MOTIVE

FEBRUARY 1966

25th anniversary

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motive

FEBRUARY 1966
VOLUME XXVI, NUMBER 5

Twenty-fifth anniversary issue

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

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

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

Subscribers who have space or storage problems can now obtain microfilm copies of **motive** from University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

contents

OLD MAN ALONE

Photograph: Sturkey

For ten a week and share a bath
I captivate within four walls
Accumulated magazines
That flood the floor from bed to door
And magnetize the slipping past
to quiver vitally against
Elusive iron now—and hold
The afternoon autumnal sun
Perpetually at frigid three.

The old are wise.
My papers prove me so. And yet
Some day my paper foolishness
Will lose its pull and drop the sun
Of now to crisp my time arresting
Paper shield.

—THOMAS WEBNER

how to celebrate
tomorrow's yesterday now
or, happy birthday
motive

In this issue *motive* observes its twenty-fifth year of publishing. And protocol seems to call for some kind of special observance of twenty-fifth occasions. So, if for no other reason than to indicate that *motive* can occasionally bend to protocol and the expected, we herewith acknowledge the event.

Recent months have occasioned some impressive magazine birthdays. *The Nation* blasted its way into a second century of publishing with a vibrant 100th Anniversary Issue concentrating on the problems of freedom. *Liberation* caught up its first decade of creative dissent in a 576-page volume of best articles edited by Paul Goodman and published by Braziller at $7.50 a throw. *Christianity and Crisis* acknowledges its twenty-fifth birthday also this month with a major colloquium on "The Crisis Character of Modern Society" and a concluding banquet at which Vice President Humphrey will speak.

In such auspicious surroundings, our own meager efforts toward celebration are amateurish and subdued . . . perhaps appropriately so, some would say. Minus such awesome trappings as Vice Presidents and $7.50 testaments, nevertheless we'd like to pull together a few insights to decorate our pungent birthday crumbs.

Magazines are facile instruments. They can soar and slump. They can be as capricious as a first love, as maudlin as a Valentine message, and as cataclysmic as the Gutenberg Bible.

Magazines are indelible and ephemeral, cosmopolitan and parochial, admirable and detestable. They are a constant leap of faith and an eternal exercise in repetition. They are the respected mistresses of commercialism and the hallowed *grande dames* of literary purism.

Saint and bitch, a magazine is the incessant celebration of the infinite and a continuous rehearsal of the not-yet. A magazine is an event in history and a happening in time. It calls people out; it resurrects the forgotten; it communicates the unknown; it hushes the multitude; it crumbles kingdoms.

And sometimes, like stale breakfast cereal, it just lies there.

motive has spent most of its years in the bulrushes. Few scepters have been thrust into its hands, and *motive* has worn its few tawdry crowns awkwardly. Some have thought the magazine to be a jester in the House of Wesley; some, in mistaken horror, have thought us to be Jeremiah running naked in the streets. Many have devoutly hoped us to be Ezekiel, fervently clawing holes in the wall of captivity.

Perhaps the most that can be reported is that *motive* has been a witness, a participant, a communicant. In short (to use the jargon of the current ecumenical set): a *presence*.

Acknowledging that it would be fallacious to attempt a balanced and totally "representative" survey of *motive*'s unique achievements, we have chosen to offer a sampler of some of the significant and characteristic material which has appeared in the magazine in the past twenty-five years. Former editors and their colleagues were asked to nominate material from their era which caught up the spirit and events of that period. With one exception, our predecessors read us the riot act. Almost in unison they chided: "Selecting two or three articles is impossible. They would misrepresent the years and caricature us as being against war and for sex. To select two or three contributors from fifty or more important colleagues would be disastrous!" (The lone cooperative colleague was Harold Ehrensperger—who happened to be in Africa during the editorial preparation of this issue and couldn't be reached for his suggestions.) So, with this thunderous support and cooperation, we browbeat them into the enclosed selections.

These vignettes are somewhat enigmatic in that they testify to the divergent format and content of the magazine. A careful review of the twenty-five volumes brings one to the obvious conclusion that this magazine has broken most boundaries in its endeavor to seek "truth no matter where the search may lead." The eminent and the unknown have appeared side by side as their prose, poetry, art and fiction have sought to clarify motives. The name of the magazine (and its stubborn insistence to be spelled without the capital M) has become synonymous with creative divergence.

This twenty-fifth documentary is intended also to witness to the charismatic quality of the *motive* "family." This cadre of concerned and committed contrib-

utors has kept the pot boiling without intermission. But, since it is literally impossible to recount the hundreds of contributors, editorial staff members, and readers who are responsible for the continued existence of the magazine, permit us to simply record that *motive* is a monument to persons who have sought to live in the freedom of the gospel.

In the tenth anniversary issue, Harold Ehrensperger wrote a cogent summation of the mission and heritage of the magazine. An excerpt suggests an underlying continuity to the entire twenty-five years:

> In the years between the wars, a time when most of the present student readers of *motive* were being born, the world was full of movement, the movement of promise. A student generation coming into full conflict with the reality of preparations for war (to be sure, to guarantee peace!) declared its belief in peace, talked about the coming equality of man as if it were just around the corner, and indulged in economic face-lifting as if capitalism had not already withered with age and had in its features the decay of death. This was a student generation that believed the assurance of its fathers and mothers that the world could be made safe for democracy by using the most undemocratic means possible, a generation that saw the sowing of seeds of destruction which were tended by the zealots who were out to defend the *status quo* by force and bigness. And the sins of the fathers were heaped upon the children. This has been the decade of the world's most inhuman war and most unworthy peace.
>
> This was also a decade when the religious forces began to sense the deception that was camouflaged as religious but which went under the guise of extrachurch activities. It was the decade that began to understand that at the beginning of the twentieth century, the genuinely religiously concerned sold their birthright for a mess of fiddling, so-called social action groups who used the name of Christian to cover the common decencies of life that had to be organized to make them attractive to a generation that was headed toward destruction in the secular madness of a success-drunk world. For when the church sank to such pointless and meaningless existence that students were led into all kinds of "associations" to make even the slightest pretension of religious living respectable on the campus, it did surrender its right to be counted as anything but an extracurricular activity for those who could not make the grade for something more respectable. Or it became the institution that was given lip service on Sunday when that day was still consecrated to religion even though the other six days were given over to planning and living that was pagan and, at best, unchristian.
>
> During these last ten years, the church has made a stab at recovery on the campus. In its so-called related schools, it has begun to rediscover their purpose other than their smallness. On the state and independent campuses it has begun to realize that the majority of its students are being educated in a materialistic way of life that rivals and sometimes surpasses any other system on earth. We are waking up to the fact that unless education has religious motivation, unless education is genuinely religious education, we are cultivating a generation of pagans whose motivation has no remote resemblance in business or the professions to anything called Christian. At the end of the half century we have huge and magnificent institutions that are heavily subsidized by a government that is completely secularized, by business that demands a price in freedom for its gifts, and by states that are often dominated by pressure groups that parade patriotism to get increased bonuses and unwarranted privileges. Pathetically much of this continues under the auspices of the church and has the sanction of the ministry.
>
> *motive* was born at the insistence of a student generation that saw itself being catapulted into a war. A magnificent and strategic gesture of church union brought into existence the first magazine that was a symbol of that union. *motive* was born to war, not peace, even though its pages were to cry peace when there was no peace. It was to discuss security that must be based in something inward and real. It has felt from the beginning that one of the greatest needs of the day is for a study and understanding of man and his religious significance. It believes now that the improper evaluation of man has resulted in the sinful political systems that have enmeshed men, in the economic traps that have used religious platitudes for bait, in the compromise that has resulted in making Christianity a mouthed creed without depth living, a popular religion in a blissfully sinful world, and in institutions and organizations that are shells without substance. Until the church rediscovers the Christian meaning of man (both *Christian* and *man* are important), and makes this the basis for a lived process, all the sentimental talk about peace, about race relations and about world understanding will be just so much twaddle.

Subsequent editors and content have extended and upheld the vigorous efforts and boundless dreams of the first staff. History has imposed certain priorities upon the magazine, but throughout, *motive* has been a reflection and extension of the people who have edited and read the magazine.

The distinctive sign-off for Bob Hope's radio show was "Thanks for the memory." We share in the sentiment, but prefer to acknowledge the event of our birthday with a benediction from Joe Mathews:

> In this moment and the next
> Renewed and redeemed
> One thing we affirm, and this alone
> Whatever comes, whatever leaves us
> How far we go, how close we stay
> Separated always, or in time united
> In life or in death—we belong to thee.

—B. J. STILES

1941 → 1950

Editor, Harold Ehrensperger

motive

These lines are being written as the last pages of copy for the first number of motive are going to press. Rolls of print paper, pica rulers, lay-out sheets, linoleum blocks, pictures and copy, all of this mixed up with days of planning and hours of working through late nights into the early morning; then linotypists, printers, and proof reading and arrangement—all this, and finally, the magazine we've dreamed about and hoped for all these years.

What this modern magic has resulted in is a paper with a personality to which we'd like to introduce you even before you get to know it intimately. Our creation is now the youngest of a large and ever growing family, with six thousand, four hundred and seventy-six brother and sister magazines in this country. You might well wonder if, in all of these, there is not one that is exactly like it. There isn't; that's the strange part of it, and that's the reason why we father this new child with such a sense of pride and joy.

Some of its characteristics, we'll admit, are like those in other papers that you know. Yet here's the difference. This is a magazine for all your life, designed to fit in every moment from the time you rush into your clothes in the morning until you fall back again upon a bed at night. It aims to be a motive going with you all the way, the motive of a well-directed life, filled with meaning, purpose, and concern. That motive takes its origin from the most exciting man who ever lived, a man named Jesus, and is reflected in a thousand brilliant lives from his day to our own. It bases its belief, as he did his, upon the value of human personality, upon living that respects all life.

This magazine is written for you who have faith, and also for you who doubt. If creeds and institutions have clouded rather than clarified your vision, then motive may probe behind the face of things to seek the broader, deeper meanings that are valuable in life. This magazine seeks truth no matter where the search may lead. It is not afraid of labels and symbols. It believes that in modern society, organization is necessary, but it also believes that directions and goals can be lost sight of in slavish loyalty to organization. It feels that the church as an institution has a chance today that it has never had before, that the success or failure of the church will depend largely on what its members are.

This is a magazine which takes its motive from Christ, yet it will not set forth dogma, harbor propaganda, nor try to sell adherence to an institution. Its purpose is to show the clear reflection of one life through every act we do today. This is the faith for living and the purpose for "aliveness" that will be written through its every page.

