

MOTIVE

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MOTIVE

CONTENTS

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- 1 Photograph, EDWARD WALLOWITCH
- 2 **ART IS A MATTER OF GUTS** Editorial, B. J. STILES
- 4 **THE TIME OF THE END IS THE TIME OF NO ROOM** THOMAS MERTON
- 10 Photograph, MARTIN DWORKIN
- 11 **SCHERZO FOR TRUMPET AND ACCORDION** *poem*, BEN HOWARD
- 12 **THE GIFT OF CHAOS** ANNA ARNOLD HEDGEMAN
- 16 **THE GUEST HOUSE** fiction, JOHN KUEHL
- 21 **SISTER MARY CORITA, I.H.M.** MARGARET RIGG
- 39 **THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: THE RESULT OF FORTY YEARS OF BUNGLING** BUDDY R. SALYER
- 42 Lithograph, BOYD SANDERS
- 43 **CHAOS IN SCIENCE** AMITAI ETZIONI
- 46 **TWO RITUALS** *poem*, DUANE LOCKE
- 47 **A DRAMA WITHIN THE DRAMA, A PLAY OUTSIDE THE PLAY** MALCOLM BOYD
- 50 **LIKE MAYANS, LORDS OF TIME** *poem*, SAM BRADLEY
- 51 **BOOKS**
- 55 **IN IMAGIO DEI: FIAT LUX** *poem*, ROD H. JELLEMA
- 56 **TALKING THROUGH CHAUCER'S HAT** *poem*, J. EDGAR SIMMONS
- 56 **CONTRIBUTORS**
- COVER 3: **VISION** Etching, THOMAS HAMMOND
- COVER 4: **HE PAINTS A BULL THAT IS ALMOST A DRAGON** fable, ROGER ORTMAYER
- FRONT COVER: DERLI BARROSO is a Brazilian artist who has served as art editor for *Cruz de Malta* (a Brazilian equivalent to *motive*)



PHOTO: WALLOWITCH

ART IS A MATTER OF

TWO letters came recently which speak eloquently of the impact of *motive*. The first letter was from Africa. It brought the anguishing news that a young missionary friend had died unexpectedly. She was one of those "indispensable" people who found life by giving it to others.

In addition to telling of her death, Margaret's husband asked for some reprints of art which had appeared in *motive*. His request was forwarded to the artist, and this precipitated the second letter.

The artist wrote:

"I knew Margaret well—twenty years ago. I don't think I've seen her or heard from her since student days. That her husband should be ordering reproductions of my drawings in the eloquence of new grief is a jolt for me. Art is a game for the professionals. A sometimes joyous but usually cynical, arbitrary, even vicious game that everyone who would be 'in' is expected to play.

"The only people taking art seriously are the 'little' people who are too far 'out' to know what is 'in'. It's these people who keep writing to me—and keep me continually off balance.

"Yesterday I read the review of a show by two local artists, and the statements from them for the occasion. My immediate reaction was: 'I want out!' If this is art, how can I teach it and keep any sense of personal integrity? My only hope is to hide and work in secret.

"Basically art is a matter of guts and the life I live. I didn't learn about art from professors and art books.

They still don't impress me. Unless art springs from the basic nature and needs of the individual it isn't worth being my life focus. But my nature seems to demand that I curl with myself in some congenial corner, rather than write manifestoes or challenge the institution.

"As a teacher or lecturer or juror I find I must 'be professional' and defend the things that torment me privately. The annoying product of this posturing is that I become impressed by my own manufactured arguments. (I'm convinced that if Cezanne had been required to lecture on art or teach courses, someone else would have had to father what came after, because he would have emasculated himself with his lecture-logic.)

"Alas, even *motive* has gone commercial! The vulgar, commercial side of me immediately wonders how this deviation might be exploited. What are your commercial advertising rates? Would you have any special rates for manifestoes and the like?

"I've been much concerned by the intangibility of the support that the church, and even the *motive*-oriented individuals, have expressed in the arts. . . . I'm much concerned by the superficiality of this so-called 'art interest.' Art is something to talk about, have programs on, or if they're really serious, there may be an art festival or a sermon on that topic.

"But to what extent has this 'interest' influenced the new churches being built and furnished? To what extent has art become a positive factor in the life and ritual of the church and its members? Every time I get involved in a church-oriented activity I'm struck by the sterile, aesthetic-poverty of the situation and the individual lives that are revealed. Can the sensual values be depressed without inhibiting the spirit as well?

"Maybe I'm wishing for more art for the guts (if the soul proves too intangibly elusive) rather than condemning and limiting it to the physically superficial intellect.

"But, too many words. . . .

"Getting back to the commercial side, I've been thinking that it might be time to advertise that as artists we're available for serious commissions. Perhaps we might provide a regular clipping service such as some agencies provide: sending folios of art suitable for reproduction at given intervals to subscribing churches, publications, etc.

"Since *motive* has crossed over to the commercial, maybe it would be logical and moderately profitable for you to provide this kind of service, and 'allow' the various church groups to pay for the '*motive* art' they've been stealing for free all these years. I see no reason,

GUTS

if you got into something of this sort, why you couldn't set up a file of artists and put interested groups in touch with artists on a commission basis.

"Any interest?"

The two letters reflect the frequency with which we revere and dismiss the art and artists dealing with gut issues. And the hundreds—literally!—of periodicals, newsletters, bulletins and brochures which contain "motive" art without credit or compensation indicates the prevalent misuse of art. The greater preponderance of trivia and bad design, ranging from curriculum to cathedrals, is an even greater declaration of our inability to "hear" the artists.

We're all too accustomed to living by the standards of the commercial world. Even *motive* pays its printing bills and its rent regularly, but only infrequently (and very inadequately) do we "pay" the writers, artists, poets, and cartoonists. And, despite increased circulation, commercial advertising is required to keep the present "anti-artist" budget balanced.

Many solutions to the injustice and imbalance described by the artist are possible, no one of which is singularly sufficient. But as a meager parry to the onslaught of ersatz art and religion, we encourage the following:

1. A hue and cry against the deluge of cheap (implying inferior quality and value), tawdry, gutless

paraphernalia produced and distributed by the church. (Fill in your own favorite illustration, ranging from bulletin covers to architectural blasphemies.)

2. A commitment to compensation and honest recognition. (Fill in your own amount, ranging from reprint fees to outright commissions.)

3. A revision of our paternalistic, patronizing policies toward artists and art. (Granted, you may be willing to live next door to one but you certainly aren't obligated to marry one.) Frighteningly enough, artists do have some insights as to how the world can be run, but, like emerging nations, they don't take kindly to imperialistic exploitation.

4. An openness to experimentation and daring creativity. (Since these qualities are so synonymous with the conditions of the modern world, what further documentation or justification is needed to underscore the necessity for this commitment?)

5. A pervasive search for those "little people" in our communities who care too much for the gut issues of life to be infatuated or misled by the crass, the fake, the superficial.

Many of our readers have asked questions in recent months about how to support the objectives and purposes symbolized by *motive*. These two letters suggest that the answers are to be found in a more tangible recognition of the issues raised by this articulate artist.

—B. J. Stiles

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THE TIME OF



Wane

THE END IS THE TIME OF NO ROOM

By THOMAS MERTON

In its Biblical sense, the expression "the End" does not necessarily mean only "the violent, sudden and bad end." Biblical eschatology must not be confused with the vague and anxious eschatology of human foreboding. We live in an age of two superimposed eschatologies: that of secular anxieties and hopes, and that of revealed fulfilment. Sometimes the first is merely mistaken for the second, sometimes it results from complete denial and despair of the second. In point of fact the pathological *fear of the violent end* which, when sufficiently aroused, actually becomes a thinly disguised *hope for the violent end*, provides something of the climate of confusion and despair in which the more profound hopes of Biblical eschatology are realized—for everyone is forced to confront the *possibility* of the two superimposed eschatologies, and to accept or reject them. And this definitive confrontation is precisely what Biblical eschatology announces to us. In speaking of "the time of the End," we keep in mind both these levels of meaning. But it should be clear that for the author, there is no question of attempting either prognostication or Apocalypse. One may safely suppose that the international events which announce themselves at the time of writing will be quite sufficient to maintain current anxieties about the collapse of what we call civilization. But that is not the point of these lines.

WHEN the perfect and ultimate message, the joy which is *The Great Joy*, explodes silently upon the world, there is no longer any room for sadness. Therefore no circumstance in the Christmas Gospel, however trivial it may seem, is to be left out of *The Great Joy*. In the special and heavenly light which shines around the coming of the Word into the world, all ordinary things are transfigured. In the mystery of Peace which is proclaimed to a world that cannot believe in peace, a world of suspicion, hatred and distrust, even the rejection of the Prince of Peace takes on something of the color and atmosphere of peace.

So there was no room at the inn? True! But that is simply mentioned in passing, in a matter of fact sort

of way, as the Evangelist points to what he really means us to see—the picture of pure peace, pure joy: "She wrapped her first born Son in swaddling clothes and laid him in the manger" (Luke 2:7). By now we know it well, and yet we all might still be questioning it—except that a reason was given for an act that might otherwise have seemed strange: "there was no room for them at the inn." Well, then, they obviously found some other place!

But when we read the Gospels and come to know them thoroughly we realize that there are other reasons why it was necessary that there should be no room at the inn, and why there had to be some other place. In fact, the inn was the last place in the world for the birth of the Lord.

The Evangelists, preparing us for the announcement of the birth of the Lord, remind us that the fulness of time has come. Now is the time of final decision, the time of mercy, the "acceptable time," the time of settlement, the time of the end. It is the time of repentance, the time for the fulfilment of all promises, for the Promised One has come. But with the coming of the end, a great bustle and business begins to shake the nations of the world. The time of the end is the time of massed armies, "wars and rumors of wars," of huge crowds moving this way and that, of "men withering away for fear," of flaming cities and sinking fleets, of smoking lands laid waste, of technicians planning grandiose acts of destruction. The time of the end is the time of the Crowd: and the eschatological message is spoken in a world where, precisely because of the vast indefinite roar of armies on the move and the restlessness of turbulent mobs, the message can

with difficulty be heard. Yet it is heard by those who are aware that the display of power, hubris and destruction is part of the kerygma. That which is to be judged announces itself, introduces itself by its sinister and arrogant claim to absolute power. Thus it is identified, and those who decide in favor of this claim are numbered, marked with the signs of power, aligned with power, and destroyed with it.

Why then was the inn crowded? Because of the census, the eschatological massing of the "whole world" in centers of registration, to be numbered, to be identified with the structure of imperial power. The purpose of the census: to discover those who were to be taxed. To find out those who were eligible for service in the armies of the empire.

The Bible had not been friendly to a census in the days when God was the ruler of Israel (II Samuel 24). The numbering of the people of God by an alien emperor and their full consent to it, was itself an eschatological sign, preparing those who could understand it to meet judgment with repentance. After all, in the Apocalyptic literature of the Bible, this "summoning together" or convocation of the powers of the earth to do battle, is the great sign of "the end." For then "the demon spirits that work wonders go out to the Kings all over the world to muster them for battle on the great Day of God Almighty" (Revelations 16:14). And "the Beast and the Kings of the earth and their armies gathered to make war upon him who was mounted on the horse and on his army" (Revelations 19:19). Then all the birds of prey gather from all sides in response to the angel's cry: "Gather for God's great banquet, and

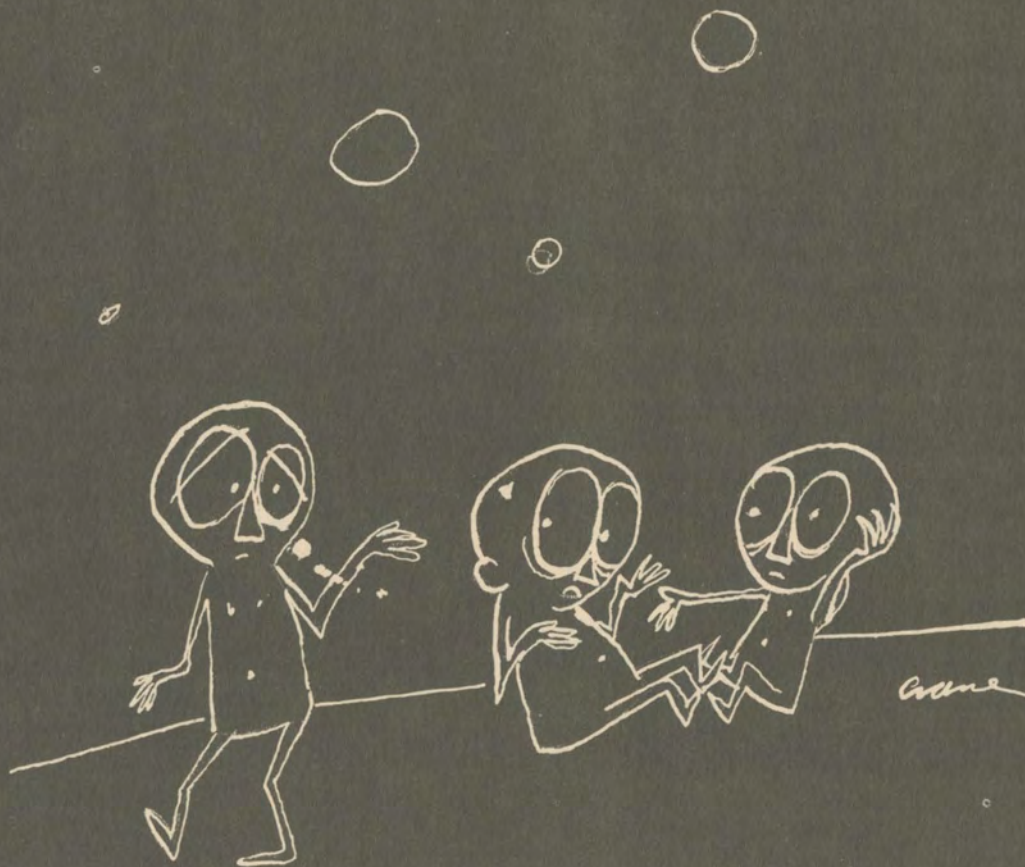
eat the bodies of Kings, commanders and mighty men, of horses and their riders . . ." (Revelations 19:18).

It was therefore impossible that the Word should lose Himself by being born into shapeless and passive mass. He had indeed emptied Himself, taken the form of God's servant, man. But he did not empty Himself to the point of becoming Mass man, faceless man. It was therefore right that there should be no room for him in a crowd that had been called together as an eschatological sign. His being born outside that crowd is even more of a sign. That there is no room for Him in the inn is a sign of the end.

Nor are the tidings of great joy announced in the crowded inn. In the massed crowd there are always new tidings of joy and disaster. Where each new announcement is the greatest of announcements, where every day's disaster is beyond compare, every day's danger demands the ultimate sacrifice, all news and all judgment is reduced to zero. News becomes merely a new noise in the head, briefly replacing the noise that went before it and yielding to the noise that comes after it, so that eventually everything blends into the same monotonous and meaningless hum. News? There is so much news that there is no room left for the true tidings, the "Good News," *The Great Joy*.

Hence The Great Joy is announced, after all, in silence, loneliness and darkness, to shepherds "living in the fields" or "living in the countryside" and apparently unmoved by the rumors or massed crowds. These are the remnant of the desert-dwellers, the nomads, the true Israel.

Even though "the whole world" is ordered to be



Of course I'm interested in eschatological problems
but I've gotta go stoke the furnace.

inscribed, they do not seem to be affected by this. Doubtless they have registered, as Joseph and Mary will register, but they remain outside the agitation, and untouched by the vast movement, the massing of hundreds and thousands of people everywhere in the towns and cities.

They are therefore quite otherwise signed. They are designated, surrounded by a heavenly light, they receive the message of The Great Joy, and they believe it with joy. They see the Shekinah over them, recognize themselves for what they are. They are the remnant, the people of no account, who are therefore chosen—the *anawim*. And they obey the light. Nor was anything else asked of them.

They go and they see not a prophet, not a spirit, but the Flesh in which the glory of the Lord will be revealed and by which all men will be delivered from the power that is in the world, the power that seeks to destroy the world because the world is God's creation, the power that mimics creation, and in doing so, pillages and exhausts the resources of a bounteous God-given earth.

* * *

We live in the time of no room, which is the time of the end. The time when everyone is obsessed with lack of time, lack of space, with saving time, conquering space, projecting into time and space the anguish produced within them by the technological furies of size, volume, quantity, speed, number, price, power and acceleration.

The primordial blessing, "increase and multiply," has suddenly become a hemorrhage of terror. We are numbered in billions, and massed together, marshalled, classified, marched here and there, taxed, drilled, armed, worked to the point of insensibility, dazed by information, drugged by entertainment, surfeited with everything, nauseated with the earth and with ourselves, nauseated with life.

As the end approaches, there is no room for nature. The cities crowd it off the face of the earth.

As the end approaches, there is no room for quiet. There is no room for solitude. There is no room for thought. There is no room for attention, for the awareness of our state.

In the time of the ultimate end, there is no room for man.

Those that lament the fact that there is no room for

God must also be called to account for this. Have they perhaps added to the general crush by preaching a solid marble God that makes man alien to himself, a God that settles himself grimly like an implacable object in the inner heart of man and crowds man out of himself in despair?

The time of the end is the time of demons who occupy the heart (pretending to be gods) so that man himself finds no room for himself in himself. He finds no space to rest in his own heart, not because it is full, but because it is void. Yet if he knew that the void itself, when hovered-over by the Spirit, is an abyss of creativity . . . He cannot believe it. There is no room for belief.

There is no room for him in the massed crowds of the eschatological society, the society of the end, in which all those for whom there is no room are thrown together, thrust, pitched out bodily into a whirlpool of empty forms, human specters, swirling aimlessly through their cities, *all wishing they had never been born*.

In the time of the end there is no longer room for the desire to go on living. The time of the end is the time when men call upon the mountains to fall upon them, because they wish they did not exist.

Why? Because they are part of a proliferation of life that is not fully alive, it is programmed for death. A life that has not been chosen, and can hardly be accepted, has no more room for hope. Yet they must pretend to go on hoping. They are haunted by the demons of emptiness. And out of this unutterable void come the armies, the missiles, the weapons, the bombs, the concentration camps, the race riots, the racist murders, and all the other crimes of mass society.

Is this pessimism? Is this the unforgivable sin of admitting what everybody really feels? Is it pessimism to diagnose cancer as cancer? Or should one simply go on pretending that everything is getting better everyday, because the time of the end is also—for some at any rate—the time of great prosperity? ("The Kings of the earth have joined in her idolatry and the traders of the earth have grown rich from her excessive luxury" [Revelations 18:3].)

* * *

Into this world, this demented inn, in which there is absolutely no room for Him at all, Christ has come

uninvited. But because He cannot be at home in it, because He is out of place in it, and yet He must be in it, His place is with those others for whom there is no room. His place is with those who do not belong, who are rejected by power because they are regarded as weak, or unacceptable, those who are discredited, who are denied the status of persons, tortured, exterminated. With those for whom there is no room, Christ is present in this world. He is mysteriously present in those for whom there seems to be nothing but the world at its worst. For them, there is no escape even in imagination. They cannot identify with the power structure of a crowded humanity which seeks to project itself outward, anywhere, in a centrifugal flight into the void, to get *out there* where there is no God, no man, no name, no identity, no weight, no self, nothing but the bright, self-directed, perfectly obedient and infinitely expensive machine.

For those who are stubborn enough, devoted enough to power, there remains this last apocalyptic myth of machinery propagating its own kind in the eschatological wilderness of space—while on earth the bombs make room!

But the others: they remain imprisoned in other hopes, and in more pedestrian despairs, despairs and hopes which are held down to earth, down to street level, and to the pavement only: the desire to be at least half-human, to taste a little human joy, to do a fairly decent job of productive work, to come home to the family . . . desires for which there is no room. It is in these that He hides Himself, for whom there is no room.

* * *

The time of the end? All right: when?

