty of Harvard Divinity School and recently published a penetrating theological analysis of culture,* The Secular City. *His article, "*Playboy's *Doctrine of Male," appeared in the April, 1961, issue of* Christianity and Crisis.

Both men are relatively young, and their experience and self-understanding have been cast within post-war secular society. Both are articulate without being glib; both are committed to a style of life and a fundamental moral posture, and both are able to provoke reflection and evoke serious inquiry.

MODERATOR: Mr. Hefner, in your editorials and essays on *Playboy's* philosophy of sex, the Puritan ethic often is your foremost enemy and antagonist. Why? What do you have against Puritanism?

HEFNER: America has the most oppressive sexual taboos and mores of any major country in the world today. A general anti-sexualism worked its way into the Judeo-Christian heritage about the time of Christ or slightly thereafter, and we have been paying for it ever since. It was strongly substantiated in the Middle Ages, became more severe shortly after the Reformation, and finally found its most extreme forms in Calvinism and Puritanism in England and America. And we have paid a very dear and bitter price for it.

Most religious leaders agree with me—and Harvey Cox probably does too—that Puritanism as it once existed in its purest form is almost heresy to the liberal concept of religion today. But what I call a 'neo-puritanism' has taken its place and very definitely exists in America today in all kinds of areas.

For example, in government, sex remains the one and only area of human activity that is outside the protection of the first amendment of the Constitution. The neo-puritan attitude can be found in our censorship and obscenity laws, in our religious and sex laws and in the whole general area of social and sexual taboos and mores. We may think that because we have been going through a rather remarkable transition in public attitudes toward sex in the last few years—this thing called "the sexual revolution"—that we now are reaching a point where we live in an uncommonly permissive society. This is not true.

Originally sex was the one area of natural or permissive activity; it has been lost in the Judeo-Christian heritage. I am interested in the secular side of society here in America, and I think we find ourselves with a democracy in which almost every area of human activity is free except the one of most intimate and prime importance: sex. I am very concerned about this lost freedom in our free society.

MODERATOR: Mr. Cox, in your original criticism of *Playboy's* attitude toward sex, you were extremely critical of its tone, its tendency toward over-exploitation of human impulses and its dehumanized and emasculated image of sex. This was in the April, 1961, article in *Christianity and Crisis*. Yet in a subsequent article in the same magazine, entitled "Chastity and Evangelical Ethics," you mentioned and proposed policies which seemed to some readers strangely similar to that point of view which you condemned. Have you changed your original evaluation of *Playboy* magazine?

COX: Let me say first that Hugh and I made an agreement before coming here tonight. We agreed that I would not bring any Bibles and he would not bring any Bunnies.

To answer your question. Has my position on *Playboy* changed in the past four years? I would say I hope it has. I hope that those whose positions jell at some particular point in their lives would not include me. But I rather believe that *Playboy* has changed too—for the better, although there are still a number of things I disagree with. I do think, though, that we have more common ground than many people would suppose.

I think that the great question we have to face (Hugh and I and all of you) is the fact that our traditional sexual mores anchored in a particular form of society, grounded in a religious culture, have more or less disappeared. We are left now with the task of fashioning a new understanding of what sexuality means, of what it means to be a man or a woman, and fashioning new norms of behavior which are at one and the same time modern and human. I don't think that anyone can escape the fact that we as individuals now face this responsibility.

I am sure that Hugh would agree with me that neither *Playboy* magazine nor any other magazine can solve this for any individual. When it tries to, which was one of my original criticisms, it simply introduces a new kind of authoritarianism. And I am against all authoritarianism, including the authoritarianism of the mass media. I don't want to be liberated from one religious tradition simply to be subjected to another infallible authority.

I think we need to discover once again that sexuality means intimacy. And intimacy is something which only two persons who know something about each other alone can develop. Sexuality without intimacy is not real sexuality. I like the distinction made by some sociologists between simply having intercourse and really being sexually intimate with another person. I am here to defend sexual intimacy and to call into question any definition of sexuality which sacrifices human intimacy.

In sexuality, we get to know ourselves, and we get to know other persons in peculiar and unique ways. Therefore, I am against the reduction of the sexual partner to some kind of a disposable accessory. We have to take the risk of being mature in sexuality.

Play is an important aspect of life. It is an important aspect of sexuality, but we play best with those whom we share many other aspects of life. Anyone who has been to a cast party knows there is an intensity to a celebration when people have shared something important together. This intensity becomes phony when people beforehand join the celebration.

The whole question of developing and understanding sexual intimacy in our time is closely related to the need which all of us have to discover: our own identities. I am willing to defend the proposition that the search for the other in his or her nakedness really is the search for the other in his or her reality. We want to know the other in his undisguised self-hood because only by knowing the other in that way do we really get to know ourselves. Sexuality provides a unique and characteristic way of coming to this kind of self-knowledge.

So I would say that sex must be irreducibly interpersonal. This means that those involved must understand and appreciate each other as persons. This is not to say that some kind of physical relationship with another person is not possible on some other level. But without intimacy, it is basically a diminishing of the power, depth and meaning of sexuality.

I will be the first to admit and concede, as I think all theologians would today, that the Biblical tradition, the Judeo-Christian tradition, has become infected by a basically foreign distrust of the body, of the world, of the things of this earth. Any kind of prophet, whether he be within or without the fold, who criticizes the Judeo-Christian tradition for this heresy, is welcome.

In this sense, I welcome Hugh for the criticism he brings to bear. But now that he has established this criticism, I think we need to talk together about what we ought to do to reestablish real intimacy in modern sexuality.

HEFNER: I am interested in what Harvey said about sex being an important key to identity and self-knowledge. On this point, we very definitely agree.

motive

I started going steady in the eighth grade . . .

and in high school met the *only* boy.

Then I came to college.

I've gone with six different men, each one *Mr. Right.*

Now I'm going with a new guy. I don't know if he's *the* one or not.

By now I'm just too tired to care.

I think the problem of identity and self-knowledge will be the major social dilemma confronting us as a society in the immediate years ahead. In the '30's, the major social concern focused on problems of labor; at the present, the major concern centers around problems of racial equality; tomorrow, in an advancingly automated and impersonal society, the problem of individual identity will take on new importance.

Already automation and technology are enabling man to spend less and less time on the job and thus causing him to receive less and less identity from his vocation. Therefore avocations—things we sometimes think of as play or leisure—will become increasingly important. Hopefully, these terms will broaden in scope to include a great deal more than they do today, and we will begin to find much of our identity in these areas.

Sex then becomes a very important humanizing element in a society so complex, so urbanized and technical that man, indeed, is in a serious difficulty. He faces the very real problem of reaching a point at which he loses his very humanity. And sex, in its broadest sense, is the very essence of what it means to be a man or woman. Thus, sex becomes much more than simply an act; it is a part of the total being.

MODERATOR: Mr. Hefner, you often have been quoted as opposing promiscuity. Recently you were quoted as saying, "Promiscuous people use sex as a tool. They're emotionally immature. Really they don't think very much of themselves, or sex." Could you be more precise in defining what you mean by promiscuity? How would you distinguish between promiscuous and morally responsible relationships?

HEFNER: First of all, promiscuity has nothing whatsoever to do with numbers. It is an approach to sex, not a statistic.

Traditionally, for 2000 years in our society, we have evolved a concept related to sex in which we kind of zeroed in on chastity. Chastity as an abstract concept has been much more important than the welfare of human beings. This is evidenced today in our sex laws. Outside of those which specifically protect human beings from acts of aggression or public indecency and those which protect minors, all are drawn from an abstract notion of sexual suppression and chastity. This notion is placed above the actual welfare of human beings.

Related to this, women traditionally have had the inhuman role of the person who defended chastity in western civilization. Since female emancipation at the turn of the century, women are finding themselves for the first time in an almost human position. The great difficulty is that a truly human role for women in our society has never really been established in the past. In the past, men have had all the best of it, that is, a really human position. Now there is a rather inevitable tendency for women to take on attributes of the male.

At this particular moment, we are drifting toward what I feel is another kind of danger. That is, asexualism or an asexual society in which the roles of male and female as individuals are most difficult to define and tend to be competing rather than complementary. Hopefully in the future, maybe in the immediate future, we will begin to move into a position where truly complementary masculine and feminine roles will begin to emerge.

COX: Could I ask a question? I agree very much with the need to establish woman in her own right, Hugh. However, I wonder if your magazine helps this or not.

Playboy identifies the woman almost wholly as a sexual object which, among other things, she is. But she also is a whole range of other things. There is a danger, at least implicit in your approach, that we perceive woman only as the object of play, as the Playmate. Not as the companion in the whole range of activities which make up the richness of human life.

HEFNER: If *Playboy* were the only medium of mass communication in America today, your criticism would be valid. But it is not the only medium. *Playboy* is not, and has never pretended to be, representative of the whole of life in the United States. We are a magazine specifically edited for a male audience. More than that, a magazine aimed at men in the period of play and bachelorhood prior to marriage.

I have some rather strong feelings about this. I think that we would have a stronger society with fewer divorces and problem marriages if we spent more time in bachelorhood after both fellas and gals get out of school, instead of jumping immediately into marriage.

As long as the notion exists that sex is right and moral only inside marriage, then the pressures to get married are tremendous. The real problem is that many young people tend to get married at an age when they quite literally have not become the people they will be most of their lives. It's a matter of picking a mate from almost a complete stranger. I don't think a young man in his late teens or early 20's is in many important respects the same man he is going to be in his late 20's or early 30's. I wasn't. And I don't think he would pick the same mate later. A girl wouldn't either.

MODERATOR: Mr. Cox, with all candor and honesty, please tell us if you think it appropriate or inappropriate, moral or immoral, to engage in any kind of sexual activity prior to marriage.

COX: The phrasing of the question in a moralistic way diverts attention from the real issue, I think. I would prefer not to discuss this subject in terms of ought or ought not, or in terms of right or wrong. To lay down a universal moral judgment about your sex life and my sex life which applies to everyone, I think, is not only arrogant but useless. I am not going to be backed into that.

I would prefer to discuss sexual intimacy in terms of appropriate or inappropriate expression of the level of relationship that two particular people have obtained. Therefore, I would prefer to discuss phony or real sex and leave out the kind of right or wrong, ought or ought not discussion which often obfuscates the issue.

Many of us still are looking for a father figure to tell us how to solve our sexual dilemma and, if our fathers and mothers don't do it, then some surrogate has to do it like the dean of women or a visiting theologian. I'm not going to solve this problem for you because I think it is something you've got to solve for yourself and live with. And I hope that Hugh doesn't try to solve it for you because I think there is a tendency, once we have decided not to accept one parent-surrogate, to buy another one for 75 cents.

HEFNER: It's going up a half-dollar in December and January.

COX: Let me suggest that the basic issue here is a question of promiscuity or intimacy. This is the real issue. Is our sexual style going to be promiscuous or is it going to lead to authentic intimacy?

I think there are a lot of promiscuous virgins in our society today—people who have managed in one way or another to avoid the particular act which, in western culture, we identify with losing your virginity, but there is nothing else they haven't done. Not only this, but they have utilized sexuality as a bait, lure, club, as every conceivable thing except that for which I think it is intended (if you want to speak theologically) or for which it functions (if you want to speak some other way). The real purpose of sexuality in human personality is the establishment of identity in intimacy.

Therefore, the real issue is not whether or not you have intercourse before you're married. The real issue is whether or not you are willing to take the risk of understanding sexuality, establishing your own style of sexuality and then living with it. It is a question of gesture. There is a 'language of the body' which says something to other people regardless of the words one uses.

Probably everyone has had the clammy experience of the ritual kiss at the end of the first date—why is it so clammy? It is clammy because it is not really an intimate gesture. It is a ritual gesture that you're supposed to do because you're kooky or something if you don't.

There is a whole range of gestures exchanged between a man and woman which expresses levels of intimacy which are developing between them. And in my own experience, sexual intercourse is the most intimate gesture, the most intimate act one can have with a woman. It defines the level of intimacy in the relationship between two people.

Of course, intercourse can be used under other circumstances. But I think the promiscuous use of this gesture tends to erode its expressiveness, so that when one really wants to express what the gesture seems to imply, it doesn't seem to have the power that it once had.

Obviously, there is no way to demonstrate this on an experimental basis. You have one life to live. I suppose you live it either as a Casanova or a Tristan. Casanova was the guy who hit 1,000 beds in Spain alone, according to legend, which seems to me a most improbable legend. But this *is* a style of sexuality. And once you have hit 1,000 beds, you are a different person. By then, you have developed a style of sexuality which cannot easily be discarded.

In early childhood, we begin to develop a style of relating to the opposite sex which is either authentic or phony. Its authenticity or phoniness depends on whether our gestures are appropriate for the existing level of intimacy. But, I hasten to add, the level of intimacy at which intercourse is appropriate differs for various people.

This is why I'm not going to be induced, or maybe seduced is a better word, into laying down some kind of absolute, universally applicable, moral principle about sex. That gets *you* off the hook too easily. You have to work through and try to decide yourself, in communication with the other person involved, because the other person involved also is developing a style of sexuality. It's not anything anybody can decide for you.

HEFNER: I strongly endorse the idea that sexual morality must be completely an individual's business. While it is rather obvious that I don't frown on pre-marital sex, I don't frown on pre-marital chastity either. It is, indeed, a matter of personal decision. But I do vote in favor of pre-marital sex when it is something that makes sense for the individual and is entered into with responsibility.

And I don't think responsibility can be met only in terms of an extended relationship. A relationship can be responsible and still be brief.

Ideally though, sex is part of a lasting and deeper relationship and not unlike that which leads to marriage. In fact, the majority of college students have pre-marital relations with few partners, often only a single one whom they eventually marry.

MODERATOR: Mr. Hefner, some people say you are not seriously interested in moral and ethical issues but are simply an opportunist. They say you are here to sell *Playboy* magazine and encourage membership in Playboy Clubs, and that you are not dealing with realities but fantasies and myths.

Let me read you a statement made by one of your executives at *Playboy* quite recently:

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

Would you comment on this, Mr. Hefner?

HEFNER: First, I'd like to know who wrote it. Is this quote from somebody supposedly related to *Playboy?*

MODERATOR: Yes.

HEFNER: Then somebody's in a lot of trouble.

The phrase that stopped me cold was "there ain't no such guy." When the publication began to grow, we started taking statistical analyses for advertising purposes. After a few years, we got this down to quite a science. I confess we were delighted to discover that the imaginary guy and the statistical median of the average reader turned out to be walking hand in hand.

COX: Excuse me. You mean your average reader really does dine with a fashion model?

HEFNER: I don't know about dining with . . .

COX: I don't dine with fashion models.

HEFNER: Let me give you a statistical description of our reader . . .

COX: About this business of dining with fashion models. How many fashion models are there to go around?

HEFNER: Well, they're not the best kind of models anyway.

COX: Despite the statistical survey, I do think that *Playboy* is projected toward what people *imagine* they would like to be rather than what they really *are*.

HEFNER: I think this is true. I don't want to suggest that every reader is the prototype. It's just the fantasy thing going.

COX: You've got the fantasy thing all right, and this is the whole question. You know, the mass media do have a certain responsibility for destructive social stereotypes. I'm just suggesting that maybe you have far more responsibility for projecting a particular image of what a desirable woman is than you think you do. I think there is a kind of *Playboy* "religion," and I am a skeptic or heretic of the whole cult.

HEFNER: If there is any kind of a *Playboy* cult, I am sure it is no substitute for religion.

One of the reasons for the remarkable success of *Playboy*, though, is that the magazine reflects a particular point of view with which a number of readers can strongly identify. In this sense, it is more than a magazine and has a very real responsibility. Personally I am delighted. I would rather have the tastemakers be *Playboy* than the *Reader's Digest*.

COX: I would hope that intelligent people would be suspicious of any tastemakers, including the *Reader's Digest*.

HEFNER: I guess they should be.

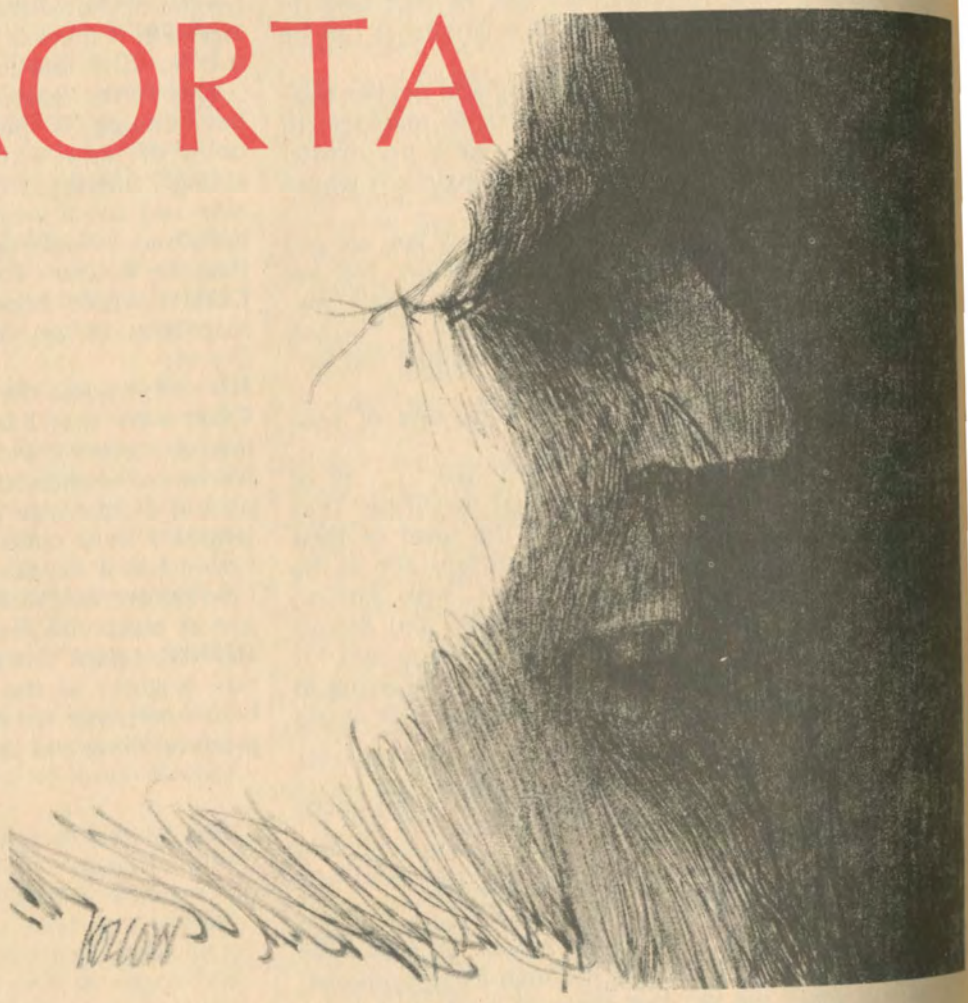
COX: Look, may I say one more thing? The image of all the fun stopping and play ceasing at 29 or 30 when one leaves bachelorhood and gets married is a rather grim picture of marriage which I do not want to go unchallenged. I must confess a very unorthodox thing to you. I have had a lot more fun since I've been married than I did before, and furthermore, it continues to be not only just as much fun, but more fun.

HEFNER: I think that's part of the idea. And if more attention is given to the earlier period, individuals will be better prepared for marriage and will find it a happier, more fulfilling and lasting experience.

DRAWING: R. F. McGOVERN

DR. AORTA

DRAWINGS: RICHARD KOZLOW



"THE ONLOOKER" FROM MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

FICTION: BY JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTO

motiv

What I remember is of little consequence because I have mastered the art of remembering almost nothing but what is of no significance. I can remember the number of steel crosspieces in the railway bridge across the Rhine at Strasbourg. I remember very clearly the countryside in Surrey one sees headed southwest from London. I recall the number of stairs going down to the Underground platform at the Russell Square Station, and a peculiar bulbous growth on the side of a tree in the Champs-Elysses.

I remember the name of a woman in Barcelona who had mastered the art of removing a five-months foetus with the crudest of instruments and a drug, the name of which I was unable to discover; I have not forgotten three men in Lyon who received certain medical attentions from me in 1943.

I cannot forget the names of the first four Roman Popes, the bishop who saw Joan of Lorraine to the stake, the year of Alexander the Great's death, or the fate of Caligula's son.

But what I recall best is that life is a bore. There is nothing in it but one banality after another, and those aspects of it which most stir our hopes and expectations are precisely those which we find most tedious and meaningless.

Neither family nor religion nor nationality had, in my youth, nets fine enough to snare me. I was, in the Italian phrase, born with my eyes open. I suspect my mouth was open, too. In a broad and heartfelt yawn.

As a child I was cross, pettish and almost without curiosity. I could sit for hours staring into open fires, examining my fingers, counting the tassels on a lampshade beside my mother's bed. I cared for nothing and remembered everything.

I remember the wistful Jewishnes of my father and the arrogant Germanity of my mother. There was nothing in it, of course. They were both Germans, both Jews, and both bored me dreadfully with their proffered heroes: Judas Maccabeus or Tristan, Josephus or Nietzsche. My father kept the kosher; my mother flaunted pork and the entrails of fowls. Butter and beef at the same meal, chops of lamb with a cheese sauce.

My father practiced law. My mother, in the early days, between the wars, interested herself in politics, supporting one party and then another, seeking always to find a scapegoat upon whom to fix our loss in 1918.

Had the workers worked? It seemed so. Had the businessmen sacrificed? To some degree. Had the politicians promoted wise policies? As wise as—or at least no more foolish than—usual. Had the soldiers fought? The lists of dead and maimed surely indicated it.

And so on. Until finally she came upon the Catholics. Bavaria was Catholic. Austria was Catholic. Italy was Catholic. And all had in some way participated in the defeat. Bavarian troops in the southern sector had, on occasion, fought badly. The Austrians had never managed to get down into Italy's heart. And the Italians had betrayed ancient friendships and sided with the allies. It had been, my mother decided, the Catholics. So my mother told me, so she told my father. So she informed her friends.

Unfortunately, even as she did so, in fact as if in answer to her, there was an Austrian of Catholic rearing in Bavaria (with considerable admiration for the current Italian dictator), who had struck upon another villian for the same show. I have often wondered, incuriously I must admit, if my mother's harping created him like a genii in a bottle. There seems to be a universal economy in nature; perhaps there is a universal balance, too.

My father was a nonentity. I do not mean to insult him, or even to suggest that he was not a good man. If one finds pleasure in moral assessment, my father might be termed an honorable and decent man, full of justice and respect for his fellows and contempt for those who ride the earth as if they had been born jack-booted and sharp-spurred, above the common lot of men. In fact, I suspect it may have been these very qualities that made father a nonentity philosophically during the days of the Weimar Republic, and a nonentity physically as well during what followed the republic's collapse.

I was twenty-one in 1926. Times were bad then, though less bad than a few years before. We lived in Karlsruhe in those days, a quiet town built almost in a circle, and full of people who had, or so it seemed, nothing but their own interests at heart. My mother's anti-Catholicism was a curiosity among them, and my father's kindness and generosity made most people there simply shrug off mother's lunatic sentiments. There was no talk of war or army in the Rhineland, and even nationality seemed muted.

I

So it seemed. In 1926. When I was about to leave for medical training in Edinburgh. Not because I wished to practice medicine, but because it was necessary that I learn a profession and the law was then, so my father said, a dead end. Not because Edinburgh was more advanced in medical skills than German universities, but because my father wished that I should become cosmopolitan, one who knew many cities and the ways of men. And, though I may do his memory an injustice, because my going to Scotland scandalized and outraged my mother past ranting, past tears. Almost to the point of violence. But violence was beyond her. Only her tongue knew violence, and both I and my father died a thousand little deaths from its woundings.

Before I left, there was a ritual to be undergone. I had avoided rites and customs and ceremonies of all sorts

since the gloomy misery of Bar Mitzvah. But there was no escaping a final talk with my father before I left home for Great Britain. I was surprised to find he had no more taste for it than I. He was no rhetorician, however, and no debater, either. He did not relish talking into the air, and in those days I was no more audience than a tablet of salt or a bag of stones.

—You have no faith, he told me. —Your Jewishness is dead in you. Nothing quickens your spirit.

—Yes, I said, trying, unconsciously perhaps, to speed him along, to make the thing easier for us both.

—What do you know that makes you the way you are, my father asked.

I could feel my breath short and quick. It was as if my gentle father had become an inquisitor. —I know I have four thousand marks and a ticket to London in my pocket, I said. —What else am I supposed to know?

—What do you feel? What of God?

I did not mean to seem supercilious, but where could all this lead? —I feel fine. I cannot say how God feels. There is no commerce between us. I await his pleasure.