It comes to you in its first fresh burst upon the world. It comes to be your friend, to grow with you in mutual, helpful give and take of criticism. We who now stand by to see this friendship grow are already concerned with the dress and inner substance of another issue—and yet another and another before the spring is out. Then after summer's gone and autumn comes again, it will be back to greet you at the beginning of another year, to go with you to provide you with a motive even in the days of darkness and reaction—a motive for constructive Christian living.

—HAROLD EHRENSPERGER

THE SKEPTIC'S CORNER

By ROBERT H. HAMILL

Oh, he didn't believe in Adam and Eve—
He put no faith therein;
His doubts began with the fall of man,
And he laughed at original sin.
Hilaire Belloc

Fellow skeptics, welcome! Let's pull out our pipes or our knitting, cock our feet upon the chair, and ask some questions. I have a doubt or two myself.

This Adam and Eve affair, for instance. I doubt that Eve did it. I know Adam didn't do it, being a man. I doubt that the serpent did it, for the serpent is meant to represent the power of evil actively at work in the world, and I see not enough evidence to make me believe in the Devil. Who, then did do it?

I suspect that Lincoln Steffens is right when he lays the blame on the apple. That is, the prize, the reward, is what persuades a person to do wrong. If the prize is large enough, the temptation conquers his resistance, and he gives in. As in college; we cheat, or copy, because the reward makes it a good gamble: the reward is plenty big, for it may bring a higher grade, a scholarship, an honor, a job. Why not take a chance? That's all Adam did. So, I doubt that old story of Adam and Eve, and I think it ought to be rewritten.

Other things, too, I don't believe. Skeptics might fill up this *Corner* with disbeliefs. But before we deliberately court a bad name for ourselves and make this the slander page of an otherwise decent magazine, let's see if there is any good reason for being skeptical. Where do we get, going about doubting and denying everything?

Our theme song is this, from Tennyson:

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

A genuine doubter assumes that if all the facts were known, some sensible solution would come out in the wash. A genuine doubter believes that there is some rhyme or reason to the intellectual life if a person only probes around long enough. The skeptic is a kind of Sherlock Holmes; he acts on the hunch ("faith") that the problem will make sense if he keeps tracking down all the clues. So, push on, skeptics. We are on an honest trail that will get us somewhere.

The skeptic is born, spiritually, in Missouri; he wants to be shown. He refuses to shut his eyes and jump; he wants advance information.

The skeptic's patron saint is Doubting Thomas. Thomas became famous when he said he did not believe that Jesus had arisen. But when it was proved to his satisfaction that this was the same Jesus who had lived and been killed, then Thomas said, according to my translation of the Scriptures, "O.K. There is proof enough for me. You, Jesus, are Lord." Thomas was never disloyal; only shortly before, when Jesus had predicted that he would be killed, it was Thomas from among the twelve disciples who said, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." The Doubter was no coward; he was intellectually awake, asking pertinent questions.

The skeptic belongs to the list of people that includes Lincoln, who doubted that this nation could continue to endure half slave and half free; and Galileo, who doubted that the sun did all the moving; and Jesus, the greatest skeptic of them all.

Jesus had a healthy doubt about the major assumptions of his day's religion. When the creed said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," Jesus was skeptical, for he doubted that a street brawl ever made people friendly. When the good people went about shouting their prayers on the street corners and proudly giving dimes to the tramps, and saying, "This is true religion," Jesus began right then to play the game of *I Doubt It*, and he called their hands. Orthodoxy called for sitting home on Sunday, not even whistling the latest song hits or reading the morning paper; and Jesus interrupted with the tough question, "Is it lawful *to do good* on the Sabbath?" And when it was assumed that the great men were those who bulldozed and elbowed their way and lorded it over their fellows, Jesus became an outright rebel, and with skepticism that had become sober truth, said, "If any man would become first among you, let him be your servant." His doubts cut across the major religious attitudes of his day. He was so thorough a skeptic that they finally took him outside the city walls and hanged him. His questions were too embarrassing. They had had enough.

So, skeptics, we are in good company. Perhaps dangerous company.

This *Corner* intends to puzzle around with the most basic questions we can ask about the prevailing religion of today. The harder they are, the more sport it will be. We will conduct it in dialogue style, starting off each time with some questions that you throw into the pot, with the *Corner* taking his turn at asking, too. Anyone may pitch in.

Here is a sample of a good skeptic's doubt. A junior in a midwest university writes that he has serious questions about the value of the church. The more he ponders whether to throw in his lot with the church, he finds that "my only answer is 'no go.' Maybe it's because the personalities that have really been an inspiration to me have been revolutionaries concerning the church, such as Lincoln, Gandhi, Socrates, Tolstoy, and Christ. I am convinced that God working in human experience and reason will do much more than any organization such as the church can do. I come to a position of religious anarchism. I am convinced that in the light of history a person's influence does not depend upon his strategic position for presenting his ideas, but upon the relative portion of Truth incorporated in one's insights."

That is honest. It is important. It's tough. Let's tackle that next.

THE NATURE AND EXISTENCE OF GOD

By H. RICHARD NIEBUHR

THERE is nothing distinctive or peculiar about a Protestant's interest in God, for we are concerned about the questions of God's nature and existence not as Protestants or Catholics, Christians or Jews, theologians or philosophers, laymen or clergy, but simply as human beings. Yet if it is true that each of us raises these problems in a specific form, each asks the question he seeks to have answered in a special way which he has not only learned from the tradition in which he lives, but which has also been made necessary by his own personal wrestling with the question of life's meaning. Hence we often quarrel about the answers we get to our questions without realizing that they are answers to different questions. And sometimes we quarrel about our questions, maintaining that our way of asking is the only significant way, that our problem is the only meaningful one. So the philosopher of religion may begin with a certain definition of the term "God" and then ask, does a being having this nature exist? This is a perfectly legitimate question. But it is wrong to think of it as the only proper way of raising the problem.

Many different definitions of the nature of God may be framed, and hence many problems of existence may be raised; and the contention about the answers may simply be contention about the social meaning of a word, a matter on which we ought to be able to come to an agreement easily were it not for the emotional and sentimental attachment we have for certain words. The question about God may be raised in a wholly different way, in the manner of the metaphysician who asks: what is the ultimate nature of reality, or what is the first cause, what the final end, what the nature of the primal energy, what are the attributes of substance? Here we have a different series of questions, and the relation of the answers given to it to the answers given to the question whether "God" exists is not immediately apparent. If the term "God" is used

in this latter, metaphysical type of inquiry, it is not to be taken for granted that the word has the same reference, the same meaning, which it has in the former type. It is important, then, I think, first of all to recognize that each of us raises the question about God in a specific way, that it is necessary for us to phrase our question as sharply as we can, to seek an answer to that particular question and to avoid the defensiveness which makes us regard our question, just because it is ours, as more important than anyone else's. We need also, of course, to avoid the feeling that our question is unimportant because others have other questions. As a Protestant theologian or as a man who seeks light by means of Protestant theology, I do not raise the question of God in the way the philosopher of religion or the metaphysician does, and I cannot maintain that my way of asking is superior to theirs, but neither can I be easily convinced that my question is illegitimate, that it is not a true, human and important question.

It appears that the different methods we employ in religious inquiry are not wholly unlike the different methods used in science. Though all scientists are interested in truth they do not raise the question about truth in the abstract, but ask specific questions, such as those which psychologists on the one hand, physicists on the other, natural scientists on the one hand, social scientists on the other, raise and attempt to answer. Each scientist, doubtless, tends to think that his question and mode of inquiry is the most important, yet he learns eventually to live in a certain democracy of science, wherein he maintains his right to seek truth in a specific way without requiring all others to abandon their specific inquiries and to join him in his search. It is in some such fashion that I conceive Protestant theology to work. It is well aware of other inquiries in the same general field and it profits greatly by counsel and debate with them. Yet it seeks to remain true to its own particular problem and to its own method of inquiry.

HOW, then does Protestantism raise the question of God and how does it seek and find its answers to its problems? How does the problem of God present itself to us who work in this living tradition? It comes to us as an eminently practical problem, a problem of human existence and destiny, of the meaning of human life in general and of the life of self and its community in particular. It does not arise for us in the speculative form of such questions as, "Does God exist?" or "What is the first cause, what the ultimate substance?" Our first question is, *How is faith in God possible?* In other words the problem of God arises for us in its subjective or personal rather than in its objective or impersonal form. (That we are exposed to certain great dangers in consequence—to solipsism, for instance—is evident but every inquiry involves particular dangers and the possibility of particular errors.) This seems to be the way in which the great Protestant thinkers—Luther, Calvin, Edwards, Schleiermacher, Barth—and that philosopher who is most Protestant of all philosophers, Kant—raised the question about God. It is also the way in which Protestantism as a religious movement has approached the religious problem of the ordinary man. It has not sought to convince a speculative, detached mind of the existence of God, but has begun with actual moral and religious experience, with the practical reason of man rather than with his speculative interests.

I. What Is Faith?

THE point at which we Protestants begin our analysis of the problem of God is the point of practical human faith in deity. Such faith may be described in various ways, but it is never correctly described when it is defined in terms of intellectual belief. The belief that something exists is an experience of a wholly different order for the experience of reliance on it. The faith we speak of in Protestantism and of which, it seems to us, the classic book of Christianity, the Bible, speaks, is not intellectual assent to the truth of certain propositions, but a personal, practical trusting in, reliance on, counting upon something. So we have faith in democracy not insofar as we believe that democracy exists, but insofar as we rely upon the democractic ideas to maintain themselves and to influence the lives of people continuously. We have faith in the people not insofar as we believe in the existence of such a reality as "the people" but insofar as we count upon the character of what we call the people to manifest itself steadfastly in the maintenance of certain values. Faith, in other words, always refers primarily to character and power rather than to existence. Existence is implied and necessarily implied; but there is no direct road from assent to the intellectual proposition that something exists to the act of confidence and reliance upon it. Faith is an active thing, a committing of self to something, an anticipation. It is directed toward something that is also active, that has power or is power. It is distinguished from belief both on its subjective side and with respect to that to which it refers. For belief as assent to the truth of propositions does not necessarily involve reliance in action on that which is believed, and it refers to propositions rather than to agencies and powers.