That is not the question.

To say it is the time of the end is to answer all the questions, for if it is the time of the end, and of great tribulation, then it is certainly and above all the time of The Great Joy. It is the time to "lift up your heads for your redemption is at hand." It is the time when the promise will be manifestly fulfilled, and no longer kept secret from anyone. It is the time for the joy that is given not as the world gives, and that no man can take away (John 16:22).

For the true eschatological banquet is not that of the birds on the bodies of the slain. It is the feast of the living, the wedding banquet of the Lamb. The true

eschatological convocation is not the crowding of armies on the field of battle, but the summons of The Great Joy, the cry of deliverance: "Come out of her my people that you may not share in her sins and suffer from her plagues!" (Revelations 18:4).^{*} The cry of the time of the end was uttered also in the beginning by Lot in Sodom, to his sons-in-law: "Come, get out of this city, for the Lord will destroy it. But he seemed to them to be jesting" (Genesis 19:14).

To leave the city of death and imprisonment is surely not bad news except to those who have so identified themselves with their captivity that they can conceive no other reality and no other condition. In such a case, there is nothing but tribulation: for while to stay in captivity is tragic, to break away from it is unthinkable—and so more tragic still.

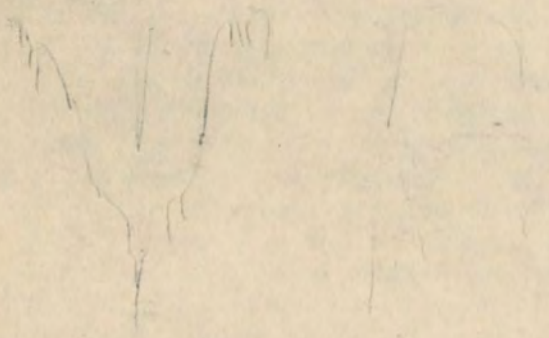
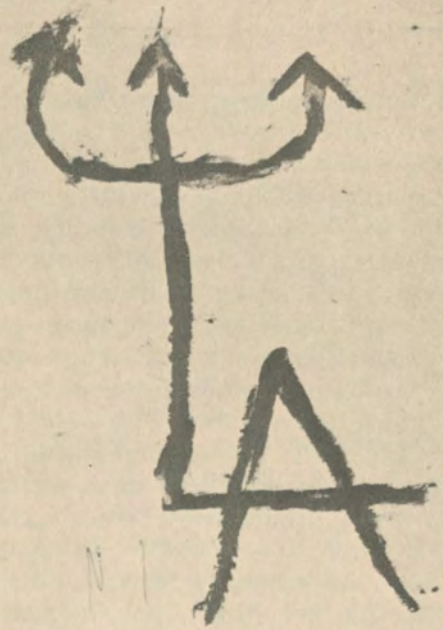
What is needed then is the grace and courage to see that "The Great Tribulation" and "The Great Joy" are really inseparable, and that the "Tribulation" becomes "Joy" when it is seen as the Victory of Life over Death.

True, there is a sense in which there is no room for Joy in this tribulation. To say there is "no room" for The Great Joy in the tribulation of "the end" is to say that the Evangelical joy must not be confused with the joys proposed by the Beast in the time of the end—and, we must admit it, these are no longer convincing as joys. They now become stoic duties, sacrifices to be offered without question for ends that cannot be described just now, since there is too much smoke and the visibility is rather poor. In the last analysis, the "joy" proposed by the time of the end is simply the satisfaction and the relief of getting it all over with . . .

That is the demonic temptation of "the end." But Biblical eschatology is not "finis" and punishment, the winding up of accounts and the closing of books: it is the final beginning, the definitive birth into a new creation. It is not the last gasp of exhausted possibilities but the first taste of all that is beyond conceiving as actual.

But can we believe it? ("He seemed to them to be jesting!").

^{*} The New Testament calls man 'out of the world' by faith, not by merely physical separation. One may in fact be more "open to" the world when one is liberated by faith and free to resist its irrational compulsions (John 8:32, 14:15-18, 30-31, 15:17-21, 16:33, 17:6-11).



SCHERZO FOR TRUMPET AND ACCORDION

Tell the children, it is a matter of degree.

I have seen your men walk out in paper shirts.
I have seen your women wearing leather skirts
And know your children's shouting to be free
Is but an anarchy
Unless their shouts be strong and all-forgiving.

I have waked to a midnight knocking at my door.
I have waked to laughter from another floor
And know your legislating to be free
Is but a tyranny
Unless your laws be long and full of living.

Tell the children, it is a matter of degree.

The silly boys run up and down the street,
Shattering streetlamps while the town is sleeping.
But the T-shirt's hollow shout, and the crunch of feet
On scattered glass, are lost in the morning's sweeping.

O tell me that your souls are grey and weary
And the bellows of your youth are growing rotten.
I'll tell you that your seed is here to stay,
That you had need to plant, and have forgotten.

I will tell the children, it is a matter of degree.

We have seen the shanty houses
Where the looped and soiled blouses
Wait on the sagging line for spring to come.

We have seen the oval faces
Of our bruised and tolerant races
We have heard them burst their lungs, and we are
dumb.

And we tell the children, it is a matter of degree.
O children, children, it is a matter of degree.

Jesus Mahoney has a brand new band.
He plays his band wherever he can.

Peter and Paul have a radio
And listen to Jesus wherever they go.

O children, children,

Let us punch a hole in the pavement of our city.
Down the hole we'll drop a valentine
Upon a rope, and down the rope we'll drop
Gabriel with his trumpet and a note
Of love and fondest wishes.

And the people of the Metro,
The gazers and the hollow-eyed,
Will lift their heads to hear his trumpet sound.
They will fold their papers down to hear him cry:

"O children of God, replete with grief and broken-
hearted,
Children of wrath and dutiful laughter, children of
folly,
Return your idols to the mountain, tell the children,
It is no matter of degree . . ."

Unfortunately,

Diesel number sixty's iron horn
Sounds very much like a trumpet. As Mrs McKinley
Told Mrs Ernest Jones, her lady-in-waiting,
She'd heard the sound before. But the blind old man
Who plays the accordion for his curds and whey
Thinks he hears a trumpet, and tells her child,
"Look up in the rafters, Jeannie! Gabriel wishes
To be your valentine."

Only because
Mrs McKinley chanced to turn around
And shriek to see poor Jeannie down on the tracks
With number sixty bearing down, she ran
Right out there to save her.

"Oh yes,
Yes, Mrs McKinley, I certainly do agree
With Mr Ernest Jones, who says he agrees
With Mrs Ernest Jones, your saving of Jeannie
Just in the nick of time was a miracle, a real
Matter of degree . . ."

O children, children,
I have seen the writing on the subway wall.

I have heard the rustling in the council hall
Of papers where your eye can hardly see
The name of liberty
And know the price of freedom isn't asking.

Then give you death, or give you liberty
To walk upon the stones the dead have laid
Deep in the land the foundering fathers dreamt of
After the flood, when the fortunes of a dove,

Whether she might return in sixty-three
Or seventy days, was a most important matter,
And not at all a matter of degree.

—BEN HOWARD

THE GIFT OF CHAOS

By ANNA ARNOLD HEDGEMAN

WHERE is the sign that tells us that God's purpose is still a force in the world? Christians become particularly anxious at Christmas time for some contemporary revelation testifying to God's continuing advent into the world.

But we do have a sign for our time: CHAOS. The disorder of our day can stymie and enervate us but it can also thrust us into the infinity of space and matter out of which flow new meanings and new forms. The star which led the wise men can not only be an ancient dream but a modern vision.

The account of the birth of Jesus in Matthew 2 is dramatically instructive in its simple directness: the star in the east was a guide toward the fulfilment of a promise. It announced that God was alive, in the world!

Christians in the West have followed the lead of the wise men and we habitually offer gifts to and in the name of the baby of Bethlehem. Our modern equivalents of gold, frankincense, and myrrh are bestowed upon the church, the world and ourselves. But what have these tokens to do with the need of mankind and the promise of God?

The world into which Jesus came was far more than cardboard cut-out scenes frequently depicted in church school classes. That it was not an idyllic tableau peopled by charming, faceless religious types is underscored by John the Baptist. When he surveyed the Pharisees and Sadducees who had come for baptism, he thundered: "You brood of vipers! Who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? . . . I baptize you with water for repentance, but he who is coming after me is mightier than I, whose sandals I am not worthy to carry; he will baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire."

Turbulence, corruption, violence, chaos . . . apparently they have been a part of the condition of man since the beginning. Why, then, should Christians be awed to realize that Jesus actually came to change completely the social structure of his time? Jesus of Nazareth lived in the world. He was as deeply concerned with the sterility of institutionalized religion as he was with

PHOTOGRAPH: WALLOWITCH

the evil in individual lives. He was fully present to the fisherman and the farmer, the wealthy and the poor, the prostitute and the political elite. The stories of Jesus' ministry frequently use the context of working with a multitude. To anyone who has experienced the crowded Middle East, the crushing chaos of market places and thoroughfares are apt images for envisioning God's presence in the world.

HOW distorted it is, perhaps even sacrilegious, to celebrate the Incarnation in acts which essentially represent our retirement from this world. Although the chaos of our times seems to obscure the reality of God's continuing presence in the world, perhaps we must learn to see this chaos as the gift given to us out of which new order and meaning will come.

This chaos is dramatized by Jimmy Breslin's column about Viet Nam titled "Emptiness."*

It is a good place to go away from. Like green grass and tan water in the South, dark mountains and grain in the Highlands, of the Center and the North, the yellow land, red sand and glaring heat on the long coastline. And all of it empty. The places where the people live are the emptiest of all. The clusters of thatched roofs or tin or dirt floors that make up the villages are dreary. The larger places, the town and crumbling villages and Asian smells are stifling. The main place, the city called Saigon, has parts that look new and clean and comfortable, but the walls only hide filth. There is very little to see that is good in Viet Nam. . . .

One of the Air Force medical aides, a sergeant, walked alongside the stretcher. He looked down at the face on the stretcher. It had huge splotches from burns, and it was bleeding where the flames had eaten all the skin away.

'Don't worry,' the Air Force sergeant was saying, 'we'll have you back in the States in five days. So don't worry. You're all right now. You're going home.'

The Air Force medical sergeant turned his head from the face on the stretcher. His job is handling people who are hurt. He could not look at this one. . . .

They sent the kid home three days later. They had him in an aluminum box with a tag on it saying where it was to be sent. They shoved it onto a cargo plane, and it took him home for his funeral. . . .

There are things like this everywhere in Viet Nam. They begin to stay with you, and after a while you do not see anything else. Not that there is much else to see. It is an ignominious place to die because the war is small, and there is no glory in it, and people apparently still don't care about it. Getting killed in action in Viet Nam seems to be just like being killed in an industrial accident. Only the family cares. The thing to do here is leave. Pack up and leave.

But Viet Nam and headlines of bombs and gas, of fire and agony, are threads in a fabric. On the front page of the same newspaper which carries Jimmy Breslin's column on the Viet Nam story is an account of the trial of Tom Coleman accused of murdering a civil rights worker. The reporter, William Bradford Huie, tells us of conflicting stories from the defense and prosecution as presented to an all white, twelve-man jury. The conflicting testimony raised the question of whether or not the two civil rights workers, Father Morrisroe and Jonathan Daniels, were armed.

Huie, a white Southern author, gives us insight as we review the social structure of our time. He says that the accused slayer, Tom Coleman, is not on trial; the community is now the defendant. Huie's article is penetrating:

The foreign press is now the jury, and before this jury the white citizens of Lowndes County are trying to prove that they are the injured party, that Coleman is blameless, and the criminals are two young clerics who came from outside and urged Negroes to register and to vote.

Here, so far, are the points scored by the white people of Lowndes County against the slain Jonathan Daniels and the all but slain Father Morrisroe.

At 3:25 p.m., when Mr. Daniels attempted to enter a small store to purchase a candy bar, Coleman, from inside the store, brandishing a 12-gauge automatic shotgun, confronted him. Then a knife blade, at least three or four inches long, was seen to flash in Mr. Daniels' hand. Coleman, in self-defense, and in defense of white women in the store, had no choice but to fill Mr. Daniels' right breast with buckshot.

Then Father Morrisroe, the barrel of a pistol clearly visible in his right hand, rushed toward Coleman, and the gallant defender of womanhood had no choice but to blast the young priest.

On Mr. Daniels' dead body was found a paperback book. Its title: *The Fanatic* by Meyer Levin. Chief defense attorney, State Senator Vaughn Hill Robinson, shook his book at the press and jury, shouting its title twice.

On Father Morrisroe's bleeding body, lying in the dust of a cotton gin yard, were these books: *Native Son* by Richard Wright, *The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*, and *The Church in Latin America*. These books, too, were brandished, particularly the one by 'a nigger' and the one about Latin America 'where there are so many Communists.'

Mr. Daniels' clothing was displayed, piece by piece. There were his black clerical pullover jersey, with a bloody hole below his right nipple, and his white clerical collar and a pair of light-colored pants.

But his shorts, his underpants, were a dull maroon color. The defense counsel brandished them so that each spectator could sit in judgment on a man of God who wears red underpants. The toxicologist was asked if the underpants smelled of urine; he said, 'Yes.'

Mr. Daniels' shoes were such as no man of God in Lowndes County ever wears. They were rough, heavy, high-topped

* New York Herald Tribune, Sept. 30, 1965.

bleached leather shoes with old fashioned loops at the top with which to pull them on. The State Attorney neglected to introduce them as evidence. The Defense Attorney then brandished them, smirked and insisted that they were indeed relevant.

After the two men were shot and lying crumpled and bleeding, a 'big tall nigger' was seen running toward their bodies. Somehow, despite all the witnesses standing by he managed to get the big knife out of Mr. Daniels' hand and to get the .38 out of Father Morrisroe's hand. Then the 'big tall nigger' got completely away. Nobody knows where he is, and nobody has ever seen the weapons again.

The press has already been told by the Attorney General of Alabama that the weapons never existed, and that all testimony concerning them is lies.

But the white citizens of Lowndes County want to believe that any Christian clergyman who wants Negroes to vote is likely to wear red underpants and yellow shoes, to read books called *The Fanatic*, and to carry switchblade knives and .38 revolvers.*

That jury has now freed Tom Coleman. Law and order are again mocked, and the chaos of the South joins the chaos of Viet Nam.

This gift of chaos is by no means limited to Viet Nam or the South as some Christians might like to believe. Some of us have been following with great interest the efforts of the people of the District of Columbia to have the right to select a mayor and a city council. The U. S. Senate approved the plan to let local residents elect their own mayor and city council, but the comment appeared in the newspapers that "60% of the residents of the District are Negroes." The plan was disapproved. Is the nation's capital behaving like Mississippi? What do Christians have to say to Viet Nam, to Washington, D.C., to Alabama and to Mississippi? What do we have to say, too, about our relationship to God's purpose for all men?

It is not the fact that Alabama, Washington and Viet Nam are happening in a Christian world which disturbs some of us most of all. It is the fact that Christians seem to accept these events with the feeling that they are somewhat remote from their immediate concerns. "After all," said a faithful Christian layman to me last week, "the good Lord will work these matters out in His own time." She wondered seriously whether she should be involved since there were none of these "strange people" in her community. (The words "strange people" are mine, but this was the implication of her statement, "We have none of these people in our city.")

What shall we make of the chaos of our urban political life? I have just completed a six-weeks' political campaign on a major ticket. A basic challenge came to me unexpectedly from people whose votes I was seeking. From every economic level and from more white people than people of color came the same questions: "Can one believe any promises made by aspirants to public office? Does it really matter who is elected in a very large city? Won't the rackets still control the government?" How can an individual candidate who believes in good government count on the support of "good," "liberal," or "religious" people when this basic attitude prevails?

During this campaign a cab driver assured me that he was making his selection for mayor on the premise that the "tougher" of the two men could best keep the vice forces under control. Every large city in our nation contains the same cynicism and disillusionment among its citizens. Our cities are in a very real sense representative of the mood of the total country since immigration makes our cities a composite of all the problems of the nation.

These problems represent the accumulated failure to preserve our natural resources or structurally sound housing, the lack of significant long-range plans for the quality of education, the lack of code and law enforcement, inadequate planning for the use of financial resources and income, and our failure to plan on a regional basis as new

industries reach out into larger and larger areas between our cities. These are only a few of the problems which plague us because of the lack of use of our resources and our creative ability.

SOME say that this summary of the chaos in which we live fails to take into account the progress man has made. There usually follows a recital of the high production rate as reported in *The Wall Street Journal* or the many humane enterprises carried on in other nations or the increased number of Negroes and Puerto Ricans spotted here and there in private employment or the number of courageous proponents of good government who are working effectively.

One prominent churchman, angered by my recital of chaos in which we live, cited the war on poverty as an indication of our desire to reach the most deprived of our citizens, many of whom are white.

It is intriguing to me that even the effort titled War on Poverty raises many questions in the minds of social engineers. Richard A. Cloward of the Columbia School of Social Work supplements the experience which many of us have had with the Poverty Program in his article, "Are the Poor Left Out?" (*The Nation*, Aug. 2, 1965). He emphasizes the fact that the sources of disability of people are receiving little attention. In commenting on the plan to provide out of school unemployed youth with subsidized work he says, "It is all very well to provide subsidized employment for youth, but where will they work once the brief period of employment is over; since the anti-poverty program does not deal with basic economic problems such as lack of full employment or low minimum wages it cannot expect to shut off the flow of future casualties." Those of us who talked with young people who had a little money for a short time during this past summer heard many of these young people ask, "What next?"

Perhaps the most pertinent comment which Dr. Cloward makes has to do with the consensus which exists among business and labor, Re-

* New York Herald Tribune, Sept. 30, 1965.

publicans and Democrats, rich and poor, favoring the anti-poverty program. I would add that even the religious people of the nation are for this program. But the very breadth of this consensus expresses the fact that no vital institutional interests are threatened by the program.

We are surrounded by many programs attempting to deal with significant social problems, but in too many instances these efforts deal only with surface manifestations of the problem. This approach within itself is part of the present chaos.

But my focus here is to suggest that chaos is a gift. How is this gift to be received and returned?

We may begin by properly estimating and understanding many of the gifts themselves. Politically and governmentally, we benefit as citizens from the religious foundations and moral principles which guided

the creation of our Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and other pivotal documents directed to the welfare of our nation. We should recognize that each of these emphasizes the significance of man and the equality of all men.

WE should reflect on the significance of our roots as a people. We are a nation built by the representatives of all continents of the earth, and this heritage should affect remarkably our present associations with other cultures.

We must recognize that the inherited natural resources of our land and the absence of major devastation of war on our own soil places us in a stage of advanced technological and economic affluence as yet unsurpassed. We have used

much of this power creatively and the advancing production rates charted in *The Wall Street Journal* testify to the comfort which is ours.

As yet we apparently maintain advanced leadership in nuclear power, atomic explorations, and space pioneering. Obviously, we have the daring, the courage, the creativeness. We can use and direct the chaos of our time with more resources than have been previously available to any nation.

We also are the ones about whom John the Baptist spoke. Our baptism is with fire, not with water. We, too, are the ones who perpetuate the House of the Lord as a repository of rites and the protector of the *status quo*.

Where and who are those who will enter Advent prepared to receive chaos as a gift of opportunity and return it to the Lord as a vessel of grace?

PHOTOGRAPH: WALLOWITCH



THE

FICTION: JOHN KUEHL

THE bell had been removed from the Fieldings' telephone months before Corinne called. One Saturday morning over an otherwise quiet breakfast (there were no children—which caused Fielding to rejoice, his wife to grieve) Emmett, after taking two or three long distance messages, had said, "My nerves are shattered by the end of the week. You know how I feel when I come home at night. You've seen me scrub the bus dirt out of my eyes. You've watched while I drowned the subway smells in shaving lotion. You realize I can't converse until I've bolted down a couple of strong drinks. Let's have peace here anyway. Let's get rid of that damned monster." Helen had nodded sympathetically, "I do understand, Em," and had persuaded the telephone company to remove the bell the same afternoon so nothing would remain to remind her husband of the world outside except a faint buzz which could hardly be heard above the chamber music he always played. Shut off from the street by an air conditioner during the summer and storm windows during the winter, his orderly apartment now became even more of a sanctuary than it had been, a haven to escape to after teaching many hours at a rural college, a place to be alone (almost) in silence.