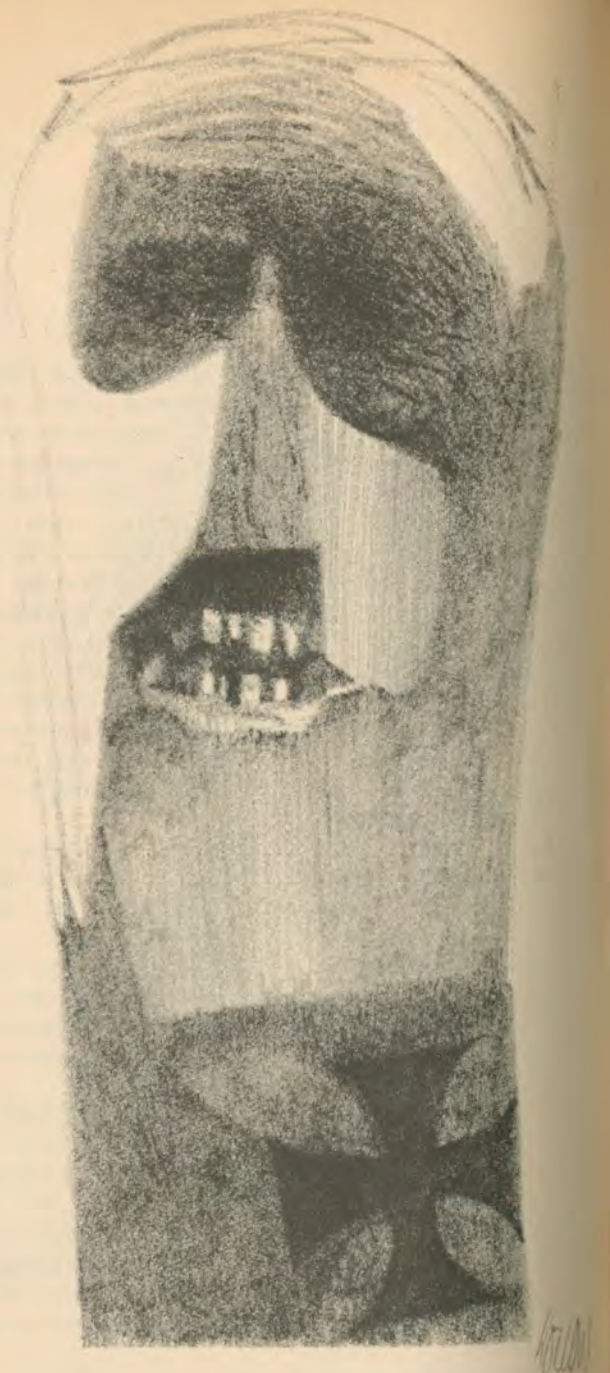
My father shook his head, his small Trotskyish beard waggling slowly. —Nor is there commerce between my son and me. Where is the world going when father and son part as strangers?

I wanted to tell him that parents and children always part as strangers, and that when we met again it would be as between two who have known one another casually in another time, but have found little to bind, and hardly anything to enlarge the relationship between them. But I told him nothing, for, in those days, there was still a kind of customary positioning of persons: fathers told; sons listened. For 20 years of decent food and housing, for the four thousand marks and the London ticket, I owed him that much. As he turned from me toward the study window looking out upon our garden filled with autumn flowers and evergreen trees, I backed toward the door. Something within me—not love or reverence or even sentiment, but rather something without a name, some odd impulse, some prophetic instinct made me pause and fix him, his stooped shoulders and balding head, his long, slim almost womanish hands in the tissue of my memory. I remember that he had taken off his gold-rimmed pince-nez and was wiping it slowly, mechanically, as I hesitated there.

—Goodbye, Frederick, he said softly with unaccustomed precision.—Goodbye and good fortune.

But I said nothing, moving out of the room like one who has invaded the past with the help of a machine and who must neither speak nor act in that already determined, already consummated time. I remember, as I left the house and hailed a cab, wishing that I might have seen his face as he stared out into the garden searching the neat lawn, the swaying dahlias for the thumbprint of his God, or a butterfly bearing word of his destiny. I was sorry to be taking his son from him, but sorrow is an unclinical emotion, and the fires it kindless wink out in the light of stars.

I did not see him again. Not alive. Not in the flesh. I saw only, in 1942, in the Munich Gestapo Records Room some photographs of him following his final interrogation. The change was astounding, the damage beyond description. An autopsy would have been out of the question.



II

I remember Britain. A museum full of various pasts stuffed and cared for as if history were truth rather than fiction, as if men and events of one century mattered to those of another. A secular monstrance holding an ancient and crumbling wafer from which the spirit had flown ages before. I remember thinking that Trafalgar Square had about it the same air of supranatural fantasy as Red Square in Moscow, but lacked even a corpse. I was glad to be back in Germany in 1932. It was a strange time, but despite the madness and the strangeness, it was a time in which realities were faced and dealt with; a time in which ultimate issues were resolved by ultimate means.

There was, soon after I returned, a change of government. The German corpse, old Hindenburg, a monument and parody of himself, still lumbered and coughed on for a little while as chief of state. But realism had caught all

of us by the throat. When the new chancellor was called on to form a government, I thought of the violent days in Texas of the United States. Gunfighters. The trappings of civilization: some indeed could read and write. But blood and iron was the currency and purchase then. So with Germany. Surrealism had succeeded no better than starvation. Dignity had worn its shoes through. The time had come for reality to take charge.

I remember the rallies at Nüremburg. Utter honesty. As if wolves or hydrogen atoms or volcanoes could talk and assume political roles. Destruction, violence, greatness, eternity. The Reich will last a thousand years. Of course it wouldn't. Not a century. Probably not a decade. But there is, as my father might have said, a time to build and a time to tear down. What of the time to do both and neither simultaneously? So all of them (not us: I was not that kind of German. I was of no nation. But had I not been in Germany, you understand, I would have crossed seven oceans to be there where boredom was, for twelve years, somewhat abated) became one, and the dedication, like any similar pact, was final and irreversable. We (by then it was "we." I had a party card and priority with certain officials in the SS. Medical units were already formed to handle those wounded in street brawls with communists at first; in house-to-house searches for Jews later on) had begun a social experiment. What I thought of it is of no consequence: it was active, like the lashing of a caged panther's tail, like a squirming serpent goaded. And Aristotle himself admitted that the end of life is an action—not a quality. So there was nothing moral to consider. I neither approved nor disapproved of the party and its ends and means. I was not a priest nor a logician though I had the zeal of one and the directness of the other. I had come to despise both functions. I thought then, and I think now, that my mind and spirit were meant to animate an athlete, but the body was no good: bad eyes, small hands, a slight tendency toward bronchial complications, and corpulence. Not really fat until much later, but always too bulky for the playing-field. And not that sort of athlete anyhow: rather a gladiator in the arena of the late emperors—those whose thumbs were always down, whose own blood was shed like water, was it Galba, Otho? And so in this more degenerate time, a career of imposing my will on material like an artist. But not stone or paint or language. Rather flesh. Thus, in our time, not the playing-field, but the surgeon's auditorium. And finally, at Ravensbrück, at Belsen, at Dachau, the inestimable privilege of free experiment untrammeled by any subsidiary consideration, any irrelevancy.

I can remember that world, the dark universe that Germany became after 1934, as if it were all a dream. Those of us who had position were absolute. We were given ranks and duties, and it was not asked of us how or at what cost in irrelevancies we accomplished our duties or made use of our ranks. There was, you must see, a philosophy at work here: a conception as plain and hardy as the fabric of creation itself, stripped of the myriad absurdities and suppositions of our enemies. That which deserves to live, lives. That which can exert its power on another proves its right to do so by the act of doing. When I worked with muscular transplants at Ravensbrück, making use of Polish women political prisoners, there was no need to consider anything beyond the medical proprieties. In a sense, these women had no purpose or existence outside the experiments. By the fact of their being unable to determine their own destinies, they had no destinies of their own. One suffers because he cannot, for one reason or another, avoid it. One rules because he is placed in a position where there is no real alternative to ruling. One becomes, in a more complex sense, a guinea-pig because he is not a surgeon.

I recall an evening in the officer's club in Munich. We had driven in from Dachau, the camp commandant and I, to meet the commandant's brother, a colonel in the 7th Panzer Grenadiers. It was late 1943, and the colonel's division was on its way to the eastern front.

The club was filled with uproarious laughter, lovely women, plenty of wine, relatively little food, but many delicacies from France and the Balkans. There were candles in place of the electric lights disrupted by an earlier air attack, velvet curtains, rich crystal, and even a small string orchestra composed of wounded soldiers recuperating at the hospital just outside the city.

We were at bay in those days. Nothing was yet settled, and the euphoria of all-out war flooded the veins affecting all of us like raw alcohol. The colonel had lost fingers under American strafing in the invasion of Italy at Anzio.

—Three of them abreast like circus performers, he told us.—Machine guns and cannons going, chewing up the column, killing scores of men. My hand was on the door. A 20 millimeter shell hit it.

—The pigs, his brother the commandant snorted.—stinking carrion. Dredged from every gutter in Europe. We could handle them at the camp. The commandant nudged me.—Couldn't we handle them?

—Certainly, I said, reaching for some cheese imported from Yugoslavia.—I could use them.

The colonel paid no attention.—They flew past, and I held my hand out before my face and I couldn't believe it. Not my hand. Christ, you can't get a new hand.

—You can't requisition a new hand, the commandant said frowning.—Can you, his elbow in my ribs as I sliced a piece of Circassian salmon.

—Not yet, I said. —Give us time.

—My men were firing, the colonel went on.—Even with rifles. My driver used his pistol.

—Any good, the commandant asked.—Any good?

—They flew past still in formation, the colonel said, leaning back, his head raised, eyes on the distant wall. —Right past and into the ground a quarter of a mile up the road. Still in formation. It killed two of them and they brought the third one back to me. All of them had been hit with the small-arms fire. A Panzer column had brought down three Ami fighters. The men were delirious. It was a good omen.

—No need to ask what disposition you made of the pilot, his brother the commandant said with heavy slyness.

—No need whatever, the colonel answered, his eyes snapping back to us.—I don't turn cheeks.

—Ah, the commandant said.—You're a bad Christian. I may be the greatest Christian in history.

—Our mother, rest her, would wonder at that, the colonel said.

—No, the commandant beamed, pleased at the riposte he was so laboriously preparing—Think how much good

came into the world with the death of one Jew.

Neither the colonel nor I replied.

—This week alone, the commandant bawled, his sides heaving,—I've done five thousand times as well.

The colonel grinned despite himself. I thought it wise to laugh. Even a surgeon does well to keep his patients cheerful. Everyone is potentially someone's guinea-pig.

But for all his stupidity, the commandant made a point: if there is a class of mankind who values self-sacrifice, by all means those who value survival should give them a surfeit of opportunity to be victims. If there is a kind of mentality that sees value in the failure to overwhelm, then satisfy it by crushing it out of existence. The commandant observed once, as we passed by the ovens on the way to inspect a new shipment, that the victim possesses one considerable advantage over the survivor. He leaves the victor to clean up the mess.

III

There is no use in remembering those latter days. The philosophy that had begun us sustained those of us still able to function when the vast hordes of *Slavesvolk* rolled across Germany like a wave of filth. What deserved to survive survived. One way or another. In those last weeks, in March of 1945, a prisoner tried to betray me to the commandant as a Jew. By then I had nearly forgotten that I was a Jew. I did not think of myself as a Jew but as a kind of device. My Jewishness meant nothing by then,

of course, but the commandant would have his joke. He called me in to face my accuser.

—This is Herr Krankowytz, Major, the commandant said smoothly.—He claims to have known you in better days. He even has information concerning your family.

Herr Krankowytz was a shambles. His body was hardly larger in height or thickness than a ten-year-old boy's. He had no hair, only one eye, and that eye damaged—apparently either cataract or serious searing of the cornea—so badly that he had to face the commandant in order to focus on me out of one sound corner of that eye. His hands moved incessantly in the sacking which covered his bones. He seemed poorly nourished, depressed. The prognosis was unfavorable.

Herr Krankowytz leered at me. His gums were black as if he chewed betel. He had no teeth.—Arugh, he snuffled and wiped his nose with the palm of his hand. —That's him. I knew his father. I knew your father. They took your father. In uniforms just like that. They came for him.

I stared at the commandant. Herr Krankowytz did not interest me. —Do you want to take this up with Berlin?

—Why no, the commandant grinned.—What do I gain? This campaign is over anyhow. It's a good thing to find a Jew on my staff. It might make all the difference. I could claim I was a defender of the Hebrews. You can be my exhibit.

—The war is still on, I said.—I have work to do. I'm no good as an exhibit. This lunatic is lying. My family died in South Africa. Look in my service record. Look in my party record.

They were perfect forgeries, my records, blending truth and fiction so skillfully that even the Gestapo could not discern the end of one and the start of the other. Proof of that was my being still a surgeon instead of sharing a pest-ridden shed outside with Krankowytz and the rest of the guinea-swine.

—So it is, so you do, the commandant grinned widely. —You can take Herr Krankowytz with you. No need to ask if you have use for him?

—No need whatever, I said.

Before his complaints claimed him, Herr Krankowytz swore that he had invaluable information for me. He had an orderly bring me to him. He was in a special ward where we kept donors of vital organs until we had need of their services. Krankowytz was in restraint. His bald head gleamed with perspiration. He could not see me.

—You, he whispered. —Do you know what God has in store for you? Do you?

I shrugged and stared at his naked fleshless body.—Do you know, I asked him.—Has your God been down with manna and prophecies? Tell him to step up the calorie content of the first. And to spare you the second.

—Cave, cave, *Deus videt*, Krankowytz choked.

—Latin from you? Does the priesthood attract you?

—God is not mocked, he rattled through gathering phlegm.—Beware.

—God is mocked. And blocked and shocked, I said.—God is one more entity to manipulate. If he comes down into the ward here for you, I'll have guards strap him in this cot next to yours. If he resists, they'll use a machine-pistol on him. If that won't work, we'll ignore him.

—God sees . . .

—God is dead. Autopsy in the late 19th century revealed substantiosclerosis, softening of the essence, deafness, blindness, and general debility. He was buried at Jena and mourned nowhere at all. So far as you're concerned, I am God.

—Arugh, Krankowytz cleared his throat.—All right, God. I can tell you about your mother.

—My parents are dead.

—Not yet. Not yet she isn't. She's in the camp. Just a number like the rest of us, and no idea her own son is helping to murder her.

—My mother is dead.

—No, God, no. You're fuzzy on the omniscience today, Krankowytz muttered. He seemed to be cheered by my visit.—When she first came, he went on,—she said it was all a mistake. That no loyal German, no one who stood four-square for the Fatherland could be brought to this. That one fine day the Führer himself would come driving into the compound in his Mercedes-Benz and announce to everyone that she was innocent, had been brought here by mistake. That no amount of Jewish blood could obscure true Germanity. He would carry her into München to the Sportsplatz and show her to the people, a Nordic heroine.

I said nothing, but a chill went from my buttocks to my neck. I had never seen this man in my childhood so far as I could remember, but he was talking of my mother in such a way as to preclude his lying. He had to know her.

Krankowytz paused, licked his lips, shifted his immobilized shoulders and arms.—These straps make it hard to wipe one's eyes, he said apologetically.

—Be glad you still have eyes, I told him.

He shrugged and licked his lips again.—At first they despised her. My God, how they mistreated her, cursed her, poured filth onto the rags she had to sleep on. One woman whose son had already gone to the ovens tried to kill her with a piece of kindling sharpened at one end. But finally people grew ashamed. They saw at last that she was no different from them—only a Jew doomed to the gas and the ovens. Or to your little hospital here. They came to see that she was only responding in her own way to what all of us had to grasp and struggle with. She had loved Germany like the rest of us—wanted to go on loving it, fighting for it—but Germany was killing her. Not just Hitler. Germany.

—What happened, I asked, leaning down over him, fascinated despite myself, caught between belief and refusal.—What more?

Krankowytz smiled, perspiration poured off his naked skull and down into his eyes. He no longer winced at the salty drainage and sweat stood in the deep sockets like runoff in stagnant pools. His single sighted eye burned from under it like that of a drowned sailor who mourns the life above, moving downward into another world.

—Not so fast, God, Krankowytz sighed, his mouth tightening in pain.—Even the gods have to pay. The god searching out his parentage. It costs.

I shrugged.—You want a month of life. Perhaps an orange. Or a pack of cigarettes and time enough to smoke them.

—You're a cheap god, he said, his voice no longer strong.—A god's mother is worth a glass of wine.

—You want wine?

—No, Krankowytz shook his head slowly, sweat spilling out of his eyes like enormous and grotesque tears.—No, I don't want a drink. I couldn't even taste it. None of my senses is any good now. You've seen to that. I'm talking to three of you now. As if one weren't bad enough.

—What do you want?

Krankowytz tried to smile. The dark empty cavern of his mouth gaped. I moved back reflexively. Krankowytz smiled wider.—I know, he said.—My looks are gone. In the compound the girls ignore me. But then they don't look good either.

—What do you want?

—I thought about that a long time before I had them send for you. I thought about it while they were examining me. I thought about it while they kept me in the ice. I didn't think about it while they opened me up to see if my organs were satisfactory. They only gave me a little anesthetic, and I was thinking about the operation.

—All right. What?

Krankowytz shifted as much as he could in the confines of his restraint.—I thought of freedom which you cannot give and life in here while my friends die which I could not stand. And of food and tobacco. Even of women which I do not want. There is so little I can still bring myself to care about. So little you can offer me. Still I must have something. I've got to get something.

—I am tired of this, I said.—Let's get it over with.

—Yes, Krankowytz breathed.—You've hit on it. That's what I want.

—What?

—To end it. To get on with it. I want to die.

—That, I said,—can be arranged. Have you any preference as to how and when?

—O yes, Krankowytz said excitedly.—Certainly. As soon as possible. And in the ovens.

I thought I had misunderstood.—You'll end in the ovens. All of them do.

—No, I want to die in them. I want to be put in them alive.

I almost fell backward.—You've gone mad. You've lost your reason.

—No, he said.—I know what I'm about. If I go into the ovens you can't use me. They won't put my nerves in a Nazi pilot or my bone in the arm of a Gestapo man. Parts of me won't be turned to my own condemnation. You'll get no good out of me if I go into the ovens.

—It's absurd, I told him.—I can't do it.

Krankowytz frowned and shook his head in mock sadness—What kind of god are you, he asked.—A maimed god?

—What if I could arrange it? You don't mean it anyhow. You couldn't go through with it. You couldn't stand it.

—Great God, Krankowytz muttered.—A little more pain after all this? It's the coward's way out. The ovens are the least of it. You make the arrangements, deity, and we'll see you find your mother.

—I have to go. I'll think about this.

—Wait, Krankowytz called as I turned to leave. He raised himself on the bed, straining against the straps holding his wrists. His head, against the room's faint light, seemed enormous; his neck no larger in diameter than an eel.—There's one more thing, he said.—One more thing.

—What?

—At the oven. When I am put into the oven . . .

—Yes?

—I want you to read a psalm. I want at the end to hear

the words of David. Even in your voice. You'll have to do that. You'll have to be a Jew for a few minutes.

—Read you a psalm? This is ludicrous.

Krankowytz tried to shrug. He fell backward on his cot.—It's all ludicrous, God. There's no humanity, no sense in all this. At the end when I'm dead and you're dead and they've butchered that filth in Berlin, nothing will have changed. They'll make great resolves that none of us shall have died in vain, that none of your kind will ever hold power again. And in twenty years we'll all be squeaking and strutting and stumbling through the history books. It will go down as a terrible mistake. We're all dying in vain and your kind . . .

I stopped him. No use hearing the rest.—My kind will always hold power. Always.

—Yes, Krankowytz said.—Till the earth falls asunder and gives us its dead. Till the seas boil away and the . . .

—Bones of ancient ships show themselves again.

—Yes, Krankowytz said.—Till then. But not forever.

—There is no forever, I said.—There is only a collection of nows. For the rest, you're welcome to it. Whatever you find beyond the ovens, I make you a gift of it.

—Thank you, God. I'll use it to send you justice.

I shook my head.—Not here you won't. This world belongs to us, remember.

Krankowytz squinted and seemed to collapse within himself.—I can hardly remember my name. What's my name, God, he said weakly, the last vestiges of humor leaking from his reed-thin body.—What's my name?

—Legion, I said, and turned from the bed into the cool clear air of the hall beyond.

IV

It was not, in fact, very hard to arrange. I knew men who worked in the crematorium, and any of them was ready to earn himself cigarettes, alcohol or even a day or so of relaxation in the infirmary. None of them had any objection to accommodating a corpse prematurely. They had seen too much to even recall that some people do not burn others alive. A corporal I knew—had known since

the early days of the Rhineland adventure—was in charge of a late duty shift at the ovens. He laughed when I told him of Krankowytz.

—You've got a real original there, he said.—Wants out, does he? Wants out by way of the furnace, does he? My God, you must run some fine little hospital over there, doctor. He'd rather visit me, would he?

—He's mad, but I thought it might amuse you to humor him.

—It's all one with me, sir. You bring it in here, sign an order, and I burn it. Old paper, clothes, files, garbage, people, tables, pigs, furniture—I'll even try burning water if you say so. I don't care. I have a job to do, orders to obey. No one asks me how I feel about burning the regimental rubbish at six-thirty, either. We all have our jobs to do, don't we? You bring your friend—I mean that fellow who wants to die—over here any night late and we'll see what he's made of, if you take my meaning, ha, ha.

Herr Krankowytz was naked. A lightbulb just above him was in similar condition, and it cast long wild shadows against the concrete walls of the crematorium. Krankowytz was strapped to a metal stretcher the corporal had supplied. His eyes were shut tight.

—No hard feelings, the corporal said.—It's just that we can't have you threshing around in there, can we? These ovens weren't made for that. You could jam one of the gas jets.

The corporal was in his shirt-sleeves, his tunic hung on a wall-peg. Behind him were the two furnaces from one of which came an odd breathy roar. Like that of a mechanical animal, perhaps. The corporal turned valves and the hissing receded.

—So this is the oblation, eh, the corporal grinned kindly. —Well, old fellow, you'll be well out of it. Only a little flash and you're gathered to your fathers. Like lightning.

But Krankowytz was not amused.—Where are . . . , he began.

—The others? Come now, it's past midnight. We have to clean up sometime. You'll be the only business between now and six-thirty.

Krankowytz opened his eyes and looked around. His eyes widened, and he reared up on the stretcher as far as the metal straps permitted.—This place . . . is clean, he finished in confusion.

The corporal laughed warmly.—What did you expect? A charnelhouse? Skulls and the floor running with Jewish blood? Listen, this is a military establishment. A government undertaking. You people must be raised on melodrama. If this place gets littered, I might follow you into the ovens when my captain discovered it.

—Let's get on with it, I said.—Someone could turn up.

—Not a chance, the corporal said.—Nobody comes here unless he has to.

But the corporal opened one of the metal doors and fitted the end of Krankowyt's metal stretcher into grooves that ran down into the furnace. Down inside, we could see dark red flickering against total blackness.

—Down as low as they go. Makes for an easy entry, the corporal said deferentially.

—All right, I said to Krankowytz,—what can you tell me?

He was no longer self-assured, no longer playing a bald Bonny Prometheus to my uncertain eagle. He licked his lips and stared down past his thin gray feet into the muttering furnace.—Where, he began, and lost his voice.

—Where, he tried again,—are the psalms? You've forgotten the psalms.

—No, I said, taking a small Old Testament from my tunic pocket. It was the version read in Protestant Evangelical Churches. What difference did it make? The same non-existent God is celebrated in all versions.

—All right, he said. The 93rd Psalm. Read it to me slowly.

—First. What you have to tell me.

—Number 71633. Compound seven. Block 14. When you see her tell her Krankowytz sends her a son and prays she survives him.

He fell back on the stretcher, his bald head bright with sweat, his eyes closed tightly again, his hands, blue with chill and terror, clenched like bony misshapen stumps where hands had been.

I licked my lips and adjusted my spectacles. The oven made the chamber quite warm, and my lenses were fogging. The corporal was fidgeting, whistling soundlessly, or at least puckering his lips and staring white-eyed out the window into total darkness. It was not only his lack of sentiment (which made good sense) but his inability to discern history-in-little being punched and cramped into the blasé confines of his tedious and torpid life.

—Any time you're ready, gentlemen, he said with exaggerated patience.—Anytime at all.

—Read, Krankowytz murmured.—For God's sake, read.

—The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty, I began. Krankowytz closed his eyes. His thin colorless lips parted. For a moment I thought that he was beginning to whistle too. But he began to follow my words in Hebrew.

—Thy Throne is established of old: Thou art from everlasting.

—Ah God, Krankowytz moaned in German. The corporal, no longer whistling, his face composed and solemn as that of a hired mute or a casket-merchant, was beginning to lower Krankowytz into the sullen flickering crimson darkness of the furnace.

—The floods have lifted up O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice. The floods lift up their waves.

Krankowytz pulled his bare feet upward as the end of the stretcher dipped down. His knees, unhindered, rose almost to his chin as if he were some gross parody of a sharp-shinned hysterical embryo. He did not shriek, but rather went on reciting the psalm in Hebrew, only louder. And as his legs disappeared, louder still, until it was almost impossible to distinguish words, and the difference between Krankowytz's prayer and the howl of a doomed animal was in fact no difference at all.

—Thy testimonies are very sure, I read.

Ah God, Krankowytz screamed, his face turned toward me now, his eyes wide, his nostrils distended.—Ah God.