Now it is evident, when we inquire into ourselves and into our common life, that without such active faith or such reliance and confidence on power we do not and cannot live. Not only the just but also the unjust, insofar as they live, live by faith. We live by knowledge also, it is true, but not by knowledge without faith. In order to know we must always rely on something we do not know; in order to walk by sight we need to rely on what we do not see. The most evident example of that truth is to be found in science, which conducts its massive campaign against obscurity and error on the basis of a great faith in the

Monoprint: rcb

intelligibility of things; when it does not know and finds hindrances in the path of knowledge, it asserts with stubborn faith that knowledge nevertheless is possible, that there is pattern and intelligibility in the things which are not yet intelligible. Such faith is validated in practice, yet it evermore outruns practice. Our social life, also, proceeds from moment to moment on the ground of a confidence we have in each other which is distinct from our belief in each other's existence and distinct also from our knowledge of each other's character, though such belief and such knowledge do form the background and the foreground of our faith. How much we live by faith in this area becomes apparent to us when we are deceived or betrayed by those on whom we have relied. When treaties are broken, when bankers embezzle, when marriage partners become disloyal, when friends betray, then doubt of all things invades our minds and we understand how much we have lived by reliance on our fellowmen. But we also discover that without some confidence which goes beyond our knowledge we cannot exist at all since we are social persons who cannot live in isolation, and that we are ignorant persons who must in all their living go far beyond their knowledge of each other if they would live at all.

When we inquire into this element of faith or confidence in our life as human beings we become aware of one aspect of it which may above all else be called religious, because it is related to our existence as worshipping beings, even as our faith in the intelligibility of nature is related to our existence as knowing beings and our confidence in each other is related to our moral life. This is the faith that life is worth living, or better, the reliance on certain centers of value as able to bestow significance and worth on our existence. It is a curious and inescapable fact about our lives, of which I think we all become aware at some time or another, that we cannot live without a cause, without some object of devotion, some center of worth, something on which we rely for our meaning. In this sense all men have faith because they are men and cannot help themselves, just as they must and do have some knowledge of their world, though their knowledge be erroneous.

THE universality of such religious faith is obscured for us. For one thing, we tend in highly institutionalized societies, such as our own, to confuse the reality of human processes with their institutional organization and expression. So we have a tendency to think of schools, laboratories, books and teachers when we speak of education. Doubtless this institutional education is very important but we need again and again to be made aware of the fact that the actual process of conditioning human minds, of equipping them with the instruments of words and ideas, of giving them an orientation in the world, of transmitting a tradition and developing latent possibilities, goes far beyond the schools and can go on even without the aid of official education. The political process, also, whereby men are governed and govern each other, whereby power is balanced against power, goes on in our community even when the official agencies of politics, the institutionalized forms are not present. It is so with religion and religious faith and worship. We tend to confuse these with the official organizations and habits, with observance of special rites, with the functioning of a special leadership, the clergy, with the expression of a specific faith. But religion is a much more various thing. And it is inescapable as institutions of religion are not. As the faith that life is worth living, as the reference of life to a source of meaning and value, as the practice of adoration and worship, it is common to all men. For no man lives without living for some purpose, for the glorification of some god, for the advancement of some cause. If you do not wish to call this faith religion, there is no need to contend about the word. Let us say then that our problem is the problem of faith rather than of religion.

Now to have faith and to have a god is one and the same thing, as it is one and the same thing to have knowledge and an object of knowledge. When we believe that life is worth living by the same act we refer to some being which makes our life worth living. We never merely believe that life is worth living, but always think of it as made worth living by something on which we rely. And this being, whatever it be, may be properly termed our god.

II. Who Is God?

WE arrive, then, at the problem of deity by setting out from the universal human experience of faith, of reliance or trust in something. Luther expressed this idea long ago when he asked, "What does it mean to have a god, or what is God?" and answered his question by saying, "Trust and faith of the heart alone make both God and idol. . . . For the two, faith and God, hold close together. Whatever then thy heart clings to . . . and relies upon, that is properly thy God."

Now if this be true, that the word "god" means the object of human faith in life's worthwhileness, it is evident that men have many gods, that our natural religion is polytheistic. (It is also evident that there can be no such thing as an actual atheist though there may be many who profess atheism.) Whatever be our relation to the official monotheism of our religious institutions, the private faith by which we live is likely to be a multifarious thing with many objects of devotion and many rites of worship. The most common object of devotion on which we depend for our meaning and

value is the self. We tend in human life to a kind of religious Narcissism whereby we make ourselves the most admired of all beings and seek to interpret the meaning of all experiences by reference to their meaning for the central self. The self becomes the center of value and at the same time the being which is to guarantee its own life against meaninglessness, worthlessness, the threat of frustration.

But this self is never an adequate god for a self. We are forced to recognize that many things bring satisfaction into our lives from the outside, as it were, and we are so interdependent on all the beings about us that we inevitably admire, adore and look to others as sources of value and meaning for ourselves. Hence we live not only for our own sakes but for the sake of other persons. It is not a figure of speech but a truth that mothers make gods out of their sons and daughters, that the home is the god of all men to a certain extent, since they live for the sake of that home, labor for it and adore it in many an hour of private devotion. One of the most powerful gods of all times, of primitive as of civilized periods, is sex, which is represented by many symbols, for the sake of which, and for the enjoyment of which men live. Beyond the dark powers, the Chthonian deities of the physical life of man, there are our Olympian gods, our country, our ideologies, our democracies, civilizations, churches, our art which we practice for art's sake, our truth which we pursue for truth's sake, our moral values, our ideas and the social forces which we personalize, adore, and on which we depend for deliverance from sheer nothingness and the utter inconsequence of existence.

ONE does not need to draw too sharp a line between personal and institutional religion at this point, as though personal religion were by and large polytheistic while institutional religion is monotheistic. It would be difficult to make out a strong case for the actual monotheism of institutional faith. For instance, one of the beings on which institutionalized faith relies for deliverance from meaninglessness is religion itself, as departments of education in universities tend to educate in education.

We note that these centers of value, these objects of adoration, have many different forms of existence. Some are visible and tangible objects of whose reality our senses give us assurance. Some are essences, ideas, concepts, images which are accessible only to abstract thought, but which exercise a certain compulsion over the mind. Some are movements known only by a kind of empathy or by an intuition that outruns sense; some have the peculiar and hard-to-define reality of selves or persons. But in some sense they all exist.

Yet this is true of all—and this constitutes the tragedy of our religious life—that none of these values or centers of value exist universally, or can be objects of a universal faith. None of them can guarantee meaning to our life in the world save for a time. They are all finite in time as in space and make finite claims upon us. Hence we become aware of two characteristics of our faith and its gods: that we are divided within ourselves and socially by our religion, and that our gods are unable to save us from the ultimate frustration of meaningless existence.

SOMETIMES we speak of our internal division as though it were caused by the incompleteness of reason's domination over the more primitive desires which are rooted in our physical constitution. But then we realize that we do not desire as primitives or as animals do and that the life of reason is not without its desire and devotion. We become aware of the truth that our internal divisions are due to a diversity of religious attachments. We look to the objects of the mind for meaning, but we cannot make our physical existence meaningful by our attention and devotion to truth. Our inner conflicts seem due to the fact that we have many sources of value, and that these cannot all be served. Our social conflicts also always have religious character. We cannot and do not fight our wars simply for the sake of maintaining our physical existence. We must always appeal to values for the sake of which we live and without which we think that life would not be worth living. We battle for America and England and Germany, which give worth to our lives, and not simply for ourselves. We fight for liberty or solidarity, for equality or for order, for fraternity in a large or in a narrow sense. But none of these gods are universal, and therefore devotion to one always implies exclusion of another. So the gods are divisive socially as well as within the person.

In this situation we dream of integration, of a great pantheon in which all the gods will be duly served, each in its proper sphere. So we speak today of establishing a new synthesis of civilization, of the integration of personality, of the recognition of a great hierarchy of values. But the synthesis is never achieved, the integration never worked out. For each god in turn requires a certain absolute devotion and the denial of the claims of the other gods. So long as country seems an absolute source of value to us, so long devotion to one country will make us deny the claims of another. So long as we pursue art for art's sake, so long art will be the enemy of morality and of truth. The best we can achieve in this realm is a sort of compromise among many absolute claims. We remain beings, therefore, with many faiths held in succession. We practice a kind of successive polygamy, being married now to this and now to that object of devotion.

The tragedy of our religious life is not only that it divides us within ourselves and from each other. There is a greater tragedy—the twilight of the gods. None of

these beings on which we rely to give content and meaning to our lives is able to supply continuous meaning and value. The causes for which we live all die. The great social movements pass and are supplanted by others. The ideals we fashion are revealed by time to be relative. The empires and cities to which we are devoted are consumed. At the end nothing is left to defend us against the void of meaninglessness. We try to evade this knowledge, but it is ever in the background of our minds. The apocalyptic vision of the end of all things assails us, whether we see that end as the prophets of the pre-Christian era or as the pessimists of our time do. We know that "on us and all our race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark." All our causes, all our ideas, all the beings on which we relied to save us from worthlessness are doomed to pass.

III. God

WHAT is it that is responsible for this passing, that dooms our human faith to frustration? We may call it the nature of things, we may call it fate, we may call it reality. But by whatever name we call it, this law of things, this reality, this way things are, is something with which we all must reckon. We may not be able to give a name to it, calling it only the "void" out of which everything comes and to which everything returns, though that is also a name. But it is there—the last shadowy and vague reality, the secret of existence by virtue of which things come into being, are what they are, and pass away. Against it there is no defense. This reality, this nature of things, abides when all else passes. It is the source of all things and the end of all. It surrounds our life as the great abyss into which all things plunge and as the great source whence they all come. What it is we do not know save that it is and that it is the supreme reality with which we must reckon.

Now a strange thing has happened in history, in our history and in our personal life; our faith has been attached to that great void, to that enemy of all our causes, to that opponent of all our gods. The strange thing has happened that we have been enabled to say of this reality, this last power in which we live and move and have our being, "Though it slay us yet will we trust it." We have been allowed to attach our confidence to it, and put our reliance in it which is the one reality beyond all the many, which is the last power, the infinite source of all particular beings as well as their end. And insofar as our faith, our reliance for meaning and worth has been attached to this source and enemy of all our gods, we have been enabled to call this reality God.