When Corinne called, Helen was writing a letter. "That's the telephone, dear," she whispered. "Won't you answer it?"

"Not for me," he replied. "I have no friends."

Helen got up slowly and left the living room while Emmett put aside his novel to eavesdrop. "Couldn't be Marilyn she's talking to," he thought a few moments later, "Helen isn't friendly enough. Couldn't be How-



MAHMOUD

GUEST HOUSE

ard Harrison either: she isn't a bit hostile. Probably someone we're acquainted with only slightly, someone Helen likes and dislikes."

•Emmett awaited his wife's return impatiently, and as she entered the living room again, he inquired before she had a chance to sit down: "Who in the world was it?"

"Corinne."

"Corinne?"

"Yes, you remember—Corinne Gould."

"Corinne Gould?" Emmett repeated, trying to place the owner of this name.

"Well, Corinne Gold actually. She changed to Gould in order to get a job on a big fashion magazine. Even Corinne has to earn pin money."

"Not the girl your brother used to date?"

"Yes," Helen affirmed, scrutinizing Emmett for signs of interest in Corinne's round figure and pretty countenance.

"What did Corinne Gould or Gold want?"

"To know if we'd like to spend the Fourth of July weekend on the beach. Her parents bought a summer home at Westhampton and apparently they have a beautiful guest house."

"What did you say?"

"That we'd accept. I'm just too darned pale, Em."

"Private beach?"

"Of course. Why?"

"You can't have forgotten how I hate crowds, especially crowds of half-naked males and females, sweaty, greasy, making love. And the children . . ."

". . . are no worse than my husband sitting there in

a beach chair fully clothed reading a book."

"Nevertheless, I am fond of the ocean—a platonic affair women couldn't comprehend. But tell me the reason you accepted an invitation from a person you don't care for?"

"Corinne has good qualities."

"The Gold beneath the Gould?" chuckled Emmett, slapping his novel as if to teach its author a lesson in pure humor.

"I suppose. Don't you agree?"

"First impressions aren't to be trusted. She was cute, certainly. That voice, though, sent shivers up my spine."

"That voice is exactly why brother Louis stopped taking her to the movies. During the whole picture, he said, Corinne would comment loudly. People were always turning around to shush them and he was always defending his absurd honor."

"Those good qualities?"

"A really warm heart. If she's a snob, Em, Mrs. Gold must share the blame. Imagine getting a Fifth Avenue apartment just so Corinne might 'receive beaux' debutante-style!"

"Some mother!"

"Well, it's not entirely Mrs. Gold's fault either. She's been waging a war against Mr. Gold's vulgarity for thirty years."

"And the beaux?"

"No luck yet. Corinne dates almost every night, but the wrong kind of men—terribly masculine types such as Louis who fool her by standing up to her father."

"Does she have a date over the Fourth?"

"Yes, a fellow she particularly wants us to meet."

"Why us?"

"Because Corinne believes our marriage is a model."

"What's the fellow's name?"

"Harvey Stone, an advertising copy-writer, recently divorced, older, more mature, more serious than Louis."

This statement out, Helen, sensing Emmett was going to begin a diatribe about the evils of American advertising, patted her husband's cheek and retreated gracefully to the bedroom. He picked up the novel again, but could not concentrate on it, since a romantic vision of Westhampton kept floating through his mind. An enormous estate similar to the one Helen and he had observed the summer before from the deck of a sightseeing boat off the coast of Shelter Island rose majestically atop a hill and commanded, amid stately trees, a cropped blue lawn that swung plantation-like down to the ocean. Along its aristocratic length appeared hammocks, tennis courts, badminton nets, and wrought iron tables, where, each evening after the day's last swim and prior to changing for dinner and dancing, a servant—a "darky" in a white jacket and scarlet trousers—placed mint juleps and hors d'oeuvres, and at the bottom of which, right above the glistening water, near a dock and a sleek yacht, there rested a glorious, glamorous cottage, unmistakably the guest house. "My God!" Emmett stuttered, "Paradise!"

But however much he might romanticize the past and the future, Fielding had no illusions concerning the present and consequently the fourth of July weekend dawned all too soon. Preferring a safe, noiseless apartment to any other setting—to the opera, foreign restaurants, church—and aware that civilized people do not get up at seven o'clock, he cursed Corinne. What did she think they were? Farmers? Here was poor Helen crying over a torn stocking, stumbling by him on her way to the bathroom. Here was his slender, sad figure dislodging dusty suitcases which scratched the face and bruised the toes. Then breakfast, ordinarily a sacred rite performed behind the *New York Times*, suddenly reduced to a spectacle that could be associated with only Nedick's or Whelan's: munching powdered doughnuts and gulping instant coffee! What the devil did Corinne take them for? Truck drivers? He became so upset that once outside he had to go back and check the pilot light, faucets, electrical connections, and would have continued testing and retesting the apartment's double lock indefinitely if Helen, already leaning against the hood of a cream-colored Cadillac parked across the street, had failed to shout.

Emmett finally emerged from the building, lugging suitcases, sweating profusely, to hear her say, "Such a lovely car!" and Corinne, whose blonde hair lay under a French scarf and whose dress consisted of a pink blouse and pink shorts, reply in a shrill tone, "Thanks loads. Daddy decided I should own an auto the whole summer and Mummy agreed. Both are dears. Real dears."

The conversation between these two went on unabated the entire distance to Westhampton, its subject

the health of Mr. and Mrs. Gold, Broadway, fashions, men and women; its pace too rapid for Emmett to interrupt by a single glance toward Helen communicating how "the strangers" impressed him. Nor did he speak a word to Harvey Stone; not because he abhorred the man, but, as with any "new person" Emmett met, he felt very uneasy, a state confirmed when his delicate stomach started jumping and rolling. Also, of course, one couldn't ignore Stone's profession. Wasn't it amply evident from the billboards they were passing that "merchant mentalities" like this fellow's perpetrated frauds on numerous citizens, squeezed out of them thousands of dollars every year? "Look at that sign!" Emmett desired to order, "Look at that advertisement to buy prefabricated homes! What earthly good would paper walls be to even a middle class that hated privacy? No sewerage, no sidewalks, no schools either. Pure deceit!"

If the billboards and the proximity of Stone unnerved him, Emmett became absolutely nauseous the moment Corinne turned the Cadillac up a gravel driveway resembling all the other gravel driveways along the road. "That bungalow a plantation! That dentist and his wife plantation masters!" (He had focused on a pair of forms approaching the car: the first a male sporting a flowered Hawaiian shirt and khaki bermudas over which a plump belly projected, a male who seemed a debauched Humpty Dumpty; and the second a dowdy female with the worst posture he had ever witnessed, her round shoulders and caved-in waist conveying the image of an accordion that had registered its last mournful tune.) They yelled, too, literally yelled: "Hi, honey! Nice to see you! Glad you're here! Fix drinks right away!"

Then a red-faced, panting Mr. Gold grabbed the Fielding suitcases despite polite protestations, while Harvey Stone, whom he eyed suspiciously, was left alone. Where could this primitive chap be leading him? Surely not to the garage?

"Back half's a guest house," he chortled, as though reading Emmett's doubts. "Never suppose that, would you? S'got a toilet and everything. Damn fine spot to sleep, but I'm afraid Harley (Mr. Gold articulated the 'l' clearly) 'll have to go it on the porch. Vacation hazards!"

When he offered to show Emmett *his* quarters, the latter declined, muttering "Later please" aloud, and "Oh, God! Oh, God!" under his breath.

Luckily, they soon joined the women in the bungalow. Helen was pointing upwards with an amused air. "The rooms have no ceilings, Em. The former occupants didn't finish them." "Isn't that quaint?" he replied, distracted and groping blindly at pieces of furniture to hide behind.

"What'll it be, kids?" asked Mr. Gold, a hairy bear now beaming across a bar. "Joint's stocked during the summer. Folks drop by, you know."

After distributing the drinks—too much ice, too little mix, thought Emmett—Mrs. Gold, playing the role of hired servant, challenged everyone to eat.

"Old lady's a prize gourmet, but a rotten cook. Always suspected she had life easy. Always suspected she just sat around watching TV. Develops the fanny."

Blushing, Corinne tried to explain: "Daddy's happy about some recent accomplishments. Why, he hadn't fried an egg until Mummy took this place, and since that time he's been baking the most marvelous apple turnups."

"Turnovers, dollbaby."

"Anyway, we'll get to see him do dinner. Daddy'll have on a darling chef's hat and an apron and'll be charcoaling hamburgers and steaks and lamb chops."

Mr. Gold was quiet momentarily, a mystery Emmett attributed to his sudden recognition of inferiority, of not belonging to the group, that all the talking and fixing drinks and cooking in the world would never obliterate. The man appeared to be cowed—by Mrs. Gold, once a schoolteacher, by her liberal-artish daughter, and by the Fieldings, so cultured, so intelligent, so superior. No wonder, then, that when he began again he lashed out at Stone, who, he probably imagined, harbored dishonorable intentions, and who probably seemed less worthy of Corinne than even a dentist.

"Understand you're a copyboy, Harley."

"Harvey, daddy."

"Think my girl's pretty swell?"

"Daddy!"

"Ought to be near her and the old lady a week or two. Husbands and fathers, poor slobs that pay for fancy clothes and expensive trips, deserve a damned Congressional Medal." Everyone smiled nervously except Emmett, toward whom Mr. Gold winked, thereby causing him to experience a migraine headache.

"Married before, Harley?"

Mrs. Gold fidgeted. She let fall a portion of the sandwich she had been devouring. "The children must change now, Irving, or they'll miss the best part of the sun."

The first individual on the beach was Emmett, whose system could not endure the bungalow a minute longer. As Helen stepped off the rear porch seconds later wearing a conservative black swim suit, her eyes immediately discerned his fully garbed figure, book in one hand, sunglasses in the other, maneuvering a plastic chair into a desirable position about twenty yards from the water.

"Where are the young lovers?" he inquired.

"Changing is a ceremony to Corinne."

"And meanwhile Stone has to sit with the wolves?"

"Mrs. Gold's okay."

"Mr. Gold's hideous."

"The vulgarest man I've ever met."

"Or ever will." Emmett rubbed both temples, an obvious gesture to gain sympathy for the things he was being made to undergo. "Can't Corinne have guests privately?"

"No."

Here the conversation ended because their new acquaintances were skipping arm on arm beachward. "Oh, God!" cried Emmett, ducking behind the book

and pretending to doze.

"I'll get you up at suppertime," said Helen. "Daddy'll be charcoaling lamb chops."

But Emmett couldn't sleep or even rest. Early in the afternoon, he divided his attention between the book and the bathers, whom he peeped at occasionally, although without envy; his love of the ocean, though genuine, was completely aesthetic. In midafternoon, just as he had begun to praise the people of Westhampton for keeping the sand clean, for keeping the area calm and exclusive, Corinne shocked him by shaking, poodle-like, big splotches of sea near the chair and proposing noisily: "Mummy prepared some lemonade. We're all quite thirsty. Would you mind bringing a pitcher and cups?" Then, having delivered the tray to the water's edge and having dodged Mr. Gold, Emmett, till sundown, thought of Mrs. Gold only. How she had scampered to the refrigerator; what care she had taken to make the lemonade and the plate of cookies attractive! And that long talk about teaching, during which the woman displayed such interest, such concern! If she were broken physically, she certainly was spirited. If the trips to Europe, the visits to monuments and galleries helped to explain the bud of snobbery in her (which bloomed in Corinne) they also represented the struggles of soul against matter, of sensitivity against boorishness.

So taken did he become with these speculations that when the bathers, shivering and giggling, finally emerged from the surf, Emmett hardly noted them or the wetness the turkish towels sloshed around.

"Harvey's been telling Madison Avenue stories."

"Very dull ones, Mr. Fielding. Most admen seem to be ordinary fellows who have small families and short vacations."

"Why go into that kind of work?" Emmett gave his voice a twist of sarcasm: "For money?"

"That's a reason."

"Are there others?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well?"

"Well, guys like myself with a liberal arts background, no special talent, no desire to enter graduate school, find it difficult to locate a paying job which is even slightly creative."

"But those commercials . . ."

"I agree—horrible. Life's at home, though. Fond of cooking." He grinned unhappily. "Perhaps boeuf Stroganoff drove Celia away."

Sadness settled over the four then; and so they lay motionless across the blanket and stared skyward and seaward while the evening blotted out the orange of sunset and the ebb tide receded before the flow.

This moment of harmony ceased abruptly, however, and in a manner that shot chills up Emmett's spine. Letting go Helen's hand, supporting himself by an elbow, he turned to catch sight of Mr. Gold, legs wide apart, on top of a sand dune, wildly beating a frying pan with a soup dipper and splitting the universe with shouts of "Come and get it! Come and get it!" "Silly

daddy," Corinne scolded as she approached her father, whose bulbous nose now gleamed scarlet, and upon whose apron was stencilled a fat, middle-aged man doffing a chef's hat and addressing the words, "Shall we eat first?" to a sexy young girl. Emmett groaned, steering himself weakly toward the bar, where he poured strong drinks and Mrs. Gold perspired into containers of potato salad and baked beans.

Meantime, Mr. Gold's own chef's hat (which Emmett likened to an inverted dunce cap) persisted to bob up near the bottom of the picture window at the far side of the room as Gold aggressively yodelled chorus after chorus of "Home Sweet Home" and transported steaks and hamburgers from the grill to a table Mrs. Gold, unassisted, had set outdoors. During dinner she consumed huge quantities of thick, bloody meat and he, to the discomfort of everyone, gossiped through a stuffed mouth and smacked moist lips. Emmett tried very hard not to vomit.

"The Mrs. chews pretty good with that molar I patched last Monday," bragged Mr. Gold. "Just imagine asking a dentist to drill on a Sunday morning!"

"Daddy!"

"I said to her, toothache or no toothache, you'll wait until Monday. Other patients do."

"Daddy!"

"Make an appointment then, I said."

Corinne emitted a hopeless sigh. "Your turnups, daddy. Your turnups."

Mr. Gold proceeded to the kitchen and soon returned to discover the eaters dejected. He attempted to stir them by boasting of the pastry he held and by forcing each to choke down two pieces.

Even on the sand dune half an hour afterwards, Emmett could not escape the chap, who, having glimpsed a silhouette, waddled over from the porch puffing a large cigar. As shelf upon shelf of evening fell, he spoke rapidly, convincing the fearful listener that some deep animal despair wracked his plump belly and red face; a despair, Emmett guessed, which welled up with the intermittent knowledge that both wife and daughter despised him; that he had earned this; and that he might never reform the crass nature that caused it. Matters were made worse during their stroll back to the porch, Mr. Gold screaming into the murk, "Corinne—dollbaby," and lecturing about the immorality of divorced males escorting virginal females along black beaches. "He's a masochist," concluded Emmett, "and a sadist too."

The father's suspicions proved entirely unrealistic, for when Harvey and Corinne entered the bungalow again, her lipstick wasn't a bit smeared and her frock wasn't a bit wrinkled. To show his gratitude, Mr. Gold would have stayed up all night probably, would have called the young man by the correct name, if Mrs. Gold (whose interference incurred several coarse epithets) had not dragged him off to the master bedroom, where his presence continued to be noticed because the former occupants had neglected to install ceilings. Ignoring muffled obscenities, Helen and Corinne bun-

dled themselves in bulky sweaters, while Emmett watched Stone build a fire out of twigs, scraps of paper and a dry log. As it blazed, the four sat, apparently content, sipping brandy and playing progressive jazz.

But, within an hour, Mr. and Mrs. Gold started excursions from the bedroom—he to the bathroom after glassfuls of water, and she to the kitchen after spoonful of potato salad—which didn't bother Emmett, who somehow found a debauched Humpty Dumpty and a collapsed accordion awfully vulnerable, awfully like doomed moths seeking light and warmth. It did disturb Harvey Stone, though. Sputtering a few hasty excuses about the necessity of getting to New York immediately, he left, so confused he forgot to say goodbye to anyone.

"Harvey will never phone," Corinne observed. She resembled a forlorn orphan more than a debutante.

"Do you care?"

"Yes."

"Well, your parents scared him away."

"I wish that were absolutely true, Helen. On the beach we talked and he told me he still loves his wife."

"Oh . . ."

"Besides, I'm too shallow for that kind of man."

"Too shallow?"

"Yes—a damned snob," Corinne wailed with no trace of a Boston accent.

When Helen tenderly put an arm around the girl and uttered gentle, caressing words, Emmett, eyes riveted to the dying fire, realized how little he had ever been aware of his wife's ability to sympathize.

"Goodnight, Corinne."

"Goodnight, Mr. Fielding."

"Goodnight, Helen."

"Goodnight, dear."

Once inside the guest house, he undressed mechanically and, subsequent to downing a couple of more ounces of whiskey, lowered a battered lamp, and pulled a shoddy rocker up to the screen door fronting the ocean. Beach umbrellas, which during the daytime had such individual colors and designs, were now tied into thin, anonymous cones; canvas pads had been removed to prevent rotting through salt air, and the wooden frames thus exposed looked like human skeletons; far off a gate silently opened and shut, and nearby, on a clothesline, men's, women's, children's swim suits could be seen flapping noiselessly under the wind. *The whole world is a guest house*, thought Emmett, knowing that this scene of loneliness and destruction would have seemed as different when a boy as his recent vision of an enormous estate rising majestically atop a hill, a cropped blue lawn, a sleek yacht, a glorious, glamorous cottage, was from a tawdry, cramped closet with flowered walls and scratched furniture. *The odds against us all are too great.*

Fielding felt sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Gold who had no ceiling; for Corinne and Helen who had no fire; for Harvey Stone who had no wife; and for himself, separated and afraid of the dark. Otherwise, quiet prevailed.

JOHN LONDON
PAUL MCCURTNEY

AND THAT'S ENOUGH

TO
LOVE
IS
THE
RE
TO
STAY

LOOK

sister
mary
corita
i.h.m.

"The Poetry of exaltation will be always the highest; but when men lose their poetic feeling for ordinary life, and cannot write of ordinary things, their exalted poetry is likely to lose its strength of exaltation in the way men cease to build beautiful churches when they have lost happiness in building shops."—JOHN M. SYNGE

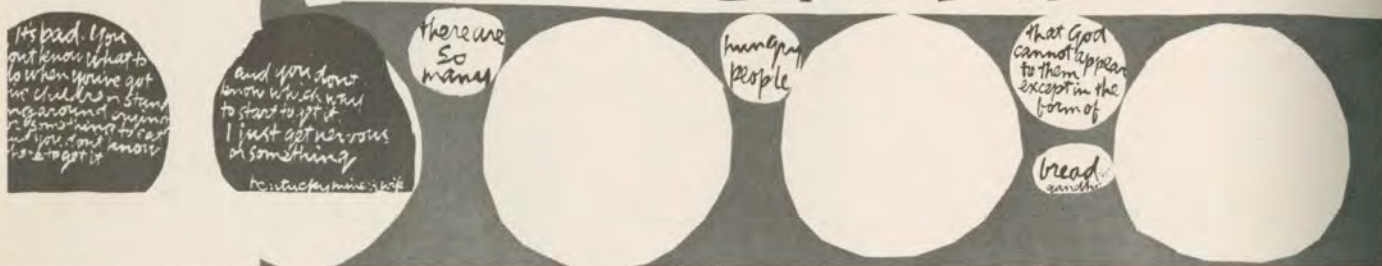
Text and layout by

Margaret Rigg





ENRICHED BREAD



THAT THEY MAY HAVE LIFE

Prints, like posters, a little like road signs (some)—that have become non-stop poetry in color. Prints like no Holy Cards you ever saw before, decorating everything in sight including the onlookers. Prints in plush, lush, swanky Pop colors having a gorgeous time playing with our eyes, inventing forms for words to dance with. Prints that preach us the Good News from the Communion table to the A&P and invite us to participate. Prints, like banners in the greatest processional ever: Life. Prints for the Festival of Being Alive, Here and Now, and for the Glory Be and the Hallelujah Singing throngs of Everybody Everywhere. Prints for the overflowing of all this Juice and Joy.