He meant not the Hebrew deity then—not the creature who haunted burning bushes, who demanded sacrifice, burnt offering, holocaust. He meant me. It was in his eyes, in the stiff horrified, almost wooden set of his jaw, his wide-open mouth.—Ah God, he shrieked as the flames reached his feet, as the corporal let the stretcher slide still more rapidly with one hand, turning up the furnace with his other.

—Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord forever, I shouted above Krankowytz's rising shriek. Then the oven door slammed shut, and the furnace burner went on full.

—Forever, I said again, my voice low, my eyes still on the featureless iron door of the oven.

—Selah, the corporal said, and spoke no more.

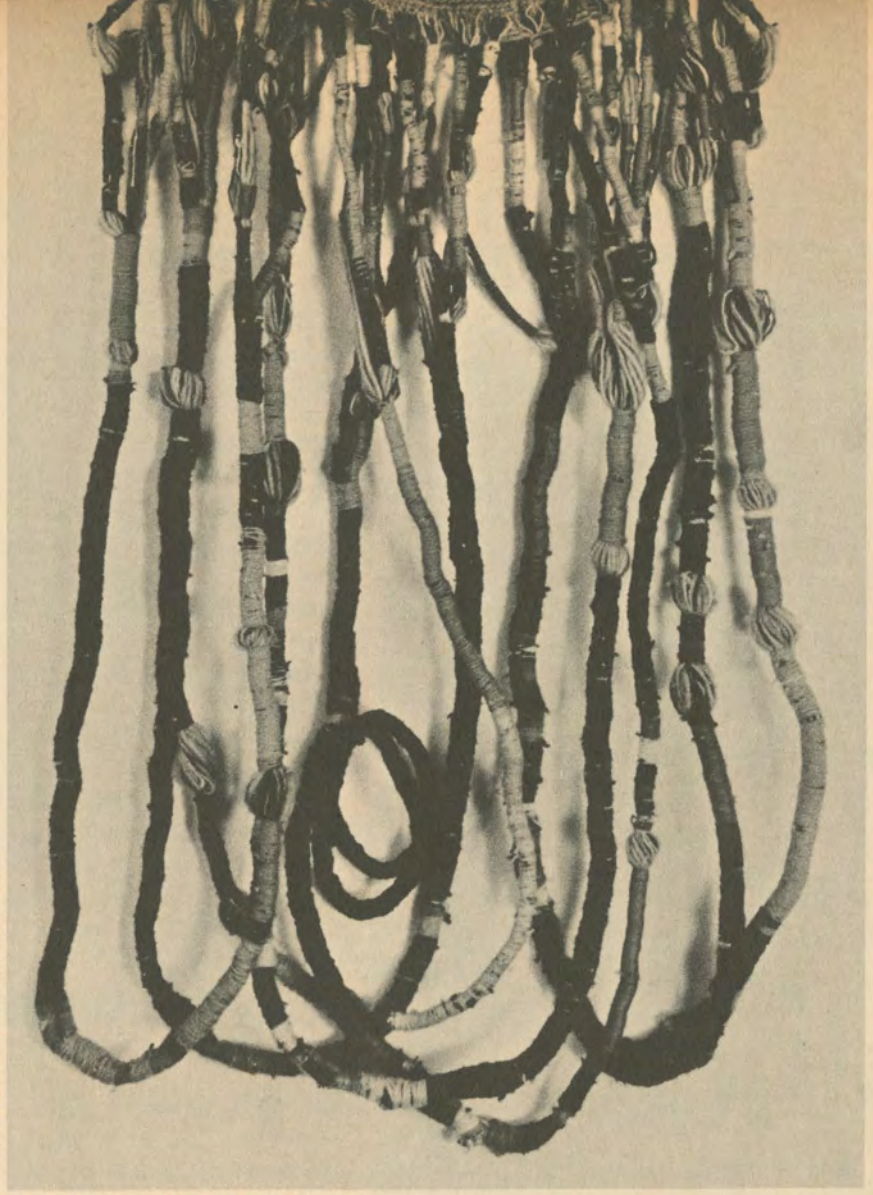
OSIRIS, GOD OF CORN

Every night I come home to my cell
in the skull. There I poke around,
picking up scraps, trying to cull
some order, or the idea of order,
like a grammarian picking up his
desk.
This uncommissioned excavation
costs
what a lover in your own bed costs
you don't have to go Moosing
around for.
You know where, although perhaps
not who
in particular. Nevertheless, being
able
to reach out in the familiar darkness
and muzzle up to someone some-
what
what you mean, that is worth some-
thing.
We never get any closer to order
than that.

prayer

Isis, let this begin again. At the core
of an ache where its nut sleeps
innocent of design, the plan is rough
hewn
but durable whole rock centuries
ago,
buried in cool sand by the Nile.
It is not for nothing we hide eggs
at Easter. It was not for Carl Jung
that Isis, being intractable woman,
brought her husbands parts for burial
and a bumper crop of corn.
So bring your aches with you if you
must.
Although you have them
your beauty is more real to me.
Be the banks I enter, here dissem-
bled,
or such parts as you can find from
need.
But if tomorrow you find a leg
buried here a head there
leave your aches and bring your
beauty only:
don't bore him with the injustice of
it all.

—JAMES M. NEYLON



PHOTOGRAPH: FERDINAND BOESCH

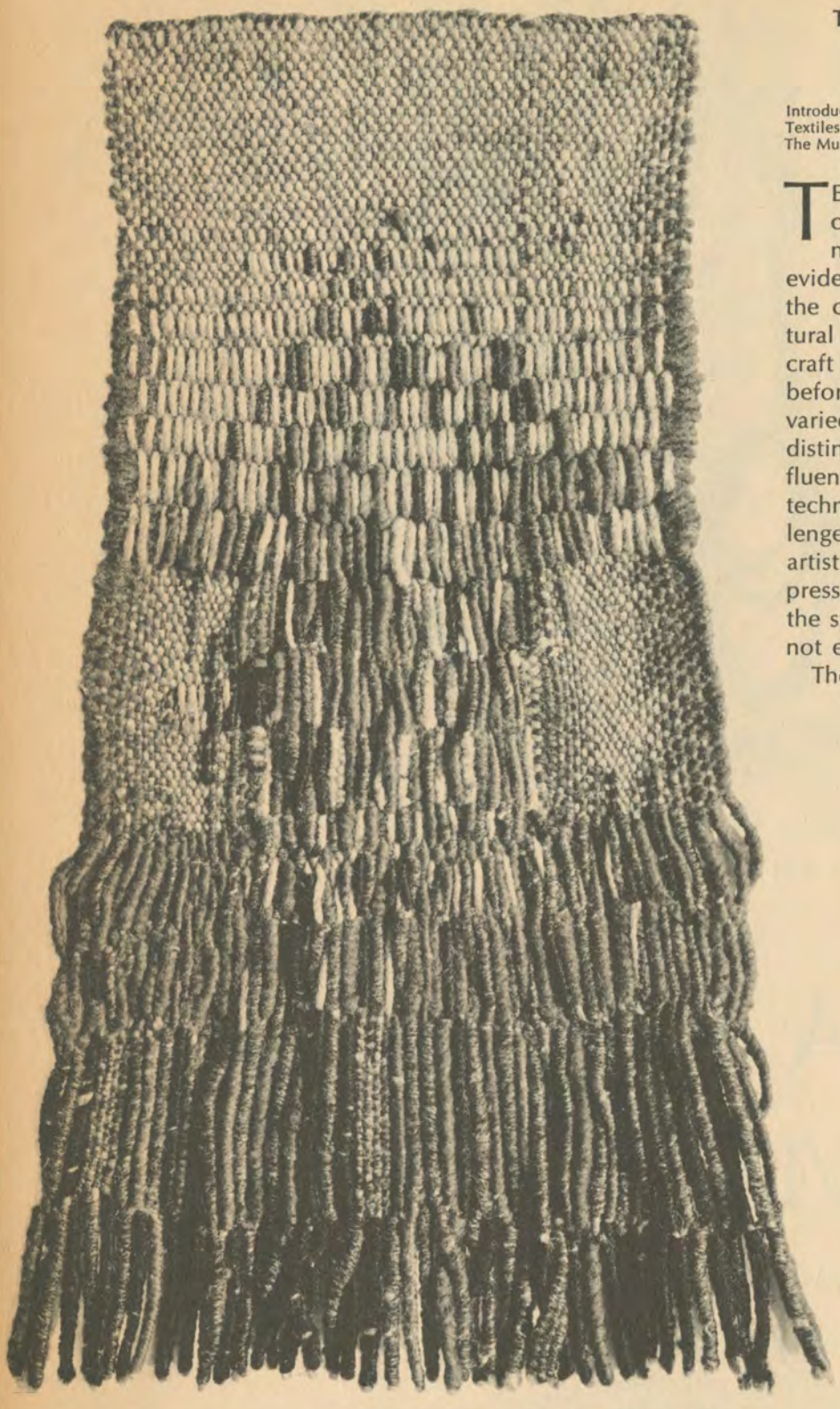
WOOL WRAPPING, 1962 16" x 30"

SHEILA HICKS: WEAVING

"I AM NOT PAINTING WITH PAINT ANY LONGER. I USE WOOL NOW."

SHEILA HICKS HAS STUDIED THE ANCIENT PRE-INCA TECHNIQUES AND SPENT SEVERAL YEARS WORKING IN MEXICO AND PERU. HER WEAVING DEVELOPMENT HAS BROUGHT PAST AND PRESENT TOGETHER AND HER CONTRIBUTION TO CONTEMPORARY ARTS AND CRAFTS IS THAT OF MAKING WEAVING ONCE AGAIN SOMETHING INTEGRAL TO MAN'S WORLD. OUR RESPONSE TO HER WORK IS FAR BEYOND THE UTILITARIAN—WHICH IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

—MARGARET RIGG



WOOL WEAVING, 1963

Technology and Art in Peruvian Textiles

BY JUNIUS BIRD

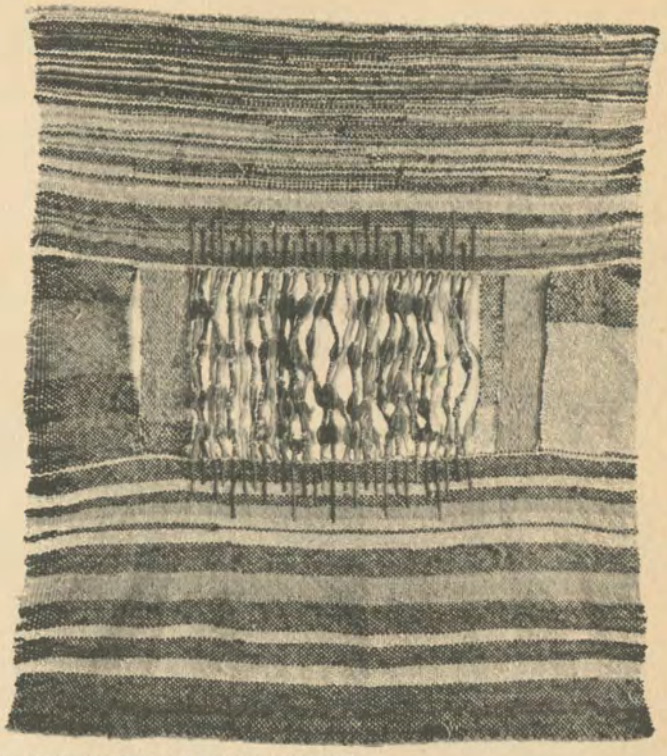
Introductory Comments excerpted from "Technology and Art in Peruvian Textiles." In **Technique & Personality,** Lecture Series Number Three, 1963, The Museum of Primitive Art.

TEXTILES are an ideal subject for study if one is concerned with the relationship between technology and art. The interconnections are most evident in those fabrics where the desired results—the concepts of the artist—are achieved by structural means inherent in and inseparable from the craft itself, and where careful planning is required before and during construction. All of the many and varied ways in which fabrics can be created pose distinct technical problems. Each in some degree influences, limits, or controls the end result. Each technique is a medium in itself, providing a challenge to the ingenuity, imagination, and skill of the artist. What is more, the effects on style and on expression may extend beyond textiles and influence the styles of other media where similar controls do not exist.

There are important divisions of textile art that

COLLECTION: DR. WILLIAM R. HICKS

SHEILA HICKS, WEAVING, MEXICO, 1962



KUNSTGEWERBE MUSEUM, ZURICH

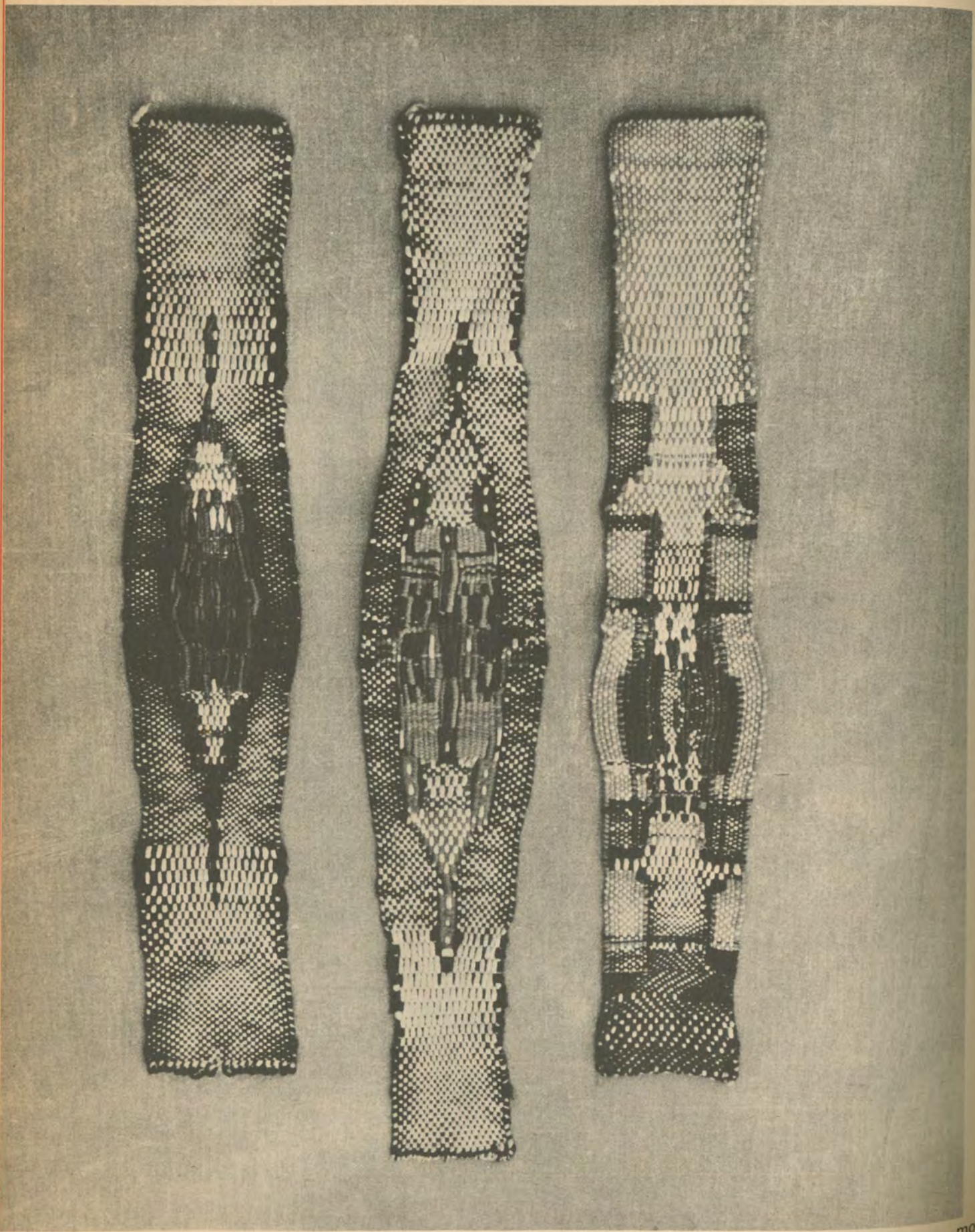
can be termed non-structural. These include the varied procedures of applying dyes and pigments, free-hand painting, printing and stamping, resist dying, and the like. In all, the artist is completely free of structural restrictions. In fact, within this category, when the textile becomes nothing more than a base on which to express concepts, we are beyond the limits of textile art. This limit, however, is often difficult or impossible to determine. Function may provide a clue, yet even this is not a satisfactory basis for decision.

The super-structural techniques include anything added to a completed base fabric, such as embroidery or the applique of various materials. Again, there is freedom from structure unless, by choice, the work is deliberately interrelated to structure as it is in needlepoint and certain other types of embroidery.

An inquiry into the relationship of textile technology and art could easily be developed on a world-wide basis, irrespective of culture or period, but I believe the important facts can more easily be demonstrated by concentrating on the products of a single region, specifically Peru. One of the reasons prompting this choice is the fact that Peruvian fabrics furnish us with a sequence of structural design spanning approximately forty-five hundred years. This is a longer record than is yet available from any other region of the world. The material is abundant and, within it, we find manifold variations of nearly all textile techniques. Much, if not all, of it was produced on a family craft basis, largely for use by the makers. It is also noteworthy that textiles are the oldest known examples of Peruvian art and that long before the appearance of ceramics, or the working of metals, wood, and stone, all media employed extensively in later times, Peru had a developed craft and tradition of textile art.

Art is something we could live without, yet do not choose to do so. It is a thing of the spirit, prompted by varied motives among which the desire for beauty and the satisfactions of creative work seem both ancient and widespread. Perhaps more attention should be paid to the motivation behind art, for conceivably the dividing line between primitive and non-primitive art could be drawn on a basis of motives, if these could be clearly defined. This naturally would be difficult, for a web of interrelated factors leads in diverse directions. However, I would like to mention factors which, though they have little to do with the distinctions between primitive and non-primitive art, do exist; the compulsion people have to copy one another and the difficulty of distinguishing between the motives inspiring the innovator or true artist and the quite different impulse of the artist's associates.

We could live comfortably if all fabrics were monochrome and no one had ever devised struc-



tural or other means of modifying appearance. However, the makers of textiles have not been content to do only this and for thousands of years have used fabrics for artistic expression. If you are reluctant to admit that many textiles are works of art, remember that I am inclined to class as art all that results from the effort to make things more than simply functional. The recognition of art in textiles is perhaps obscured by the great volume of past and present production. The work of the innovators and real artists is lost in the production of copyists, and our perception is perhaps numbed by the volume of the material to be considered. We tend to ignore the many ways weavers have devised to break the monotony of plain surface, by varying texture or appearance, by shifting construction technique, or by changing the materials, colors, and yarn twists. Such effects are a kind of non-objective art, which is an old, old story to weavers.

Not all fabrics are woven; many can be classed as single element constructions, made either of one continuous yarn or cord, or of several used successively. A familiar example is knitting, the interlocking of one loop with another. Crocheting is another. In the same category are those fabrics in which the yarn end is passed through a succession of previously created loops—possibly the most ancient fabric-making technique used by man. Some have termed this "knotless netting" to distinguish it from related fabrics where, as in fish nets, knots fix the points of juncture.

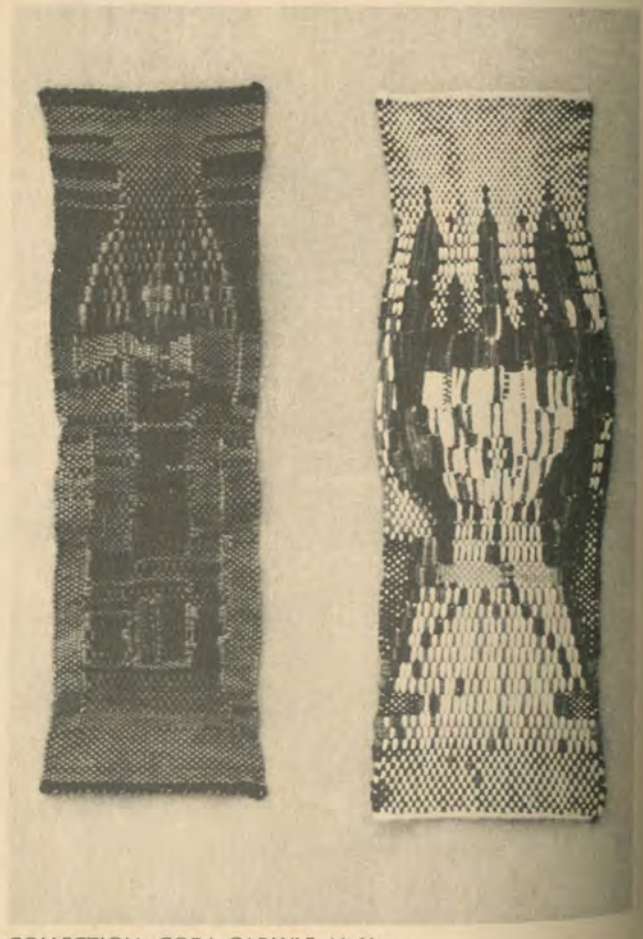
When various elements or yarns are used in fabric construction, we can make two major divisions. One has a single set of elements which turn against each other, as in braiding or plaiting. The second has, in a sense, two sets of elements, the warp and weft, one sustaining the other. Both woven and twined products fall in this category and each may be elaborated by the addition of supplementary warp or weft or regionally inserted yarns.

In all categories the simplest procedure to achieve variation or simple patterning is to substitute, or alternate, yarns of different colors, materials, size or twist. The result is banding or striping with effects which may range from the casual to the bold, the complex and extremely subtle. Where yarns are combined in other than the minimal basic systems similar striping may occur, supplementing the structurally created effects, patterns or designs.

As already mentioned, one finds an infinite range of the various possibilities among the ancient Peruvian products, plus such deviations from standard practice as non-rectangular loom products. Small wonder then that experimentally minded textile artists like Sheila Hicks are referring to the ancient products and are finding in them points of reference for new departures and ideas.

LEFT TO RIGHT, COLLECTIONS OF: LUIS BARRAGAN, MATHIAS GOERITZ, JESUS REYES, MEXICO

COLLECTION: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N. Y.



COLLECTION: CORA CARLYLE, N. Y.

BLUE HIEROGLYPH, 1961

COLLECTION: LUIS BARRAGAN, MEXICO

PHOTOGRAPH: FERDINAND BOESCH, N. Y.

"I do not make any distinction between craftsman and artist nor between functional and decorative form-making nor submit my work to the judgments of formal standards in our society," writes Miss Hicks. Therefore the text by Mr. Bird, accompanying this art feature, is helpful in bridging the gap we experience in thinking about and seeing art. Standards set in the arts are only standards so long as they refer authentically to the reality of art production in evidence. When they no longer faithfully refer to what is actually happening, they no longer serve us. And, anyway, standards are mostly set by critics or art historians, and are soon broken by the burst of new forms from the artists. Then new standards are formalized and spread abroad while at the same time the avant garde is busy at the process of invention which already outdistances the existing standards. This game is called esthetics and Sheila Hicks is an important ground breaker in it.

—Margaret Rigg

SHEILA HICKS WITH MEMBERS OF HER MEXICAN WORKSHOP

EXODUS

We encumbered the water
And were not circumcized with shells.

The mountain of controversy had not happened
And under the sky we were hungry.

Listeners of medium aptitude
With transgressions wrapped around our heads
Like unmemorized sins of erased papers,

We children of doves and snakes
Waded with bowls above our heads
And ran falling up halls of lassitude.

The prurience of ears was not yet dumbed
And our pottery was not yet paddled.

The wells of vision and renege were not dug
And the horse-stalls of Meggedo were not yet packed.

The pomegranates were not yet carved
And the fringes were not yet dipped in dye.

The shawls of descent had tied no navels
And the horns of descent had devised no genealogies.

Birds of satiety stretched in the sand
And desert flowers arrested in excesses
Notarized the contract.
The parties threw bracelets into the sea.

(To the prophet:)

You old man with cooties in your beard,
White tree creaking like a black-teated witch,
Seller of queenahs that crack like bones,
Our ears do not comprehend, and even if they did,
We ourselves do not recognize the authority of ears.

You with the red iron bracelet,
Skinny cackler of copy-book apocalypse,
Close your wild eyes and drown,
You with the bracelet around your neck.

—ANSELM ATKINS

PHOTOGRAPH: ALGIMANTAS KEZYS, S. J.

REGIER

THE REMODELED RIGHT

Schwarz and Stormer on Campus

BY ERLING JORSTAD

THE extraordinary financial support now being harvested by the leaders of far right anti-communist action programs has empowered them to expand on several fronts. New headquarters are being built, more radio and television time is being purchased and additional promotional campaigns are being started. This expansion is especially noteworthy among those organizations that appeal directly to churchgoing and college age Americans. Four such enterprises, none of which had an annual income of over $50,000 a decade ago, stand today among the twelve most affluent programs. These four are: the Twentieth Century Reformation led by Dr. Carl McIntire; Christian Crusade headed by Dr. Billy James Hargis; Christian Anti-Communist Crusade directed by Dr. Fred C. Schwarz; and the Church League of America, headed by Major Edgar C. Bundy.[1]

These powerful groups, plus several smaller operations, are actively promoting their enterprises on the nation's campuses. Two of the most clearly revamped and potentially appealing of these programs for collegians are the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and the lucrative essay contest on John Stormer's *None Dare Call It Treason* sponsored by the Americanism Educational League of Inglewood, California. While substantially different in their methods of operation and in financial resources, these two are promoting the same goal—their version of anti-communism.