Let us raise three questions about this fact that faith has become attached to the void and to the enemy which surrounds our life. The first one is, what it means to attach faith to this power; the second, how such faith comes about; and the third, what the consequences of such faith are.

a) To have faith in this being means that, having been driven away from our reliance on all the lesser causes, we have learned to conceive of and to rely upon this last power, this nature of things, as itself the greatest of all causes, the undefeatable cause. We have learned to say, "For this cause was I born and therefore I came into the world that I might make glorious the name and exhibit the power of this last cause." As a Nazi youth learns to say, "I was born to die for Germany," so one who has conceived confidence in this last cause is enabled to say, "I was born to die for this being, this being beyond all beings." And he is enabled to say it with satisfaction, with love and hope and confidence; for to have faith in something as able to give value to our lives is to love it. Without such love there is no faith. And to have faith is also to live in hope, in constant anticipation of new unfolding of worth and meaning.

To attach faith, hope and love to this last being, this source of all things and this slayer of all, is to have confidence which is not subject to time, for this is the eternal reality, this is the last power. It is to have a love for that which is not exclusive but inclusive, since this reality, this great X, is the source of all things and the end of all. It is, therefore, to be put into the position of those who can love all things in him or in it, and who deny all things in it. "It is a consoling idea," wrote Kierkegaard, "that before God we are all in the wrong." All the relative judgments of worth are equalized in the presence of this One who loves all and hates all, but whose love like whose hatred is without emotion, without favoritism. To have hope of this One is to have hope that is eternal. This being cannot pass away. And to hope for the manifestations of his judgments and his love is to hope to eternity.

When we conceive faith in this one, our foundations have indeed been laid in despair, not in the grandiloquent despair of a *Free Man's Worship,* but in the sober despair which has faced the reality of the death of all things and the endlessness of the creative process.

Another way of describing this faith is one which I have learned from Prof. Whitehead's little book on religion. Religion, he says, "is transition from God the void to God the enemy, and from God the enemy to God the great companion." When we say that we conceive faith in the great void and the great enemy we mean that we have learned to count on it as friend. We have learned to rely on it as a cause to which we may devote our lives, as that which will make all our lives, and the lives of all things, valuable even though it bring them to death.

b) How is such a faith possible? How does it happen that this void, this enemy, is recognized as friend, that faith attaches itself to the last power, to the great hidden mystery, and calls it God, that man can lose himself in adoration of this being, saying with the Psalmist: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee?" or with Job, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him"?

It has happened in our human history and it does happen in personal histories. Men may dispute endlessly about the worth of that happening, though when they do they always do so on the basis of another faith than faith in this God. But there can be no doubt of the fact that it has happened and that it does happen.

How does it happen to the individual? It does not happen without the struggle of his reason. For by reason he discovers the inadequacy of all his gods and is driven to despair in life's meaning. It does not happen without experience, without the experience of frustration, of noting the death of all things, the experience of the internal division in which his various worship involves him, the experience of the great social catastrophes which show the weakness of the great causes and beings in which he trusted as saviors of life. It does not happen without the operation of something we must call spiritual, something which is like the intuition of the thinker, like the creative insight of the artist, like the flash of recognition of truth. All these elements are involved. Furthermore, this transfer of faith to the ultimate being does not take place without moral struggle, without recognition of the unworthiness both of our transgressions and our obediences to moral law.

But for most men another element is involved—the concrete meeting with other men who have received this faith, and the concrete meeting with Jesus Christ. There may be other ways, but this is the usual way for us, that we confront in the event of Jesus Christ the presence of that last power which brings to apparent nothingness the life of the most loyal man. Here we confront the slayer, and here we become aware that this slayer is the life-giver. He does not put to shame those who trust in him. In the presence of Jesus Christ we most often conceive, or are given that faith. We may try to understand how we might have received the faith without Jesus Christ; but the fact remains that when this faith was given Jesus Christ was there.

So it is in history. This faith in the One has had its occasional manifestations elsewhere. But it has happened in history that it has been conceived and received where a people who regarded themselves as chosen suffered the most cruel fate, and where a Son of man who was obedient to death actually suffered death. Here the great reconciliation with the divine enemy has occurred. And since it has occurred, there is no way of getting rid of it. It is in our human history.

We do not say now that this faith in the last power is something men ought to have. We say only this, that it is the end of the road of faith, that it is unassailable, and that when men receive it they receive a great gift. We say that it is given, that it has been given, that it is being given, and that when it is received very profound consequences follow.

c) The consequences of faith in the one, final and only God are not automatic, for faith involves the whole person, and the gift of faith is not a possession which we can hold in our power. It is something that lives in man and by which man lives. It is not a possession which can be held fast in the form of a creed. It is a basis for all thinking, but though it may be expressed in the form of a thought, it is not itself a thought; it is the reliance of a person on a person. Beginning with that faith life is involved intellectually and morally in a continuous revolution.

This faith opens the way to knowledge. It removes the taboos which surround our intellectual life, making some subjects too holy to be inquired into and some too dangerous for us to venture into. Yet it grants reverence to the mind for which now no being is too low to be worthy of a loving curiosity. All knowledge becomes reverent and all being is open to inquiry. So long as we try to maintain faith in the gods, we fear to examine them too closely lest their relativity in goodness and in being become evident, as when Bible worshippers fear Biblical criticism, or democracy worshippers fear objective examination of democracy. But when man's faith is attached to the one, all relative beings may be received at his hands for nurture and for understanding. Understanding is not automatically given with faith; faith makes possible and demands the labor of the intellect that it may understand.

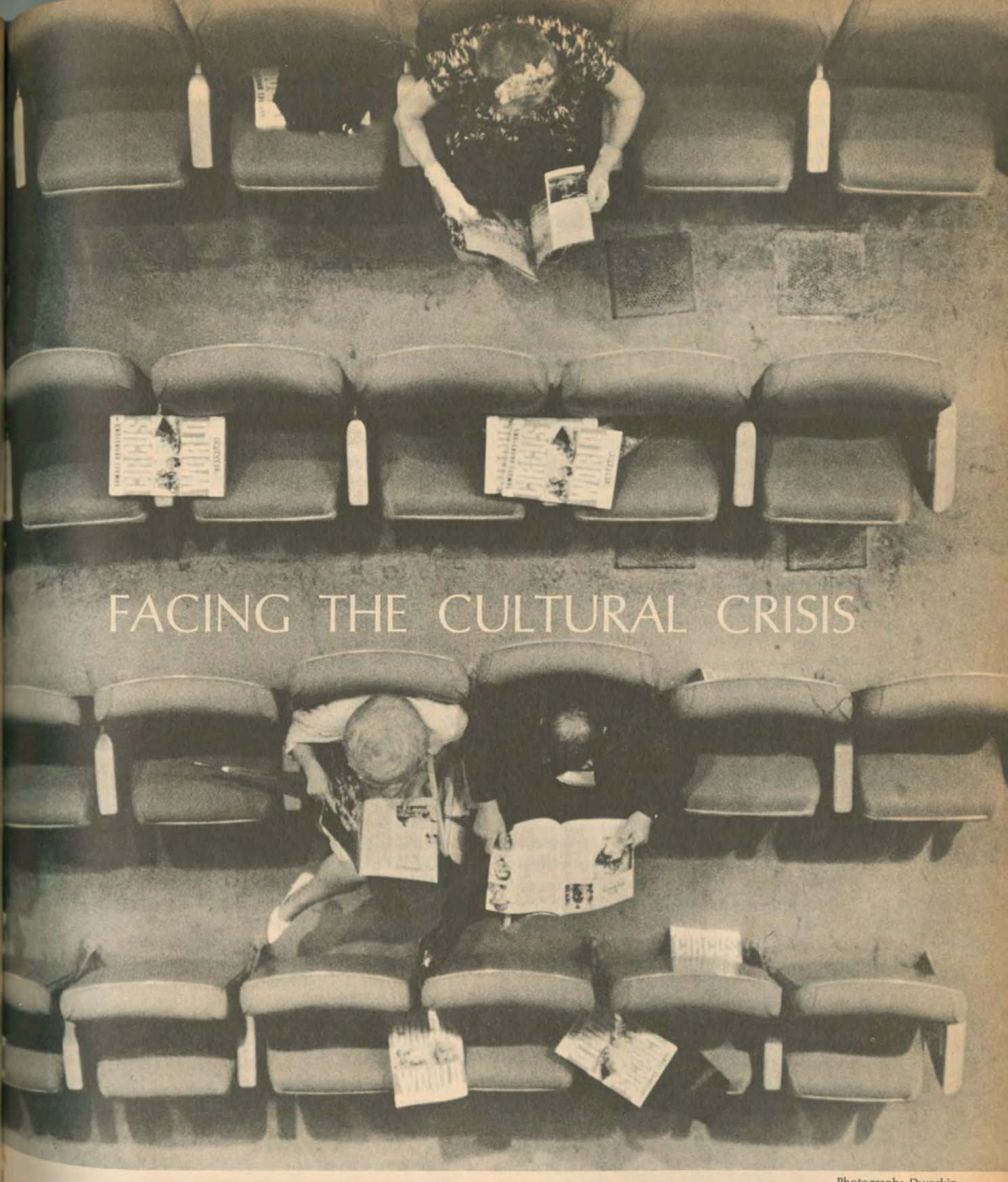
The moral consequences of this faith is that it makes relative all those values which polytheism makes absolute, and so puts an end to the strife of the gods. But it does not relativize them as self-love does. A new sacredness attaches to the relative goods. Whatever is, is now known to be good, to have value, though its value be still hidden to us. The moral consequences of faith in God is the universal love of all being in him. It is not an automatic consequence. Faith is never so complete that it is not accompanied by self-defensiveness. But this is its requirement: that all beings, not only our friends but also our enemies, not only men, but also animals and the inanimate be met with reverence, for all are friends in the friendship of the one to whom we are reconciled in faith.

So faith in God involves us in a permanent revolution of the mind and of the heart, a continuous life which opens out infinitely into ever new possibilities. It does not, therefore, afford grounds for boasting but only for simple thankfulness. It is a gift of God.

1950 → 1958

Editor, Roger Ortmayer

FACING THE CULTURAL CRISIS



Photograph: Dworkin

AS students we are living at the very center of culture; we hold a special responsibility in cultural questions; we are involved, whether we like it or not, in the cultural life of the world. Because we are students, because we live a life of study in universities or colleges, we are members of a privileged elite getting the benefit of culture, i.e., the accumulated riches of man's experience, riches which expresses itself in particular civilizations. Culture in a way is the backbone of the spiritual foundation of social, political, artistic, scientific and philosophical expressions, of all those collective manifestations which when brought together in a coherent whole constitute a civilization.