SISTER Mary Corita empties upon us a torrent of color, through which floats a quotation about tenderness or misery or sorrow or hope. The vibrations she sets up between shapes, colors and messages find places in us, in our emotions which haven't been touched for a long time.

One is tempted to just let go and celebrate the existence of Sister Mary Corita and her prints. Eyes are called to see, hearts are called to beat; we want to join all this glorious aliveness. We are trapped. Or, as C. S. Lewis would put it, we are "surprised by joy."

Sister Corita's joy is a very special thing to be put

in touch with because her joy is neither abstract nor disembodied. It is process and relationship. She points to joy all around us and to where it is hidden within us. She discovers and reveals it the least expected places: in the concrete, everyday places and events. She translates the Gospel into Madison Avenue English and, zap, "the big G stands for Goodness," becomes a breakfast table liturgy, a way of saying thanks for daily bread.

"The best to you each morning," coined to boost Kellogg sales, is transformed into the kind of hymn that comes in off the streets to provide a tune for thanksgiving: a blessing pronounced for the day—any day—made out of the ordinary for sacramental blessing. It isn't done with mirrors but with relationship. And in the relationship is a process of renewal. She makes new images, new wineskins out of ad writers' stuff, and behold how they stretch to contain the new wine she puts into them. The new wine of Sister Corita's vision and theology is heady and splits the old wineskins of traditional Church language.

Looking at her prints creates a question: *what kind of art has the right to exist today?* Of course all art has a right to exist and the more varied the styles and approaches the richer we all become. But, in the face of racial strife, injustice, automation, The Bomb, the

population explosion and the thousand more troubles we are made increasingly aware of: what kind of art has the right to exist? What kind of art can feed our eyes which are worn out from searching for a sign of hope? Which art will return us to our lost emotions? What works will authentically give us a sense of our wholeness as human beings? Is it possible to laugh and dance and sing and point to joy while so much of the world is in revolution and misery?

The story of Jeremiah figures in an answer to the question. After all the doom he saw and literally in the pit of despair and in the face of destruction, Jeremiah got the word from God to go out and buy a little plot of land as a sign of hope to the people. Even Jeremiah thought this was a little crazy. But the story reveals a dimension of faith going deeper than the immediate reality would seem to merit: a faith in the relationship and the process of *God with us*.

Maybe the story means that affirmations come cheap when everything is going well. But when a people is in the midst of revolution and beset by woes, doubts, and upheaval, affirmation is a pearl of great price. And, as Sister Corita says, when the world is undergoing great changes, the change that comes in art will also be very radical.

Her prints express this change, giving form to affirmations in ways that are at once so engaging and so powerful that her prints belong beside the most violent painting of our time. This is an artistic accomplishment without parallel in America today. There are so few artists who can boldly and authentically establish visually a sense of joy that we can feel ourselves participating in. This requires a particular wholeness of vision and faith. Artists generally find their identification in life in terms of the sorrows and outrages in our common history, rather than in terms of affirmation and grace. This despair as a response to life which is shared generally by artists along with all other struggling people today. It is a much more difficult thing to invent powerful forms that bear a real relation to the illusive experiences of grace.

But the prints of Sister Corita supply us with an ongoing report of her discoveries of grace loose in the world. They shout with praise, instead of murmuring as most of us do, about the good and gracious things in life. Sister Corita dramatizes and celebrates what we take for granted. But in the process she establishes a relationship with us and in us. Her happy fun with color and her sensitive use of quotations in juxtaposition make a new world where the visual and verbal meet and create something fresh. Her print, "Guard me, oh Lord, as the apple of your eye," is an example. The apple is neon green, cut in half, overlaid with a kind of childlike printing.

Somehow Sister Corita expresses our asking in terms of a promise of blessing. The words and image become united in a new way of saying "please." This is the greatness of Sister Corita's vision: to help us see and

express what is already *here*. Our own vision suddenly shifts. This process begins in the artist and continues in the prints and goes on happening in us, and feeds back into the world because we have participated in this vision, this art of joy.

This vision which finds its way in Sister Corita's life moves always toward the evolving of forms which can carry such a vision. In *Shape of Liturgy*, Gregory Dix points out that the liturgical *form* which progressively involves us in the process of worship is an unfolding of our relationship to God and to one another through the liturgy. In this sense we can see the prints of Sister Corita as the *shape* of awareness, joy and affirmation. Her awareness includes human misery, yet joy and affirmation become central for her because grace is always present in the midst of life.

Sister Corita is a teacher, a human being who happens to be a woman, a nun. Her novel response to the twentieth century world is in the *unity* of her different roles and the limitations and possibilities of her visual materials. I have the feeling that the special balance she maintains between surprise and unity is related to her sense of discipline and order which does not shut out the meaning of novelty. Old values are translated into contemporary meaning and become viable again as they confront twentieth century eyes. Her prints assert the human dimension within the emerging values of commercialism, technology and American affluence. Donovan Maley has written of Sister Corita: "She ties up soup labels with philosophical quotations and illustrates with almost uncomfortable precision how difficult it must be for us, the viewers, to disentangle these commodities in our own lives. She sees with serene clarity the relationships between her materials, her methods and her message, because her work is necessarily didactic. But we don't mind a lesson from Sister Mary Corita. This is the language of love."

Her view is certainly shaped by her theological perspective which is *confessional*. She finds a confessional unity in all her roles: nun, teacher, artist. But if you ask her, as I did, if she considers herself an artist, she answers by describing herself as a teacher. Some of her students said, "She makes things grow. Especially people." That doesn't sound like the ordinary definition of an artist in today's world. Yet it is a valid description of what any great artist does even if he will not consider it his central aim. It occurs as a by-product of his function as an artist. Perhaps rarely does any artist admit this, much less consider it a primary function of art. But it seems to me that this is an important and perhaps primary goal in Sister Corita's work. This may appear to be a contradiction that will lead us into the shallows of mere propaganda art. However, if we take Sister Corita's title quite literally (as she does)—Professor—and remember that she is a member of the Immaculate Heart Sisters which is professional or confessional by way of teaching, then



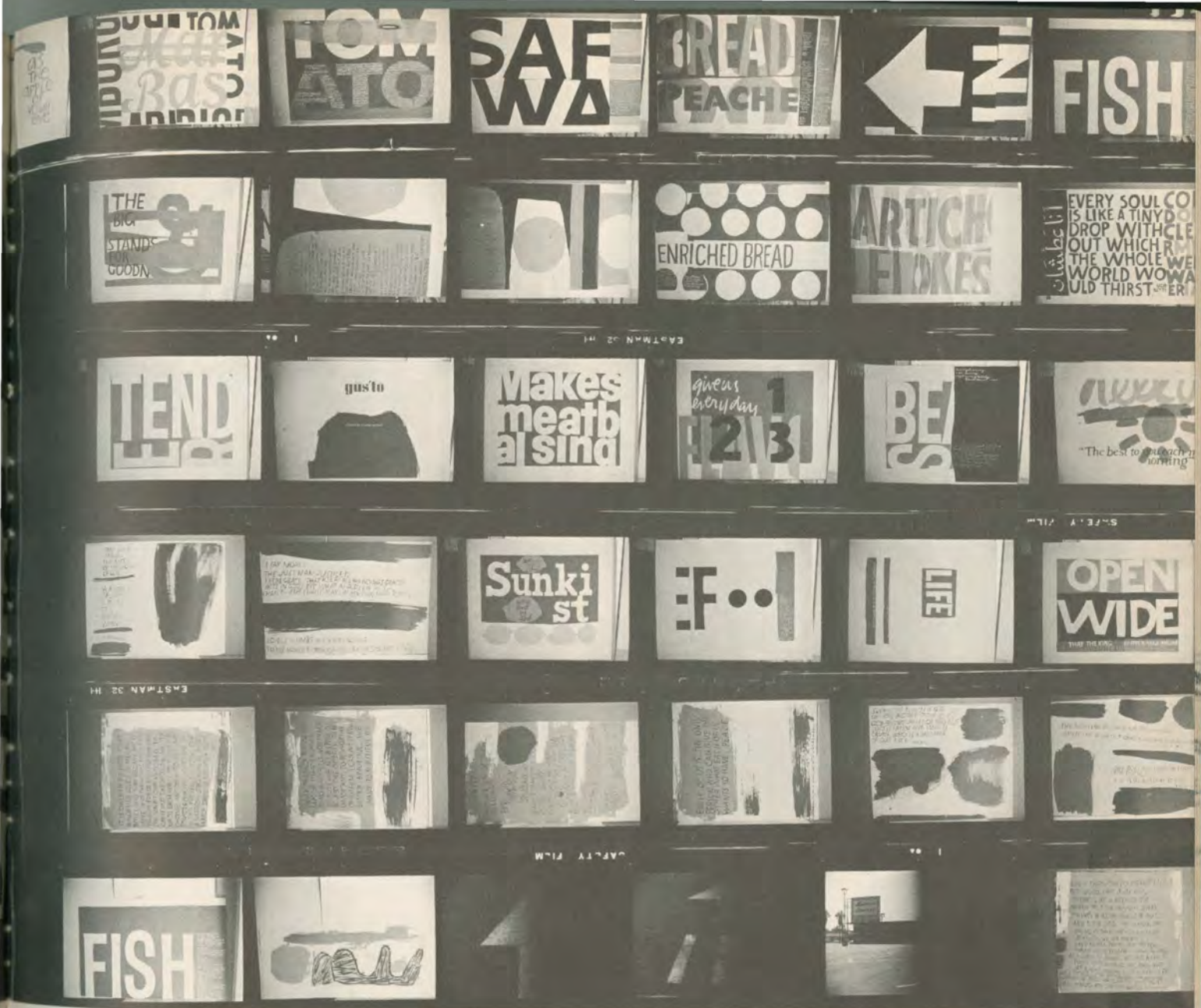
VATICAN PAVILION EXHIBIT

we can begin to understand the unique unity of Sister Corita's life. She *professes* as a teacher a certain theological view which, because it is wholistic, spills over into her art form. She heals the old split between the sacred and the secular and points, over and over again, to the presence of God, in the midst of the world, active and concerned. The marketplace, like every other earthly place, can be the arena for God's grace. She does not see the world as a veil of tears, abandoned to the horrors of inhumanity, a people cut off. Instead she points to human beings in need and to our relationship to them. In prints like "Open Wide," "Beans," "Fish," and "Market Basket," she both reminds us of those needs and of the abundance we enjoy. The inner man is related to the outer man, the haves to the have-nots, the flesh to the spirit. She presents them, as they always have been, related on the continuum of life which flows between the hidden depths and the exposed surfaces.

The singular novelty of her life and vision is to see and celebrate such relationships visually. And whether

she likes the term for herself or not, she is an artist. An artist who listens, looks, talks, teaches, prays, and devises exciting visual means for establishing the coherence she finds emerging out of all the points of reference. When you find someone determined to celebrate life you discover a vision behind it which is a receptacle for all elements of affirmation from whatever source.

The process of Sister Corita's skill as a printmaker is equally interesting and important. Her technology is the silk screen media. She demonstrates that she understands its limitations and exploits its creative possibilities to the limits. Her national and international reputation is as a creative artist, as a printmaker. Her prints are found in the collections of museums all over the country including the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. She is responsible for advancing the silk screen process as a fine art medium. Once the silk screen possibilities seemed confined to commercial use—sign making—Sister Corita has not lost touch with that function of



the medium but has, like Ben Shahn, made the poster an art form, making it respond to great reaches of her imagination. Through her efforts a bridge has been built between commercial art and fine art, so that when she does a Container Corporation of America ad commercialism is imbued with new vitality which mere propaganda cannot formulate.

Her contribution to the whole of American art is bound up not only with her vision but with her skill and discipline as an artist, responsible for form-making. The respect she has for her medium should not be lost in the excitement of tracing her vision expressed in and through the medium. The way she uses color, paper, shapes, etc., is an important part of the final meaning and cannot be separated from it without doing violence to its unity. Content and form are that unity. Her command of her artistic medium is so complete that most of us do not really "notice" it as a separate thing—since indeed it is not a separate thing. We are free to consider the visual, poetic, literary, and theological meaning of the work as a

whole, but we will not easily forget its form.

In her print, "Enriched Bread," she points out—in form and content—the wonder of simply having bread—not only bread, but enriched bread: a product all of us with eyes and ears know about. If you have a theological bent you may identify the words as the way modern men can refer to the Body of Christ, the Eucharist Bread, Holy and life-giving. A closer look, and you see the words, quotations in smaller circles (which visually remind us of communion wafers). They are the words of a Kentucky miner's wife who hasn't enough bread for her hungry children. Another quote, one from Gandhi, about bread, says that to those who don't have it, bread is another word for God. This is Sister Corita's way of uniting the sources of grace and the deeper significance of what we have taken so casually. This print says that Bread is not to be dismissed so lightly by those who have plenty of it, any more than by those whose lives literally depend upon it. The print calls us more deeply into human relationship. All this has happened using a few spots, lines, and



MAGPIE IN THE SKY

words handled in particular ways. Form and content are one.

In the print, "Every soul is like a tiny drop . . ." Sister Corita puts us in touch with tenderness of relatedness. The combination of decorative Indian writing and the English quotation is a subtle reminder that we belong to the "others" we will never meet face-to-face but who, with us, make up the same world.

The little poster-prints of quotations (page 35) do the same kind of thing without using decorative or

symbolic forms. But in "Be of love (a little) more careful than of everything," many elements play with each other. The half playful tenderness of the words vibrate in contrast with the op-art colors: blue, hot pink, mustard yellow. The colors are whimsical, blatant. In the background, small, naive flowers grow. The innocence, humor, tenderness, bouncy colors and words all cooperate in making the total message. Inner and outer worlds, form and content are interdependent.

Her earlier prints (pages 26 and 27) were more "painterly" in feeling, more poetic and "brushy," and more in the style of expressionism of the 1950's. Birds, landscapes and funny, childish figures, rich, busy overlays of muted color of lyric quality had little need for words.

With the more recent prints the effect of the Pop Art style, and bold words and colors are a new solution to the problem of form and content. But she has avoided the merely literary. Words and images defy separation.

She is amazingly attentive to the changing environment. And her productivity, in terms of both ideas and numbers of prints is astonishing when you realize that out of every year she actually prints only during her one free month in August. The rest of the year she is a full-time teacher.

I asked her where she got most of her ideas, and if she got any ideas from her students. She replied, "Yes, everything. They pour it in and I pour it out." And about the use she makes of literary quotations, she says that it has an influence on the students. Using words causes students to turn to literature. Certainly Immaculate Heart College is a lively, dynamic place for teachers and students. Ideas flow back and forth and the spirit of imagination and experiment is evident everywhere. Influences can be traced in every direction. There is probably a Corita style with variations according to the individual student. But there is a rich and mutual involvement and the students discover and create things that give Sister Corita new ideas.

She has a strong vision and style which are bound to affect the student work, just as the adventures in materials and the way the students see the world, provide important resources for Sister Corita. She is free enough to admit that she gets ideas from everywhere, including her students.

All her work, in teaching, making prints and in living, makes it impossible to separate the person that is the professor from the person that is the print-maker.

She laughs and enjoys life, she teaches and makes art—and she gives to everything a kind of clarity and unity that gives us *all* cause for celebration.

Having said all this, I found some ad copy which meant to serve as a guarantee for a commercial product. I thought: it is a perfect testimonial for the vision in Sister Mary Corita and in her prints. It says it better than I have and in fewer words—and maybe it illustrates how catching her vision is:

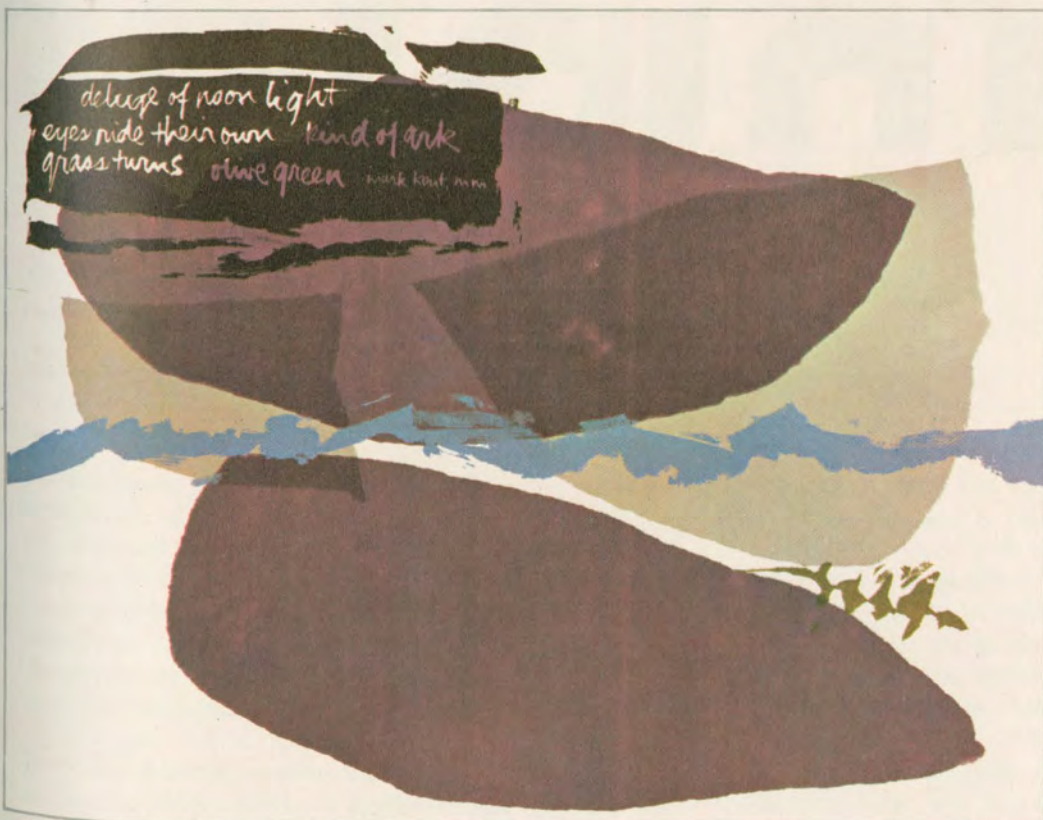
"WILL NOT DRY OUT, SHRINK,
OR BECOME BRITTLE WITH AGE."



WALKING ON THE SEA



GO SLO



ARK



MARY DOES LAUGH

"I am a school teacher. My job is to infiltrate the masses. I always feel I'm a kind of bridge between my students and artists. I try to find out as much as I can, what artists are thinking. I read what they have to say, and look at what they're doing and try to understand it from the context of all the other things that are happening in the whole world. I try to see what this does to the artist and what the artist does to the rest of the world.

"I want to infiltrate society because the art instinct in man, even if it's only that you get enjoyment from something your fellow man has made beautifully, is essentially in everybody. It is a human thing. It's one of our human capabilities. Some people are more

capable than others, certainly. But all people whose capabilities have been ground under still have latent capabilities, ready to be touched and brought out. This seems to me the infiltration idea, that what you're doing is helping people to use their whole selves better. You know, their bodies, their spirit, their aspirations. I think we need to use all our human equipment, and especially the kind that helps us to recognize beauty.