The Crusader's New Clothes

The most extensive qualitative renovating among church related anti-Communist enterprises has been made by Dr. Fred C. Schwarz. After revealing some samples of the new product this past summer, the Australian physician is unveiling his "new clothes" for the fall season on the East Coast. Boston, New York and Washington, D.C., have the opportunity this autumn of seeing the new model in anti-communist wear.

The new ensemble, however, should not be dismissed as insignificant. For years Dr. Schwarz has deeply resented the charges that his program is another radical right enterprise. Now, with additional resources and with new public interest in anti-communism the Crusader has shown he is ready to answer the most searching criticisms of his operations. Over the years the major objections to Christian Anti-Communist Crusade (hereafter cited as "CACC") have been twofold; its "experts" were not really authoritative specialists in their fields, and that Dr. Schwarz was practicing "patriotism for profit" by appealing primarily to the older, more affluent citizens many of whom in their retirement had time to fight Communism on his terms.

These charges are no longer valid. The head Crusader has added several responsible scholars for his week-

long programs. His schools no longer are aimed at the elderly, but appeal directly to teenagers and college students centered in large academic communities. So confident is Dr. Schwarz in his renovations that he plans to operate in Boston for the first time, and to return to New York City, the scene of a financial disaster for CACC in 1962. Another failure there, or in Boston, might well reduce him to minor league status; apparently he does not fear the odds.

THE first clear signs of the new ensemble appeared in June, 1964, at a Crusade school in the nation's capital. The advance publicity was aimed almost exclusively at students and young adults. The roster of speakers was remarkable in light of earlier staff selections. Gone were such far right stalwarts as W. Cleon Skousen, E. Merrill Root, Richard Arens, F. J. Schlafly, Jr., and Edward Hunter. Gone too was the opportunity to rent the controversial film, "Communism on the Map." The only real continuity between the old and the new wardrobes was the participation of the head Crusader, his immediate staff and the omnipresent Herbert Philbrick.

The new roster of speakers was impressive: Prof. David N. Rowe, Director of Yale's Graduate Program in International Studies; Prof. Edward J. Rozek, Kreminologist from the University of Colorado; Prof. G. Warren Nutter of the University of Virginia, and Prof. James David Atkinson of Georgetown University.

In February, 1965, the signs of a remodeled Crusade were even clearer. As if to scorn his critics, Dr. Schwarz operated a school in the citadel of anti-rightist sophistication, Berkeley, California. He again presented Drs. Rowe and Rozek and added a Negro, a Catholic priest, a Jew, a folk singer, and a woman speaking on "What Housewives Can Do." There was something for everyone.

For these reasons, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade can no longer accurately be considered a normative far right organization. However, Dr. Schwarz has not covered up nor replaced some old remnants of his wardrobe which surely could be either repaired or discarded altogether.

Two of these remnants are a part of the church-associated emphasis of the CACC—fundamentalist foundations and opposition to ecumenism. Dr. Schwarz has always been willing to state his own religious convictions. "I am a narrow-minded, Bible-believing Baptist. I am not ashamed of it. I tell everyone wherever I go. And on that basis we have built our Christian Anti-Communist Crusade." As stated in a brochure published soon after his arrival in America, the "Bases of Belief" of the CACC reflects the same fundamentalist outlook. Among the ten doctrines listed as the "Bases" all but one are identical with those promulgated by the worldwide ultrafundamentalist body Dr. Schwarz has joined, the International Council of Christian Churches. He has been a member of its Commission on International Relations. This organization was founded and is led today by Dr. McIntire. It also includes as members Dr. Hargis and—within its North American counterpart, the American Council of Christian Churches—Major Bundy. The one doctrine of the ICCC that Dr. Schwarz reworded dealt with the total depravity of man; the Schwarz statement is more moderate in spirit.[2]

THE remnant from the old wardrobe concerns the policy of the ICCC towards the World Council of Churches and the full ecumenical movement. The McIntire-led organization was founded specifically to combat the program of the WCC; its members are pledged to follow its stated policy "to be separate from all unbelief and corruption," (meaning here, the WCC). The continued membership of Dr. Schwarz in that body leaves unanswered his attitude towards a movement that embraces millions of Christians, many of whom support CACC. So long as the ICCC is totally dominated by the ideologists of the far right, a question remains as to why a spokesmen, such as Dr. Schwarz, who wants to be free from identification with the far right, remains within its membership.

A second theological problem deals with the evangelical basis of the Crusade. A reading into the early pamphlets of Dr. Schwarz indicates that he has advocated a highly polemical, fundamentalist position on anti-communism. Two paragraphs from his pamphlet "The Christian Answer to Communism" (p. 20) illustrate the point.

> *The best way to enlist anti-Communist fighters is to enlist them in the Army of Jesus. It has been my privilege to address many secular gatherings. It is always my endeavor to show such gatherings the logical connections between Atheism and Communism. There is also a historical link between liberal theology, Modernism and Communism. A really fruitful anti-Communist Crusade must have an evangelistic heart.*

He goes on to state that when listeners ask him for a specific program of action to fight Communism, he tells them to repent of their sins and to accept the substitutionary atonement of the crucified and resurrected Christ. God then forgives that sin and grants the believer fellowship with

motiv

"I am a genius, gentlemen. Check my credentials."

Him. In other words, the new believer is "born again." The results are profound.

> *God will now hear and answer prayer and he can add his prayer to those of other praying Christians that God will bring to pass a mighty revival that repentance may bring divine intervention and national salvation from the Communist threat. Evangelism is a vital part of any effective anti-Communist Crusade.*
>
> (pp. 20-21)

At heart, Dr. Schwarz obviously stands firmly within the exclusivist faction of McIntire-Hargis fundamentalism. The implications for those not "born again" are clear enough; neither non-Christians nor theological "liberals" can adequately resist Communism. The new wardrobe of 1965 has not covered up this embarrassing—and rather tight-fitting—older garment.

In another realm, some nagging questions remain unanswered concerning the "policies" of the CACC schools. From the outset, Dr. Schwarz has established published guidelines to convince his audiences of his sense of fair play and responsibility. Policy No. 4 states, "The school is nonpolitical and nonsectarian." No critic of the Crusade has been able to prove that Dr. Schwarz, in his official capacity as Director, ever violated that policy although "as an individual" in 1964 he did endorse Senator Goldwater. However, the stresses of that contest apparently proved too heavy for one of his office staff to carry. The Anti-Defamation League learned that CACC addressograph plates were used by the "TV for Goldwater-Miller" volunteer organizations to solicit funds. The ADL explained:

> *The use of the Crusade plates for political purposes, startling at first glance because of its tax-exempt status as a religious group, becomes understandable when it is recalled that a co-chairman of "TV for Goldwater-Miller" was Patrick Frawley, Jr., head of the Schick Safety Razor Co., and a major Schwarz financial angel.*[3]

Another example of confusion recently appeared concerning policies Nos. 6 and 7: "No literature will be distributed promoting any organization not formally associated with the school"; "No literature attacking other organizations or individuals will be distributed." In recent months, several CACC schools have been addressed by Mr. Charles Fox, editor and publisher of *Tocsin*, a West Coast anti-communist weekly. At the Berkeley sessions, for instance, sample copies of the publication were distributed before and after the audience heard Mr. Fox speak. Since then he has appeared alongside the academic experts, speaking as an authority on "Communism on the Campus."

By no reasonable standards can the distribution of *Tocsin* be reconciled with the strict enforcement of either policy 6 or 7. It has not been "formally associated with the school" unless Dr. Schwarz has withheld announcing such a merger. *Tocsin* also does attack "other organizations or individuals," and has attracted considerable attention with its extensive coverage of the Free Speech Movement.

The Crusader's new clothes have not covered up the fact that *Tocsin* has long been, in the words of the editors of *National Review*, a source of "accurate and invaluable information on the machinations of the Communists, fellow travelers and their friends in the Bay Area and elsewhere" (May 21, 1963, p. 396.) No firm editorial distinction by *Tocsin*, however, is detectable in differentiating between "Communists," "fellow travelers" and "their friends." These three groups have frequently been considered as a single entity.

The presence and distribution of *Tocsin* within the remodeled framework of CACC may be understood as the softly stated but necessary link to the far right. It is possible that Dr. Schwarz has been willing to overlook the rigid enforcement of these policies in his understandable zeal to present to his collegiate audiences a speaker highly familiar with the Free Speech Movement. Mr. Fox is an experienced critic of the Berkeley protest movement from the viewpoint of hardline ultraconservative ideology. Also, the availability of the radical right version of information provided for CACC audiences by *Tocsin* does provide the speakers the opportunity to avoid, deliberately or not, the old hard line and to speak in more moderate terms than did the stalwarts of the early 60's. These conclusions may be conjecture; but only a precise statement by Dr. Schwarz regarding the official position of *Tocsin* will prove that they are just conjecture.

Finally, only the future will indicate whether the new wardrobe has covered up the most obvious transparency of all; the admission by Dr. Schwarz to a *Minneapolis Tribune* reporter in early 1965, and made often before then, that "I get people informed and alarmed and stirred up and then the far-right people move in and secure the people as members." Most of the criticism of CACC, by clerics and laity alike, has considered that to be the paramount issue. There are church people, among others, who believe that the Crusader unduly alarms his audience with such statements as

> *If we are to face the firing squads of the enemy or to receive the special gift of a soft-nosed bullet through the back of our necks spattering our brains and faces against a bloody wall it does not mean that Communism has triumphed and that the Christians have no answer to it.*
> (*"Christian Answer to Communism," p. 28*).

Dr. Schwarz has consistently denied responsibility for having members of his audience join, say, the John Birch Society after attending his seminars. This is the more upsetting to his critics because of the professional experience at his command. He was trained as a physician with special emphasis on psychiatry. He has continued to identify himself with the medical profession during his American career.

What his brains-spattering-about statements have overlooked have been the creation of the unpredictable, often undesirable, side effects of his anti-communist medicine on the listeners. A physician himself, he has overlooked the possibility that not all patients respond in uniform fashion to the same treatment. Thus, he has not been able to answer the charge of irresponsibility. Who or what has produced the bitterness and festering suspicions produced in a community after a Crusade has left? Was this the work of the dispenser of the anti-communist medicine, or was it the person who responded to it? If the CACC does not want "the far right people [to] move in and secure the people as members," it has the opportunity in 1965, with its new roster, to accomplish that goal.

Cash For Stormer

For those collegians who find the remodeled, soft sell approach of Dr. Schwarz too subtle, they have a very clear choice, and by no means an echo, in the essay contest for large cash prizes and free trips sponsored by the Americanism Educational League. This marks the first time that this group, originally founded in 1927 by American Legionaires, has attempted to move into the major league circuit of the far right, and it has done so with a carefully planned, heavily endowed and highly publicized promotion. Its leaders are raising funds to place a half million copies of Stormer's book in the hands of college students across the nation. The idea of the contest is to have the students read the book, then analyze one aspect of it and the criticism of it in some depth and produce an essay defending either the author or the critic. The sponsors have held out very attractive prizes: $2,000 for 1st place; $1,000 for 2nd; $500 for third, plus a free trip to Disneyland, Marineland and Knott's Berry Farm for these top three. The twelve next best receive $100 each.

THE judges presumably will be the leaders of the Americanism Educational League. A brief look at the affiliations of some of their most prominent spokesmen may indicate what they will be looking for in the essays. Among the Board of Trustees are: Joseph C. Shell, best known for his gubernatorial race in California against Richard Nixon; Walter Knott, owner and manager of the Berry Farm and a member of several prominent far right organizations such as Christian Crusade, Christian Economic Foundation, Americans for Constitutional Action and the "Liberty Amendment" Committee which seeks to repeal the income tax; and Harry von Zell, noted TV and radio star. The League's National Advisory Board includes the type that most comparable organizations have on their letterheads, several retired military leaders and former F.B.I. agents. Among the best-known spokesmen for the far right in this enterprise are W. Cleon Skousen, Spruille Braden, Robert Morris and D. C. Parks. The Americanism Educational League is also enthusiastically endorsed by the California-based Committee of Christian Laymen, Inc., whose sole purpose is to stamp out the National Council of Churches.

The existence and the ideological bent of the League's spokesmen is not unusual for 1965; dozens of similar action programs are attempting to carry out comparable work on and off the campus. What is unusual here is the extraordinarily high prize money, at once revealing and humorous. It is revealing because it indicates how substantial has been the financial growth of some of the less publicized far right groups in recent months. No longer are these programs made up of an active rightist, a loyal wife, a mimeograph machine and a mailing list. These programs are skillfully organized and deftly promoted. The spokesmen have successfully imitated the soft sell approach first adopted by the John Birch Society after the 1964 presidential election. The essay contest is humorous in that it indicates that its sponsors apparently feel they must appeal to the self-interest of today's collegian rather than attract him by stressing selfless concern to the nation, or devoted, patriotic service in the pursuit of education with no thought of anything so materialistic as cash, and lots of it.

But further than that, the essay contest indicates the continuing confidence of the far right in the efficacy of the Stormer book. It is clear that they no longer consider it a tract for the times. They have kept it easily accessible in drug stores, supermarkets and elsewhere (in this writer's city it is sold in a pool hall). The book has become the major means by which the far right seeks to promote its indictment of America to the general public. The author has helped in promoting this far right image. He accepted speaking engagements and the "Author of the Year" Award from the Christian Crusade at the same time that program extended its "Christian Patriot of the Year" Award, 1964, to Governor Wallace of Alabama. Mr. Stormer is a frequent speaker at the summer resort hotel of Dr. Carl McIntire at Cape May, New Jersey.

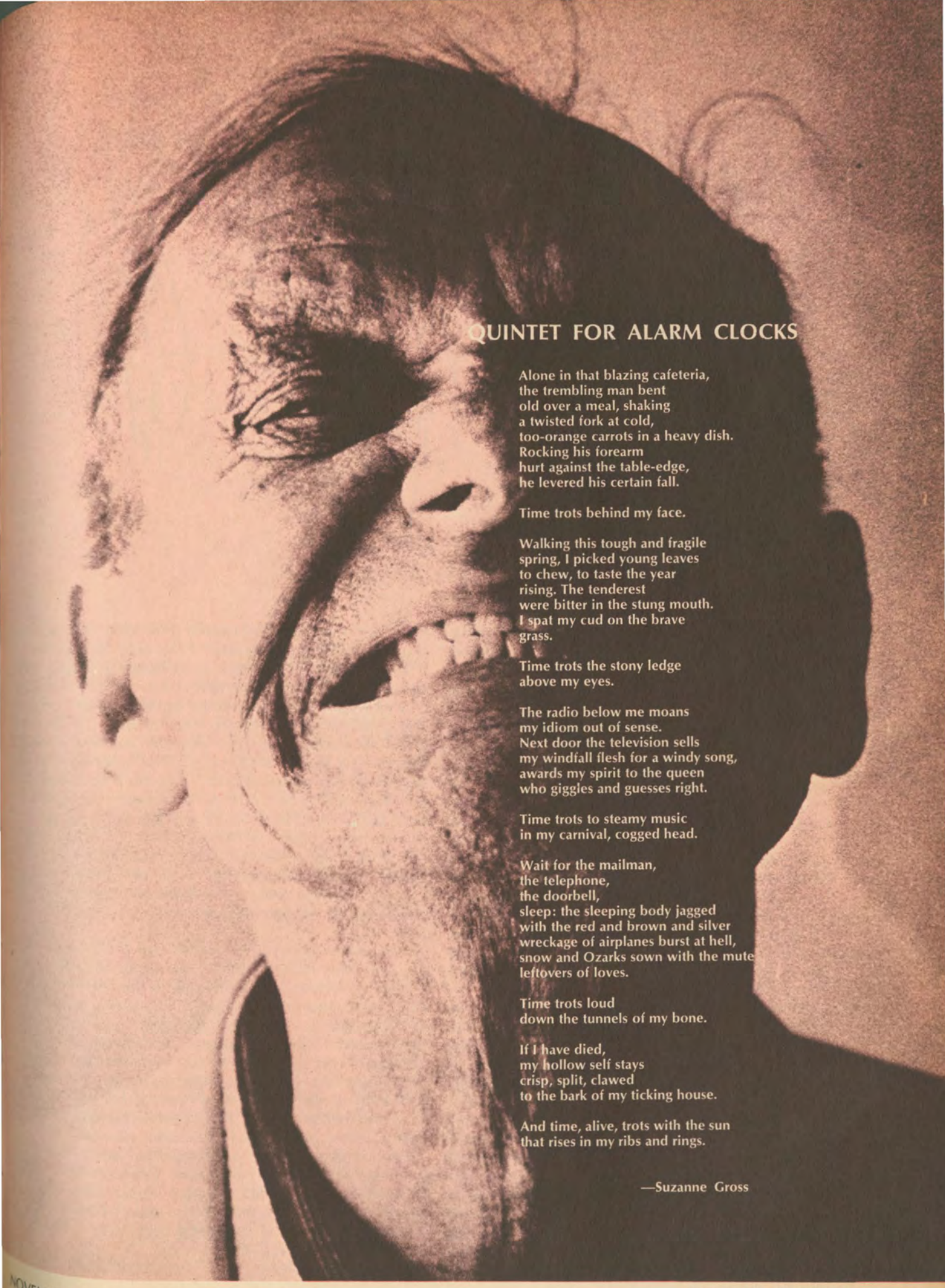
Such identification is revealing for what it omits as well as for what it includes. The author and his supporters state that the book speaks for responsible, Christian conservatism. But they have not proved their case. Stormer has not been endorsed by the authentic, intellectually-minded conservatives such as Russell Kirk or William F. Buckley, Jr. In fact, Kirk has criticized the Stormer book as factually inadequate. Neither Buckley in the *National Review* nor the Young Americans for Freedom in *The New Guard* have added Stormer to their list of contributors.

THE point is that Stormer does not speak in the name of the collegiate conservative movement. His book attracted extensive interest because it appeared at a time when the "extremists" were receiving a fearful drubbing at the Republican National Convention and it appeared to have enough documentation to refute those charges. Since then the Birch Society, Christian Crusade and many other far right groups have kept it widely available for promoting their own programs.

Students who decide to get their share of the essay loot will be well advised to consider whether the Stormer book has made a major contribution to upgrading the political dialogue in this country. Is *None Dare Call It Treason* the best possible case to be made for responsible conservatism? The essayist who keeps this question in mind may not win a free trip to Disneyland but he will have added a major chapter to his own self-understanding.

---

1. See the study by Group Research, Inc., of Washington, D.C., "The Finances of the Right Wing: A Study of the Size and Sources of Income of 30 Selected Operations." Sec. 4, Special Report #1, Sept. 1, 1964, pp. 5, 7, 8; **New York Times**, June 28, 1965, p. 22.
2. Carl McIntire, **Servants of Apostasy** (Collingswood, N.J., The Christian Beacon Press, 1955), pp. pp. 367, 368, 377, 379; Schwarz's statement on doctrine is published in Brooks Walker, **The Christian Fright Peddlers** (Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday and Company, 1964), p. 57.
3. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, "The 1964 Elections," published in its series, **Facts**, Feb., 1965, vol. 16, #2, p. 305.



QUINTET FOR ALARM CLOCKS

Alone in that blazing cafeteria,
the trembling man bent
old over a meal, shaking
a twisted fork at cold,
too-orange carrots in a heavy dish.
Rocking his forearm
hurt against the table-edge,
he levered his certain fall.

Time trots behind my face.

Walking this tough and fragile
spring, I picked young leaves
to chew, to taste the year
rising. The tenderest
were bitter in the stung mouth.
I spat my cud on the brave
grass.

Time trots the stony ledge
above my eyes.

The radio below me moans
my idiom out of sense.
Next door the television sells
my windfall flesh for a windy song,
awards my spirit to the queen
who giggles and guesses right.

Time trots to steamy music
in my carnival, cogged head.

Wait for the mailman,
the telephone,
the doorbell,
sleep: the sleeping body jagged
with the red and brown and silver
wreckage of airplanes burst at hell,
snow and Ozarks sown with the mute
leftovers of loves.

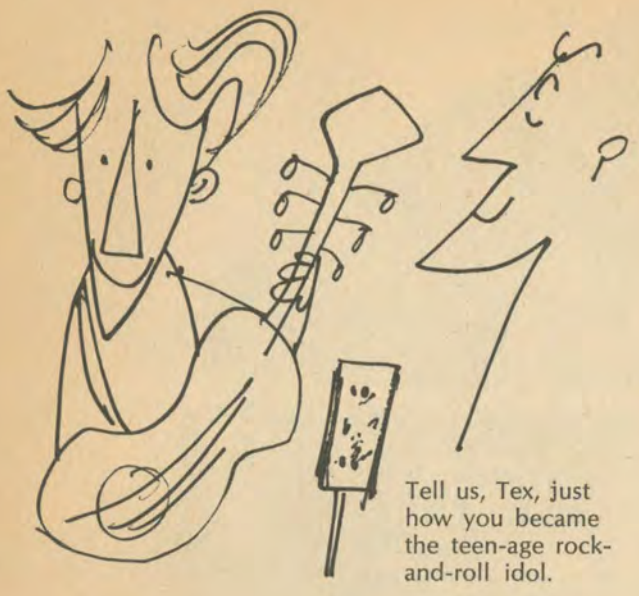
Time trots loud
down the tunnels of my bone.

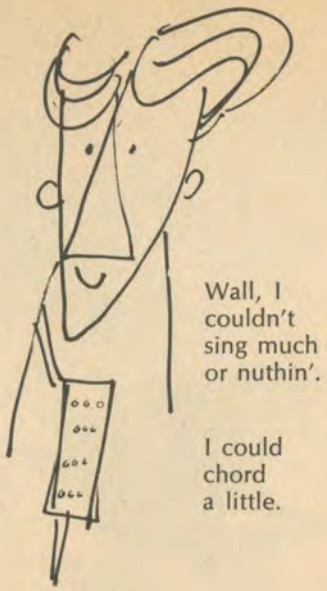
If I have died,
my hollow self stays
crisp, split, clawed
to the bark of my ticking house.

And time, alive, trots with the sun
that rises in my ribs and rings.

—Suzanne Gross

PHOTOGRAPH: WALLOWITCH





SOME REFLECTIONS ON

WHEN the Beatles, to the merry tune of shrieking teenagers and jingling cash registers, first landed on our shores two winters ago, pundits of every kind stepped forth to account for the enthusiastic welcome accorded the shaggy invaders.

These eager experts offered several explanations for the Beatles' popularity. One group of authorities discerned sexual overtones in the Beatles' music and manner. These explainers, however, tended to divide into two camps: those stressing the putatively erotic nature of the music and those arguing that the Beatles aroused the dormant "mother instinct" in their feminine fans.

More sociologically inclined explanations included the notion (supported by David Riesman) that Beatlemania was a form of adolescent revolt against parents and adult authority in general and the view that "the Beatles' appeal stems from their personification of many forms of duality that exist in our society." And of course there were varieties of the "under-the-shadow-of-the-bomb" theory: the notion that the Beatles' audiences were responding to the frenetic urgency of the entertainers' call to have a good time in an uncertain world. (For the sociological quotation and a run-down of fashionable accountings for and discountings of the Beatles' success, see "4 Beatles and How They Grew," *New York Times*, February 17, 1965.)

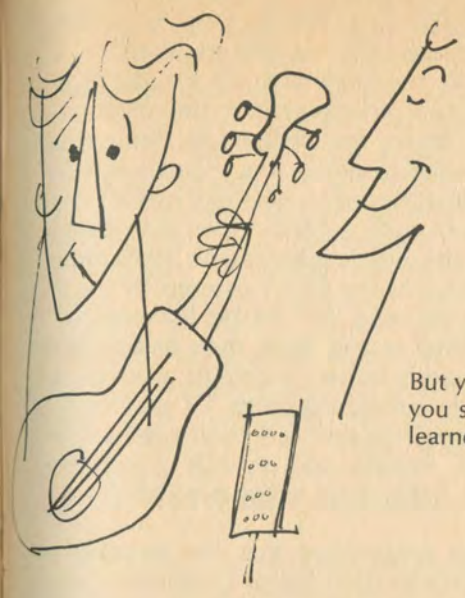
There is probably some truth to all these explanations (except for the one which sees the Beatles as embodiments of sexual fury), but they all are woefully incomplete and shortsighted—mainly because they all are distorted by a thorny set of misapprehensions. These accounts tend to view Beatlemania as a fad (destined to pass in the night, presumably). They tend to look upon the rise of the Beatles as a unique occurrence, as a freakish irruption into the popular culture of the twentieth century, and they blindly assume that only teenagers are swayed by the potent pulse of the Beatles' rhythms.