By PHILIPPE MAURY

A culture is precisely the set of values, conceptions and ideals, gradually born from historical development,

and giving to any civilization its unity as well as its motivation. When in our classrooms we read the great artistic masterpieces of our tradition, when we try to assimilate the thought of philosophers or scientists yesterday as well as now, when we try to understand the history of our nation and of the world, we are indeed participating in the culture on which our civilization is founded. As students we cannot ignore culture.

On the other hand, as Christians we profess faith in Jesus Christ as Lord of the whole world. We thus declare our conviction that his Lordship is also over culture, but this statement could remain a meaningless slogan and indeed it often remains the void expression of our laziness in looking for all the implications of our faith in Jesus Christ.

We are indeed always in danger of falling into various misconceptions of the relationship which could and ought to exist between our faith and culture, or rather between Jesus Christ and culture. One of these dangers obviously is simply to reject culture as something bad in itself, because it involves points of view, ideas and values which are secular in character, which belong to the world and not to the Church. Such an attitude is often taken by Christians with regard to artistic expressions, whether they be painting or theater or literature. Because artists are concerned simply with a truthful description of reality or the achievement of beauty and because they do it outside of any expressed Christian faith and often on the basis of non-Christian conceptions of truth and beauty, there are Christians who think this is to be rejected. Such an attitude would lead to an exclusive concern for church art and to a rejection of any effort toward beauty for its own sake.

In moral or political matters a similar attitude would amount to rejecting any program or action which is not specifically based on a Christian understanding. It ultimately leads to a complete withdrawal from the political world, in which Christians are inevitably faced at all points both with the need for cooperation with non-Christians and with the inevitability of choosing not between good and evil but between two evils. In monastic life, for instance, it may be possible to be concerned exclusively with God, to be preserved from any contact with secular realities and to keep absolute purity. The trouble is this attitude really amounts to a denial of God's creation and Christ's incarnation. If we truly recognize that this world has been created by God and that Jesus Christ came into this world as a real man, even though it was a perverted world, we cannot withdraw from it; we are bound to be within it as God's representatives.

To be Christians, to believe the whole history and reality of this world are in God's hands also implies a recognition that man's sin cannot have the last word. To be Christian means that at every point we recognize Christ's love has the last word, also the last word about culture. This is why Christ did not pray his Father to "remove us out of the world" but said that he was "sending us into the world." As Christian students we are sent into culture because this culture ultimately belongs to Jesus Christ.

ANOTHER and more frequent danger we have to consider is that of looking at culture as something to which God is indifferent, as a sheer technical instrument which affects only our physical life in the world and not our spiritual relation with Jesus Christ. This again would amount to denying creation and incarnation, to limiting God's all-embracing power and forgiveness to the so-called "spiritual reality."

We must remember Christianity is, as has often been said, "the most materialistic of religions." The Bible does not know of any distinction between material and spiritual: such distinction has been artificially introduced into Christian thinking by Greek philosophy. For the New Testament Jesus Christ is Lord of all things. He is also Lord of culture, and there is nothing outside of his judgment and his love. There is nothing neutral in his eyes.

At this point we have to face what is perhaps the greatest danger in our modern universities: the common belief that there is such a thing as objective science and knowledge, that we can think, study or teach as if our thought could be separated from our general convictions about God, man and history. We should indeed recognize in such an attitude a particular form of idolatry, most dangerous because we are so used to it we are not even able to recognize it. We are quite aware in general of the totalitarian perversion of the university: the submission of culture to political purposes. It should be important nowadays to remember that political threats are not alone. The conception of science or knowledge as self-sufficient, objective, and neutral, simply expresses a fundamentally anti-Christian view of man: man as ultimately independent and all-powerful, man without God, even man making himself his own god.

Finally I would like to mention a third danger which is threatening us: that of confusing our culture and our faith, of identifying Jesus Christ with our human achievements, our civilization, our political forms, our way of life, even our Church. In this way also we would deny creation and incarnation. We would really assume there is nothing outside the world, that Jesus Christ is of the world and not above and beyond the world. We would deny that he is Lord of the World.

When we follow such a line, we speak of a Christian civilization and in our cultural efforts, in our political action, in our social service, we try to imitate the sort of civilization which prevailed in the Middle Ages rather than to imitate today in our new situation our Living Lord Jesus Christ.

WE also are very often near worshiping as perfect and divine truths a particular social order with its specific culture. We forget we are still in a sinful world. We forget that as Christians we are as Luther put it *simul peccator, simul justus, simul penitens* (at the same time sinners, righteous and repentant). Our culture is no longer under the judgment of God; it does not need any forgiveness, it is God's manifestation to us. We really have two gods: Jesus Christ and our culture.

On the contrary, it seems to me the Christian approach to culture should consist in recognizing that culture is truly under Christ's judgment and forgiveness (because it is a human reality), and also is in the hands of our Lord and therefore one of the ways in which God's providence is given to us. We can neither reject culture nor be complacent about our present culture. We are called to be in the midst of cultural life, instru-

motive

ments of judgment and forgiveness and of change. I would like to say that as Christians we are bound to be *cultural revolutionaries.*

Our faith in Jesus Christ's rule over and love for the world and all it contains compels us to be concerned for this world and at the same time always to try to bring into this world the explosive holiness of Jesus Christ. We must be revolutionaries not because we aim at building up a supranatural culture, a man-made Kingdom of God, but because within our human culture we live as those who already are citizens of the God-made kingdom, as those who can never be satisfied with human imperfections and perversions.

We must be revolutionaries not in theory but in the actual situation of our contemporary culture. When I look at this present situation one word immediately comes to my mind: *crisis.* Whatever part of the world we look at, whether we study our Western cultures or the present cultural situation in Asia or Africa, whether we think of the non-Christians or of ourselves, everywhere we find elements of confusion, uncertainty and fear; everywhere people speak of the end of a historical era, even of a civilization; everybody calls for a radical transformation, for a complete reconstruction of civilization and culture. In this divided world in which we live at least on this point everyone seems to be in agreement: something new is needed.

I spoke of a divided world. This division is so obvious, particularly at a political level, no long description is needed. I shall only take an example by looking at the European state of division. Probably the real difficulty which is slowing down the present efforts for European unity is to be found at a deeper level than old nationalistic rivalries, economic disagreement and competition, or even involvement in the great conflict between opposing power blocs. The fundamental obstacle to European integration is the absence of any common cultural background.

Europeans are often apt to boast of their long historical tradition and the achievements of European culture. How is it that this European culture does not seem to provide at the present time a safe foundation for European reconstruction? Some knowledgeable observers of Europe agree today that European culture fails to perform this task because it is no longer one culture, but has been artificially broken in two segments, each one incomplete and therefore distorted.

Putting things simply, what made European culture is now to be found partly in Western liberal societies, partly in communist countries. Each side has retained only some of the values which Europe had inherited from its past and has repudiated other values which on the contrary were accepted by the opposite side. Any careful analysis of this situation would call for long developments.

Taking just one illustration and presenting it as a caricature because of its oversimplification, one could say that Western societies have kept our cultural tradition of freedom but have more or less lost the sense of justice, while communist societies, emphasizing exclusively justice, have lost the sense of freedom.

As a result both freedom in the West and justice in the communist world have also been perverted: for the sake of defending freedom Western societies are apt to use totalitarian methods of tyranny (fascism has been a good example of it), while the communist society, born from a genuine concern for the underprivileged, reaches the most terrible forms of injustice. In brief, a divided culture is not only a reduced culture; it is always in danger of becoming a perverted culture and of leading to most horrible political and social evils.

But cultural crisis does not reflect political realities only through crises of regional cultures. Most obviously the great lack is a culture acceptable to all regions in a world in which regionalism is becoming impossible. We often speak of our responsibilities toward underdeveloped countries and indeed we do this with excellent intentions, and a great deal more should be achieved in the field of technical assistance, economic help and political solidarity. But even assuming those efforts will bear their fruits, we would still face a basic question: how are the old countries of the West, the newly independent countries of Asia and Africa, going to coexist when they do not hold together similar convictions and views about the world and the purpose of life? The time has gone when physical isolation permitted cultural isolationism.

Today cooperation at a world level is made imperative by physical interdependence. As long as this physical relationship is not supported by cultural understanding disorder, hostility, competition and war will threaten. Obviously a paternalistic attitude of Western countries toward younger nations is no longer in order. A common culture must be built and this can be done only if we build it together.

An almost similar remark could be made about class division. Even though it may be apparent there is probably as much cultural division as political hostility or economic opposition between industrial workers and the middle class or bourgeoisie. One of the most striking experiences of evangelists working among the industrial proletariat is that the major obstacle to their work is that the churches, because of their gradual identification with the middle-class society, simply do not speak the same language as the workers. They live in a different world, they are, in a word, prisoners of another culture.

In brief, behind all our political divisions, our social unrest, there lies the great vacuum of a divided and therefore disintegrating culture.

IT can be seen in another perspective also. While a true culture always leads to and is founded upon concern for man, his well-being and his destiny, our societies are more and more exclusively based upon ideologies, whether explicit as in the case of totalitarian regimes, or implicit in our Western democracies, in which man ceases to be the primary concern and is replaced by a particular set of ideas and conceptions. Society now works more and more toward its own ends or rather for the sake of its ideological dogmas. Man loses his identity and becomes a mere instrument at the service of these dogmas and of the state or party which embodies them.

It is also clear that traditional values which express essential elements of our Western culture particularly, such as truth, freedom, respect of human rights, have lost, or are in process of losing, their significance to the common man. How could they retain their significance when actually men do not respect them any longer in their relationships?

Political propaganda is a constant denial of truth. is there any way in which justice and freedom receive attention from national states in their competition with one another? Do we not see practically every day and in every country human rights threatened and infringed by political oppression, economic competition or racial discrimination? Are we not all guilty in the way in which our own countries deal with other nations in which our social class tries to dominate other groups, and in which we personally are guided in our human relations primarily by the struggle for life? How could we then be surprised that younger people throughout the world, both students and those outside the university, are brought up to a complete skepticism, to a cynical approach to life, to an attitude which is a sheer denial of any culture at all?

Indeed a few people keep faithful at least to an appearance of culture. They still believe in truth, in art, in justice. They still like to read books, even when the books do not agree with their own presuppositions. They will like a beautiful painting, even when it is of no profit to their country, their political party or themselves. They still try to be honest and truthful in their scientific work. But these intellectuals, remnants of the glorious past, appear to be in most cases nothing but dead remnants, in that they live in an almost completely closed ivory tower, ignored by the great masses of our modern societies and themselves ignoring the problems, the sufferings and the longings of these masses.