"I guess I make rash statements because that's how a teacher gets her students interested and I'm tempted to make one now. To say that art today is moving pictures, or still photography, even, and that maybe this is the new form art may have already taken without

انا عطشانا

EVERY SOUL IS LIKE A TINY DROP WITH OUT WHICH THE WHOLE WORLD WOULD THIRST. COL DOLY CLEA RMP WELL WAT ERIA

UGO BETTI

I THIRST

its realizing it. I think we have not yet learned to approach the viewing of moving pictures or television as art. Perhaps in one sense this is what has kept the moving picture good, that we don't think of it as art, or photography either. We think of it as a very business-like thing, and when people are doing their business, like assignments or covering stories, the people who are great do get found.

"Art can't die, anymore than breathing can die; it's just one of the things that man will always do. We have today the most intensive collection of extraordinary things happening, changing, and always, I think, when art has changed, it's because the world was changing. So now when we have the biggest change bursting on

all sides of us, the change that comes in art will be very radical.

"Maybe the way art has moved into the entertainment field . . . and the way the film has become powerful, maybe these two things will get together and react with the more respected things in art, like painting, and maybe a new family . . . maybe a totally new form. I think that painting at one time asked for the moving picture, and I think the stage asked for the moving picture, both by trying to do things which eventually the moving picture did; because painting and the stage were asking for these things, the movies got invented, because they were asked for. Maybe the question is, what are we asking for now?

what was jesus doing
while simon and his partners
were pulling in the nets?
was jesus standing on his dignity
st. luke carefully avoids any answer
in words. luke's account switches
swiftly
from jesus to the fish.

all those fish!

almost pouring into simon's boat—
no one on that boat—including jesus
was safe from those slippery flopping
fish.
fish by fish
they filled the deck

simon's boat
was so full of fish the boat would
have sunk if one more fish were
added. jesus was knee deep in fish
fish squished against his feet
fish fought his legs for space
but i think jesus was
too busy helping pull the nets
on board to notice.
he came to help
not to be waited on
in sunday clothes we sort of shrink
from a jesus whose hands and
clothes fairly reek with fish smell.
but does he?
simon earned his bread by fishing
jesus didn't turn up his nose at
simon's job—rather he pitched in
to help simon. mark kent



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OPEN WIDE

IN THAT THE KING OF GLORY MAY ENTER IN
OUT THE EXITS FROM
POVERTY TO THE
CHILDREN OF THE POOR L&

WIDE OPEN

"And about museums: I think museums are great. I think they are a much healthier kind of patronage, though maybe they don't exactly act as patrons. They are much healthier because there is enough rivalry among them, and they are made up of a slightly more informed group, one with more authority in the arts, which provides a space for the painters to educate the rest of us. In that sense they provide something the artist couldn't provide for himself. If there get to be too many, well maybe that's moving in the direction of that next invention.

"About the future: I don't think I can tell what I'm going to do next anymore than I can tell what is going to happen in art generally. I think the one thing that I have learned is to *trust the process*. I am only a full-time artist for about three weeks a year, between

summer school and fall school, so I probably leap in a much less graceful way (than steadily producing artists) from one production to the next. I was curious at first as to what would happen after I got into this pattern, what would happen the next year, for example. Sometimes I think of something that would be good to do when I get around to printmaking, but by the time the printmaking time comes I can't remember what it was. But the things add up and then somehow I know what to do next, though I don't know it before I do it. I'm not a conceptual worker, I just sort of let it happen, but as I look back on it afterward, I can see what made it happen; it wasn't by chance. Still, I never know what I'm going to do next."

Used by permission, *Jubilee*, December, 1964, from an interview with Sister Mary Corita, I.H.M., and Adolph Gottlieb.

AND THE VIRGIN HAS BORN A GIVEN PEACE TO THE WORLD

the function of such a day
is to provide a day of no functioning
a day of general feasting and rejoicing
a day of being with our friends
for one day to show ourselves
as a visible community
on a campus marked with extra colors
and extra sounds
a community playing
and singing
and worshipping
and feasting
after which we go back to our work
refreshed and inspired

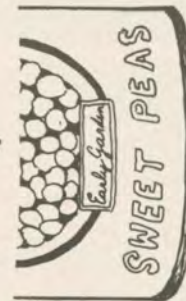
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5

it is also a day to pull loose ends
together
about the theme of the school year

PACEM IN TERRIS

an earthly peace
(his will on earth is worked by men)

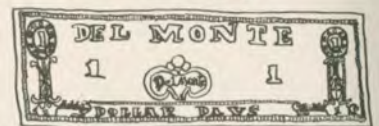
to make this more tangible
we focus on food
in our own market places
where the stuff of life is sold
and bought
we take time out to celebrate
the ordinary stuff of life



WE LIFT THE COMMON STUFF - GROCERIES AND SIGNS ABOUT GROCERIES - OUT OF THE EVERY DAY

and give it a place
in our celebration

when we put them back
into our everyday life
they will be somehow ennobled
on our grocery shelves



HAPPY ARE THOSE WHO MAKE

CHILD WHO IS GOD AND MAN - GOD HAS BY UNITING IN HIMSELF HEAVEN AND

EARTH- ALLELUIA

and in our kitchens
when we see them every day
they will remind us
of this good day
and our good lord
and heaven and earth
will not be so far apart
for us

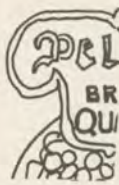


on may 19th
we gather together
to celebrate the mass
Christ invites us to
a banquet
and helps us
worship the father
in the spirit
of love



ORDINARY THINGS WILL BE SIGNS FOR US

of our neighbor's needs
of our own responsibility
as Christ's now
to be concerned
of gratitude
for our plenty
of our need for
daily bread
and of a heavenly father
who provides



and we extend
this feast

TO OUR ORDINARY EATING

keeping the two connected



after lunch
we will see
in our own times
art

a film
to experience how great
a power
is love
in the midst of great hunger
and poverty



we bring food
and carry it in a friendly walk
and place it around the altar
a way of giving our life
is giving away what makes our life
our gift of ourselves thru our food
is taken during the mass
and changed into the Body of Christ
and given back to us
as new food
to nourish a divine life in us
this is why we call the mass a banquet
at the last supper
Christ gathered his friends
to feast with him
a sign of brotherliness
and said do this



at the end of the day
we will take the
food
not eaten at mass
to people who need it
in the centers
where IHC students
have been working
this year
to St Vibiana's
and St Thomas'
and Watt's



SONS OF GOD

PEACE FOR THEY WILL BE KNOWN AS

Rest at pale evening...
A tall slim tree...
Night coming tenderly
Black like me. L. Hughes

I am the man, I suffered, I was there.
I am the wounded slave, I wince
at the bite of dogs
I do not ask the wounded person
how he feels, I myself become
the wounded person.
All these I feel or am. Whitman

TENDER BE—PART TWO—NIGHT COMES TENDERLY

Prints by Sister Mary Corita are available from the Art Department, Immaculate Heart College, 5515 Franklin Street, Los Angeles 28, California. She was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, 1918, and in 1936 entered the community of the Immaculate Heart Sisters in Los Angeles. In 1941 she received her B.A. from Immaculate Heart College. She taught grade school on a Canadian island, an experience that was the beginning of her commitment to a life of teaching in the special total way that makes students outdo themselves, a teaching which is a dialogue and a celebration of life. In 1951 Sister Mary Corita received her M.A. in art at the University of Southern California. There she learned serigraphy, which was the beginning of all this feast for our eyes and hearts.



I SAY MORE:
 THE JUST MAN JUSTICES;
 KEEPS GRACE: THAT KEEPS ALL HIS GOINGS GRACES;
 ACTS IN GOD'S EYE WHAT IN GOD'S EYE HE IS—
 CHRIST— FOR CHRIST PLAYS IN TEN THOUSAND PLACES,

LOVELY IN LIMBS, AND IN EYES NOT HIS
 TO THE FATHER THROUGH THE FEATURES OF MEN'S FACES.



THE RIGHTS OF ALL MEN ARE DIMINISHED
 WHEN THE RIGHTS OF ONE MAN ARE THREATENED.
 J.F.K.

ONE DOES NOT HAVE TO LOOK
 FOR DISTRESS.
 IT IS SCREAMING AT YOU.
 S. BECKETT



THE HOLY
 SPIRIT—
 THE KISS
 OF THE MOUTH
 OF GOD,

A RIVER
 OF JOY,
 A RIVER
 OF
 PURE
 WINE

ST. BERNARD

BE OF LOVE (A LITTLE) MORE CAREFUL THAN OF EVERYTHING



PACEM IN TERRIS

ORDINARY THINGS WILL BE SIGNS FOR US

SO: ART & THE MARKETPLACE

**SO: WE LIFT THE COMMON STUFF—GROCERIES AND SIGNS
ABOUT GROCERIES OUT OF THE EVERY DAY . . .**

If we were only loud and bright, perhaps we could hope only for the indulgent smile of the mother of very small children. Our colors, however, are the colors of the marketplace, the colors of life-giving food, and our sounds are the sounds of the here and now, and they are meant to say: Mother, I am concerned for my brother, who is your son. My brother starves, he weeps, he dies. He is myself. Today is a loud call to our mother asking her to teach us what she knows of filling the emptiness, drying the tears, and easing the death of our brother. We ask to be taken out of ourselves (this is the whole burden of "pacem in terris").

—Sister M. William

LOOK

LOVE IS
HERE
TO
STAY

AND THAT'S ENOUGH

JOHN LENNON
PAUL MCCARTNEY

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC:

The Result of Forty Years of Bungling

DURING the past several months the United States public has waited hopefully while our State Department has tried to extricate itself from its embarrassing position in the Dominican Republic. It appears, however, that instead of being able to end the conflict without doing irreparable damage to our image overseas we will instead be forced to admit that we are truly reaping what we have sown, for inasmuch as we smile and soothe our consciences by saying that we have prevented unnecessary bloodshed and stopped a communist victory in Santo Domingo we must also agree that the United States is largely responsible for causing the conflict.

The story of our failure in the Dominican Republic is long and complicated; it should cause shame to those who profess a belief in democracy. Moreover, what we now see happening in Santo Domingo is not the end of that story, but only a minor chapter; by following our present policy we are preparing for a much greater war which will leave, not hundreds, but thousands dead and a country of three and one-half million persons under communistic control.

By intervening in the fighting in Santo Domingo we admitted that all our efforts to promote democracy in that country had failed. For nearly four decades we permitted a dictator to ride rough-shod over the Dominicans and turned our heads when he committed the greatest atrocities, outside of Hitler, known to mankind. In 1937, Trujillo issued an order that left more than 15,000 Haitian peasants dead after less than four days of pure slaughter. Although the United States demanded that the act be rectified, Trujillo eased himself free of the situation by turning over to our State Department a batch of trumped-up court records indicating that the "civilians" responsible for the horrible incident had been tried and sentenced to prison; not one Dominican was punished. From then on the Old Man continued to strengthen his oppression against the peo-

by **Buddy R. Salyer**

ple. His "spy ring" was composed of thousands of citizens who were willing to inform on their neighbors for several pesos.

The result of this fantastic "Big Brother is watching you" operation was thousands of murders aimed at eliminating all opposition to the regime. The dictator bragged of a democratic system, but only one party was allowed. Persons who went to the polls cast their vote for Trujillo's candidate. Justice was a farce; Trujillo himself decided the outcome of many court trials which were held only for publicity. Scattered around the Dominican Republic were several torture chambers used for getting information from victims who were often completely ignorant of the answers desired of them. Methods of torture included thumb-screws, electric shock, extended periods without sleep, the notorious Chinese water torture, castration, and starvation.

During the whole period of Trujillo's reign influential Americans openly praised the great economic and social progress being achieved in the Dominican Republic. Congressmen who had visited the island stood in their respective chambers and explained how lucky both we and the Dominicans were to have such an outstanding anti-communist in the Western hemisphere. Arturo Espailat, head of Trujillo's Security Service and author of *Trujillo: the Last Caesar*, asserts that the dictator spent more than \$5 million for bribes in the United States, a substantial amount of this fortune going to congressmen. When the Old Man was assassinated in 1961 American officials removed all records of these pay-offs to Washington where they have been conveniently "forgotten."

THE death of Trujillo actually changed nothing in the Dominican Republic, because his son, Ramfis, returned to Santo Domingo within forty-eight hours after receiving the news, and in spite of U. S. threats and the presence of North American warships, he exacted his vengeance by hunting down and killing all but two of his father's murderers. He remained long enough to collect some other debts (lives) and left the island with a huge sum of money belonging to the Dominican people.

After considerable turmoil the U. S. helped establish a Council of State to rule the country until elections could be arranged. The Council did little more than maintain order, and even after the elections the citizens knew no more about democracy than during the time of Trujillo. Fortunately, the victor, Juan Bosch, had unselfish motives when he became the new president. He carried into office a complete blueprint for bringing the country back to its feet. On the other hand, Bosch was not popular with those factions holding the real power: the old-line military officers from the era of Trujillo, and the aristocracy. The measures needed to improve conditions in the Dominican Republic were wholly opposite to the goals of these elite few. Bosch's agrarian reform, planning to divide up the Trujillo clan's vast estate among Dominican peasants, was unacceptable, for the aristocracy wanted this choice real estate for themselves. His hopes of muster-

ing soldiers out of the service for employment in public works were useless, for the wealthy officers needed these men in order to retain power. Every point of his program conflicted with the desires of those who could remove him from office. For the first time in history the Dominican press had true freedom of speech; and after four decades the citizens could hold mass meetings on their own accord without fear of police retaliation. This freedom signified the end of military omnipotence and the beginning of democracy.

Yet, with all the fervor and potential exhibited by Bosch, the U. S. agencies in Santo Domingo retained their same complacent attitudes, and did not give the outward support needed to make him a success. Money and food brought into the country by the Alliance for Progress was handed over to Dominican departments where it evaporated. Loans to the agriculture bank to establish a poultry industry in the Dominican Republic were passed on to wealthy military officers who were capable of building with their own cash. After \$2 million had been poured into the poultry business, an Alliance poultry expert who had observed all operations financed by American money reported that less than half this amount had actually been invested; the remainder had lodged in numerous pockets. Hundreds of tons of corn marked for sale to poor Dominican farmers was sold on the open market at huge profits by already wealthy landowners.

THE United States Information Agency, located in Santo Domingo and Santiago, provided English classes for those lucky enough to live in these two cities and having money for classes and books. They maintained libraries in both cities stocked exclusively with books printed in English, and conducted radio programs which reached a small minority of Dominicans. While Bosch needed support and the people (3,500,000) lacked education in democracy, the USIA catered to the upper-middle class by impressing them with our wealth and power. As it now stands, less than two percent of the total Dominican population has had any direct contact whatsoever with the USIA.

With the exception of Peace Corps volunteers (the only Americans in the Dominican Republic of whom we can really be proud), the entire American colony is ignorant of any aspect of Dominican life outside their own social circles. Those who have been able to wrest themselves away from the luxuries of Santo Domingo for a trip through the countryside obtain their first-hand knowledge of the country through a car window or lying on a beach. Association with Dominican nationals is restricted to high government officials (aristocracy) and house servants. The isolation of American personnel, all of whom live in the high-rent districts of Santo Domingo, is total, and this lack of contact rules out a true sympathy and understanding of the *real* Dominican Republic.

The foregoing situation has given the Dominican people the impression that the United States is composed entirely of aristocrats similar to those rich Dominicans who have robbed them blind for genera-

tions. Therefore, the ouster of Bosch is thought to have been done with U. S. approval. And in light of U. S. intervention in the present crisis, it might be so.

The months following the coup against Bosch have been aptly named by German Ornez in an article in *The New Republic*: "Trujilloism without Trujillo." The long list of incidents that have occurred since September, 1963, is inconceivable in the United States. Within one week after the coup the first riots in seven months were seen, with many following, making one wonder how much popular support the new Triumvirate really had. Newspapers were attacked and closed when they criticized the government. Labor strikes were outlawed, and when the whole city of Santo Domingo walked out on strike against the regime, government troops forced the workers to return to their jobs after several days of fighting in which possibly more than one hundred persons died. (An official release from the National Palace recognized three deaths attributed to the fighting, all by accident). A group of guerilla soldiers were ambushed and killed and the bodies mutilated by government troops while attempting to surrender under a special pact gained by the Dominican Red Cross stating that all who would lay down their arms would not be treated harshly or be exiled.

AFTER all fighting had ceased in the mountains a special flight of exiles was sent to France and Portugal. The Triumvirate announced that it had signed more contracts for public works in its first seven days in office than Bosch had signed during his seven months. However, nothing tangible ever came of these "contracts." The Air Force had its own regular flights to Miami to buy furniture, clothes, liquor, and the like, which entered the country tax-free and were sold at a huge profit. A protective tariff was enacted on nearly every single item imported into the country, even though much of the taxed material was not even manufactured in the Dominican Republic. On most articles the tax was doubled, and some were raised as much as 150 percent. Belasario, the head of the National Police, constructed a home costing \$200,000 for materials alone. A power struggle between the different Armed Forces resulted in a police attack on an army fortress, costing innocent lives, property, and several million dollars to the already ailing Dominican economy when three powder magazines exploded. The government blamed the explosions on sabotage planned at the University and ransacked the campus in search of evidence. In the meantime, the \$43 million left in the National Treasury by Bosch dwindled to nothing, the total amount going for military salaries, a dead bureaucratic administration, and graft.

When one considers this situation it seems incredible that the revolution has been so long coming. The outset of fighting demonstrated our lack of preparation and incompetence in understanding political matters in those countries where we profess to have diplomatic "experts." Our own intelligence work in locating and identifying Dominican communists was not the primary factor in causing our panic and making us fear another Cuba; shrewdly-worded pleas

from the junta forces terrified our personnel and increased our inability to act rationally until thousands of American troops were sent into Santo Domingo, violating article 17 of the OAS Charter, and article 24 of the UN charter. Fully realizing that the rebel forces were acting in the right we fought alongside junta troops to prevent the destruction of government power.

After all this our State Department is unable to understand the intense feelings of anti-Americanism aroused in the rebel zone; it even goes so far as to confuse it with widespread communistic sympathy. But is it not natural for a nation which has seen the U. S. support a dictator, approve of the overthrow of their attempt at democracy, finance the personal fortunes of a few tyrants, and then kill them when they try to regain their legal constitution, to hate us, or even choose communism because we refuse to help them? This is the result of our forty years of bungling.

Now, the United States refuses to confess its mistakes, for the negotiations being carried on in Santo Domingo, if successful, will leave the army, under the direction of the same Trujilloists, in control. The only possible means of rehabilitating the Dominican Republic calls for a president who will try to achieve the same goals as Juan Bosch; but the military and aristocracy will never permit this to happen. The proposed elections will be a repetition of those held in December, 1962, with the Dominican people knowing no more about democracy and no less of military dominance than before, and a president who will be powerless. And should the new leader choose to change the *status quo*, the army, after meeting approval in its ouster of Bosch and receiving assistance in combating the present "communist threat," knows that it must only scream "Castro" in order to remove the next man from office with our consent.

OUR real fight with communism should have begun with the death of Trujillo. It is impossible to kill a philosophy with force; this was well proved by the Romans in trying to stop Christianity. Only by making the military subservient to civilian authority, and by actually guaranteeing complete freedom to each individual, along with his rightful share of land, education, and opportunity, will we be able to aid the Dominican Republic in achieving democracy. The Dominican cannot be persuaded to turn his back on Castroism unless we offer him something better, and so far we have not.

Now that we have intervened in the affairs of the Dominican Republic, and have permitted all other methods to fail us, we might be prepared to benefit by a statement made by Seldon Rodman in his excellent book, *Quisqueya: A History of the Dominican Republic*; he says, "the instant, bloodless, wholly unopposed 'success' [of the September 25, 1963, overthrow of Juan Bosch] attested primarily to the depth of that Hispanic malady of authoritarianism which nothing but a generation of education in democracy and a complete eradication of military autonomy could eliminate."