That the Beatles are not a short-lived fad is now readily apparent (although one might opine that their recent inclusion within The Order of the British Empire is an honor that presages their eventual descent into the dim ranks of respectability—they may very well be on their way to becoming a British institution). The perspective of time has made it as equally evident that the Beatles are not so much unique as they are an immensely successful, and well publicized, fraction of an international mode of popular music that has been endemic to North America for more than a decade. Moreover, this genre is now contagiously infiltrating the whole of western culture—a type of music whose various manifestations are best subsumed under the general rubric of "Rock and Roll."

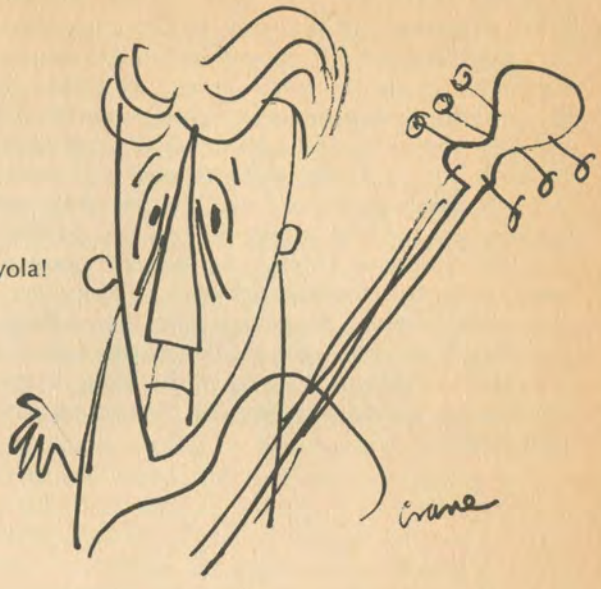
THE audiences for the Beatles and similar entertainers are not made up solely of teenagers. In fact teenagers do not constitute even a majority of the listeners who are exposed to, and willingly absorb, the various permutations of "the new sound" that throbs so persistently within our culture's recording grooves and along its electronic air waves. Teenagers may be the most kinetic participants in the new sound, but the sound is everywhere—almost—and most of the denizens of modern society participate in it and respond to it. Ed Sullivan's Sunday night television offering, where the Beatles received their first American exposure, is notoriously a "family" show; the general manager of New York City's WMCA blandly informs Bruce Jay Friedman that 80 per cent of the listeners to his trend-setting r-and-r radio outlet is adult, "if you define adult as eighteen and over ("The New Sounds," *Holiday*, July, 1965)."

While the Beatles are not particularly unique, they are

motive



But you improved,
you studied, worked,
learned—you excelled!



Naw, payola!

BEATLE-ESE

BY ROBERT L. WHITE

eminently representative; consequently, a close look at the mop-haired quartet ought to be a good way to embark on an investigation of the larger phenomenon of which they are such a loud manifestation. Many ingredients combine to make up the total appeal of the Beatles—their costumes and coiffures, their ingenuous showmanship, their music with its infectious harmonies and discordances—but perhaps most susceptible to analysis are the lyric aspects of their music: the vocables that accompany Ringo's drums and the twanging guitars. To isolate the lyrics is to distort them, of course, but to expose the lyrics so nakedly is also very revealing. This is how the words of "I Want to Hold Your Hand" look if they are transcribed from the vibrations of the phonograph record and printed:

Oh yeah
I'll tell you something
I think you'll understand
When I say that something
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand

Oh please say to me
You'll let me be your man
And please say to me
You'll let me hold your hand
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand

And when I touch you
I feel happy inside
It's such a feeling
That my love I can't hide
I can't hide
I can't hide

Yeah, you got that something
I think you'll understand
When I say that something
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand

And when I touch you
I feel happy inside
It's such a feeling
That my love I can't hide
I can't hide
I can't hide

Yeah, you got that something
I think you'll understand
When I feel that something
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand*

PERHAPS not the most obvious characteristic of these words to the tune which launched the Beatles forth on the tides of fame and success—but certainly the most significant—is the thinness of the lyrics' content and the absence of subtlety in the expression of that meager content. The lyrics of most popular songs, both past and present, are of course far removed from the complexity of a Shakespearean sonnet. In the Beatles' song, however, there is almost no elaboration or development of the singleminded plea voiced in the opening verse. There is none of the verbal wit, playful complications, and mutations of feeling one associates with such lyricists as Ira Gershwin and Cole Porter—or, for that matter, with such

folk artists as Bessie Smith and Jelly Roll Morton.

The strategy of the Beatles' lyric involves not the subtlety of the foil, but the massive bluntness of the sledge-hammer: all it does is baldly announce its burden and then deafeningly repeat it. Similar structures are to be found in most r-and-r lyrics; as a rule they are all monotonously non-developmental. In most of them, there are only the skimpiest rudiments of potentially dramatic situations and cumulative narratives; and even when such complications are hinted at they are rarely embroidered beyond the most shadowy of outlines. In the Beatles' "I Saw Her Standing There," for example, one of their few songs with even the barest trace of a story line, the young man who views his prospective heart-throb across a crowded room manages to dance with her all night—but his plaint of love at the end of the song is unvaried from what it was at the opening. All he can say about the experience is:

Oh, we danced through the night
And we held each other tight
And before too long
I fell in love with her

Ohhhhh
Now I'll never dance with another
Since I saw her standing there
Oh since I saw her standing there
Well now
Since I saw her standing there

The above passage neatly illustrates a second distinctive feature of what might be termed Beatle-ese: it is relatively untainted by grammatical nicety and semantic clarity. Just as there is an absence of verbal sophistication and developmental variety within the lyrics, so also is there very little abstractly necessary connectiveness between the various structural elements of the lyrics. In fact, the lyrics are marked more by disconnectedness—by discrete utterances and by semantically nonfunctional interjections and repetitions—than by logical necessity and verbal order.

BOTH these features of Beatle-ese—its ideational poverty and semantic disorder—may very well be clues to the Beatles' effectiveness with contemporary audiences. For the lyrics sung by the Beatles are very similar to the language of everyday discourse and the disorderly structure of most mental activity. Most of the time, when we speak and think, we are behaving in ways very analogous to the way in which the Beatles sing. The language of the Beatles may not be "the Queen's English," but it is undoubtedly the *lingua franca* of most of her subjects and most of her rebellious colonials.

The meaning of the Beatles, then, insofar as their lyrics provides us with a clue, is that they are representative of human behavior uncontaminated by rigorous thought, by the difficult intellectual endeavor to impose order on, and give coherence to, the flux of human emotions and sensations. Viewed in this light, the Beatles' other characteristics are of a piece with their lyrics. Their music—pounding and persistent—is a singleminded assault on potentially complicated states of feeling. Their costumes and mannerisms—ingenuously little-boyish—are indicative of their abdication of adult responsibility. Even their hairstyles and collective name are symbolic of their willful retreat from human complexity to animal simplicity.

It is tempting to entertain the proposition that what the Beatles ultimately represent is utter mindlessness. It is perhaps more accurate, however, to say that the Beatles are symptomatic of the atrophy in the second half of the twentieth century of one particular form of the shaping intellect: discursive literacy. If Marshall MacLuhan's analysis (in *Understanding Media,* New York, 1964) of recent cultural changes is at all correct, then the rise of the Beatles and all the rock-and-roll groups is merely part of a much larger phenomenon: the shunting-aside of the discursive literacy engendered by the rationalism of typography in favor of other, less abstract and orderly, modes of discourse nurtured by new electronic communications media. From such a perspective, it is doubly distorting to isolate the Beatles' lyrics and transcribe them to the printed page. For the words uttered by the Beatles are not meant to be read, but to be listened to. Their lyrics, as well as their music, have their existence not in print but in the sounds buried in record grooves and the images and sounds emanating from TV picture tubes—images and sounds which demand communal rather than isolated attention, images and sounds which demand visceral responses rather than sober-eyed analysis.

IF we accept the proposition that the meaning of the Beatles is implicit in their happy celebration of illiteracy—of modes of being unillumined by the white light of intellect—then what ought to be our attitude toward them? To what extent ought we look askance at them and the nonchalant abandon they so merrily and concretely symbolize. Should we put them down and denigrate their mindless joyfulness and happy-go-lucky togetherness?

To take such a tack would itself be narrowminded, I think. Even though we may presume that man is set apart from other animals by his possession of *mind,* it is also true that most of the time we are not thinking animals; in fact, most of the time we have little need for the self-consciousness which is both a prerequisite for and a product of rigorous mental activity. And it is perhaps presumptuous to assume that man achieves definition only when he utilizes his hard-won capacity for discriminating abstraction. (That the intellectual community is apt to think along such lines is neatly illustrated by Irving Howe's recent unironic characterization of "intellectuals" as "those of us who believe that self-awareness and its inevitable consequence of self-division are the marks of a civilized man." [*New York Review of Books,* June 17, 1965]). And even if it be the distinguishing mark of man, it is not wise to define *mind* so narrowly. Descartes notwithstanding, awareness and consciousness may be achieved by other means than pure cerebration. The young lady on a California beach who neatly summed up what might very well be her generation's dominant outlook was not being merely witty when she remarked, "People should understand that we're not made up of sound bodies and twisted minds, but of twisting bodies and sound minds" (*Look Magazine,* January 12, 1965.)

IN the long run, it is both unwise and foolish to assert that mindlessness is inhuman—or, at least, that it has no value for society. As Mircea Eliade and other students of comparative religion have shown, throughout most of human history man has employed various forms of communal orgy to escape from order and return to undifferentiated chaos—thereby to achieve a sanative identification with the primal flux of nature. By losing himself, man gains a sense of his kinship with the sustaining earth—and is enabled to return to consciousness a more wholesome and integrated being. (See *Cosmos and History: The Myth of the Eternal Return,* New York, 1959.)

The Beatles and their music serve to focus and release this orgiastic impulse within man, and one would be shortsighted if he superciliously refused to admit that the Beatles do effectively hymn a paean to instinctual release and freedom from the iron bonds of societal discipline. Once one has admitted as much, however, one must insist that there are different types of orgiastic mindlessness—and it strikes me that the Beatles' brand is fairly insipid and uninspiring. In my view, the Beatles display almost no sexual potency. Their appeal, unlike that of Elvis Presley, for example, is not much compounded of genuine eroticism and sensuousness. They are all four adult males, but the image they project is one of four little boys dressed in Eton suits and with their bangs still uncut. The Beatles' music is orgiastic, but only childishly so. (Along these same lines, one might observe that the recent spate of teenage beach and bikini movies expose a good bit of flesh but are intrinsically asexual. It may very well be that the Beatles and Annette Funicello are wholesome, but to my mind the primitivism of D. H. Lawrence is both more complex and more attractive.)

EVEN after one has countenanced and willingly yielded to the orgiastic (albeit juvenile) appeal of the Beatles, one may rightfully be dismayed by the thought that Beatle-ese is on the verge of swamping all other forms of discourse. There are probably few of us who would accede to the notion that intellect and its operations are unimportant baggage man has been carting on his shoulders for past few millennia. During his long history on this planet, man has laboriously worked out *artificial* (unnatural, if you will) modes of discourse capable of articulating nuances and subtleties of thought. These complex language systems—the languages of scientific inquiry, of logical discourse, of sophisticated literary art—are akin to the forms of everyday musing and conversation, but they are not synonymous with casual speech and thought. To learn them, one must undergo intensive training; to utilize them, one must engage in constant effort.

As an English teacher, I have a particular interest in one of these complex forms of language: verbal rhetoric. Such rhetoric may be spoken or written, but it depends primarily upon a written model. Basically, such rhetoric is a system of verbal signs organized so that sensational and conceptual information may be communicated in an orderly fashion from author to reader, or speaker to audience. Good rhetoric demands clarity, coherence, and order—attributes which are generally missing from ordinary speech or which are likely to be conveyed by other than verbal signs. I am not at all put off by the Beatles' gyrations and shouted grunts, but I am troubled by the suspicion that we are rapidly approaching the time when the languauge of the Beatles will be the only language available to most speakers and writers—the only language available for all potential situations. The Beatles themselves are wholly unobjectionable (and are in many ways admirable), but Beatle-ese is a very limited form of language.

FROM the perspective of my ivory tower, it seems Beatle-ese is about to become pandemic in America. It is the language spoken by everyone—at all times—even when they ought to be speaking more precisely. More and more, even teachers and scholars lapse into a sesquipedalian form of Beatle-ese—a language that is more verbal ritual than linguistic precision. I could adduce example after example of such sloppy language, but let me argue my point by holding up to the limelight two specimens which I have recently collected within my own academic bailiwick. The first exhibit, copied verbatim, is from a college newspaper's society column:

> *The afternoon over and the Cat's having won, cross your fingers and hope, the mass of Greek humanity will be trudging across the campus to the Student Center for the final segment of THEIR week, the annual Greek Week dance.*
>
> *As usual with anything that occurs on this campus a mistake occurred, they printed the wrong time on the tickets, the dance is from 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.*
>
> *Also don't forget your tickets, seems there will be one of those neat little characters known as a doorman on duty to check them.*
>
> *The chairman for the dance has informed me that dress will be semi-formal so that is sure to mean the campus favorite, every coed owns one, basic black dress will be in vogue for the evening.*

One might, of course, argue that Beatle-ese is appropriate for a society column; I doubt, however, that the horrors of my next trophy could be excused on such grounds. The speaker, a professor of sociology at my university, was addressing a group of educators and instructing them on the need for school administrations to engage in a "continuing dialogue between processes of stability and change." After he really warmed up to his subject, the sociologist bequeathed this melange of metaphors to his audience:

> *The administrator, more than any other organization member, stands astride both pillars of this dilemma. His success in bridging the chasm, in enabling the one to flow into and revitalize the other, is the keystone of school success, the single most important determiner of organizational achievement. If we are to meet present and future challenges and fulfill our aspirations, we must be prepared to take the long view to make investments now for future achievements.*

SOME men of intelligence have in recent years come to the conclusion that man's dream of intellect was a mad and futile one—and that we might be better off if we yielded utterly to chaos and instinctual abandon. I, however, still have some slight hopes for intellect and its operations. But if the only language we have at our disposal is Beatle-ese, then thinking is undoubtedly beyond our powers. If we diminish our language to the point where we can understand only Beatle-ese and its more than 57 varieties, then we will find ourselves in such a pickle that we will no longer be able to comprehend the writings of previous thinkers, be unable to give shape to our own fluid musings, and be deprived of the chance to leave any sort of intelligible legacy to our descendants.

The Beatles, then, are not to be knocked or scoffed at. But we should not too blindly give ourselves over to their potent fascination. The language of the Beatles is compelling, but it is simplistic. Beatle-ese is direct and forceful, but there is more than one way to talk about human relations and human aspirations, and it would be too bad if we presently find ourselves restricted to such a skeletal vocabulary and syntax as that which provides the rickety framework for the plaint of the four young entertainers from Liverpool:

Oh yeah
I'll tell you something
I think you'll understand
When I say that something
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand
I want to hold your hand

THE HUNGARIAN

BY RICHARD N. BENDER

ON the morning of October 24, 1956, *The New York Times* carried the following news report, written by the *Times* correspondent, John MacCormac:

> **Budapest, Hungary, October 23. The Hungarian police fired tonight on a crowd assembled before the Budapest radio building. The shooting came at the end of day-long demonstrations aimed at the Hungarian Government and at the presence of Soviet troops in Hungary.**
>
> **According to a reliable source, a demonstrator was killed and another seriously wounded. . . .**
>
> **Students, writers, office workers, Communist youths, and even soldiers had been marching through the streets throughout the afternoon. They had demanded the election of Imre Nagy, former Premier, at the head of a new government. . . .**

By October 26 what had begun as a massive demonstration flared into full-scale revolt and civil war. Between October 23—when the revolt began, and November 4, when it was finally crushed—two Hungarian governments had fallen (Imre Nagy, the Prime Minister brought to power briefly during the revolt, eventually was executed), the Soviet Union had sent major military forces against the rebels inside Hungary, hundreds of lives had been lost—many of them very young people, and hundreds of others had fled from the country. Deep sympathy for the relatively unarmed, young rebels swept much of the world, as did deep revulsion for communism in general and the Soviet Union in particular. Chairman Khrushchev was labeled "the butcher of Budapest." The brutal and abrupt termination of the revolt seemed to many to symbolize the slamming of the iron door of oppression against the all-too-brief light of hope for freedom in Eastern Europe.

I

WITH the perspective that can come from more objective information and eight years of sober reflection, it is both possible and important to look again at the Hungarian revolt. Such a sober look can teach us much, not only about hard facts in Eastern Europe, but also about ourselves and our incredible naivete in international affairs as recently as 1956.

Let us inquire, first, what did we in 1956, believe to be the meaning of the Hungarian revolt? Was it not that this was a major protest against both the socialist-communist ideal and the continuation of the political economy of socialism? And did we not hope, and possibly believe, that this, along with events in Poland, was the opening shot in a general major uprising throughout the "captive nations" of Eastern Europe? Certainly such were the impressions conveyed by some western news media and political commentators. (Unfortunately, not all reports and interpretations of events in Hungary were as carefully and as objectively done as were Mr. MacCormac's for the *Times*.)

But what really happened, and what did it all mean? After some study of Hungarian history, a recent visit to the country, and discussion with some Hungarian scholars (at least one of whom was a former Freedom Fighter) I believe our early understandings of the revolt are in need of major revision. Immediately after the Communist takeover (1946-49) Hungary entered a long period of Stalin-like and Stalin-influenced dictatorship, with innumerable oppressive and exasperating restrictions. There was gross inefficiency, not only in developing the economy, but even in restoring it to prewar levels. Wages were low and living costs were extremely high. Consumer goods were scarce and of poor quality, with no foreseeable improvement. Prospects for educational and economic opportunities among the young were dismal, and there was little hope that even those who obtained technical and professional training would be free to practice these skills with intelligence and integrity.

CONCOMITANT with inefficiency and unrest—and probably responsible in large part for them—were ideological and power struggles within the Hungarian Communist Party. The Stalinist leaders, Rakosi and Geroe, had been largely responsible for conditions giving rise to internal unrest. Imre Nagy, on the other hand, had become something of a symbol of destalinization and liberalism. He had been in power briefly, but was overthrown by Rakosi in 1955. Nevertheless, Nagy continued as a symbol of liberalization inside Hungary and out, especially in Yugoslavia. Efforts by Yugoslavia to develop a following among other small Eastern European countries had been especially concentrated on Hungary, and Nagy, along with Jánor Kádár, were the men looked upon as the most appropriate to lead Hungarian communism toward "Titoism." An interparty power struggle grew rapidly in intensity.

Richard Lowenthall, professor of international relations at the Free University in Berlin, holds that because of this power struggle, Moscow forced the resignation of Rakosi in July, 1956.[1] However, he was succeeded by Geroe, who had been an ally of Rakosi from the beginning. When events in Poland roused hopes of reform elsewhere, Geroe made an inflammatory speech that essentially declared a continuation of policies that had brought about inefficiency and repression. This speech became the torch that enflamed the Budapest students and resulted first in riots and then revolution.

DURING 1956, when discontent among young Hungarians was approaching explosive proportions, there was much irresponsible and misleading talking and writing in the United States about "liberation of captive nations" and a "roll back of Communism." Such discussion was not only a part of the propaganda of the 1956 presidential campaign, but came also from responsible officials in the State Department. Many of the young Freedom Fighters in Hungary, and thousands of persons throughout other Eastern European countries expected immediate intervention on behalf of the revolt by United States troops stationed in Europe. There were widespread reports during the height of fighting in Budapest that American tanks were already at the border and would

1. Richard Lowenthall, **World Communism.** New York: Oxford University Press, 1964.

motive

move in at almost any moment.

It is worth noting also that although the struggle between the Hungarian Communists and the Roman Catholic Church came to a head at approximately the time of the revolt, there probably was little connection between these two events. It is almost certain that young Hungarian Freedom Fighters had little concern over the state-church struggle. On the other hand, there is little or no evidence that Cardinal Mindszenty felt any particular devotion to the concerns of the Freedom Fighters. His real interest seems to have been the maintenance of clericalism in the face of powerful government opposition. One may admire Cardinal Mindszenty's stubborn courage while at the same time wondering whether state-church relations might have taken a different course had he possessed the capacity of Cardinal Wyszynski of Warsaw to come to terms with political realities while maintaining considerable freedom for the church in truly "churchly concerns."

RETURNING to the central motivation and intent of the Hungarian revolt, it now appears certain that ideology played little or no part. This was not an uprising of Christian against Communist, nor of capitalism against socialism, nor of Western-style democracy against the Soviet-inspired political order as such. We believed these things quickly and eagerly, but with inadequate foundation. Neither was it in any sense the first stage of a general revolt against socialism-communism as such. Rather it was a revolt against repression and inefficiency in Hungarian administration.

It appears likely that an overwhelming majority of the Freedom Fighters cared little about ideological battles or about the international political struggles of the West against Soviet activity in Eastern Europe. They would have been quite content with socialism or any other political economy in which efficiency could be increased and repression removed. They were not even interested in the power struggle within the Party, as such. The revolt was directed at the Soviet Union only insofar as that country represented the continuation of intolerable conditions inside Hungary.

II

A few comments regarding the role of the U.S.S.R. are also in order. For two hundred years Russia had pursued a policy of acquiring territory or creating buffer states on her western border as a protection against the strong imperialistic powers of Western Europe. At least from the Napoleonic invasion onward, it had been obvious that the broad and level plains of the Ukraine, Byelorussia, and that western portion of Russia lying roughly between Moscow and Leningrad constituted an unencumbered high road into Russia for any military adventurer. What is more, the humiliating treaty of Brest-Litovsk,* by which the new Bolshevik regime had taken Russia out of World War I early in 1918, had sliced vast portions of territory from Russia. It also permitted Germany to negotiate a separate treaty with the Ukraine, thus depriving Russia of Ukranian food supplies during the critical days of Russian civil war. The German Invasion of 1940 came through the western flatlands also.

Entirely aside from, or in addition to, a desire to extend Soviet communism westward following World War II, Russian domination of Eastern European countries was consistent with the longstanding Russian policy of building barriers against the West, and had a certain internal logic to it. These countries were "liberated" by Soviet armies from the Germans, and World War II closed with Russia firmly established as the de facto governing power from Estonia to Bulgaria. Here was her greatest chance in history to protect her long, open western border. She pursued this opportunity vigorously, first through military occupation and then through restoration of "self-government" which was carefully scrutinized and doubtless dominated to assure friendliness and cooperation with Moscow.

THE decade of the fifties was a period in which such "friendly" governments were overseen most carefully to assure a solid front against the West. Only Yugoslavia had succeeded in going her own way, and there was great uneasiness lest this separatist tendency spread. Also, this was only three years after the death of Stalin, and Soviet leaders doubtless were apprehensive lest any successful overt challenge to Soviet domination be understood as weakness in Soviet leadership, with the result of actual and widespread revolt among "satellite nations." To make matters even more delicate and serious, Poland had succeeded in wringing major concessions regarding internal independence from the U.S.S.R. Hungary was more easily dealt with on a purely arbitrary basis. Therefore, looked at from within the Soviet, taking her history and current policy into account, it was wholly logical that Russia should move decisively to crush the Hungarian revolt with a dramatic show of military power.

To say that it was logical is neither to justify nor to condone it. Both conscientious world opinion and Marxist-Leninist ideology stood in condemnation of the arbitrary domination of Hungarian internal affairs by the Soviet Union. George Kennan in commenting on Soviet action against the Hungarian revolt quotes from the Decree of Peace, issued as the first official act of the Soviet on the day of the Bolshevik revolution in 1918:

> **If any people is held by force within the borders of a given state, if such a people in defiance of its expressed wish—whether this wish be expressed in the press, in meetings of the populace, in the decisions of a party, or in uprisings against the national yoke—is not given the right of deciding, free from every form of duress, by free elections, without the presence of armed forces of the incorporating state or any more powerful state, what form of national existence it wishes to have—if these circumstances prevail, then the incorporation of such a state should be called annexation, i.e., an act of seizure and force.**[2]

But the Soviet Union, like many

2. **Dokumenty Venshnei Politiki SSSR (Documents of the Foreign Policy of the U.S.S.R.)**, Vol. I., p. 12. State Publishing House for Political Literature, 1957. Cited in George F. Kennan, **Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin.** Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1960.

other great powers, has proved quite capable of ignoring its own statements of principle when expediency requires.

There was yet another factor that almost certainly contributed to the Russian decision to move against the revolt. Soviet leaders doubtless had made a shrewd and accurate estimate of American sincerity about liberation of captive nations. This was an eminent opportunity to demonstrate the hollowness of such talk and to embarrass the United States before the world.

III

THE revolt was crushed. The appeal of the Nagy government to the United Nations was ignored, and Jánor Kádár formed a new "Revolutionary Peasant-Worker" government under manipulation from Moscow. Bitter fighting and a long general strike followed, but in the end Hungarians were forced to accept facts, and the country set out to make the best of these facts.