How could we not be struck by the terrific gap between modern painting and the aesthetic sense of common man? It seems, as happened in the latter part of the Roman Empire, a very small intellectual elite, frightened by growing barbarism in society, withdraws into an artificial cultivation of traditional values and cultural forms which have lost any relevance but for themselves. Let us be realistic: this kind of culture is not worthy of its name; it is just the hobby of a few sophisticated thinkers and artists. It is no longer the common language of mankind. It is not the culture with which Christians have to be concerned.

ALL this leads me to think that ultimately the cultural crisis we are facing is a religious crisis. When we see that traditional values are losing their significance, when we see that man is becoming an instrument instead of an end, we recognize symptoms of a profound spiritual deterioration of our civilization. Political strife, social unrest, moral disorder, cultural anarchy are only by-products of the inner struggle of modern man to find something above himself, something for which he can live, to which he can devote himself, something beyond his own life and activity. Man discovers, whether consciously or instinctively, that he cannot live like a machine which only *does* things. He feels the need for a purpose in life.

At the same time in a world in which the notion of truth is being dissolved, as a result of scientific developments as well as political propaganda; at a time when man cannot understand any longer the historical development in which he is involved and feels frightened by the size of the forces against which he has to fight; man is looking for an absolute, transcending both the relativity of scientific truth, the uncertainty of good and evil, and even the fatality of history.

This is probably the explanation of the success of contemporary totalitarian ideologies and religions. One could say the real sign of the religious crisis through which we are going is the development everywhere in the world of typically religious systems: ancient religions of Asia revive and even harden their totalitarian claims by associating themselves closely with political or racial nationalism; communism by and large presents very similar characteristics (it has been validly called the twentieth-century Islam); even in the liberal countries of the West people are searching for some totalitarian devotion which often takes the form of nationalism or fascism or an anti-communism as fanatic as communism itself. Indeed we can say that the real renewal of the Church and of Christian theology during the recent period is also a result of that general religious crisis; Christianity has been reawakened from the comfortable slumber in which it was resting and is becoming conscious again that God's claims apply to the whole of human life, that in a way they are totalitarian.

WHAT will be our Christian task in the midst of this crisis? We can describe it as twofold. Our fundamental responsibility in this shaken and suffering world will be to proclaim over and over again that man has no longer any reason to fear. Jesus Christ reigns, he redeems, he forgives, he makes everything new, he is our hope, and wishes to be the hope of all men. Christian witness is ever calling man's attention to the eternal certainty of God's word; repeating always that his love passes all understanding. But at the same time, our task will be to address this message to man's concrete life and, at the point of culture, to man's cultural uncertainties and problems. We must also be signs of Christ's kingdom, living references to his truth, his holiness, his perfection, his forgiveness.

We shall be concerned with cultural matters, not in order to escape the frightening reality of daily life but because culture is for us constantly transformed by our faith in Christ's reality. We are Christ's ambassadors in the world; we are responsible for proclaiming his message in a world which does not yet recognize him, that is to say, for speaking of him and also living as citizens of his kingdom and not of human societies. But we have to live as citizens of his kingdom within human societies and together with their members, sharing in all their life, particularly their cultural life. We must be with them, like them in all things but we shall know at the same time what they ignore, namely what there is beyond our human life.

What can this mean in practice? Let us look at these moral values which the present cultural crisis is undermining. As Christians we shall be concerned with human justice, justice between nations, between classes and between individuals, not because we follow the program of any particular human ideology but because we know God loves all men without distinction of nationality, class, race or person, because we know Christ came especially for the poor.

The poor today must be for us all underprivileged groups or individuals, the underdeveloped countries, the victims of economic exploitation or racial discrimination, as well as those who suffer from moral anxiety or spiritual loneliness.

We shall be concerned with political freedom and shall fight against any oppression within the state, with-

motive

in our universities, not because we endorse any special human system for which freedom is essential, not because we believe ultimately in democracy, but because we know Christ calls all men freely to worship and obey him and that he came to give freedom to all men.

Most particularly as Christian students we shall fight for the preservation in the university of a true freedom by which everyone can be allowed to say clearly and without fear what he thinks is the truth; we shall resist all perversions of this academic freedom, whether they come from outside pressure or from prejudices and fanaticism within the university itself. We shall be concerned with peace among men and among nations, not because we hold any emotional or doctrinal view such as for instance Gandhism, but because we believe that in Jesus Christ all barriers between men have been thrown down and all men are brought together by Christ's forgiveness which calls for forgiveness among men.

We shall therefore resist any tendency to warmongering, we shall fight any apathetic acceptance of war as inevitable, we shall repeat ever again that men and nations can truly live together in peace. In the same way in our small circle, in our universities particularly, we shall call for mutual respect and love, being ourselves a living demonstration of the possibility of such peaceful coexistence between persons, in spite of ideological, religious or other differences.

At the level of intellectual and aesthetic values, we shall fight for truth. We believe indeed that Jesus Christ is the only truth, the only ultimate truth, but precisely for this reason we shall be concerned with the respect for truth in science and the arts. We shall of course remind artists and scientists that they cannot reach this ultimate truth through their human ways but we shall also urge them to devote all their efforts, all their good human efforts, to reaching the relative truth which science or art can produce and we shall thank God when these efforts bear fruit, when the artist creates a truthful work, when the scientist truthfully discovers a new physical law or a new historical understanding, because God is never absent from such an honest search for truth, because human achievements in cultural realms are also manifestations or his continuous working among men. I do not believe we must look at scientific truth or artistic beauty as criteria of God's reality. There is no other criterion than Jesus Christ himself in his incarnation, cross and resurrection, but each time I see a beautiful painting or a piece of sculpture, each time I read a masterpiece of literature or philosophy, each time I consider the great works of engineering, I thank God there are men in the world who even though they do not know him are still signs of his truth, his beauty, his providence, by the way in which they try with integrity, honesty and respect for truth, to be human workers and creators of good things.

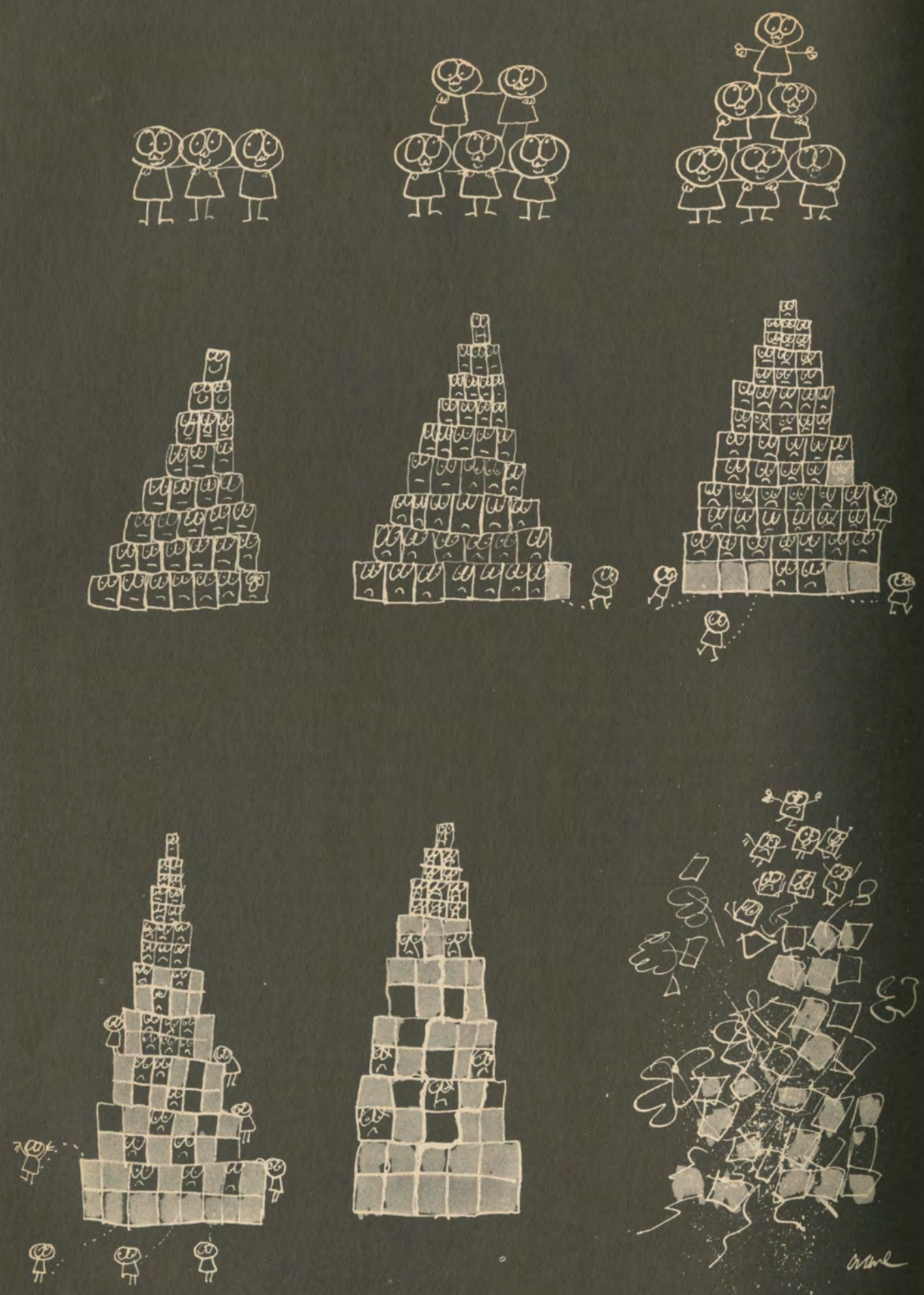
FINALLY, the Church, particularly the Student Christian Movement, will aim at being in its community a living demonstration of what a true cultural community could be. In many cases the task of the Student Christian Movement has been described as being a true university within the university. When our universities are so deeply affected by cultural crisis, when they no longer know what their purpose is, when they have forgotten the significance of truth, or freedom, when they have lost their sense of responsibility to society, when they do not deserve any longer their name "university" which means community; the task of the S.C.M. will be not only to recall the university to its permanent vocation but to demonstrate to the university the sort of community it is called to be.