LITHOGRAPH: BOYD SANDERS

Boyd Sanders '62 (imp)

CHAOS IN SCIENCE*

by AMITAI ETZIONI

UNTIL recently, appropriations for scientific and technological projects were granted by Congress with surprisingly little scrutiny. But when the federal bill for research-and-development hit an all-time high of \$14.7 billion in fiscal 1963—a climb of 445 percent in ten years—Congress appointed a committee to “research the researchers.”

At first, there was some apprehension in the scientific community about the way the committee, headed by Carl Elliott (Dem., Ala.), might interpret its assignment. Fifteen billion dollars of federal money can hardly be passed out, even to scientists, without the occurrence of some irregularities. The committee, it was feared, might see its task as exposing these irregularities in its search for ways and means to curb them. However, the committee—and with it, Congress—is discovering that the problem is of a larger magnitude than a few irregularities in the counting of test tubes or a wasteful use of paper clips.

The American science-and-engineering enterprise, two-thirds of which is financed by the federal government, is in a state of disarray, of the kind that often follows periods of rapid growth. What is needed is not just a little trimming and cleaning, but a basic design to guide future growth and bring to the present unruly enterprise some semblance of order.

Looking at this problem the Congress is discovering some facts more startling than that one federally supported researcher is investigating the shape of the atoms on the left bank of the Seine. The Elliott committee might wonder who decided that 87 percent of the federal research-and-development budget should go into defense, space, and atomic energy, leaving only 13 percent for all other fields of research; who decided that the number of doctors engaged in research should increase by 233 percent (between 1949 and 1962) while the number of practicing physicians grew only 28 percent; who decided that the

medical schools should be forced to admit more girls and inferior students while space-related sciences get better students, and all the males they want; who decided that a score of federal agencies would engage in international education and training and so many federal agencies, exploring the ocean, that any day now two American oceanography ships will collide, trying to take the same sounding; or, who decided that the White House staff for the guidance and coordination of all our scientific and technological efforts (which, in 1963, consisted of 29 men, only 12 of whom were professionals) would be sixty-five times smaller than the staff that one agency, NASA, uses to guide and coordinate its scientific and technological efforts?

The fact is, that *most of these decisions were never really made*; the development of our research enterprise is not following any over-all policy. Each agency pursues its own program with little regard for any other agency or for any sort of comprehensive national program. The magnitude of this disarray and of its implications deserves telling; we are all affected.

FEW people realize that in the early fifties we entered into a new phase in the utilization of rational, organized knowledge. We entered the age of “mass-science,” where scientific resources are widely used and are critical in determining our security, economic vigor and health.

If the arms race continues, for example, most experts agree that research and development (R & D) will be the crucial area of activity. Already so few weapons of each model are produced before the model is outmoded and replaced (we are talking about building two, maybe three, RS-70 bombers), that the major cost of new weapons (for R & D) is over 60 percent of the cost of intercontinental missiles and close to 90 percent of the cost of military satellites.

If the arms race is phased out, it will then be up to our scientists and

engineers to invent new usages for the idled assembly lines (perhaps flying cars? cigarettes without tar and nicotine? martinis chilled in plastic bags?). The vigor of our economy in general, as well as its rate of growth, depends less and less on the rate of reinvestment of capital and more and more on the flow of new ideas into its machinery.

Finally, science is a prime concern to the forty million Americans now alive who will die from cancer; to the mental patients who occupy one bed out of every four in our hospitals; to the ten million Americans who suffer from some form of heart disease; the very lives of all these men, women and children, their families and friends, as well as those afflicted by other diseases, are vitally affected by the progress made by the legions of American researchers; the pills, vaccines, and new surgical tools they come up with.

Factories will soon have more men working in laboratories than on assembly lines; and cities will make their names as the seats of research centers and major universities. The prospects of a country will soon be measured more by the number and quality of Ph.D.'s it turns out than by the tons of steel it casts. *No modern society in charge of its fate, can allow its scientific assets to be mal-distributed or de-based.*

EVEN if there were no new demands on our scientific capacity, we would have a hard time stretching our supply of professional manpower to cover all these vital current needs. According to the Bane report, prepared for the U. S. Surgeon General, we will be short 18,000 physicians by 1975 if the present rate of graduation is not increased. (This does not mean that every American town will be short one doctor, which seems tolerable, but that less attractive towns will have a hard time keeping any physicians who are not alcoholics, or

have no heart condition, or otherwise have no choice but to stay.) College teaching, the Office of Education calculated, will lack 90,000 Ph.D.'s by 1970, by present rates of graduation, which means further shortages on all other fronts, as the training of new professionals will lag behind the need. The number of engineers will fall short of that needed at the end of the decade, according to some calculations, by about fifty percent, if no more are turned out each year than were in the last years.

The extent of scarcity reflected by these figures is disputed. But granted some case can be made for less alarmist calculations, the danger remains of an over-optimistic approach which expects a "natural" adjustment of demand and supply, helped along by some limited government financing and guidance. But this conclusion, that a few stop-gap measures will suffice, is not confirmed by the facts. Let us take a look at the monumental disorder and bottlenecks which already exist.

An observer fresh upon the facts of the American science and engineering enterprise would conclude not only that we value our security above all else, but that reaching the moon is twice as valuable to us as the additional contributions research-and-development could make to our health, to our social problems (from under-developed America to juvenile delinquency), to our international relations, and to all earth-sciences combined—from growing food in the ocean to boundless, inexpensive energy released through new chemical processes. He would reach this conclusion by noting that, while in 1963 we spent an estimated \$11.4 billion on military and space R&D, we spent only seven percent of this amount (\$0.8 billion) on R&D under the Health, Education and Welfare Department.

Despite all the complaints about the inadequacy of our foreign aid program, we appropriated only \$7.7 million in 1963 on efforts to study its limitations and to search systematically for ways to improve it. Likewise our Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, one of the major

research centers for ways to move toward "a world which is free from the scourge of war and the danger and burdens of armaments," received—even in the years when we were seeking to expand and exploit a major thaw in the Cold War—a total budget of a mere \$6.5 million, only part of which could be applied to research; this piddling sum would not pay NASA's electric bill.

The counter-argument is: we have enough resources to satisfy all our needs; no field need be deprived. But in fact as space and defense absorb an increasing segment of our science budget, drawing 25,000 out of the 27,000 R&D scientists and engineers graduated in 1963, not many funds or men were left for other needs.

IF some national authority had consciously decided that our scientific resources should be distributed the way they are, we could argue that it had made a bad decision, but at least there would be an authority to argue with, and one that could reverse the decision. But this is not the case.

American science is not guided by any over-all policy or authority. The White House staff (organized into the Office of Science and Technology) is too small and politically too weak for this purpose; assisted by the Federal Council for Science and Technology, it is primarily engaged in giving advice to the President and coordinating some work among the agencies.

Congress has no committee in charge of federal research-and-development; the responsibility is dispersed among numerous committees, each looking after the particular program carried out by one or a few agencies. (When the President sent to the Senate for approval the name of his scientific advisor, the Senate had a hard time deciding which committee had jurisdiction.) Hence, Congress tends to deal with each program on its own merits—do we need more work in the area of mental health? more in space?—and it grants funds accordingly. Later, when the budget is found too big, something else is cut (e.g., a basic

research project, Mohole, attempting to dig a hole through the earth's crust, was cut back late in 1963). But the critical question is not faced: what sector is deprived if mental health gets more? Who loses when the moon race gains?

The manpower problem is particularly important. Levels of taxation and the national debts can be raised by legislation and thus more funds be made available. But the same does not hold true for professional manpower; one cannot use today a Ph.D. that will graduate in the seventies, the way the government spends now tax revenues that will be paid in the next decade.

Deciding how many Ph.D.'s will be reserved to train new Ph.D.'s and how many will be consumed by being recruited for research here and now, is not unlike a problem faced by the most primitive farmer: how many seeds should he reserve for next year's crop and how many will be eaten up this year? In the absence of a solid policy on this question, as the federal research empires have multiplied, they use up the manpower needed to train the next generation of researchers and engineers; thus the balance is upset and our scientific enterprise is put on borrowed time.

LIKEWISE, the inroads that federal research has made on the campus and the distorting effects it has had on our major universities have often been cited, but few realize the full extent of the impact. By the end of the fifties already 25 percent of the budgets of universities such as Harvard and Stanford was covered by federal contracts, most of which go to research and not to education; for other universities it was higher, running as high as 66 percent for M.I.T. and an astounding 88 percent for the California Institute of Technology. Even more revealing is a recent study, conducted by Harold Orlans at the Brookings Institution, which showed that the majority of the senior scientists at twelve major universities could not provide the name of any of the undergraduate seniors majoring in their departments, and quite

a few were unable to recall the names of more than a few graduate students. Teaching of future scientists cannot be effectively carried out on a part-time, after-thought, no-personal-contact basis.

All in all, the federal space-drive, whose budget has doubled every second year since 1958, coming on top of a giant military research and development empire, has greatly accelerated the current "consumption" of Ph.D.'s, at the cost of training new Ph.D.'s to replenish the supply tomorrow. The limited aid the government did give to education, far from alleviating the situation, had some distorting effects of its own.

The federal aid to education bill, designed to expand and improve the education system and to provide more professionals for both teaching and research, was never approved by Congress. There is federal aid to education, but in order to get it through Congress it is disguised and twisted.

Aid is given in the form of agency-bound fellowships (by the AEC, the National Institutes of Health, and NASA), and recently, for construction of buildings, (but not for teacher's salaries). This particular mode of granting aid has several consequences: first, while the agencies are rather lenient in interpreting the tie between the fellowship and the particular area they promote, they do manage to plug their special concern. Some students accept fellowships to study "health related sciences" (or "space related") and end up studying whatever they initially desired; others, though, are swayed to follow the course the particular agency has in mind.

As a consequence, the same skewed distribution of resources that appears in the distribution of scientific resources in the federal government is gradually extended to the campus. Today many more students are writing Ph.D. dissertations on mental hospitals and space-related subjects than was the case a few years ago, while other social science subjects and earth-sciences are neglected. (This is one of the reasons for the

increasing paucity of well-founded social criticism in this country. The David Riesmans, not to mention the C. Wright Mills, of tomorrow will be the only graduate students paying for their own education and research; federal money is not to be used for studies that have manifest political implications.)

Moreover, there is, at a given time, a limited pool of high IQ talent on the campus. Even if every chair in every classroom is covered by a body, this does not mean that no redistribution of talent has taken place. Because of factors such as the higher fellowships given by some agencies than by others, and the great publicity given to the exploits of NASA over, for instance, N.I.H., it is an open secret on the campus that medical schools get poorer stu-



JAMES CRANE

dents, and have to lower their admission standards, while the space sciences attract better students.

By failing to take such redistributions of talent into account, a policy for science omits a most crucial factor. A loss of ten percent of its best talents by one discipline cannot be made up by increasing its federal budget fifty times and its student body by a hundred percent. The difference between a good and a bad student is much greater than between a good and a bad area of farm land, bushel of wheat, or tank—the kind of commodities federal authorities are more accustomed to dealing with.

The final—and in the long run, the most important—distorting factor is that almost all the federal aid to education so far has gone to graduate education. This eases the

shortages somewhat, but its net effect is to shift the bottleneck in American scientific manpower one level lower. According to one poll, most graduates who have good and fair science ability already go into these disciplines. Obviously the solution to the scarcity of professional trainees lies elsewhere.

More and better junior colleges and high schools, better trained and more highly paid teachers, are essential if the supply of undergraduates is to increase and its level of quality is to be maintained. But even deeper reforms are needed.

NATURAL talents are distributed throughout all social and economic groups. So far we have utilized mainly those of the more privileged groups; but this pool is now close to exhaustion. The most profound problem of American society—that of fully introducing into the modern age and more fully sharing our affluence with millions of Negroes, unemployed families and the many Americans who must do on less than \$2,000 a year—lies only two steps removed from our professional-manpower problems.

These are matters of long-run policy, our avoidance of which has many roots. Historically we have always been affluent enough to do without it; psychologically, we are optimists, expecting that things will work themselves out somehow; politically, Congress is more a blocking force than a force for action; and it is more responsive to the needs of specific agencies and services who have pull on the Hill, come over well on television, and claim to help us keep ahead of the Russians. The White House has neither the facilities to formulate a national policy on these matters, nor has it in the past revealed the political courage to fight these issues all the way, on the Hill and in the country.

More than additional Ph.D.'s, test tubes, classrooms, and cyclotrons, we need a long-run policy, to start now building up the additional scientific assets we will need in the seventies and to use those we have now more in line with our national objectives and values.

TWO RITUALS

TO ACCOMPANY SOME SORT OF BIRTHS

1. Siren's Song: The Way to the Outward

Come downstairs and leave the spiders,
whose songs weave solitude in the corners,
swim through a river of echoes,
memorize the testimony of money,
toss stones with the children of silver.
Come to the parlor of painted corpses,
and dine on the pale girl's forlornness.
Come away from the corners and bandage
your bleeding eyes with the bandaids of blindness,
and dance among a masquerade of masked voices.



2. The Spider's Song: The Way to the Hidden

Find the secrets of nearby shadows,
lost in the light of stars.
Go beyond the bright rim
of the fruit bowl in the parlor's hands,
fall into webby darkness
underneath the avenues of smiles.
Descend through holes
chewed out by prairie dogs,
find the cave fish with no eyes,
and see with his wisdom
the way through the wounds
of the voices with masked words.

—DUANE LOCKE

A DRAMA WITHIN THE DRAMA, A PLAY OUTSIDE THE PLAY

BY MALCOLM BOYD

WE had a performance to give at 8:30 p.m., but as we sped toward our destination, the odds seemed against us. It was 7:30, we weren't yet even within miles of the town, and the cops were tailing us.

Those headlights shining back there on the dark, menacingly swamp-lined highway, seemed to be out of a romantic, very old Bogart movie. But, we realized with clammy uneasiness, they were indeed as real as any other part of our incongruous situation. This was July, 1965 . . . in Mississippi.

If we were stopped, on a real or an imaginary minor violation, it would probably mean at least one night in jail. Such procedures are routine in this part of Mississippi. White and Negro workers in the freedom movement here have learned to anticipate incarceration instead of a traffic ticket, along with a likely beating and very high bail for persons inevitably short on money.

But there was a performance that night, as scheduled, for we were not picked up. After tailing us for an interminable length of time, they had either had their sport for the moment or were called to better pickings, and, without warning, they zoomed ahead and swiftly out of sight.

In the town, an audience awaited us in a haggard, flea-bitten cavern which was "the Negro theatre." It was, of course, owned by whites, and the white owner was on hand. He had, in fact, been told by local civil rights workers that our performance would be "a cultural event." So, instead of an innocuous B film, we would perform that night. The seedy hall, with its ancient red plush seats, seemed to be a huge mouth from which all the shiny teeth had been extracted, leaving only empty space and blood-red cushy holes.

Youngsters under ten years of age completely filled the first row of seats. Men and women were scattered through the house, and, wishing to create as intimate a setting as possible, we asked them all to move down and fill up the seats near the front. It was hard to tell who were the actors or where was the stage; indeed, this was true of the whole experience.

Under the sponsorship of SNCC, I was touring Mississippi, Alabama and eastern Arkansas, giving readings

from Negro writers and my own plays before rural Negro audiences in Freedom Houses, churches and community centers. The Freedom Singers, four young Negro veterans of the movement, were travelling with me.

The audiences seemed as much a part of the drama as ourselves. We were all a part of the Mississippi drama, the deep south cycle, the Alabama passion play.

Everybody here seemed to be playing quite specific roles, speaking given lines, responding to cues. Ever so often, when the action seemed to lag, one instinctively knew this was pure deception; suddenly, there would be a new shock, a thrust in the movement, drawing very tight again what had momentarily seemed to be a slack in the choreography. Only the blood could be real. The stage lights could change within the drama, in the blink of an eye, to hard headlights of a car cutting through a lonely stretch of highway late at night. Action *here* and reaction *there* could become fused in a single experience of pain or dying.

Now I was on stage before the all-Negro (with the exception of the white owner) audience. The Freedom Singers had sung four freedom songs, and the wary, weary crowd had begun to respond to them. "Oh, freedom." "This . . . little light of mine." "Whadaya want?" "FREEDOM." "When?" "NOW." The white theatre owner was becoming visibly agitated. He stood up, walked to the back of the theatre where he used the phone, and then remained standing there, smoking in an unrelaxed way, observing the rest of the performance with the air of a Madrid censor. Time was golden; we breathed and worked in it.

I explained to the audience that I am a white man. "Or a white devil, if you see it that way." There was a warm hum of appreciation from the people; the white theatre owner inhaled cigarette smoke at the rear of the house. "Yet it is a freedom, not a black, movement. White blood has been shed along with black. Viola Liuzzo . . . Jimmy Lee Jackson . . . Jim Reeb. No white man is free, despite what he may think, so long as anyone else in the society is not free. We're here for freedom." I explained something of what it has meant to be a white man in the movement: one has had to experience the seesaw of being called, in one moment, "a white nigger," and, in the next, "a white devil." There were laughs, and tears, in such a situation, I said. I attempted to share some of both with the audience. Suddenly, all of us in the theatre seemed to have acknowledged relationship. The theatre owner was fighting it, but I felt he had nonetheless experienced it, too.

"How many of you know the name Richard Wright?" Just a few hands went up. "He lived here," I said. "It's important for us to learn Negro culture and history, to know Negro writers . . . Richard Wright, for example . . . and to understand what is their experience and what

they are saying." I read Wright's short story, "The Man Who Went to Chicago."

After another freedom song, I asked: "How many know who Ralph Ellison is?" Hardly any hands were raised. I told them about Ellison. Then I said I felt it was important for Mississippi to know about Harlem, and for Harlem to know about Mississippi; and I read the Harlem funeral scene from *Invisible Man*. A pin, had it been dropped, would instantly have been heard inside that old theatre. The youngsters in the front row seemed not to breathe or move. This reading is a long one, and not uncomplicated, but the people heard it and shared its meaning. (Later, over a urinal in the men's room upstairs, I would see scrawled these words: "The Peoples Wants Freedom.")

Then we performed my one-act play, *Boy*. This required me to don a black mask in order to play the role of a Negro shoeshine man. A Negro in our group would wear a white mask and play the role of a white man brutalizing the shoeshine man. Here the audience had to work hard and try to make difficult adjustments. What *right* had the white man (white nigger or white devil) to become a Negro? How could he know what a Negro feels? Was there any *justice* in such a performance?

No audience before had ever laughed at any part of *Boy*, but, when the white man, wearing the black mask, knelt on the floor to shine the shoes of the Negro wearing a white mask, appreciative and joyous laughter swept through the theatre. "Shine my shoes, nigger. . . . No, dammit, spit on the shoe, boy. Spit. What's your spit worth, boy? Make it shine like your black face, nigger." The audience roared. The white owner tried to stop the performance, but was told *Boy* would be completed.

The Negro wearing the white mask left the stage. The white man wearing the black mask placed a white mask over it, and started playing an imaginary scene: the white man playing the Negro had become a Negro playing a white man, addressing an imaginary Negro. Laughter stopped as quickly as one turns a light switch. "Who do you think you are, nigger? Do you think you're a big shot, nigger?" Then the white mask and the black mask came off, and the face was immediately not a masked but a human one. "Who am I? *Who am I?*" Into a moment of desperate questioning poured the epithets and inhumanly murderous names used by racists: "Boy! Boy! Where are you, boy? Boy! Come here boy! Boy! Boy! Boy!" The cries filled the theatre, then ceased as abruptly as they had started. The man on the stage slowly stood up. He was human and white, white and human, and he had been playing a black man. "I am not boy. I . . . am . . . not . . . boy." The applause, in that old Mississippi theatre which was segregated for "niggers," rose, in a giant roar, and sounded

like London or Broadway. The theatre owner was clapping his hands in a staccato movement against the people's applause and he was shouting in counterpoint to the roar: the performance was over, you must leave immediately, quickly, get out.