The Kadar government made many promises of reform. Personal freedom was soon expanded, more contact with the West was permitted, consumer goods were increased, and economic exchanges with the U.S.S.R. were eased. Perhaps Soviet realists brought pressure to hasten reforms. In any event, reforms have been achieved in Hungary since 1956 at a remarkable rate. Wages have been raised from 30% to 65% without any comparable increase in prices. Some assistance from the Community of Mutual Economic Assistance (the communist counterpart of the Common Market) has also contributed.

TODAY one easily gains the impression that the majority of the people of Hungary believe that significant and permanent improvements have been made and are optimistic about the future (though it seems clear that Hungarian economic ceilings are low). There seems to be no significant active opposition to socialism. Probably many university students and recent graduates still think of the United States as the land of golden opportunity and would like to come here—but this is largely a utilitarian, not an ideological, concern. While capitalistic inclinations are much in evidence, the socialist-communist context for Hungary is presupposed with little debate or even thought.

In 1963 a general amnesty was declared for all who participated in the 1956 revolt, with the exception of a few convicted of serious crimes against the state. Of the 200,000 persons who fled Hungary during the decade of the 50's, 40,000 have returned.

Clericalism has been broken, and there is now no active government attack upon the Church, and little ideological propaganda against religion by the Party. Neither does there appear to be any intense interest in religion among the people. So far as students are concerned, religion here as in many other parts of the world seems to them totally irrelevant to their problems—a dead issue. Religion is not thought to have any bearing upon social, economic, or political affairs, and there is little awareness of the possible relevance of religion to deeper spiritual needs.

IV

WE turn, in conclusion, to some sober reflections upon the meaning of the revolt and its aftermath.

First, it is clear that we did not understand the true causes nor significance of the revolt. Encouraged by press reports that failed to probe beneath the surface, and encouraged by our own hopes, we too easily assumed this to be the first step in a spreading revolt against communism.

The total and cynical disregard of political and military facts which characterized discussion of "liberation" by responsible American officials was appalling. Its immorality was compounded to whatever extent lives of Hungarian Freedom Fighters were sacrificed in a vain hope of American intervention. *It is a serious matter to play loosely with the hopes of people in an inherently hopeless position.*

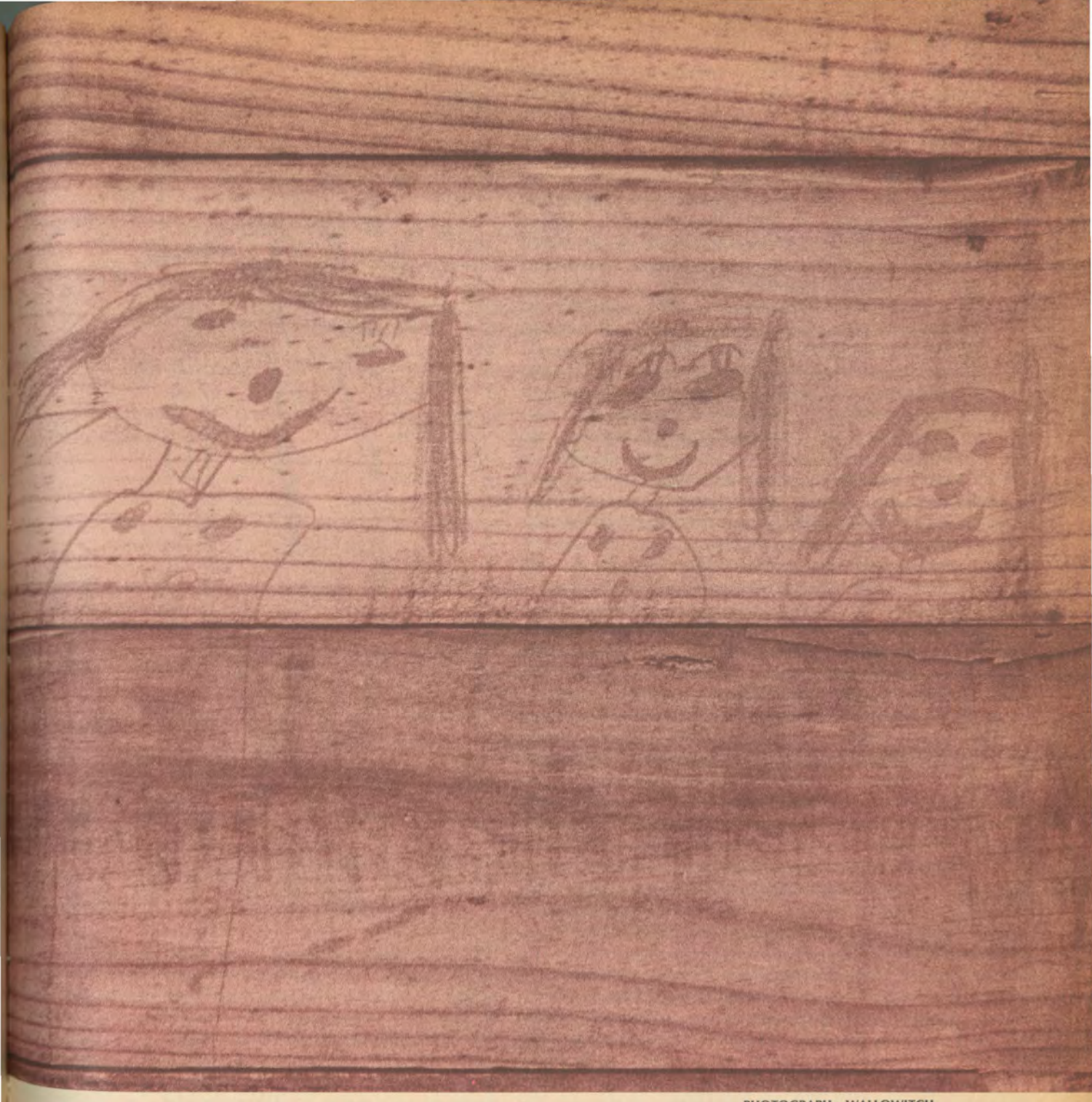
Too, in light of Hungary's history, geography, and economic condition, it is entirely possible that socialism is best for Hungary, and association with the U.S.S.R. for the present inevitable. We must move away from our dogmatic assumption that everywhere in the world capitalism is best and socialism is necessarily bad. (For one thing, capitalism requires capital, which Hungary does not have.) The realities of the world must be faced, and what is possible must be estimated realistically.

In Hungary we have an illustration of how conditions can improve within an existing context. Thus, even though the revolution as such failed, it served a highly valuable purpose in dramatizing unrest and augering for improvement. Whether these gains are sufficient to compensate for the loss of life only the Hungarians can estimate.

We have here also an illustration of the fallacy of approaching international issues with fixed, dogmatic positions; e.g., socialism is always bad for those who live under it, there is no hope that time and circumstances will bring improvements within the system, it is impossible to "do business" with communist countries, etc. Rather, the times demand flexibility in approach, coupled with the ability to react intelligently and realistically to changing circumstances. President John F. Kennedy, in an important foreign policy speech at the American University Commencement, June 10, 1963, enunciated the principle of flexibility, which so thoroughly characterized his approach to world problems, and which seems to many to be the only truly informed and realistic course open in mid-twentieth century:

> **Let us focus . . . on a practical, more attainable peace—based not on a sudden revolution in human nature but on a gradual evolution in human institutions—on a series of concrete actions and effective agreements which are in the interest of all concerned. There is no single, simple key to this peace—no grand or magical formula to be adopted by one or two powers. Genuine peace must be the product of many nations, the sum of many acts. It must be dynamic, not static, changing to meet the challenge of each new generation. For peace is a process—a way of solving problems.**

Developments in Hungary are among many which open the question of whether it may be genuinely in the interest of the United States and other nations to face the fact of communism in Eastern Europe, to wrench free from our near-psychopathic fear of communism, to realize that contact with communist countries offers no serious threat to the United States, and to seek to interact constructively with these countries—at least in Europe—through trade and intercultural exchange. The small starts we have made in this direction are thus far quite encouraging. There is much to gain through major increases in such interaction, little to lose. Much as we may regret that these countries are in the communist orbit, they are. History of the past fifty years cannot be undone. We are neither irresponsible enough nor unrealistic enough to attempt to change Eastern European political economy through military action. The only intelligent course open is constructive interaction.



PHOTOGRAPH: WALLOWITCH

STORM THE MUSEUMS!

BY FRANCOIS BUCHER

THE ARTS IN U. S. EDUCATION

The development has been fantastic and irrational. In 1939 Picasso was a madman, Schonberg a cacophonist, and the History of Art was considered in the United States a strange beast off somewhere in the hazy regions with astrology, palm reading and graphology. It was a new semi-science which would allow socially up-clined people to express mostly vague commitments to themselves through the metaphor of their likes and dislikes in the arts. A pseudo-jargon emerged, and museums were excellent places for undisturbed meetings since they were occasionally air conditioned and usually empty.

Even after 1945 it was difficult for an art historian to stand by his chosen profession. When asked, you would have to explain that you also studied the history of architecture, so you were promptly introduced as an architect. Occasionally an enlightened hostess would introduce me as the famous painter Francois Boucher (who, it happens, died in 1770 A.D.). Painters or sculptors were treated as pets—good to have around for their supposedly interesting morals, to add spark to any party.

Meanwhile, a series of events which should have reshaped religion, philosophy and, in short, our thinking—

and thus the mysterious workings of the internal cultural history of humanity—started catching up with us. The fact that in 1918 the "war to end all wars" aroused nothing but national frustrations and led to a second world conflict which this time—*maybe*—was to be the last, the roaring twenties, the prohibition and the depression were external signs of a basic misjudgment of a generation which still did not have to prove itself right since it was right, and which never truly analyzed the implications of progress. The *maybe* in the sentence above, which is a generalized contingency, is the first sign of an internal progress in this century; the first sign of an analysis of human emotions no longer fixed on the grid of predictable history; and of the irrationality of our behavior.

The story is really sad. Most of the men who shaped the future around 1900 warned us about the misuse of their creations. It is totally amazing to see that even with the increased speed of communication the standard lag between a new thought and its more or less general recognition has remained the same. It will take another thirty years for men in this hemisphere to understand the principle of rocket propulsion let alone the immensely impressive achievements of modern physics, biology and art.

It is always melancholically amusing to me to see that most of my students find it unbelievable that the people who carry this century on their shoulders made their statements before 1914. They found few listeners. Let me give a few names and dates. Freud cracked open the whalebone corset of Victorian righteousness in 1910; Man in *Buddenbrooks* vivisectioned the same society in 1903. Hoffmansthal in *Everyman* analyzed the futility of status in 1911. The reality of twentieth century society appears in Gustave le Bon's *Psychologie des Masses* written in 1895 (and placed on Hitler's bedside table). There were Maeterlinck's *La vie des abbeilles,* 1901, then a book on ants, which was humanized in Huxley's *Brave New World* and Sorel's *Illusion du Progres,* both 1908.

All of these books were of course, translated a long time ago. It might be amusing for the reader to add dates to the most important works of Romain Rolland, Bergson, Proust, Brecht, Rilke, Remarque, Jung, Gide, Joyce—and in physics—of Curie, Becquerel, Planck and Bohr. The publication in 1919 of Spengler's *Decline of the West,* and in 1905 and 1916 of Einstein's special and general theory of relativity also deserve mention. Many of these names have only recently been discovered by an "informed" public. Most of them are displaced in time in our minds because, perhaps, we refuse to acknowledge that we have not had a sense of quality and that we did not keep in touch.

It seems to me that it has yet to dawn on most of the people in this hemisphere what the theory of relativity means in terms of their total existence, and to my knowledge no one has yet clearly analyzed the traumatic impact shaping the changeover from an age of certainties to an age of uncertainty. There is only one group of men which has recorded the crumbling, the reshaping, the glory of the turmoil. If for no other reason, this group is thus essential to a humanity searching for a deeper understanding of its collective processes. This group is generally identified with the arts and includes poets, composers, painters, architects and scientists who achieve elegance, and sometimes philosophers who arrive at preliminary conclusions. These men live by communication.

I think that the amazing role which the arts have begun to play within the universities is the first sign of an anti-group which is ready to be communicated to; a group, at last, which may want to prevent the unconcerned

"Actually, I don't have much time to look at art. But I have read what Tillich says about Picasso . . . Guernica. Isn't it?"

idiocy shown to them in the form of corpses chained along barbed wire, the fireworks over Ploesti which found their reflection in the funeral pyres kindled under Jewish non-beings in Germany or the soundless flash over Hiroshima which was echoed in the execution of non-peasants in Russia and non-whites in the United States. We can sometimes rationalize away these things. But the artist is irrational, the paintings stare at us unblinkingly, the great contemporary music eventually sinks into us, and the great buildings we see guide our steps and we learn of them through our feet which stay with us.

Art is fundamentally subversive. Once it has infiltrated the subconscious it stays, and so it is dangerous. Totalitarian societies have always had to create a non-art to display in the official museums or in books with the *imprimatur.* But little scraps of mimeographed poems and paintings in studio cupboards will still be seen and carried away in the minds of those having the courage to think of themselves as living in a society which may need a new axis and even a new *spine.*

The success of art courses in our universities has become an index of the need for large groups of the young to find answers regarding their roots; even more, a need to analyze the immediate past based on a language which may be chaotic, ugly or messy but never untrue. The teaching of art, and of the history of art, does—or should—make people able to read the scale of that complex

seismograph of basic human emotions which appears in those flashes of concentrated perception which we call art. We may need to read this way to reinforce our houses against future quakes.

Art is in itself not moralistic, but is seeking honesty and thus in every period is pitiless. Even Watteau's lonely dandy in a magnificent eighteenth century formally informal garden, playing his guitar behind a marble bust, tells us in one instant about the inevitability of the revolution and slaughter which were to follow. Conversely, if Hitler had admired Schönberg's *Klavierstücke*, op. 11, written in 1910, instead of Wagner; if he had supported Klee, instead of nameless "Blood and Earth" fakers, then his miscalculations could never have been as blatant. Only the true contemporaries have acquired the right to know about the future. In Germany's case, they had time to leave, or they made the conscious decision to stay even if it meant destruction. Hitler was really an archaic reactionary who could not tolerate prophets. The migration of many disinherited prophets to this country became one of the milestones of American intellectual history. This happened at a moment when American society was about to become conscious of itself and of its responsibilities. Among these men who could never be refugees were Einstein, artists who created *Entartete Kunst*, writers who had criticized or been amused by Wagnerian life, and a group of art historians—among them E. Panofsky and P. Frankl—who were to translate the heritage of the first decade of this century into new keys for the deciphering of visual documents.

Let us once more return to the twin facts that *matter* in 1916 became a special case of energy, and that in 1911 Kandinsky painted the first consciously conceived "abstract" painting. At sunset one day he entered his studio, saw a painting which for some reason had been placed upside down, and which for a moment he recognized only as dynamic, clashing and converging forms in the constant act of becoming. He took the painting from there, and completed it as the first recorded portrait of the age of relativity. Einstein and Kandinsky both did the same thing, and both worked within the total framework of their present in detaching themselves from the traditional theories which can never again be relevant. The experiences those theories originally produce have been absorbed, and only stagnate in the repository of memory until tapped and recombined. Anyone who knows artists or writers will have noticed in them an almost animal alertness, eyes in controlled sweeping motion, fingers which touch and record; a totally alive consciousness which is often hidden under a sleezy uniform—one of the best covers ever devised for a truly efficient spy.

In 1916, a little later, the *Dada* artists carried bombs in the form of urinals, bicycle wheels, dissonances or formulae on anti-matter as well as bottled air from Paris. Nothing but the ridiculous could alleviate the heroic seriousness of trench warfare which was performed as it always was with the precision of deadly ritual. It was necessary to show that before we can gain a new relevance we first must stare at the utterly absurd, nonsensical aspects of life—the pompous pedestals on which we stand, the masks, the uniforms, the diplomas, the superhouses and supercars which Steinbeck dissected until they looked like carcasses of bugs whose innards had been eaten.

The artists who are always in areas of total decision intended us to be naked again, but without an umbilical cord. They started us on a road where nonsense may, perhaps, make sense, where idiocy may be wisdom, where restrictions may lead to more freedom, where peace becomes more interesting than juvenile war games, and nationalism may become humanity. And in this naked confrontation with ourselves within larger entities the absurdity of our importance could perhaps be replaced by the virtue of humility which alone may make people wretchedly content.

Sometimes absurdity can only be answered with the absurd as in the Pop Art of today. Sometimes jaded loneliness has to be dealt with as in the Rococo period. Sometimes life has to be projected in its starkness as in the Romanesque age. But art always shows to those who can look their own general state of mind. This above all is the reason why it becomes a passionate avocation for the many who create it, study it, collect and look at it. This sounds like the business of theology, namely to reveal to each generation the human condition, but theology, until very recently, has failed us.

After this introduction which is at the same time an epilogue, let us consider a few statistics. The History of Art departments of this country, many of which have functioned barely longer than a decade, now enroll about twenty-five percent of the undergraduate population in their courses at most of the East Coast universities. The arrival of two pieces of canvas—the Mona Lisa and "Whistler's Mother"—made headline news. The several hundred thousand people who were permitted an average of twenty seconds before these paintings skipped lunch, took taxis, subways, busses, or walked to get there. Someone said that Christ would have produced a smaller turnout had he come to New York. This is not a facetious remark, but an indication of the celebrity aspect which art has recently assumed. The two square yards of canvas on which Rembrandt used two pounds of oil paint to produce an image of Aristotle contemplating the Bust of Homer sold for over a million dollars. The Cloisters in New York are so full on Saturdays and Sundays that one cannot see the art for the people. It seems only a matter of time until a mob storms a museum to get a shred of the sacred relics.

The reasons for this phenomenon are complex but—I think—clear. In an age of almost total relativity, in which it is almost impossible to define a commitment which will at least have the semblance of permanence, almost everything save the moment dribbling through one's hands, has withered. Our morals are fluid, the Bible is being retranslated over and over again, distances have become irrelevant, the brain has copied itself in computers, there are fewer and fewer obstacles to overcome and the price for human effort has become minimal. A medieval craftsman, to produce a car by hand, would have had to charge at least a hundred thousand dollars. A group of mathematicians working on complex equations would have been paid the same amount whereas now the work can be done in a few hours at a fraction of the cost.

The mechanical slaves, as architect-mathematician Buckminister Fuller calls them, have raised the standard of living immeasurably—but at the same time great personal efforts, fame or anything out of the ordinary are more difficult to achieve. Mathematical wizards have—to my knowledge—not appeared lately at any county fairs, and the handcrafted car has become a little ridiculous. The astronauts are paid on the basis of flying hours plus overtime; the President of the United States receives a salary considerably lower than the income of any self-respecting petty monarch of the sixteenth century. The only group of people whose day-to-day work is payed on an extraordinary scale is that of the recognizably creative.

In 1965 a Pop artist sailed on the *France* in a royal suite. There are very few professional men who are able to afford that luxury.

Our period has been called an age of conformity, and one could say that the true non-conformist has become so rare that society pays to look at him. But, in fact, there is less external conformity in the world today than around 1900, and in a relativistic society which has an abundance of products at the disposal of an immense pool of customers, there seems to be, on the contrary, a longing for conformity. The only other choice would be to fulfill one's inborn talents and to come up to one's own standards, an admittedly enervating and tedious process.

The wish for a fulfilled life is, therefore, equated with a wish for a simple and comfortable life offered by the ritualistic television hours, cocktail parties, shopping sprees for a car or a house. An external conformity only a shade removed from the neighbor's conformity, but still totally safe, is achieved. It is only in the arts that one finds total conformity, and there is no more pitiless club than a large group of artists discussing each other's work. Their conformity is one of quality, of know-how, and the power of invention which is becoming more and more measurable but remains inimitably the territory of the one person who creates a world which has never before been created.

This conforming commitment to creative quality has never changed within the group of people who were contemporaries since the very first thought was thought, since nakedness was recognized as nakedness, since God said, *Behold Adam is become as one of us, knowing good and evil . . .*

The artist, the saint and sometimes the scientist are among the only human beings who professionally explore the present truth, which at each given moment may approach an absolute truth. And those who succeed in presenting a totality which, for the people who can look, listen and read, is tangible do become prophets of the present, and have increasingly become beacons for emotion. In the pilgrimages to art classes, museums, art galleries and auctions, people probe their age. If the product is profound enough in human terms it carries the spark of self-recognition and becomes a mirror of fears and aspiration. Since God seems to have become more remote or at least more impersonal in our age, man has begun to look into himself for answers and has made images which will capture and hold truth into which he can grow and into which he can project the reality of his existence at a particular, always crucial time of history.

Only the unknown is fearful and art has at all times tried to capture and to gain power over that which it represents. (Thus, the Second Commandment.) Art also has provided a gamut of human emotions from aesthetic pleasures to fear. Artists have become major heroes of the past braving death by imposing their existence upon the future. At all times have artists confessed to their own humanity and, therefore, to ours. The combination of these elements put them at the top of the list of people with shaping power, though this may be the last thing creative men think about.

It seems that art has recently begun to give many people experiences paralleled only by religion, and thus, since very few churches are contemporary, and since total knowledge would bring total *katharsis* while partial knowledge may be better than total doubt, art has become a major concern.

The almost pitiful search for commitment facing most of the younger people in our relativistic society is being directed toward a deeper understanding of creativity. The artist is seen as an existential man, as a person who proceeds into nothingness out of which he creates something. And he repeats this harrowing search for the very best in him as long as he can stand it. The men and women who watch him gain everything from vicarious thrills to deep personal experiences. For some the artist is a gladiator fighting unbeatable odds; for others he is wise man, or a saint.

The machine which has been built up to take care of this more general need is externally adequate. But of the perhaps twenty million persons in this country who look at paintings, paint, take art courses or courses in the history of art, only the smallest fraction is ever given a hint of the compact commitment behind all great art; a commitment which people feel and which brought them to seek wider knowledge. Too often critics of art perform games in clubs whose windows are open but admittance to the heart of the discussion—if there indeed is a discussion—is difficult. Irrelevancies breed the irrelevant, and it seems that a failure to transmit artistic communications and a sense of the unending struggle for perfection and quality is increasingly visible in the nondescript phoniness of the suburban sprawl inhabited by people who may go to a museum for tea and sympathy, or who form groups to paint conversation pieces which will clash pleasantly with arty wall paper while their surroundings become a chaos buried under uniformly close-clipped lawns.

I have been told that approximately sixty percent of the one hundred great monuments of the American past which were given top priority by the National Trust about a decade ago have either been emasculated or destroyed. In the last analysis the result can be studied in a book of photographs entitled God's Own Junkyard, or in the mobility of a population which cannot any longer find roots through a symbiosis with places which were familiar to their mothers and fathers, or close to their childhood. Historic zoning which protects entities which have grown into a lively and often very beautiful interplay of forms consisting of small towns or quarters with often humble buildings, is against the grain of American individualism—which produces instead rows and rows of houses whose only distinctive sign is the color of the door.

And here, in a world which as always has been full of real or imagined dangers, the artist once more is speaking with sardonic humor in plaster hamburgers, in comic strips and neon signs. And once more he is paid large sums for a commitment which most of us would perhaps not have the courage to make. The inability of many intellectuals to transmit the messages of the presently creating men, or our timid failure to insist on being heard is perhaps the gravest responsibility which art criticism as well as literary criticism has, to a great extent, failed to assume. The squabbling over the wrong accent of an actor in a good movie, over the staircase bannister in a bad building, over semantic details or over the interpretation of a word of St. Paul may produce a discussion, but they will not raise the awareness of quality in the mind of the younger people who should, through education, find the commitments in life for which they are best suited. The breadth—and more important, the depth—of perception which is offered to them may in the end be decisive for the future of our civilization.

WOODCUT: HUBAND

AND WHEN IN SCENES OF GLORY

When I had been born eight years I was born again
washed in the waters of life
and saved from hell
from the devil the Baptists the Campbellites
and the Pope

When I was told about Santa Claus and the sun
and learned for myself
that trees feel their leaves fall off
and scream at night

I thought about Jesus Christ who had long hair
was hung by the hands
buried and came alive

(in the Roxy Saturday afternoons
rag-dragging zombies came alive in caves
the blood of people made them live forever)

God come down

With hands that could have torn the hills apart
the preacher hammered the tinfoil of my faith
and words came teaching me
out of the terrible whirlwind of his mouth
the taste of evil
bitter and hot as belch
the agony of God
building the gospel word by believable word
out of the wooden syllables of the South

God come down

and over the pews over the dry domes
amens rose up like birds
beating the air for Heaven
heading for home and roost
in the right eye

come for the sake of Jesus

and the white thigh
of Mrs. Someone sitting in the choir
Over the altar
over the lilies the grapejuice and the bread
was The Resurrection

boy do you believe

I looked to see if the Romans had
marks on their necks

in Jesus Christ His only son our Lord

Yes Sir I do
A woman so skinny I could smell her bones
hugged me because I'd turned away from sin

Going home at night after the preaching
after prayers and dinner on the ground
curling in the backseat of the car
I began to feel
like a thickening of the dark
almost my mother talking to my father

almost my father singing to himself
my name a gospel song
and a long applause like gravel under the tires

until I heard the wings
and knew it had come
what I had killed and couldn't come any more
to hunger against the black glass of the car
the thing you think what would happen
if you saw its face

I'd have prayed to God not to have a flat
but God would have laughed
and it would have sounded like

PHOTO: WALLOWITCH

the flapping of wings
over the old Dodge
over the grinding of gravel
and the hymn of grace

Floating with fishes under the river of sound
I remembered with my last dull thought
before I drowned
that I was saved from sin and the world was lost

The river stopped
and the world stopped
and I am lifted up

to be dropped again by my father
onto an unmade bed in a borrowed room
to play the old parable
like the flipping pictures in the penny arcade
falling over and over dime by dime
to wait my ankles crossed holding my breath
a dumb kid in some silly game
for the law straining around the earth to crack
and the rock roll back

Monday morning we had oatmeal for breakfast
After school Ward West kicked the piss out of me
Tuesday it snowed

—MILLER WILLIAMS

SONG

In my city there are rat bites for sale.
Well (they say) let the whirlwind come down,
I can play on the accordion of my heart
Such songs that the rats waltz to death
In a glazed dream of love.
There are beaches without ending
Waiting for the beachheads of blood.