For several years the World Student Christian Federation, with the support of the Methodist Student Movement, ran every summer what were called Chalet study sessions. The purpose of these sessions was to give to their participants an experience of what a true university ought to be: the place where students together with professors engage in hard, honest, unprejudiced search for truth; the place where all convictions are respected and all doubts helped; the place where knowledge is not seen in abstraction from the daily life of man but is looked upon as an indispensable part of this daily life; the place where culture does not consist in the refined pleasure of the aesthete but in the common riches of all men, the poor and the rich, the intellectual and the manual worker, the non-Christian and the Christian; and of course the place where cultural life is supported and enriched by prayer and adoration.

It seems to me our first task as a Christian community will be to perform the cultural functions which the university does not perform satisfactorily any longer. But we must also beware lest as Student Christian Movements we isolate ourselves from the non-Christians. Our community must be in the fullest sense of the word an open community in which the non-Christian is as fully welcome as the believer. If we wish to avoid the danger of confusion between Christianity and culture, the danger of a Christian civilization, our effort must be to look for a culture which can become the common language of all men, whether they are Christ's disciples or not.

It is good indeed that as Christian students we know in Whom we believe and what are the implications of our faith at all points of our life. But we also have to try to find some values which we could hold in common with those who do not share our faith. If we do not do it we just give up the possibility of living in the same world with non-Christians, of living in the same society. We really tend unconsciously toward complete separation from them. That is to say our cultural responsibility as Christians will be confrontation, cooperation, common work toward the reconstruction, the rediscovery of a culture and of its particular values with followers of other religions, of secular ideologies and with the many people who really do not believe in anything at all. The cultural responsibility of the Christian will imply a permanent curiosity for other viewpoints, a constant openness to different cultural expressions, and a total willingness to work with others towards something new.

And of course in this cultural task we should remember that the ultimate purpose for culture and civilization, the ultimate purpose for the continuation of history and of mankind is for us as Christians, for the Church, to proclaim to all men that Jesus Christ is our Lord and Saviour, the Lord and Saviour of all men and not only of Christians, the Lord and Saviour of all life and not only of spiritual life, the Lord and Saviour of culture.



THE INSTITUTION

THE COLLEGE HUMORLESS MAGAZINE

By **HERBERT HACKETT**

How about a kiss?
Sir, I have scruples.
That's all right. I've been vaccinated.

Two old maids went for a tramp in the woods.
The tramp got away.

THESE items, variously identified as "Ha! Ha!," "Joke," or "Lifted," are not the least among the discoveries I have made in a recent tour of those junkyards of college wit, the college humor magazines. In an age of war and threat to the free enterprise system, it is perhaps hopeful that students are still bubbling over with the preadolescent humor of Joe Cook by way of Berle and Hope.

One of my tolerant friends says that I must remember that boys will be boys, and that these magazines do nothing more than give a sophomore's version of the adult humor of our day. By such an appraisal "boys" are nasty-minded little delinquents writing on toilet walls for the entertainment of moronic social hounds to whom sex is a dirty word. Their coed counterpart is a somewhat naive but fast little idiot who learned her morals from Mrs. Grundy but whose practice is an improvisation on the theme, "It's naughty but it's nice."

This picture I reject.

One of my cynical friends says that people get the press they deserve, that college publications are an honest reflection of the tastes, dreams and intellectual level of collegians. He points out that the circulation of humor magazines on a campus is greater than the circulation of all other magazines combined and that this must mean something. But this too I reject; some of my best friends are students. Even the claims that colleges are full of pinkos, crackpots, marathon face-slappers, long-haired poets and registered Democrats I can't accept. I cannot assume that students deserve their press any more than Chicagoans deserve the *Chicago Tribune*.

College humor magazines reflect nothing more or less than the abilities, tastes and sense of humor of the narrow clique which produces them. Where this clique has talent the magazine may be good; where an individual wit, writer or artist has ability it may be excellent in part—and apologists for these publications always trot out the names of Thurber, Benchley or Woollcott, who were nurtured in their literary youth on college publication row. But, for each master of understatement in the Thurber style or of wild imagination *a la* Benchley there are a thousand would-be Schulmans—wisecrackers, less than subtle experts at the suggestive twist whose purpose is to "get away with something" or to shock.

IF, at this point, I sound like an old-maid Sunday school teacher it is because humor is a moral art, a comment on the pretensions and shortcomings of men within a cultural framework; cultural means moral. This is not to suggest that certain subjects should be tossed out, but only that they be treated in terms of a set of values. The females of Thurber are funny because they are comments on a society in which the secondary sex characteristics, breasts, hips, etc., have been exaggerated, and where the Victorian ideal of womanhood, coyness, modesty and submissiveness, which we still cling to no longer has any meaning. In contrast, the iceman, traveling salesman joke is rarely funny since it is outside the experience of most of us; we have here only a stereotyped sniggering at the moral code in which we live, which gets its laugh, if at all, from a sense of startle, of offended good taste.

If we examine the kinds of humor in college magazines, in jokes, cartoons, articles or pictures, we find several distinct types.

The first depends on the double meaning, one intended to get by the college censor and the other on appeal to the campus wise guys. It is primarily concerned with certain words and situations which indicate a morbid and perverted interest in sex, simple biological functions and the "sacred." The sacred ought at times to be laughed at *in its institutionalized aspects,* the "sacred cows," the ritualized behavior which sometimes passes for religion, ethics, morality or social consciousness; but the attack on faith itself, regardless of its weaknesses, is a form of amoral viciousness, since it sets up no alternative but cynicism. Having no values it damns all values.

Look at a typical bit of doggerel, printed in at least half the humor magazines in the past year:

Beneath this stone a virgin lies;
For her, life held no terrors.
Born a virgin, died a virgin—
No runs—no hits—no errors.

This has elements of humor but they are all in the style—the epitaph format, the homely metaphor of baseball, the balanced sentence, the rhyme. However it is essentially callous, almost sadistic in its smirking. It is based on no alternative value system, say a straightforward interest in sex, but is cowardly, afraid of the implications of a moral code which values the family above physical pleasure and afraid of the alternative implications of a code based on sensuality.

THE psychologist or anthropologist would point out that such "humor" evolves in the following way: we have been taught by a puritanical system that certain subjects are taboo, that we must repress certain normal drives; we thus turn these drives in on themselves, in smut, pornography, in sadistic attacks on the normal or on the unfortunate victims of moral dogma. For example, we have the underlying cruelty of Bob Hope toward his favorite stooge, the man-chasing spinster who has been cut off by unfortunate moral repressions from normal sex life. An interest in sex has been replaced by violence and shock, cynicism or inhibition, frustration and hate. This shift in emphasis is most apparent in the so-called murder mystery and in "comic books" where there is little interest in sex; the Mickey Spillane formula of beating, mutilating, shooting, flogging and other forms of violence has all the intensity of the professional moralist to whom all pleasure is sin. At its worst this attitude is pathological and a problem for the psychiatrist.

It is appropriate that one of the

I'm no scholar-teacher.
I don't talk and write.

I'm an artist-teacher.
I make things.

I think about things.
It's in my work.

The word world of the university threatens me.

Committing my life to words is drying me up inside. You'd think with so many people here committed to words that . . .

That's great stuff. Just the kind of stuff I hope you'll include in your lecture.

filthiest of these college humor magazines is called *Leer*.

An alternate purpose of the startle joke, the double entendre, the dirty story, is to express contempt for the censor (who represents authority). Free men have recognized that authority should be challenged at times and that humor is one of the most effective ways of doing this. The bitter satire of Voltaire, Swift or William Steig attacks authority and those who conform to it without thinking, but this rebellion is in terms of an alternate set of values, say democratic action or individual decision, not in mere spitballs and tantrums.

Similar in its basic philosophy is the "My God!" or "Oh Hell!" joke:

Lady driver (who has almost run over a boy): Why don't you look where you're going?

Little boy: My God! lady. Don't tell me you're going to back up!

There may be some humor in this oft repeated item (four times in the fall issues of college humor magazines in 1951) but the impression is that of a naughty boy who swears and smokes corn silks to prove he is a man of the world. The effect is to startle, to offend the sensibilities of the reader.

A second type of humor is what we call wit, an intellectual exercise in which the enjoyment lies in the ability to understand a clever play on ideas or words. In most of these publications the wit is at the level of a dull seventh grader.

Judge: Take the chair.

Prisoner: What for? I don't want any furniture.

This clever dialogue was printed in the Harvard *Lampoon* and three other college magazines in their fall issues, although eighty-two of my students (out of eighty-two) voted it *not funny*. Eighty-one out of eighty-two thought the scruples joke with which we started this article *not funny;* the proper term they decided is "corny."

A third type of humor in these magazines is the stereotyped joke: Little Audrie stories; "She was only a postman's daughter . . ." (boxer's, lightkeeper's, etc.); the iceman, old maid, salesman jokes; repeated with slight variations. The original version may have been funny, but the repetitions usually reveal a desperate lack of originality.

Where a writer has no ability and less imagination, he often turns to stereotypes. One of the most common is dialect:

"Gather 'round, freshies. You'uns who's nu ta this here university is gonna need some fatherly advise on how ta conduct yer affairs. . . ."

Crimson Ball, Indiana

This is lousy writing.

A SECOND type of article in college magazines is that which glorifies the least-important individuals and activities on the campus, the BMOC, the "social" life of fraternities, the emphasis on the "good time." The latter is so narrowly defined in terms of drinking, initiations and parties, petting and grill-hounding, that the reader is led to believe that college students are complete idiots. Here too we find the rah-rah for the All-American, hairy-chested meathead who kicks, throws or carries something faster or farther or with more skill than someone else. The subject matter is not at fault, sports is a real interest, but the glorification of the Greek God (at my college the Spartan, whom everyone remembers as the prototype of all fascist and physical cul-

ture lunks); this glorification is a perverted notion of what a college should stand for.

The shoddy content of most of these publications tends to obscure the often excellent photography, art work, layout and mechanical production seen in the better campus magazines. Ohio State, Northwestern, Iowa, Syracuse, Columbia and others are mechanically superior to many commercial periodicals.

IF we take the best in art, cartooning, writing, humor, reporting and editing we are impressed with the possibilities in student publications. What are some of these bests? What might a real college humor magazine include?

First, a humor magazine must have a point of view based on a set of values. If prudery, treatment of students as if they were children, or the actions of the administration are considered proper subjects of satire, ridicule and wit—excellent—but the humor must be a mature comment on life.