BUT still it could not be stopped. The crowd and the performers clasped hands. "We Shall Overcome." The words were shouted, the music was starkly simple. Jaded northern liberals might misuse this song by singing it too frequently at respectably uninvolved church or social meetings, and Black Nationalists might wish the song could be banned for five years so that it would not be misused as a substitute for serious economic and political community planning. But inside the Mississippi theatre, it was a hymn, a creed, a shared public statement of intention and solidarity.

So went one night of our tour. Filing out, the people shook hands with us. Shortly afterwards, we joined them at the restaurant which was the Negro gathering place in that town and talked for several hours about the readings, the plays, the freedom movement, the young Black Nationalists, LBJ, Rochester, Adam Clayton Powell, and whether freedom would really ever come.

Every night of the tour was different. But always it was hot . . . sometimes 110 degrees . . . and, in the crowded, airless centers where we played, we would sweat and be ringing wet when a performance had ended.

One night, when the white man in *Boy* hurled a coin at the Negro shoeshine man and ordered him to "pick it up," a small Negro youngster . . . seated quite close to the small wooden stage in the packed community hall . . . ran in front of the actors, picked up the coin and handed it to the Negro wearing a white mask, telling him: "You dropped this." The audience laughed and applauded, but immersed itself almost immediately back into the flow of the drama.

In Palmer's Crossing, Mississippi, I read the "Jerry and the Dog" sequence from Edward Albee's play, *The Zoo Story*. ("We neither love nor hurt because we do not try to reach each other. And, was trying to feed the dog an act of love? And, perhaps, was the dog's attempt to bite me *not* an act of love?") The audience identified either Jerry or the Dog with the Negro or the white, and also related itself, in various individual ways, to each one. (When I had read this speech a year before at the Ecumenical Institute of the World Council of Churches in Switzerland, a white man from South Africa had come up to me during tea the next afternoon and said: "The dog was the colored man.")

After I read the Harlem funeral scene from *Invisible Man* at several of our stops, people would often ask me questions about Malcolm X, although he is not mentioned in any line of the reading, and I found how deeply imbedded is his legend in the consciousness of

southern Negroes. ("Here are the facts. He was standing and he fell. He fell and he kneeled. He kneeled and he bled. He bled and he died. . . . He was shot for a simple mistake of judgment and he bled and his blood dried and shortly the crowd trampled out the stains. It was a normal mistake of which many are guilty. He thought he was a man and that men were not meant to be pushed around. But it was hot downtown and he forgot his history, he forgot the time and the place. He lost his hold on reality. . . . Forget him. When he was alive he was our hope, but why worry over a hope that's dead? So there's only one thing left to tell and I've already told it. His name was Tod Clifton, he believed in brotherhood, he aroused our hopes and he died.")

One of the Freedom Singers often read the fantasy TV commercial from my play, *The Job*. ("Now you can be as stark white or jet black, as rosy-cream or golden-brown, as you have secretly always wished to be.") In the north, on college campuses and civil rights meetings, I am warmly received when, as a white man, I read this; but not in Mississippi or Alabama, where only a Negro could be accepted reading these lines.

A Freedom Singer and I frequently portrayed the two roles in my play, *Study in Color* (published in *motive*, Nov., 1962). ("Nigger. Negro. . . . I feel so black and blue, I feel so black and blue, I feel so black . . . My God is a nigger. Jesus Christ. Nigger Christ. Christ nigger.") I also played the white liberal in my play, *The Community*, while a Negro portrayed the Black Nationalist. ("Where was the white Christ when I was crucified by white Christians? *Where?* The white Christians respectably praying to the gentle, white, blond-haired, blue-eyed Jesus with Caucasian features, while I felt the black lash on my black back.")

WE were in serious danger several times during the tour, notably in Sunflower County, Mississippi, and Lowndes County, Alabama. We sometimes slept on floors at nights and were frequently lucky to have any place at all to sleep. We drove long hours, generally arriving just barely in time for the next performance. People along the way graciously fed us.

Within each audience that saw a performance, we were really playing to four different audiences: local Negro residents, Negro and white volunteers from different parts of the U. S., local Negro youth (a distinct sub-culture quite different from the others) and staff members of SNCC and the Freedom Democratic Party. Most people seeing our performance were looking at a play for the first time in their lives and had never before been inside a theatre. A man in southern Mississippi, after the reading from *Invisible Man*, told me that he had once read it but now understood its meaning for the first time.

And I remember the elderly lady, who, after *Study in Color*, said simply: "That's it. That's the way it is."



WOODCUT: HUBAND

LIKE MAYANS, LORDS OF TIME

This is not dreamground, harvesters, sown
with spring softness. Seed rise
with blunted shadows, and challenge stone.

The death-masked god never denies
his children a gift of blades.

Losing softness, we harden the ground
with comings and goings. Like a morning blade
hunger cuts through my pale.

Let this heavy-leaved, day-shedding earth
see us narrow, with shining, what's known.

Snakes, winged by flame, draw plows. I'm afraid
of the rent ground. Why does blood fail
to hallow it? Harvesters, who has made
vaults out of prisms? What eye of heaven
falls? In this crater, what skystone?

Children shower forth sparks. "Dawn's the rind
with which we case heaven. We blind
briefly, then blaze!" But I fear seed and stars sown
abortively. Are we, like Mayans, lords of time,
burden-carriers, plodding toward eclipse?

I watch the dreaming softness about your lips.
I stare sullenly, reading your lips. You'll rise
in unbloodied space above the harvesters?

This great roll-stone's a calendar begun.
It pays the sun, and drinks the sun.

—SAM BRADLEY

BOOKS

Pierre Berton, *The Comfortable Pew*. J. B. Lippincott Co., 137 pp., \$1.95.

Most of the books that are roiling the religious establishment today were written by churchmen. They may pay close attention to the viewpoint of the secular man, the city-dweller, the outsider, but they come from professional insiders—clerics and theologians. Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God*, Harvey Cox's *The Secular City*, Paul Van Buren's *The Secular Meaning of the Gospel*, Gibson Winter's *The New Creation as Metropolis* all fit the pattern.

Pierre Berton, Canadian author, journalist, and television personality, has written a book that does not fit the pattern. He roils the establishment, all right, but he is an unprofessional outsider with convincing credentials to that effect. A former Anglican, Berton now attends no church. He has set out "to take an outsider's point of view and say as frankly as I wished what was wrong . . . to sum up the various widespread criticisms of the Church in plain, easily understood language."

The book does not fit the pattern in one more way. Most of the really critical books about the church are published by commercial publishers—all of those mentioned above, for example. Berton's book, on the contrary, was written at the invitation of the Anglican Church of Canada as its Lenten book for 1965. Berton did not even want to undertake it. "My interest in the Church was minimal," he says in the preface to the United States edition, "and I was extremely busy."

The result was a best-seller. Within six months, in fact, *The Comfortable Pew* had become the largest-selling book ever published in Canada. Sales came to nearly 150,000 copies, not counting what turnover may now be added from the United States edition.

Like Bishop Robinson, Berton has said nothing whatever that is new. But he has found a way of saying it more plainly and engagingly (if less precisely) than the professionals who said it first. He doesn't like the church's way of endorsing war, of ignoring the racial crisis, of shutting its eyes to sex, of refusing to speak in a contemporary idiom ("Why can't eternal truths be tied to a modern beat?").

Like Vance Packard, he relies on the researches of others, some of it well-worn by now, such as the Lynds' *Middletown* (1929). He calls out once more the predictable sociological fire-horses—J. Milton Yinger, Gunnar Myrdal, Will Herberg, Liston Pope—even Vance Packard. But he also publicizes some lesser-known studies, too, such as the salty conclusion of Dr. C. R. Feilding of Toronto that theological students are selected, nourished, and certified as "passive-dependents," governed by response mechanisms rather than by initiative.

Like a good many journalists writing about religion, Berton tends to simplify all theological inquiry into some form of the question, why can't we be more like Jesus? ("Suppose a leading clergyman strode into one of the several dozen used-car lots in this nation that make a practice of cheating their customers and horsewhipped the owner? Let it be remembered that the founder of the Christian faith was a master of contemporary communication.")

How shall we size up such a book? It would be unfair to appraise it by the norms of professional theology. Indeed, the book itself is valuable precisely as a judgment upon such norms, which tend to be stuffy and sesquipedalian. We must judge it, rather, by its usefulness in the church.

If, on the one hand, *The Comfortable Pew* is simply one more comforting tract for the complex critics of the church, then its value must be questioned. (One sometimes gets the feeling that there is a market for such books simply because those disaffected with the local, institutional church keep needing to be assured that they are absolutely right.) If, on the other hand, *The Comfortable Pew* is really being read by those who are comfortable in the pulpits and pews, then it performs a service.

—JAMES SELLERS

Chuck Sauer, *Heading for the Center of the Universe*. Concordia Publishing House (1965), 96 pp., \$1.00.

Norman C. Habel, *Wait a Minute, Moses!* Concordia Publishing House (1965), 104 pp., \$1.00.

Concordia has just published the first two issues of a new series of small paperbacks for young people which deserves attention.

In the first, *Heading for the Center of the Universe*, author Chuck Sauer raises the question: what is the center of the universe? And provides the answer: worship. This is how he states his thesis in his "First Comment":

This is a book about God and His people. That includes you. It tries to show that the Christian life can and must be lived in this world. It also seeks to show that this life can find its meaning and direction in the common worship service of the church.

Our life was created for worship. It is only natural that our life should be one of worship.

Sound wild? It is. Just like the Christian life.

Sound simple? It isn't. That's life for you.

The worship which is depicted in the booklet is the Lutheran liturgy. The author does it in three parts. The first one deals with the context of liturgy under the title "The Crouching World and the Big Dreamer," seeing the outside basically as a "nightmare." The second part offers an outline of liturgy. The church experience is understood in terms of "He Who Comes and He Who Goes." And the third part discusses more fully the meaning of liturgy in its outreach to the world: "He Who Worships and the Living World."

Each part has three chapters and each chapter consists of a reporting story-type half and another meditative reflecting half. But even the story goes on in a dialogue which the "hero" has with himself, and that in the language of teenagers, e.g., at communion:

The cup is at your lips when he says "sins." You jerk in surprise and fear. It goes down the wrong way. You start coughing like mad.

There is quite a discussion of sin involved, unfortunately with a smell of moralism, in the combination of sin and sex. The second-halves contain some epigrammatic theological statements like "We have made no progress" (p. 20), "We all want to be the center of the universe" (p. 24), "Christ is interested in the whole world. He didn't come to save only the church" (p. 60), "He didn't sell tickets to his speeches on the hill" (p. 73), "Witness means with-ness" (p. 75), "There is nothing special about us except the God in whom we believe" (p. 77). The theologically sophisticated can easily detect the Lutheran stand behind these quotations. Whether this is good or bad is up to the reader to decide when he peruses this otherwise well-printed and artistically enriched booklet.

Norman C. Habel's book, *Wait a Minute, Moses!* is so well done, it gets under the skin. Various elements contribute: the confessionally, unrestricted subject, the excellent disturbing photography, the skillful illustrations, the honest, non-rhyming poetry which gives form to the style, and the truthfulness in the presentation. Listen to this chorus of the kids:

Max Factor Cosmetics

—make us acceptable to others.

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—resurrect our souls again.

General Motors Holden

—bless us with the best.

Medical science and chemistry

—give us life eternal.



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—please satisfy our sex.
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—keep us all from harm.
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—make us feel we're great.

This example which needs no exegesis may show that the modern slogans and jargons employed do not appear in a willed and forced but rather casual and able fashion.

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2. I'm with You. Mood: Sitting in on a call. Response: Heeding the call.
3. We're Free. Mood: Sitting in on an Exodus. Response: Moving out as free men.
4. Bound to Go! Mood: Sitting up on Sinai. Response: Bound by God's offer.
5. Yours, with Love! Mood: Sitting in with sinners. Response: Surrendering our sex.
6. Let Us Live! Mood: Sitting in the wilderness. Response: Searching for the Word.

The Old Testament has hardly come alive more vividly in recent years than in this little book. And its message is by no means restricted to young people.

—EGON GERDES

Malcolm Boyd, *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?* Hoft, Rinehart and Winston (1965), 119 pp., \$3.95.

God is dead, so we are lately informed, and if this news is accurate, prayer, it would seem to follow, is obsolete. Prayer as it has largely been practiced in recent times would seem in any event to be obsolete. Banal, irrelevant, trivial, self-serving, escapist—such seem most utterances from the pulpits that are represented as communications to the deity. One can but speculate upon the private prayers of the faithful; there is, however, little in the public conduct of professed Christians that would suggest their prayer is ordinarily other than whimpering or indulgences in self-satisfaction—"a condescending upwards" as I have had occasion to describe it elsewhere.

Now we have in print the private prayers of one Christian whose public conduct does suggest relevance, involvement, concern, service, giving. They are remarkable prayers, and are, in themselves, a gift for which we may be grateful. Malcolm Boyd is a priest, a priest on the move, whose feverish peregrinations around the nation alone are a source of bewilderment to me. From campus to chapel to demonstration to theater to cinema to coffee house—his ministry is *anywhere* something significant is going on. A busy man, too busy, perhaps, one suspects Malcolm has little, or no, time for prayer in the old-fashioned sense—a 'quiet hour' in the day, a time for musty reflection, a pause that refreshes. Rather his prayers are uttered on the run, are part of what is happening at the moment, are indistinguishable from his living. Imagine, then, if you can, relevant prayer.

So, Malcolm Boyd, abed, repairs to no formula—"Now I lay me down to sleep. . . ."—but groans instead—"I'm exhausted, Jesus, but sleep won't come. . . ." This must be a frequent prayer of Malcolm's. In his introduction he salutes "Christian nonchalance," a fine phrase worth pondering, but not, I think, applicable to the prayers of Malcolm Boyd. Casual, yes. Informal, certainly. Nonchalant, never. There is something in the

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prayers as in the life of Malcolm Boyd that is disturbingly *driven*. This is implicit, for example, in the prayer which gives the book its title. What is Malcolm running *from*? What is he running *towards*? What is he running *for*? I do not presume to answer, but his prayers illuminate the questions. The prayers are, Jesus knows, personal, intimate, familiar, even, and that is their strength.

There are prayers about all sorts of things here—prayers for the free self, for the free society, for racial freedom, of the city, on the campus, meditations on films, prayers for sexual freedom, meditations on the Cross, prayers on traditional themes. Malcolm prays, astonishingly, about the issues, the persons, the experiences that matter most to him, that are the substance of his restless life. There is something, I have to say, 'corny' about Malcolm, sometimes, and, appropriately, it enters into his prayer—"They thought they were in love, Jesus, before they had sex. . . ." 'Corny,' to be sure, but not banal; almost, in fact, funny. One somehow wishes, now and then, that Malcolm Boyd would *relax*, would become a *nonchalant Christian*, because, for one thing, his sense of humor, liberated, could release quantities of redemptive laughter.

What are these prayers? They are certainly untraditional, even those on 'traditional' themes. They take for granted that Jesus is *really* there, and therefore *here*. (None of this "God is dead" business for Malcolm.) He talks to Jesus, if I may be 'corny,' as if to a friend; no, not as *if*, as. He complains some, he asks comfort some, he seeks companionship much, and he is ever and always grateful. A fashionable word comes to mind—*dialogue*. But it doesn't really apply. Malcolm is talking to Jesus, but he expects no response that has not already been given. He is, in fact, responding to Christ's initiative, and that, it seems to me, is what prayer is. A year or so ago I informally discussed with a publisher his idea that perhaps an effort should be made to collect, or solicit, prayers in a contemporary idiom. Nothing, so far, has come of that idea, but Malcolm Boyd has done it, for himself. Given his example, perhaps we may hope for many more relevant prayers from others, such that ultimately a collection can be contemplated.

In the fall of 1964 Robert Cromeey, writing in the *Witness*, complained, as his title put it, that "Prayer Is Impossible." Many others would, I suspect, agree. Malcolm Boyd has proved them wrong. And, if reports of the death of God are accurate, it may be also reported accurately, on the evidence of this book, that Malcolm Boyd is very much alive. That is no small comfort.

—ANTHONY TOWNE

Robert W. Spike, *The Freedom Revolution and the Churches*. Association Press, 128 pp., \$2.95.

This is, at once, one of the most unsatisfactory books that I have ever read and one of the best; one of the most innocuous but one of the most important; very redundant yet also quite relevant.

Essentially it is a handbook of the involvement of the mainline, white Anglo-Saxon Protestant churches, belatedly and only very recently, in the American racial crisis. That is a subject about which it is terrifically difficult to write because, after everything which these churches have said and done in the last few years is taken into account and given full credence and the most generous credit, the truth remains that the decisive social witness of white Anglo-Saxon American Protestantism remains, both in the North and the South, steadfastly racist.

—After all, the overwhelming number of congregations of these churches are still segregated;

—Though the churchly assemblies of most of these churches have publicly espoused integration in pronouncements and preachings, these have seldom been authenticated in practice. To cite the most blatant hypocrisy, churchly endowments—those held at every echelon of the ecclesiastical establishment—by denominational mission boards, by church-related colleges, hospitals, orphanages, homes for the old, social work agencies and the like, by

dioceses, synods, conferences and similar jurisdictions, by most parishes and congregations—are invested in enterprises that in one form or another reap dividends from racial discrimination and segregation. And, alas, with but just an infinitesimal number of exceptions, it has still to occur to the conscience of trustees of such endowments that the way money is used by expenditure and investment is in itself a loud social witness of the churches.

—There are some thousands of clergy and some few laity who have indeed practiced what they preach and have committed their time, their leadership and their bodies to the civil rights movement, but, meanwhile, literally hundreds of thousands of the clergy and literally millions of the laity have been content in the illusory security and cheap popularity of their own silence and apathy.

—Some hundreds of thousands of dollars will be spent this year through the churches in direct action for civil rights but nearly thirty million dollars will be expended during the same period by persons professing affiliation with the very same churches in radical, not to say hysterical, opposition to civil rights and, meanwhile, the churches suffer extraordinary abuse from the same extremists over the pittance which they are spending in civil rights.

—Even if citizens be more significantly informed and more persistently exhorted about the racial crisis in America than about any other issue which besets this society, the vast multitudes of church-goers among them, including both clergy and laity, and, perhaps most notably, including the majority of the ecclesiastical hierarchy of Protestantism, suffer a dilettante's deficiency either in conscience or viscera or, perhaps, both, with respect to that crisis.

In other words, whatever the churches have done is so incommensurate with that which the churches are theologically authorized to undertake and practically able to accomplish as to be absurd.

That points to the generic problem of this book. It attempts to make an apologetic for the role of the churches in the racial crisis, when, in fact, and after giving full appreciation for such involvement as has happened in the name of the churches, no such apologetic can succeed. The record is *that* dismal.

Yet in weakness there is strength, and in its superficiality and, sometimes, unwarranted boasting are the potentiality and moral significance of this book.

Maybe this is just the sort of book which, because of its form and style, because it attempts such an impossible and incredible defense of the churches, because it is aimed at the so-called popular market, because it is so plainly spoken and comprehensible, because it does affirm that there is *some* involvement in the name of the churches, will edify and move the legions of white church folk in a way that they have not in fact been moved to either care or act by far more realistic, passionate, and profound books than this is.

Let that be earnestly hoped. Here is, therefore, an important and relevant book because it puts in a few pages the gist of what has been happening during the past several years and which affirms that it is appropriate and necessary for the churches to commit themselves and their resources to an intentional involvement in social conflict and change.

I suspect that Bob Spike is shrewd enough to discern that some such book as his just might reach and motivate the complacent and the indulgent. I suspect that because I know, by the most direct knowledge, that the conduct of the Commission on Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches of Christ has only been able to provide the counsel and initiative which it has, in such involvement as there has been, by the virtue of this author's tireless and ingenious leadership of the Commission, along with that of a gifted and capable staff which he assembled to serve the Commission, including, among others, Anna Arnold Hedgeman and Jack Pratt.