—MICHELE MURRAY

"GIRL WITH HARMONICA": HUBAND

A child at Coney Island, I loved best
The ten-cent, two-ticket red magic of rides.
Polluted waters, cloaked in green silk
Beneath the sun's clawed glitter—
You won't get any hymns from me.

City. Flower in the dust.
Landscape is the refuge of defeat.
Grass tipped with crusted frost
Patient under relentless probing
Of mittened hands
Is there.
The city turns its head.

FALL BOOKS:

WOODCUT: ERIK SCOTT

W. H. Auden, *About the House*. Random House (1965), 84 pp., $3.

There are two atlases: the one
The public space where acts are done,
In theory common to us all,
Where we are needed and feel small . . .
The other is the inner space
Of private ownership, the place
That each of us is forced to own,
Like his own life from which it's grown,
The landscape of his will and need
Where he is sovereign indeed . . .

Thus, in his great *New Year Letter* of 1940, Auden distinguished between the two realms explored by his lifelong search for civilization. As a young man, his concern was more with "public space," and he remains *the* poet of the foreboding that preceded World War II, the lucid exhausted voice of "September 1, 1939" and of the elegies to Freud and Yeats, both dead in 1939. As an aging post-war man, he has turned more toward the "inner space," the landscape of his will and need and (from the same poem) "the *polis* of our friends." His latest collection, *About the House*, celebrates this intimate city, the microcosm of his privacy, in almost doting detail. But the best of the poems are redeemed from triviality by the seriousness with which Auden considers his own comfort an episode in civilization.

The first, and superior, half of the book is a sequence of twelve poems inspired by the rooms of his recently acquired house in Austria. Each poem carries a personal dedication, and though the anonymous reader may be charmed by intimations of custom-tailored pertinence (a husband and wife get the cellar and attic respectively, and Christopher Isherwood is awarded the toilet), he is more likely to feel merely excluded; what with the Kennedys, the Glasses, the Sinatra Clan, the friends of Norman Podhoretz, and the Pop-Camp-Hip crowd, there seem enough in-groups in the western world without a formal roll-call of Auden's acquaintanceship. Plato's vision of the Perfect City ruled by philosopher-kings seems somewhat impudently transmuted into genial snobbery:

The houses of our City
are real enough but they lie
haphazardly scattered over the earth,
and her vagabond forum
is any space where two of us happen to meet
who can spot a citizen
without papers.

Technically, the sequence is marred by the erratic interruption of "Postscripts"—short poems in another meter, often in the irksome form of *haiku*, tacked on wherever (however vaguely) appropriate. And it must be said that Auden, in developing each room into a cosmic instance and drawing significance from every nook, does not always avoid his besetting sin of, well, silliness. The steamy bath is extolled in an uncharacteristic non-meter which he explains as a "mallarmesque / syllabic fog," and the stanzas to excrement include:

Freud did not invent the
Constipated miser:
Banks have letter boxes
Built in their facade,
Marked For Night Deposits,
Stocks are firm or liquid,
Currencies of nations
Either soft or hard.

But in sum the twelve poems comprise an impressive essay upon Man the domestic animal; his domesticity is felt as a consecration of his animality.

city planners are mistaken: a pen
for a rational animal
is no fitting habitat for Adam's
sovereign clone.

Precise biological terms—clone, conurbation, neotene—insist on humanity's living context. The poem on the dining-room with high wit summarizes the full organic history of dining:

The life of plants
is one continuous solitary meal,
and ruminants
hardly interrupt theirs to sleep or to mate, but most
predators feel
ravenous most of the time and competitive
always, bolting such morsels as they can contrive
to snatch from the more terrified . . .
Only man,
supererogatory beast,
Dame Kind's thoroughbred lunatic, can
do the honors of a feast,

and was doing so
before the last Glaciation when he offered
mammoth-marrow
and, perhaps, Long Pig, will continue till Doomsday
when at God's board
the saints chew pickled Leviathan.

The house abounds in remembrances of human prehistory: the cellar "reminds our warm and windowed quarters upstairs that / Caves water-scooped from limestone were our first dwellings"; the archetype of the poet's workroom is "Weland's Stithy"; like the "prehistoric hearthstone, / round as a birthday-button / and scared to Granny," the modern kitchen is the center of the dwelling; and, in conclusion, "every home should be a fortress, / equiped with all the very latest engines / for keeping Nature at bay, / versed in all ancient magic, the arts of quelling / the Dark Lord and his hungry / animivorous chimeras." Nor is history forgotten: the bathroom is seen as a shrunken tepidarium; the dining table is compared with "Christ's cenacle" and "King Arthur's rundle"; and the peace of the living-room is felt against "History's criminal noise." The function of each chamber is searched in such depth that a psychological portrait of man is achieved. Auden finds in defecation the prime Art, an "ur-act of making"; in swallowing "a sign act of reverence"; in sleeping a "switch from personage, / with a state number, a first and family name, / to the naked Adam or Eve." His psychological portrait is controlled, at times playfully, by religious conceptions:

then surely those in whose creed
God is edible may call a fine
omelette a Christian deed.

Biology tends toward theology; our personal and animal particulars are grounded in the divine ontology. Speech is "a work of re-presenting / the true olamic silence." This sequence of poems, entitled "Thanksgiving for a habitat," is an essay in architecture, which is to say the creation of a structure enabling the human organism to perform its supernaturally determined functions of praise and service. In a faithless age, there are

no architects, any more
than there are heretics or bounders: to take
umbrage at death, to construct
a second nature of tomb and temple, lives
must know the meaning of If.

While one regrets that Auden's Christian faith is so iffy, its presence has enabled him to organize his centrifugal variety of perceptions into a credible humanism.

The second half, "In and Out" (a habitat has been previously defined as "a place / I may go both in and out of"), consists of poems, often about traveling, that are casual in tone and middling in quality. The best is the last, "Whitsunday in Kirchstetten," a kind of annex to the house poems, wherein the poet is discovered temporarily domiciled in church. In the author's best new style, the long lines, exotic vocabulary, and discursive sequiturs limn what was rather conspicuously absent from the house sequence—a sense of the "public space," the enveloping condition of the world:

from Loipersbach
to the Bering Sea not a living stockbroker,
and church attendance is frowned upon
like visiting brothels (but the chess and physics
are still the same). . . .
Down a Gothic nave
comes our Pfarrer now, blessing the West with water:
we may go.

Again, "Hammerfest," a description of Auden's visit to Norway's northernmost township, frames within his baroque sense of lapsed time—"the glum Reptilian Empire / Or the epic journey of the Horse"—the geological innocence of a region whose "only communities . . . / Were cenobite, mosses and lichen, sworn to /Station and reticence." And of the many (too many) poems in haiku-stanzas, I liked best "Et in Arcadia Ego," a rephrasing of his habitual accusatory apostrophe to "Dame Kind"—who "Can imagine the screeching / Virago, the Amazon, / Earth Mother was?" The poem uses the exigencies of this Japanese form to generate lines of great energy, both polysyllabic ("Her exorbitant monsters abashed") and monosyllabic ("Geese podge home").

Auden is the supreme metrical tinkerer. Haiku, canzoni, ballades, limericks, clerihews, alliterative verse (a whole eclogue's worth)—there is nothing he will not attempt and make, to some extent, work. His ability, as in "Tonight at Seven-Thirty," to coin an elaborate stanza-form and to effortlessly repeat it over and over, evokes the seventeenth-century metaphysicals and Tennyson: the latter more than the former. His technical ingenuity casts doubt upon the urgency of his inspiration. It is one thing to sing in a form, whether it be Homeric hexameters or Popian couplets, until it becomes a natural voice; it is another to challenge your own verbal resources with insatiable experimentation. In any collection by Auden there are hardly two successive poems in the same form, which gives even his most integral sequences, such as the "Horae Canonicae" of *The Shield of Achilles*, a restless and jagged virtuosity. As a poet, his vocation begins in the joy of fabrication rather than in an impulse of celebration: in ways it is strength, enabling him to outlive his youth, to explore, to grow, to continue to think, even —blasphemous suggestion!—to believe, in order to feed the verse-making machine. He is that anachronism, the poet as maker; but he makes expressions rather than, by mimesis, men and deeds. Compared to Eliot, he has no dramatic imagination. Despite an almost desparate metrical juggling, his plays and dialogues are the monologues of one very intellectually imaginative voice. He dramatizes all sides of an issue, but lacks the modesty, the impish and casual self-forgetfulness, that tossed off Prufrock, Cousin Harriet, Sweeney, and the curiously vigorous phantoms of *The Wasteland*. If Eliot was a dramatist, Auden is an essayist, in the root sense: he will try anything, but his adventures never take him beyond the territory of the first person singular. He is one of the few modern poets whose genius is for the long discursive poem; for all his formal invention, he has written best in two rather accommodating meters—a long, elegaic, unrhymed or loosely rhymed line less regular than pentameter, and the tetrameter quatrains or couplets associated with music hall lyrics and with light verse.

His light vein is very rich. What could be better than, say, this stanza from "On the Circuit"?—

Since Merit but a dunghill is,
I mount the rostrum unafraid:
Indeed, 'twere damnable to ask
If I am overpaid.

or this, from "After Reading a Child's Guide to Modern Physics"?—

Marriage is rarely bliss
But, surely it would be worse
As particles to pelt
At thousands of miles per sec
About a universe
In which a lover's kiss
Would either not be felt
Or break the loved one's neck.

In his present pleasant house, to which his dream of the City has congenially dwindled, Auden portrays his workroom, "The Cave of Making," with "windows averted from plausible / videnda but admitting a light one / could mend a watch by." By such dry clear light, a dictionary at hand, he is best read—not, as he hopes, as "a minor atlantic Goethe" (the difference in generosity may be less between Goethe and himself than between Goethe's Europe and our America), but as a man who, with a childlike curiosity and a feminine fineness of perception, treats poetry as the exercise of wit. For almost always, in his verse, the oracular and ecstatic flights fail; what we keep are the fractional phrases that could be expressed in prose, but less pointedly. In his own anthology of light verse, he defines it as poetry written in the common language of men. Powerfully attracted by the aristocratic and the arcane, he has struggled to preserve his democratic loyalties, his sense of poetry as a mode of discourse between civilized men. *About the House*, though it contains no single poem as fine as "Ode to Gaea" from *The Shield of Achilles*, has nothing in it as tedious as the infatuated concept-chopping of the "Dichtung und Wahrheit" interlude of *Homage to Clio;* and on the whole marks a new frankness and a new relaxation in tone. Auden remains, in the Spirit as well as by the Letter, alive.

—JOHN UPDIKE

Alfred O. Hero, Jr., *The Southerner and World Affairs*. Louisiana State University Press (1965), 607 pp., $12.

The southern states supplied some of the major impetus and support for the enactment of the Marshall Plan in 1948, but since that time there has been a steady deterioration of support in the region of every type of American international commitment, most noticeably in regard to support of the United Nations and our general programs of foreign aid.

In the mire of isolationist sentiment that has gripped the South during the past decade it is easy to forget that through World War II a considerable part of the strength of American commitment to internationalist policies had deep roots in the South. Part of the reason for this viewpoint can perhaps be traced to chauvinistic, expansionist policies of slaveholders and the simple economic self-interest of cotton and tobacco growers, but similar motivations have always been present in developing sentiment on the eastern seaboard.

The changing viewpoint of southern political and professional leadership has been one of the important developments in American political life in the years since World War II. Dr. Hero, a native of Louisiana, has attempted to develop the reasons for the change in this major study (financed by the World Peace Foundation, of which he is Executive Secretary). His book is a highly valuable one, which will be important not only for an understanding of the southern viewpoint on world affairs but simply for an understanding of the South in general.

Dr. Hero's book is the product of several years of research, involving not only the usual examination of published studies but thousands of individual interviews that examined both the viewpoints of representative southerners and the influences which helped to develop these viewpoints. No clear-cut picture of southern attitudes emerges—as might be expected—but it is obvious that southern thinking has shifted in virtually all fields relative to international affairs. Part of the reason is differing economic influences in the South, conducive to more acceptance of isolationist, protectionist policies, but obviously the major influence has been that of race. As international cooperation has come to mean more and more cooperation with Afro-Asians, the white South has been far less interested in cooperating. Race has turned otherwise intelligent men into provincialists who seek to make their regional prejudice international. The southern tradition of squelching all nonconformity on racial attitudes has served effectively to silence many internationalists, who fear that their neighbors would condemn any "liberal" attitude as being synonymous with acceptance of racial integration. Perhaps more influential than any other factor has been the use of racial attitudes and prejudices by demagogues in politics and journalism to strengthen their isolationist posture by shifting it to a racist foundation.

". . . most southern ministers of cosmopolitan leanings, like southerners of similar inclinations in other professions, exerted in 1959-62 only rather limited influence on thinking about world affairs. Many in smaller, conservative communities despaired of changing prevailing international attitudes or stimulating intelligent interest where there was little. Ministers, like others, had tended to find local inertia and opposition formidable; they had in many cases gradually curtailed their attention to international developments and lost their intellectual vigor unless encouraged by others of cosmopolitan orientations . . ." is Dr. Hero's summary of the influence of the Protestant Church. He finds that the Roman Catholics

have been less inclined to insolationism, although subject to the same southern influences. He found Jews the most cosmopolitan southern ethnic group, although still far less internationally concerned than northern Jews. "Even few of the Jews who identified themselves as conservatives and segregationists were as consistently isolationist, unilateralist, military interventionist, and generally reactionary as their ultra-conservative Gentile colleagues," he comments.

Dr. Hero introduces grounds for some optimism for the future when he points out that the region as a whole is better informed about international affairs than ever before, even though it still ranks well below other sections. "The small minority who read serious analyses of world affairs in books, critical magazines, and the best national newspapers has multiplied since 1945." Most of the improvement has to be credited to the increasing centralization of communications media which has made it impossible for the South to avoid exposure to national viewpoints.

Dr. Hero's study is based on observations made during the height of racist reaction in the South, and it is published at the apex of the Negro political revolution in the South. All of us can hope among the many healthy by-products of that revolution will be southern leadership in the field of foreign affairs freed from the heavy burden of racism.

—FRANK E. SMITH

Anna Arnold Hedgeman, *The Trumpet Sounds: A Memoir of Negro Leadership*. Holt, Rinehart & Winston (1965), 202 pp., $4.95.

For four decades she labored in her own quiet way, hoping and never really expecting the trumpet to sound. She must have thought often of the words of the spiritual that she chose to open her autobiographical sketch: "My Lord, He calls me / He calls me by the thunder. / The trumpet sounds / Within-a my soul." In her closing paragraphs she expresses her gratitude for the thunder of the angry voices, the thunder from the pickets and the jails. It is being answered at last by the sound of the trumpet "within the souls of some white men." With deliberation she chose that word "some," and adds that our "protesters and our rebels must continue their thunder."

No Negro leader could have more authentic credentials as a "moderate" than Mrs. Hedgeman, qualifications to give weight to her expression of appreciation to the militants and her call for more thunder. I do not mean to use the word "moderate" in a derogatory sense; I can explain it best by saying that after a career of thirty years of teaching, social work, and big city politics, Mrs. Hedgeman was deemed acceptable for appointment to Robert F. Wagner's initial City Hall staff in 1953. We are not told very much about the five years she managed to survive in the job, but the detailed story of the intrigues and events that preceded the phone call she received at 11:15 p.m., the night before his first inauguration is most instructive.

"Ann, I have just come out of a huddle with the Mayor and Carmine [DeSapio]," the caller said. "The Mayor wants you at City Hall tomorrow at noon to be sworn in as one of his assistants." The next day she played it safe: she called the Negro press to be present at her swearing-in, but not her young nieces. She was not being too cautious. Although she did get to raise her right hand, she was pointedly invited the next day by the Mayor's new Police Commissioner, (later a "reformer") to join his department in some capacity. The message was underlined when she found on her arrival at City Hall on the first business day of the new administration that she had no desk, and the Mayor was too busy to see her. One can more readily understand her insistence, in the face of such exploitation, on getting started in the job, than her holding it for five years amidst what she describes as "a collection of cynical individuals fighting each other in many subtle ways." With gentle understatement she sums up her Mayor: "He did not take vigorous leadership or come to the aid of the tenants in whom he periodically expressed special interest. Individuals were as cynically ignored as were the tenants of the city."

It is for the reader to conclude, if he wishes, that politics in the United States, especially Northern urban politics, as presently structured, offers little hope of escape from the trap of the ghetto.

How to escape from the accumulated handicaps of the past? We will not find answer or clues in Mrs. Hedgeman's story, although we will find an abundance of evidence as to the character of the problem. With a directness of statement and wealth of anecdotal detail, sometimes with a laconic wit one envies, she portrays what has to be overcome. "As executive of the YMCA Negro Branch in Springfield [Ohio], I was much in demand for lectures on race relations, but I found such lectures difficult, for there were no relations."

She bore two crosses, for she was a woman as well as a Negro. She pointedly reminds us that the woman's rights revolution is far from being won, that enslaving prejudices persist that are as unchallenged as the use of that unconsciously self-revealing and deadly phrase, "white neighborhoods." Not merely the crusty dislike of older politicians for women in action; not only the completely accepted segregation of the "Woman's Division" in the campaign plans of any candidate: Even in the planning of the program for the 1963 March on Washington the six "rights" leaders blandly omitted to have a woman speaker. Mrs. Hedgeman (whose major assignment was to deliver 30,000 white Protestants) was obliged to take the floor, a week before the meeting at the Monument, to fight for the rights of her sex. She did not win full equality but Daisy Bates was asked to say a few words. We are a nation of unfinished revolutions.

As one rereads the book, one encounters new details and comes to appreciate what a fine social history this type of biography furnishes, how it makes up for the congenital habit of the trained historian to sweep race problems under the rug. Mrs. Hedgeman's glimpses of the experience of World War II are haunting—the fight for FEPC, the segregation in Civilian Defense, the throwing away of Negro blood. A recent popular monograph on World War II's experience omitted all these, even omitted the word "Negro" in the index; the omissions were ignored by the eminent Princetonian who reviewed it for the *Times*.

In one respect Mrs. Hedgeman is by no means moderate: that is in dealing with the sins of the church, the "white" church. It is a puzzling moment, this period of the "beginning of a new quality of experience in the lives of white people." To realize it fully they must be made to understand in all its horror what her Turkish guest meant in the thirties: "I came to America almost a Christian. I return to Turkey proudly a pagan."

—HOWARD N. MEYER

J. V. Langmead Casserley, *Toward a Theology of History*. Holt, Rinehart and Winston (1965), 238 pp., $6.

Ask a friend to name two historians, and, in all probability, one will be Arnold Toynbee. Despite his reputation with the public at large, however, Toynbee has not enjoyed a corresponding place of honor among professional historians in America. This is not a matter of professional jealousy, as one might suspect, but rather the reflection of a philosophical dispute among historians. Toynbee seeks generalizations to assist in interpretation of particular events while the great majority of his fellow historians zealously avoid the use of overt generalizations in their work.

American historians from Edward Channing to Allan Nevins have been generally wary of evidencing philosophies of history, especially since the late half of the 19th century, when the great scientific historians of Germany became their mentors. The result has been a discipline dominated by a devotion to empiricism and characterized by a predominantly secular spirit.

J. V. Langmead Casserley has written *Toward a Theology of History* in the hope of counteracting these tendencies. A respected theologian in the Episcopal communion, he has set out to articulate a systematic philosophy of history based on his stoutly orthodox theological position. He has attempted to justify the historical enterprize by suggesting that Toynbee's approach parallels the mode of interpretation of history normative in the primitive church. Toynbee is honored for his methodology, but Casserley finds him to be a too-timid metaphysician and soon passes to the task of exploring the philosophical implications of a set of generalizations which turn out to be the fundamental propositions of a painfully orthodox theology.

For him human history is essentially the story of fallen man unsuccessfully pursuing one false goal after another until eventually all such futile attempts will be abandoned and the Kingdom of God ushered in. The historian is to be guided by revelation to interpret all human events, identifying in some transcendent events the source of meaning in all history. Interestingly enough, the book takes on a decidedly homiletical tone when the discussion turns to eschatology. Caught up in the possibility, even the probability, of a nuclear disaster, Mr. Casserley seems to be trying to prepare Christians for the sudden end of life. The book concludes with the "last split second before the bomb falls."

Unfortunately, many of the really significant developments in the field of theology in the past fifty years have been abruptly dismissed. Rudolph Bultmann, who might have guided the author to a more credible interpretation of the Fall is treated as an apostate; even neo-orthodoxy is not considered orthodox enough. Mr. Casserley also dislikes existentialism, but his most curious attack is upon contemporary biblical criticism. When all of these positions have been discredited, one is left with rigid dogmatics. In a characteristic phrase, Casserley insists that "the only alternative to this light is darkness."

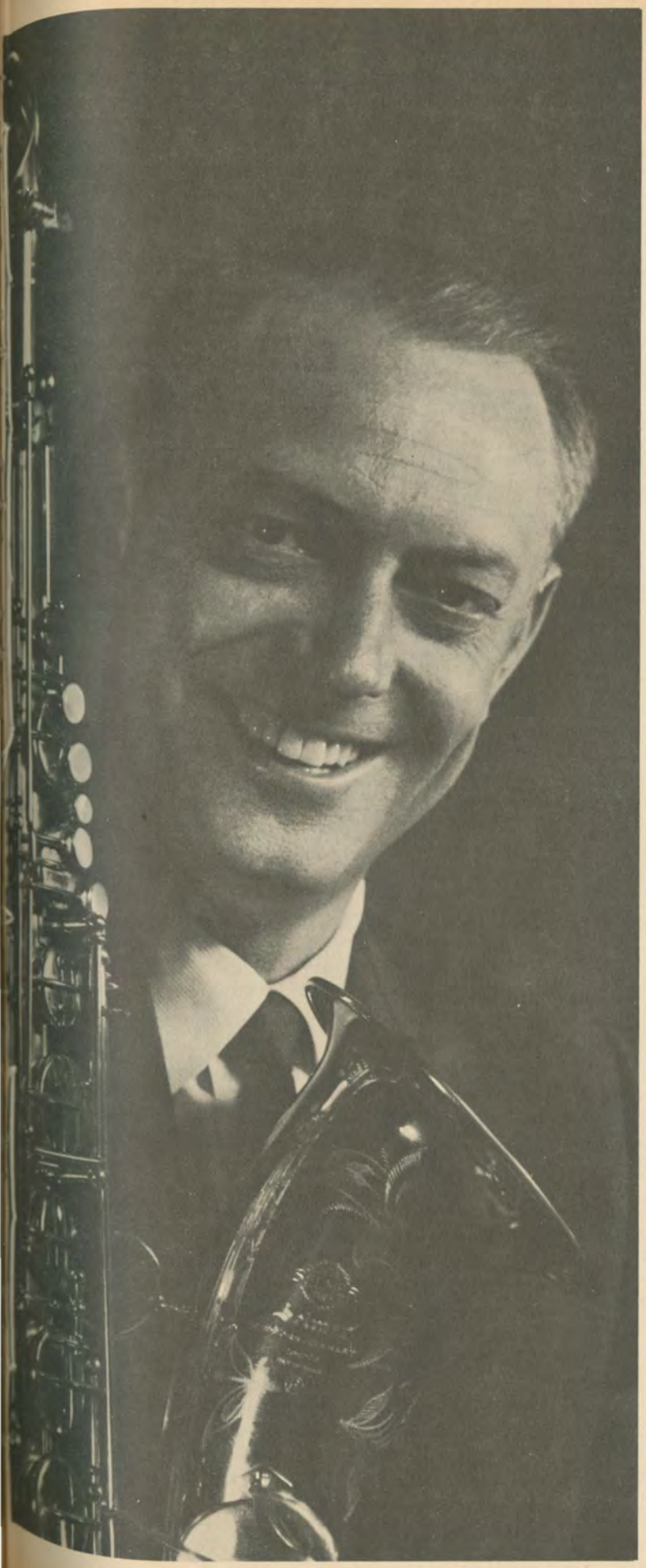
His golden age is that of Augustine, and, in a sense, *Toward a Theology of History* is a plea for a return to a fifth century historical, philosophical, and theological perspective. The history he would have us write would be for the instruction and encouragement of the faithful, much as the Venerable Bede wrote in the eighth century in the hope that the reader will be "the more earnestly excited to perform those things which he knows to be good and worthy of God."

It is unlikely that many historians today will be attracted to a pre-reformation theological position eventuating in this concept of the role of history. On the other hand, the attempt to defend a metaphysical position from the inroads of positivism is certainly a worthy enterprize. Mr. Casserley would have done well, however, to have taken account of recent developments in the field of history along these very lines. The Social Science Research Council Bulletin #54, published as long ago as 1946, revealed a lively dialogue among historians on the matter of theory of history. There has been considerable interest in the speculative side of the discipline in recent years though the positivistic influence is still dominant. It would still be a very long jump from the speculative systems of even the more adventurous historians to the theological system outlined by Casserley.

This difficulty is most evident in the centrality of Casserley's concept of revelation. Revelation is defined as "divinely initiated event plus divinely guided interpretation" and the goal of the book is "the relation of this way of conceiving revelation to the philosophy of history." The success of the study, then, really depends on establishing a solid case for divine activity both in the event and in the interpretation. The first is stated *a priori* and will probably be accepted or rejected according to the faith-position of the reader. Even the convinced Christian, however, may be dubious of the ability of men to distinguish God's activity in specific events, with or without divine assistance. (This is essentially the position of Arnold Toynbee.) Mr. Casserley fails to build a convincing defense for his second proposition. The assertion that revelation is distinguished through faith, guided by the Holy Spirit and verified through the experience of the church hardly sheds new light on the problem. Nor does the discussion of epistemology, expressing the view that "Platonism as baptized by St. Augustine still holds the field." Toynbee has been accused of forcing the facts to fit his *a priori* systems, and it would appear that the Casserley approach would invite the same danger, in fact would almost guarantee it, for lack of an adequate means of distinguishing revelatory events from any others.

It has been suggested that since the philosophers have generally given up speculative thought and are no longer raising the "big questions" relative to human existence, the theologian is the logical man to fill the vacancy. Reinhold Neibuhr, for one, has certainly made important contributions in this field. Professor Casserley has added a thoughtful analysis from a specific theological point of view and we hope that his efforts will encourage other theologians to address themselves to the same task.

—ROBERT N. PETERS



MLP 8002, Stereo SLP 18002. Yakety Sax, Walk Right In, Cotton Fields, Cacklin' Sax, I Can't Stop Loving You, and seven more.

MLP 8015, Stereo SLP 18015. Jazz hits, such as Gravy Waltz, Billy's Bounce, Harlem Nocturne, Black Chiffon.

MLP 8037, Stereo SLP 18037. Boots Randolph Plays More Yakety Sax: Last Date, He'll Have to Go, You Don't Know Me, Waterloo, The Race is On, and others.

If Daniel Boone had played saxophone, he would have sounded like Boots Randolph.

The man who created *Yakety Sax* is a curious blend of the most exciting elements in American music.

Says a jazz critic: "Boots Randolph plays long, convoluted urgent patterns both intellectual and intense."

Says a country musician: "Boots is downhome simple."

Says a straight-A Bennington girl: "One minute I'm listening passionately; the next I'm dancing like wild."

We can't think of many other instrumentalists who give you so much for your money. If you turn the volume down, Boots is a musicologist's enigma: a strange and cerebral marriage of mainstream jazz to mountain creek soul. If you turn the volume up, you've got the makings of a frantic party.

monument is artistry

VAN A. HARVEY is professor of Philosophical Theology at Perkins School of Theology, SMU.

HUGH HEFNER is an inescapable enigma on the American scene. Owner and entrepreneur of things like keys, bunnies and magazines, he also claims to have some important "keys to identity and self-knowledge."

HARVEY COX has become a virtual tiger in Protestantism's depleted tank of cultural self-understanding. His recent book, *The Secular City,* grates on the complacent nerve of institutionalized Christianity.

JOHN LEE SMITH is far more than the anonymous "moderator" of the Hefner-Cox discussion. As a director of the Cornell University United Religious Work, he was a prime catalyst in facilitating this discussion.

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON teaches at LSU. His first novel, *And Wait for the Night,* was published by Putnam; "Dr. Aorta" is a section of his new novel, to be published soon. Although Corrington insists that this story is "worse than obscene" we think it is obscene in the true sense—concerned with the condition of man *in extremis,* and therefore cathartic.

ERLING JORSTAD is especially interested in American religious thought and the breadth of his interest is reflected in this first contribution of his to *motive.* He is associate professor of history at St. Olaf College in Minnesota.

ROBERT L. WHITE finished his article hours before departing for Finland, where he is a Fulbright lecturer at the University of Turku. He is an assistant professor of English at the University of Kentucky.

RICHARD N. BENDER is Director of Religion in Higher Education for the Division of Higher Education of The Methodist Church.

FRANCOIS BUCHER teaches in the department of art and archaeology at Princeton University.

JIM MAGNUSON says he's "not using an M.A. in English from the University of Wisconsin by working for the New York Welfare Department."

BOOK REVIEWERS in this issue include **JOHN UPDIKE,** whose new novel, *Of the Farm,* will be published this month by Knopf; **FRANK E. SMITH,** a former Mississippi Congressman, is director of the T.V.A.; **HOWARD N. MEYER,** former assistant to the U.S. Attorney General, is the author of *Let Us Have Peace,* a revealing biography of Ulysses S. Grant recently published by Macmillan; **ROBERT N. PETERS** is back to the research and writing of a Ph.D. dissertation in history at the University of Washington after a Utah summer of stringing fences and tending horses.

POETS for November include **MICHELE MURRAY** who lives in Washington, and is otherwise an enigma. But the clarity and power of her work defeat the fear she expresses in another poem she sent: "my gift: some few of my words to you/ah you did not understand . . ."; **JAMES M. NEYLON,** who lives in Springfield, Mass., most recently appeared in *Epos;* **SUZANNE GROSS** is poet-in-residence at St. Nobert College. The *Beloit Poetry Journal* devoted its entire Spring 1965 issue to her outstanding work; **MILLER WILLIAMS** teaches and writes at LSU, and is a frequent contributor to **motive.** His collection, *A Circle of Stone,* appeared last year; **ANSELM ATKINS** is in the Monastery of the Holy Ghost in Conyers, Georgia—an enthusiastic community of *motive* readers!; **RONN SPARGUR** is a public relations consultant in Denver. His work most recently appeared in the *Christian Century.*

With the exception of two newcomers, this issue is a testimony to the consummate friendship of *motive* artists. They continue to share their perception and skills with us. **ROBERT F. McGOVERN** incorporates an infectious joy and fervor in his drawings, which originate in his Philadelphia studio and emanate widely via *motive* and several Catholic publications. **ELIZABETH EDDY**'s powerful biblical imagery is skillfully expressed in the woodcuts which she sends regularly from Chicago. **CRANE** cartoons and *motive* are virtually synonymous. Many of his earlier contributions have just been assembled by John Knox Press in a lively volume, *On Edge.* The response has been so appreciative that two more books of cartoons are now on the drawing board. **ALGIMANTAS KEZYS, S. J.,** perceives meaning and form in the "ordinary" events and scenes which surround us. He sees the universal underneath the specific, yet clothes the universal with unique individuality. **ROBERT REGIER** is reversing roles again. Having just completed graduate study at Ohio State, he is now head of the art department at Bethel College in Kansas. **ED WALLOWITCH** is now doing final editing of photographs which he took this summer in Appalachia for a new book on that area. All of his work is so imaginative and stimulating that it is difficult each month to select and limit just the right Wallowitch print for that issue. **OTIS HUBAND** is back to teaching in his native Virginia after a two-year feast on painting and print-making in Italy. The two newcomers this month reflect the exciting diversity of *motive* art. **RICHARD KOZLOW** is a skilled, professional artist from Detroit whose work is seen regularly at the Arvin Gallery there. The drawings selected for this issue are reprinted from an agonizingly beautiful book, *Man's Inhumanity to Man.* This signed, limited edition is a haunting journey into the labyrinth of man's existence. **ERIK SCOTT** is an eighteen-year-old student at the University of South Florida. His woodcuts are fresh and uncontrived, and seem to be a spontaneous response to the excitement of new ideas and opportunities. We are indebted to our faithful contributors and newcomers like **KOZLOW** and **SCOTT** for the visual vitality of *motive.*

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF OCTOBER 23, 1962; SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE.

Of **motive,** published monthly, October through May, at Nashville, Tennessee, for October 1, 1965.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher: The Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church, Nashville, Tennessee; Editor: B. J. Stiles, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee; Managing Editor: Ron Henderson, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.)

The Board of Education of The Methodist Church, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities (If there are none, so state).

There are none.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear under the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 2 and 3 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 per cent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

5. Circulation:

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 months	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total No. Copies Printed	33,289	32,190
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	661	436
2. Mail Subscriptions	26,227	27,618
C. Total Paid Circulation	26,888	28,054
D. Free Distribution	6,051	3,786
E. Total Distribution	32,939	31,840
F. Office use, Left-Over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	350	350
G. Total	33,289	32,190

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

B. J. STILES, Editor

PHOTOGRAPH: ALGIMANTAS KEZYS, S. J.

THE REAL STORY OF CINDERELLA

Cinderella lived a terrible life. Her stepmother hated her. She had two evil stepsisters who constantly tormented her. One sister would crack her knuckles, and the other would spit at the cat when no one was looking. Cinderella had to do all the dirty work in the house: clean the chimney, wash the floors, empty the garbage . . . and wash the cat. Her sisters would go out every night, whooping it up in their mean and vulgar way. Poor Cinderella would sit alone at home and weep and say, "Oh, if there were only something, someone I could talk to openly and freely, who would accept me for what I really am . . . and would wash the cat." This was Cinderella's life for many years.

Then one day an old grammar school friend who was now going to the local college drove by and stopped for a little chat. Cinderella poured her heart out to her sympathetic friend. When she finished talking, the friend leaned over to her and said, "What you need is something, someone you can talk to openly and freely, who would accept you for what you really are . . . and who would wash this disgusting cat! What you need is COMMUNITY."

Said Cinderella: "I never thought of THAT."

Then her friend told her all about the marvelous castle that was just the other side of the freeway, where three evenings a week some of the really aware and sensitive kids met to experience this Community.

That night, when her stepmother and stepsisters had gone to bed early to sleep off the hangover from the night before, Cinderella slipped outside and into her friend's little Volkswagen (a modest, yet sensitive car). When they arrived at the castle Cinderella was overjoyed to find that everyone greeted her with real sincerity and warmth. Her friend introduced her to the Prince. He wasn't overly muscular or athletic-looking, but by the lines on his face she could tell that he had been through many things and could empathize with people in a down-to-earth way. Almost immediately she could open up and enter into fellowship with him. The hours flew by like minutes as Cinderella experienced the first real dialogue in her short and difficult life.

Finally, as they stood on the balcony, Cinderella was able to stand up and say, "I feel truly accepted."

"Really?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "I want to love, to give, so much."

"Really?" he said.

"Yes," she said.

And as the clock struck twelve, the Prince took off his wig, pulled out his false teeth and, with tears in his eyes, he puckered up his lips.

"Oh, insensitive manipulator!" she cried and turned away from him. But blocking the doorway were her ugly stepsisters and her stepmother, their eyes bleary with drink and their arms outstretched.

Cinderella leaped over the balcony and climbed down by the vines. And to this very day, she sits at home every night, crying in her corner, "Oh, if there were only something, someone who I could talk to openly and freely, who would accept me as I really am . . . and who would wash the cat."

And every night her stepsisters and her stepmother go out on the town, whooping it up in their mean and vulgar way.

—JIM MAGNUSON

ON SEPARATING HOPES FROM ILLUSIONS

Reflections on the Future of the Ministry

BY VAN A. HARVEY

BISHOP J. A. T. Robinson, speaking in Dallas last spring, developed the implications of what he has called "The New Reformation" for the institutional church. His basic premise was that the task of the church is not to gather Christians out of the world but to help them live in mission in the world. Then he drew two conclusions. The first was that we ought to deplore the large bureaucracy we now call the church. We ought to dismantle those large cathedrals which consume so much capital which could more profitably be spent elsewhere. The second was that the church of the future must be oriented to the laity. The church should look to new forms of community, to the factory and house church, for example, and should develop a non-professional lay ministry. We should remember, he suggested, that Paul did not make his living as a missionary but worked as a tent-maker while ministering to the people.

Robinson stated his case with the simplicity and power we have come to expect of him. More than any other modern churchman, perhaps, he is able to dramatize the question of relevance. Nevertheless, there was a note in his lectures that was disturbing—his tendency to romanticize the factory and house church while deprecating large, bureaucratic organizations, his tendency to elevate the laity while deprecating the professional who takes a salary (he habitually uses the word "professionalism" pejoratively).

There is a certain validity in Robinson's horror of professionalism. We all know about the ingrown character of much Christianity, the enormous energies expended on getting members and keeping our "plants" in physical repair. We have all been disgusted at the irrelevance of so much "churchiness," the dissipation of energies in political bickering and ecclesiastical gossip. But does this imply a rejection of professionalism, a dismantling of the organizational machinery and a return to the image of a little band of Christians huddled together in a house church?

Or could it be argued that in a highly technological society in which all of the major institutions are becoming highly rationalized that the church requires not a less but a *more* professionalized ministry? Is it possible that we need a clergy second to none in expertise? A clergy which is aware of the opportunities and limitations of institutional power? A hierarchy that is as wise as a serpent in the training and placing of its representatives? If the mission of the church is to permeate and mold the institutions of the world, then it could be said that a more devastating criticism of the church is not that it is professional but that it is not professional enough; that it is ingrown, mediocre, concerned with the wrong things, unwise in its allocation of resources and naive in its conception of the problems of modern man. In short, that it is amateur.

This is a corrected reprint of an article published in the November, 1965 issue of motive. *The published article was a badly garbled version of Dr. Van Harvey's original essay. A profuse apology to the author from the editors (whose edited version never reached the author for final approval), the art director (who unintentionally rearranged the paragraphs) and the whole army of gremlins who engineered this disastrous incident.*

—the editors

There is, I believe, something primitive, something romantic, in Robinson's appeal to Paul the tent-maker as a model for the twentieth-century minister. What we need is a highly skilled, trained, intelligent, articulate professional class which is in contact with the world and its centers of power. We need a clergy that knows the world better than the world knows itself and that is able, therefore, to interpret this world so that Christians may be at home in it, act in it, love it, and take responsibility for it. And it is just because we do not have such a conception of the clergy that it is increasingly being regarded by the most thoughtful and idealistic young people as a vocation unworthy of their aspirations and abilities. They believe it is neither a demanding nor an influential means of service in the modern world.

THIS rejection of the ministry as a vocation constitutes one of the "signs of the times" which the church cannot afford to ignore. There is increasing evidence that the most intelligent and best-informed of our young men no longer consider the ministry as a live option for service in the modern world. The ministry does not challenge them; indeed, if they are Christians, they believe that there are far more significant ways in which they can serve in the Kingdom of God. As a result, enrollments in our seminaries have been declining almost precisely in inverse ratio to the nation's increasing population.

When I came to Perkins School of Theology seven years ago, I was told that in five or six years its student body would probably approximate five hundred students. We anticipated an entering class each year of approximately one hundred and fifty. This expectation was dangerously wrong. The enrollments are steadily decreasing and it is not unreasonable to predict that in the next five years the entering class will level out at seventy-five or less. Moreover, many of these will never enter the parish ministry. Nor is Perkins an exceptional case. The same fear is being voiced by other seminaries around the nation. College deans report that there is less interest in pre-theological training now than at any time in their memory.

I suppose it would be a kind of comfort, although a strange one, if we could assume that this trend is but a manifestation of the materialism and the lack of idealism of the younger generation. We could then argue that the fault lies not in ourselves but in the secularism of our culture. But that excuse will not bear much inspection. As Bishop Dwight Loder has pointed out, at the same time there is a decrease in interest in the parish ministry, the Peace Corps is receiving at least five hundred inquiries a week and is having to turn away qualified and eager candidates. It is not materialism or a lack of idealism which explains disinterest in the ministry. It suggests that idealists do not find a legitimate vehicle for their idealism in the institutional church, and anyone who has talked very seriously with undergraduates can confirm this suspicion—these most intelligent and idealistic of Christians believe that the church of Jesus Christ is the last place where they could expect to cast their weight on behalf of the conception of reality for which He died.

Nor can we explain the dearth of interest in the ministry in terms of a general lack of intellectual interest in religion and theology. There has probably never been a time in our educational history when theological instruction of a sophisticated sort was available to more people and to college students than now. College departments of religion are flourishing throughout the nation, and even the great state universities are beginning to respond to student and faculty demand. But there has been a proportionate decrease in the number of those who want to identify themselves professionally with religious institutions. The more theology one learns, it seems, the more one does not want to be identified with the institutional church.

What are the reasons for this curious paradox? There are doubtless many and, lacking any precise data, all of them sound more or less reasonable. My own hypothesis (I recognize that it is somewhat oversimplified) is that it is becoming apparent to the best of our young men that the ministry does not make any real professional demands upon them. As a profession, it does not consume their creative energies of intellect, courage and imagination. When one compares the opportunities for service and self-realization with other professions, like science, teaching, clinical psychology, law, governmental service, the parish ministry as it is now commonly regarded requires no particular expertise at all. It is, to put it quite bluntly, a profession for 'under-achievers,' men who could not really excel in the truly professional professions.

UNFORTUNATELY, the church (and here I include the seminaries) is itself to blame for this tarnished image of the ministry. And The Methodist Church has done as much as any denomination to foster it. We have done it in a number of ways. We have virtually announced to one and all that it really does not take much skill to become a minister, that all it requires is a warm heart and a warm hand, a calling, a spirit of dedication. Have these, and one can get through. We do this, for example, by licensing young men to preach while they are still in college, or by giving them churches while they are still in seminary. We say, in effect, that one does not really need training to be a minister, although it is a good thing to have it for advancement. We say that a high school graduate, or a person with two years of college, or a businessman who has been converted, is perfectly able to handle the chores of the parish ministry. And yet we know that the newspapers and parents of children would rise up in arms if practice were indulged in by any other profession; if, for example, we were to allow school teachers without any training to teach schools while they were learning, or law stu-

dents to practice law, or medical students to practice medicine, or psychiatric students to practice psychiatry, or students in social work to practice welfare. And if you say that these professions really cannot be compared with the ministry, then I would like to know why. Is it true that there is no expertise essential to the clergyman, no knowledge he must have lacking which it is criminal to let him loose on the populace? No, the church does not take its own ministry seriously as a profession—and not taking it seriously, it tells all those contemplating it as a profession that what they will be expected to do can be done as well by a supply pastor or by a well-intentioned college student who has 'felt the call.'

The church has fostered this feeling also by not taking theological training in the modern world seriously. We have continued to establish third- and fourth-rate seminaries without proximity or relation to the already existing great centers of higher education in this country. While most of the academic talent and resources are flowing to the state universities and to the large private universities, we have in effect declared that one can train the ministry in our time without exposing them to the dialogue with the great issues going on in these places. So we have our quiet little denominational enclaves of genteel learning in which we foster just that provincial view of the church and its past that might have been radically challenged in the dialogue with secular learning.

There is surely some relation between these two failures and another fact: on the whole, the kind of men who rise professionally to the top are undistinguished men. These men lack an understanding of the real structures of our society or its problems and they have no theological perspective on them. It is not that they are stupid or ineffective men; it is that they do not command respect from the nation. They are not men to whom, when they speak, one feels he must listen because they will inevitably have an authentic, responsible word. This lesson is surely not lost on a man considering the parish ministry as a vocation.

The churches have not taken seriously the high calling of the ministry, high not in the sense of being 'holy,' but high in the sense that it is a vocation which demands all the intellectual skills, imagination and abilities a man can muster. No one should think of entering it unless he is equipped to the teeth.

This profession is demanding just because it deals with matters of life and death. Far more, say, than the teaching profession, which so many want to enter, the pastorate calls not only for a man of learning but for a man of action. And since this is true, those who love the church should be just those who carefully stand guard over its standards. They should be as concerned as lawyers are with protections against malpractice, as conscious as teachers are of standards in the schools, as zealous as medical doctors are in protecting the quality of the profession. For the ministry is a profession, with professional skills, and it differs from other professions only in that it has to do continually and creatively with the basic issues of life and death.

But as soon as I say it that way, I see that we do not really believe it. Very few really believe that the ministry is that important. And yet that is the crux of the matter, whether or not this is true—that we deal with matters of life and death—and whether or not we are going to act as if it were true. No one has articulated this vision more powerfully, I think, than Reinhold Niebuhr in his little diary which was published under the title *Leaves From the Notebook of a Tamed Cynic*. And since Niebuhr writes far more eloquently than I do, permit me to quote a passage from that book:

> A very sophisticated young man assured me in our discussion today (student discussion at a middle western university) that no intelligent person would enter the ministry today. He was sure that the ministry was impossible as a vocation not only because too many irrationalities were still enmeshed with religion but also because there was no real opportunity for usefulness in the church. I tried to enlighten this sophomoric wise man.
>
> Granted all the weaknesses of the church and the limitations of the ministry as a profession, where can one invest one's life where it can be made more effective in as many directions?
>
> You can deal with children and young people and help them to set their life goals and organize their personalities around just and reasonable values.
>
> You can help the imperiled family shape the standards and the values by which the institution of family life may be saved and adjusted to the new conditions of an industrial civilization.
>
> You can awaken a complacent civilization to the injustices which modern industrialism is developing. While ministers fail most at this point there is nothing to prevent a courageous man from making a real contribution to his society in this field.
>
> You can soften the asperities of racial conflict and aid the various groups of a polyglot to understand one another and themselves.
>
> You can direct the thoughts and the hopes of men to those facts and those truths which mitigate the cruelty of the natural world and give men the opportunity to assert the dignity of human life in the face of the contempt of nature. You can help them to shape and to direct their hopes and aspirations until their lives are determined and molded by the ideal objects of their devotion. While it is true that magic and superstition are still entwined, seemingly inextricably intertwined, with the highest hopes and assurances of mankind, you may find real joy as a skillful craftsman in separating hopes from illusions so that the one need not perish with the other.
>
> Here is a task which requires the knowledge of a social scientist and the insight and imagination of a poet, the executive talents of a businessman and the mental discipline of a philosopher. Of course none of us meets all the demands made upon us. It is not easy to be all things to all men. Perhaps that is why people are so critical of us. Our task is not specific enough to make a high degree of skill possible or to result in tangible and easily measured results. People can find fault with us easily enough and we have no statistics to overawe them and to negate their criticisms.

Where, indeed, can a man invest his life effectively in so many directions? That is what we need to hear from our recruiters and demand in our churches—a call to imagination

and idealism. But that call will be hollow unless together with it comes the challenge to accept the rigors, the sacrifices, which justify appealing to idealism. For the needs of man in the modern world are so complex that all of the dedication in the world will, without understanding, knowledge, and skill, lead only to misguided and impotent action. The children of light must have the wisdom of the children of darkness.

How can one, for example, help imperiled families shape the standards and values by which family life can be saved unless he understands what has happened to the male figure in American society in the last half century and how this, in turn, reflects the changing demands and expectations for success in our culture? Or unless he understands how the increased emancipation and education of women has led to a dissatisfaction with their roles as wives and mothers? For just at that time in our culture in which the woman has had to assume the role of both father and mother in relation to the children, she has become so educated that her own expectations do not permit her to be content with that role. Who, if not the minister, will be able to speak to this crisis? And how can he do it unless he is armed with a professional competence and authority he does not now have?

OR consider the role of the ministry in softening the asperities of racial conflict and of aiding the various groups of a polyglot city to understand one another and themselves. How can a minister do this if he does not even understand the basic rudiments of his own sad sociological condition, the fact that he is the spokesman of white middle class America and its values? All the warm, sincere hearts in the world will not be able to act wisely in this situation without some deeper awareness of what is afoot. What greater proof of this do we need than the ministerial responses to the racial crises that have wracked this nation? The religious banalities, the sermons on reconciliation and "love" emanating from our most prestigious pulpits and printed in our newspapers reflect an abysmal ignorance of the dynamics of the racial struggle in our times, not to mention an ignorance of the Gospel which might illumine the bondage of so much of our white clergy. Some day these sermons will provide illustration material for some of the more dismal chapters in American church history.

Or consider the role of the clergy in separating hopes from illusions, so that one need not perish with the other. Actually, this is not one role alongside others; it is that role which overarches and makes sense of all the others. For this is the mission of the church: to distinguish the real from the unreal, the hope from the illusion entangled with the hope. The minister in our time is called to be an interpreter, an illuminator of the meaning of this life in relation to the will of God who orders, sustains, and judges us all. Unless we take this challenge with greater seriousness than we hitherto have, men will continue to pass this profession by for those other professions where the standards are equally as high and the sacrifices of time and resources as great.

motive Magazine
P.O. Box 871
Nashville, Tenn. 37202

Non Profit Organization
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Nashville, Tennessee
Permit No. 145