Thus, in a sense, this book should not be criticized because the churches and the people of the churches remain so conformed and complacent in the racial crisis, but rather praised

because the book sets forth a precedent for the very witness to which such churches and church people are called.

I do not mean that Robert Spike deserves, or would claim, particular credit for this tardy, but vigorous, though woefully inadequate, intervention of the churches into the racial crisis. I just mean that I am thankful for the little that has been done and have concluded that the nation would have been spared even that had it not been for Robert Spike and this Commission.

Please God, and the ecclesiastical bureaucrats, that there will be as good fortune, now that Spike is leaving the Commission, as there was when he came to it, and during the time he directed it.

—WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW

Kay M. Baxter, *Contemporary Theatre and the Christian Faith*. Abingdon Press (1965), 112 pp., \$4.50.

*The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.*

These words of Albany from *King Lear* indicate to us the mood and purpose of *Contemporary Theatre and the Christian Faith*. The book is concerned with "the weight of this sad time" and the need for a vision within the church which will prompt us to speak authentically about today's drama. The author is concerned that there should be greater communication between the church and the theatre. In both she sees signs of discontent and a determination to explore mutual concerns as they responsibly seek to interpret the human condition.

Mrs. Baxter, now a Fellow at Newnham College, Cambridge, formerly headed the Religious Drama Society of Great Britain. Trained for the stage, she has spent most of her life involved in some aspects of theatre.

Concerning today's theatre and the Christian faith, Mrs. Baxter speaks what she feels—and speaks it well. Among the plays she interprets are Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, Jean Anouilh's *Antigone*, Albert Camus' *The Just Assassins*, John Whiting's *Marching Song*, Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge*, Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and Christopher Fry's *The Dark Is Light Enough*. Humanist critics may suspect that some ecclesiastical witchery is at work in Mrs. Baxter's analyses of such plays. But let it be said that she is a sophisticated critic who does her homework well, believing that a critic is responsible for using every tool he has to use, including some understanding of semantics and of theology.

No play is tortured to prove some cryptic treatment of Christian doctrines. And yet when the total context of a play reveals an affinity with tenets of the faith, Mrs. Baxter does not hesitate to point it out. She respects the ambiguities of works of art, realizing that the critic who tries to relate the statements of the theatre to the Christian faith "exposes himself, inevitably, to the jibe that there are some people who think *Three Blind Mice* is a cryptogram about the Trinity."

Mrs. Baxter does not mind the jibe. She goes her way—quite merrily, I think—exploring the points at which the work of the dramatists impinge upon Christian faith.

Mrs. Baxter thinks the theatre today is more deeply concerned with probing the human situation than it has been for generations. The most significant plays of our era are from the pens of writers who are asking searching questions. These writers will accept no cheap and shallow answers; for they are troubled about the meaning and the fate of man himself. Such men as Beckett, Ionesco, Pinter, and Genet ("without beauty of rhetoric, beauty of decor, or aesthetic seductions of any kind") give us "a naked inquiry into the being of man." Over the works of these playwrights the theatre-going world divides into individuals who are fascinated or bored according to their interest or disinterest in the question of what man is.

We can learn from the playwrights, provided we can be attentive enough; for they are probing ultimate questions. But we can also help build bridges of understanding so that the artists may be strengthened for their task of heroic portrayal of the human condition. In the dialogue with the theatre, Christians may learn how to convince the artists and their audiences that

"Resurrection is a word which has meaning; that for them the choice is not simply either to give in and conform, or to rebel and despair." The third possibility is for artists and churchmen to become "one with other people," concerned, committed, open to criticism, sensitive to contempt and to failure. The playwright today can count on no common background such as he did in ancient Greece or the Middle Ages. A part of his data is the "absence of God."

Mrs. Baxter is herself keenly sensitive to the problem of what today's audiences bring to the experience of the play—which is another way of saying that audiences get the plays they deserve or perhaps better than they deserve. She is disturbed—and well she may be—by the escapist theatre that cheaply exploits noise and trumpery and no longer has a place for the spoken word.

Mrs. Baxter reviews "a sad twenty years of false starts in the theatre" as it concerns religion. The poetic drama, plays for churches, the "plays of heightened language" (Dorothy L. Sayers, T. S. Eliot, Charles Williams)—these all failed. At last, Samuel Beckett's "Anglo-Irish split-level consciousness disciplined by French syntax" opened up new possibilities for communication, but Beckett has finally been revealed as one "without any real religious statement to make." But we do not yet have a creative dialogue between theatre and church.

Is, then, the prognosis for the theatre gloomy? Mrs. Baxter thinks not; for the "new" theatre has only just begun. A critical audience is arising. It demands the best. *But the theatre that evades ultimate questions cannot be saved.* A church that remains out of touch with its theatre is "neglecting one of the channels of grace." Mrs. Baxter expects the renewal in church and theatre to come: "The humiliating absurdity of resurrection through death becomes real to us only at the point of despair."

These are heartening words from a critic who knows what she is about. They are a hint of the importance of *Contemporary Theatre and the Christian Faith* in a time of death-of-God theologies(!) and secular cities.

—WOODROW A. GEIER

IN IMAGIO DEI: FIAT LUX

Roman Kamin grunted through art class
For seven shapeless months, two nights a week.
They stood aghast to watch him sweat and grope
While his stuttering brush delivered stillborn paint,
While his big square fingers spanked the helpless clay,
While his palsied crayon hunched out crippled forms.
They looked the other way while Roman Kamin
Lunged at his pad with angry charcoal stabs,
Slashing cuts of smokey, parched grey blood
Across the silent sheets of yielding white.
But then one night his pain stood still

Before a sheet of raging void—
Violent, savage charcoal black.
Roman breathed easy; the others stared
As his slender eraser probed the dark
And lifted the lines of light from beneath.
With sweeps that stars and grassblades make
There in the surging white heat of his love
Roman Kamin created Woman.
He spoke two words: "Is good."

Through the inarticulate west-side sounds and streets
Of his slowly waking world he carried her back
To the worshipful hush of his half-recovered Eden.

—ROD H. JELLEMA

TALKING THROUGH CHAUCER'S HAT

Dear John Crowe Ransom:
I have posted a package to you.
If I were to tell you—as I do—
This was Chaucer's hat
You would believe me out of love.

How can this hat mean but to me alone
Unless I declare it Chaucer's—and not my father's at all?
Make what you will of the hat—
Headgear for your scarecrows
But mainly you must send of yours
Some sweet toy in the blood
That declares man's head to the skies
That announces with eccentric myrrh
Our divining brotherhood.

As for the hat
Throw cards in it during rains
Let your grandsons play robbers
For it is at once the most mortal immortal thing I own.
My father's mind sweated it in the sun
He lifted it for ladies, and sat beside it in church.
My mother brushed it, my sister crushed it
It is an awfully human hat. As love does it disturb you?
It must pleasure you as a joke more human than divine.
Of course it is, finally, Chaucer's hat
And you may in your entrance hall so label it
For the old dust of man is on it
The ancient unblinkable unbreakable
Sign.
—Brush it—the dust will return
And ever frail light will crown it.

—J. EDGAR SIMMONS

CONTRIBUTORS

Advent and Christmas have become strange admixtures of joy and remorse, affluence and poverty, welcome hospitality and pervasive alienation, unmitigated hopefulness and consummate commercialism. In the midst of this chaos, we seek an authentic word and frequently encounter the Word.

So it is that God enters the world. In this issue, some of *motive's* most provocative contributors celebrate God's presence in our lives.

THOMAS MERTON deciphers the existential and eschatological meanings of the Incarnation. Merton is at the Abbey of Gethsemani in Kentucky.

ANNA ARNOLD HEDGEMAN is coordinator of special events of the Commission on Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches. Her ability, compassion, candor, and fervor combine to make her one of the outstanding Negro women in America.

JOHN KUEHL teaches at Princeton. He recently edited the instructive collection *The Apprentice Fiction of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Rutgers).

MARGARET RIGG is a genius at discovering and describing the work and concerns of some of the most sensitive artists working today. Her essay on Sister Mary Corita testifies to the perceptive and compassionate vision of what Peg thinks art and life are about.

BUDDY R. SALYER served as a Peace Corpsman in the Dominican Republic for two years. His article results from his experiences and concerns there. He completed the article in late summer after extensive conversations with friends and contacts from the Dominican Republic. Salyer is completing a degree at Union College in Kentucky.

AMITAI ETZIONI is the author of *The Moon-doggle*. He is now at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford.

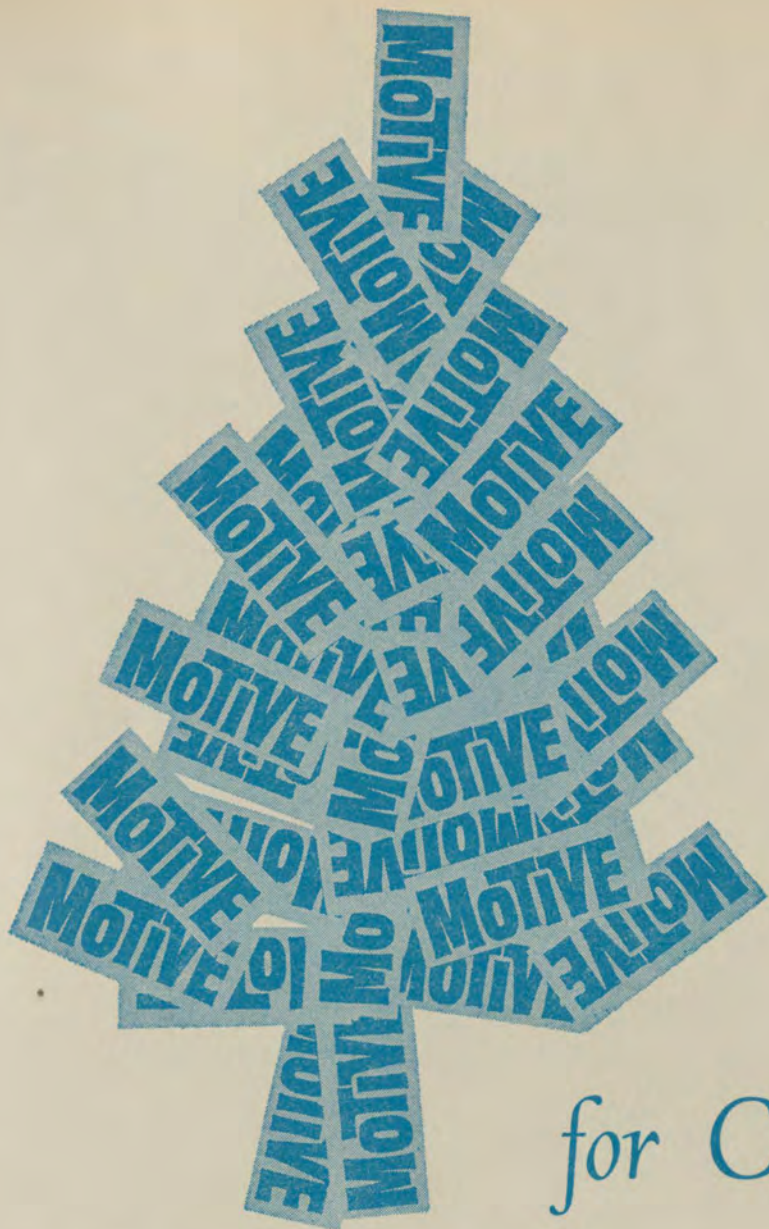
MALCOLM BOYD is described in some detail in this issue's book review section. He is on the staff of the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity, and lives in Washington, D.C.

ROGER ORTMAYER is professor of Christianity and the Arts at SMU.

BOOK REVIEWERS include **JAMES SELLERS**, dean of the Divinity School at Vanderbilt University; **EGON W. GERDES**, assistant professor of church history at Vanderbilt's Divinity School; **ANTHONY TOWNE** and **WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW**, who join *motive's* masthead this month as book review editors; and **WOODROW GEIER**, director of information and public-relations of the Methodist Division of Higher Education.

POETS for December: **BEN HOWARD** sent his poem from Leeds, where he was on the Junior Year Abroad program. Now back on this side of the water, he is a senior at Drake. This is his third appearance in *motive*. **STAN STEINER** has had work in *Poetry*, *Saturday Review*, *The Nation*, and many other publications. He writes that the poem (of which this, sadly, is only a small part) is "tuned to the Low Mass—the chantlike quality meant as the choir, though with the inventive, garish quality of a Puerto Rican storefront church." Obviously, he lives in New York. **DUANE LOCKE** teaches at the University of Tampa. His work has appeared widely. **SAM BRADY's** poems have appeared in *Antioch Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Poetry Northwest*, and the like; he is himself an editor of still another fine journal, *Approach*. His first collection, *Men in Good Measure*, was published this summer. **J. EDGAR SIMMONS** teaches at Mississippi College in Clinton. A poet of phenomenal imagination and prolific output, he is readying his first collection for publication. **ROD H. JELLEMA** has published most recently in the *Beloit Poetry Journal* and the *Harvard Advocate*. A University of Maryland faculty member, he is general editor of the new "Contemporary Writers in Christian Perspective" series (Eerdmans).

ARTISTS include "regulars" **JIM CRANE**, St. Petersburg, Florida; **OTIS HUBAND**, Saluda, Virginia; **ED WALLOWITCH**, New York City; and some "irregulars" whose work has been occasionally in *motive*: **MARTIN DWORKIN**, New York City; and **BEN MAHMOUD**, San German, Puerto Rico. Newcomers this month include **BOYD SAUNDERS**, San Marcos, Texas, and **TOM HAMMOND**, Cullowhee, North Carolina.



for Christmas...

I certify that I am of sufficient maturity as not to confuse any magazine with the Tree of Knowledge; that I no longer quote Joyce Kilmer except when camping; and that therefore I pine to palm off *motive* subscriptions on some of my friends fir Christmas!

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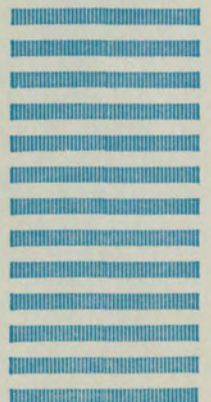
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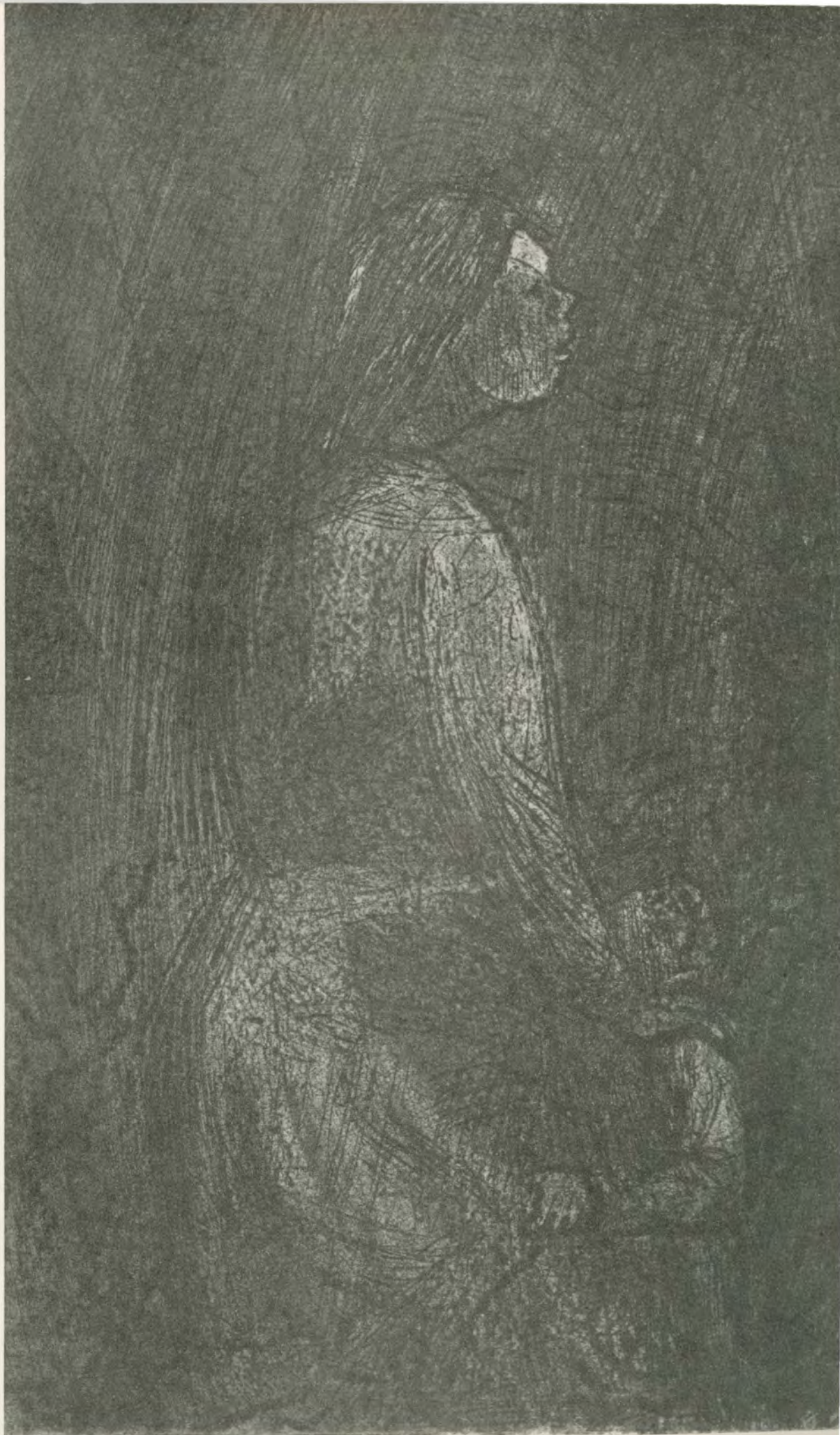
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VISION by Tom Hammond

HE PAINTS A BULL THAT IS ALMOST A DRAGON

The young knight guided his grand touring roadster into the mysterious forest. The last cloverleaf had been left behind. The concrete abutments had quit butting and dropped off. Bump went the wheels as a chug hole snatched at the wheels. Rusted steel rods broke loose from the enveloping cement and slashed the tires.

A chokey green glow settled down over the scape and nothing left a shadow, light being sucked away in every direction.

"Should be the land of Morgan le Fey . . ." he mumbled to himself, as the shocks thumped despairingly over the road pox.

"She must be getting ready to cast a spell." The road became virtually impassable to the valiant vehicle. The driver noted a turnoff. Perilous Chapel said the sign. He made his

way through the graveyard to the bramble infested parking space before the door. Only there was no door framed by the gaping entry. It might have been the void, but it wasn't. Through the entry he caught a reflection. Entering, he saw a chalice on a table, a vessel that should have long since been in a museum.

"H m m m," thought Chaus, for that was the young knight's name. "I'd better take this cup with me; someone will steal it if I don't."

The chalice was curiously heavy. And warm to touch.

As he started through the entry, carrying the chalice in both hands, a girl suddenly stopped him. "Who takes the chalice?"

"My name's Chaus."

"What is your right to the chalice?"

"Finders keepers."

"O. K. Not worth much as an answer, but all I do is ask the questions. Proceed."

As Chaus neared his roadster, suddenly a huge, foul visaged man, grimy and ill-favored, blocked his way with a drawn sword. Chaus tried to make conversation and asked him the way back to Brooklyn.

Replied the man, "I don't know where Brooklyn is and I don't care. But I do know who stole the chalice and in the name of King Arthur and the sacred dragon give it up or you shall pay dearly."

Chaus tried to draw his blaster. The bull of a man hit him with his knife before he could fire.

Chaus woke up on the Long Island Freeway, dying of a knife wound in his side.

The Coroner's report said death by persons unknown. It concluded that there was a curious circumstance. By the dead man was a cup ornamented with ancient inscriptions. It had caught the blood of the victim.

—ROGER ORTMAYER