Student publications should get their material from campus activities, campus personalities, campus situations. The Texas *Ranger,* last fall, ran a serious article on a nuclear scientist, a group of pictures of a girl (not a stereotyped beauty but an unusually interesting face), a light feature on a campus theater group, and a short story on a British exchange student trying to buy a razor blade. *Skol* of Minnesota carried an attack on student government as the tool of the administration, well-written campus anecdotes, two features on faculty members, a discussion of the *Time* article on the "Silent Generation." The Ohio State *Sundial* presented a two-page cartoon series on the football specialist, taking him through a typical day from morning calisthenics and deep-breathing exercises to his moment of triumph when he carried the kicking tee out for the point-after-touchdown; it followed with a picture history of Ohio State's football coaches and comments on the downtown coaches' influence on the yearly firings of coaches who lose to Michigan; next was a "scrapbook" of Slumbowski, a burlesque of the football hero especially apt for Ohio State.

The interesting and humorous aspects of college life are endless, the stuffed-shirt prof, campus politics, administrative blunders, beauty queens, movies in the local theaters, campus housing, courses, and the peculiarities of instruction methods. The Bibler cartoons printed in many campus newspapers are good examples of what can be done.

BECAUSE of this wealth of material it is all the more discouraging to see the lack of variety in most of these magazines. It is almost as if they were written and edited in a vacuum. For example, the year 1951-52 saw the challenge to freedom of expression on the campus, the Oklahoma and Oklahoma A and M witch hunts and loyalty oaths, the Ohio State ban on speakers and censorship of all surveys and questionnaires, the study of overemphasis on football, the slugging of a Drake football star—broken jaw but no conference action—the pious bleatings of coaches and presidents caught in the basketball scandals; none of these received the attention they deserved in terms of student interest and concern.

While ignorant legislators, sensational papers and organized fascistic groups attacked the integrity of our higher educational system, most college magazines concentrated on trivia. With athletic scandals from West Point, William and Mary, Kentucky, Bradley, NYU, CCNY, and LIU, hot on the front pages most college publications continued to beat the drums for greater, bigger and more winning teams, contributing to bigger and better scandals. With anti-intellectualism rising throughout the country the college magazines have kept free of dangerous ideas—any ideas. In only a few isolated articles or cartoons is there any hint that the social system, economic order or political corruption are proper subjects for humorous criticism. The social thinking is pre-Harding, the economic thinking a cynical acceptance of the worst in capitalism (jokes on cheating in business told with a boys-will-be-boys attitude), political willingness to go along with corruption and "politics" —as translated in campus political maneuvering.

The editors reply that such subjects are topical and belong to the campus newspapers. This is the weakest kind of rationalization since most college newspapers have lost their editorial fire (although they still represent more talent and more social consciousness than the campus humor magazines). The rare campus "literary" magazine, the "Literary Supplement" of Michigan, that of Florida State University, etc., struggle for survival.

THE real reason that college magazines in general fail to reflect the thinking and idealism of the campus is that they represent only a clique (in most cases) which is self-perpetuating and self-satisfied. A job on the magazine is a political plum to swell the importance of the frat or club; the editorial plums go to friends of friends.

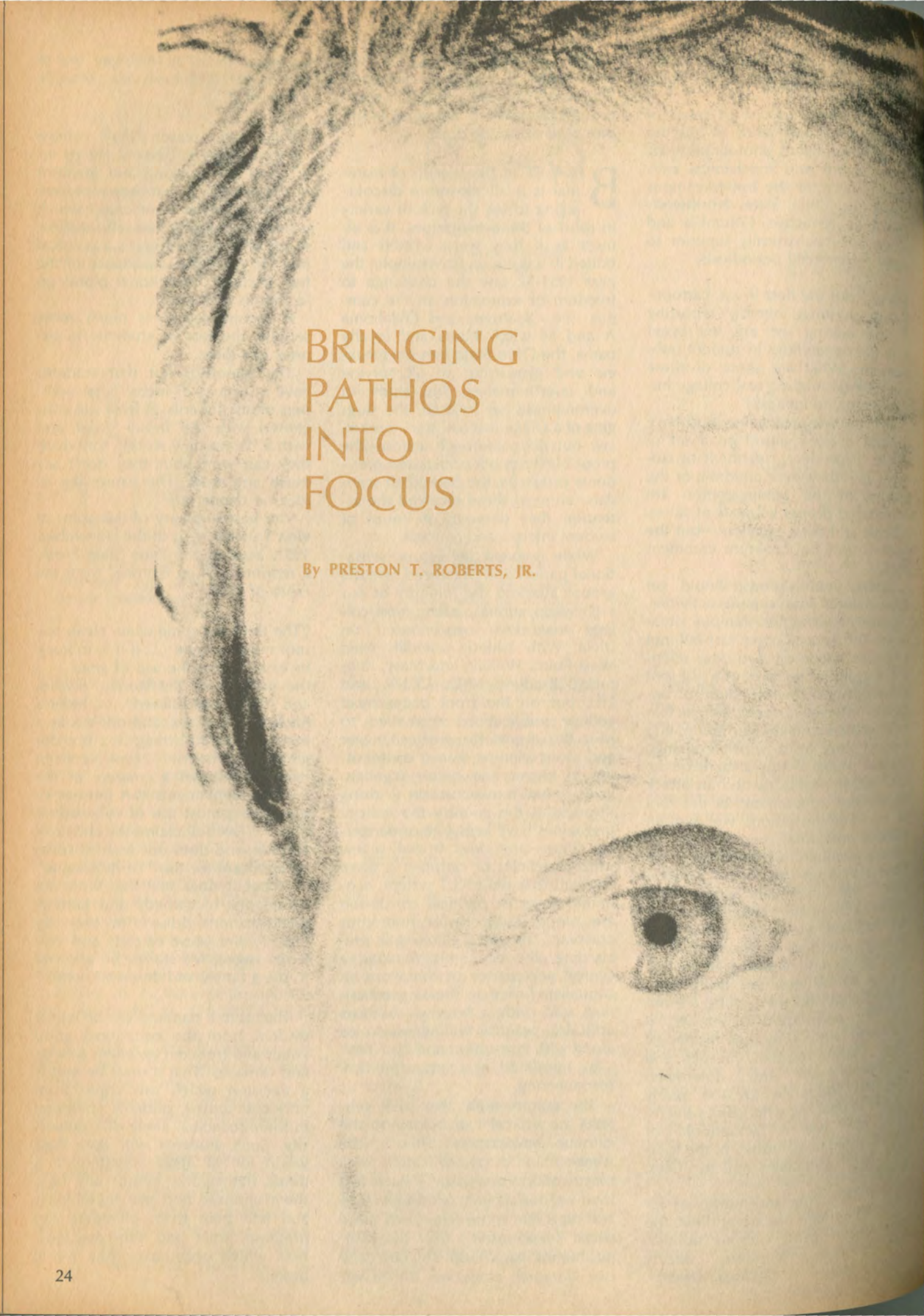
A second reason is much more serious, the fear of students to *express* any ideas.

The reason is not that students have no values or ideas; large numbers of my students, at least, are concerned with the moral order and with a "brave new world" for which they can work, but they don't say much any more. *The expressing of ideas is dangerous!*

The best summary of the point of view I am taking is in the November, 1951, issue of the Penn State *Froth,* a reprinting of an editorial from the *Froth* of 1927:

"The time has come when clean humor must struggle . . . if it is to keep its head above the sea of smut . . . the majority of the stories, rhymes and jokes now offered . . . have a background of sex, and not sex as a natural, beautiful thing . . . but degraded and rotten. . . . Even a college man, as debased a creature as the Sunday supplements can present to the public, must tire of so steady a diet. . . . *Froth* disclaims the christer's attitude, and does not wish to seem an applicant for the "Purity League" . . . but it does feel that with the abundance of comedy and humorous situations present in everyday life . . . the cause of dirty and violently suggestive stories be allowed to die a timely and deserved death."

That such a standard can be met is evident from the occasional good issues and frequent excellent articles and cartoons. That it must be met is a decision which can come from only one source, students operating in the intellectual arena of a university. Such students will find their world full of ideas operating in a moral framework; humor will help them appraise and use these ideas and will help them eliminate the pretense, folly and self-consciousness which accompany any moral order.



BRINGING PATHOS INTO FOCUS

By PRESTON T. ROBERTS, JR.

Photograph: Wallowitch

THE modern theater is one of the great theaters in Western cultural history, just as historic in its own setting as the ancient Greek, the Elizabethan, or the French Neo-Classic theaters were in theirs. It is becoming clear that modern plays have a characteristic movement and structure all their own, an inner world of events and meaning just as serious as those which we associate with Greek or Christian drama.

However, modern plays are so close to us in time and we are so close to them in spirit that it is difficult to say which modern plays are the perfection of their type or what kind of serious drama it is of which they are exemplary. We may quite rightly feel that Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is the model for much of modern drama and that Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* was the first real example of it. But no one modern play stands out as the perfection of its type in the way Sophocles' *Oedipus the King* serves as the classic example of a Greek tragedy, or Shakespeare's *King Lear* as the classic example of Christian drama. Nor can we identify the inner movement and structure of a modern play with anything like the precision which Aristotle achieved with reference to Greek plays in his *Poetics* more than two thousand years ago. We may rightly think that modern plays characteristically deal with man's emotional insecurity rather than with his intellectual finiteness or his moral guilt and religious sin. But there have been many kinds of modern drama—romantic, realistic, naturalistic, Marxist, Freudian, and existentialist. It is hard to see them under a single rubric or to understand the *genus* of which they are *species*. It is still more difficult to say whether modern plays are more or less moving and profound as serious drama than more conventionally Greek or Christian plays. We have to recognize that we are deeply moved by them, and that we do take them very seriously. But it is hard to say whether we are moved by them too little or too much or whether we take them more or less seriously than we should.

Nonetheless, we now stand deep within, if not near the bitter end, of the modern period in literary history. We must therefore take our courage in both hands and make some attempt, however weak and

imperfect, to say what distinguishes modern plays from more traditional forms of drama, and to say what we should think of them in relation to their ancient Greek and Christian prototypes.

Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* may not be the best of modern plays. James Joyce's *Exiles* and Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit* certainly make better reading, and the plays of Ibsen and Shaw probably still make better theater. But *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Death of a Salesman* make both good reading and good theater. Moreover, they are highly characteristic modern plays, if not exactly the perfection of their type. Whereas *A Streetcar Named Desire* is primarily the story of a sick and lost individual, a modern tragedy composed in a psychological or Freudian mode, *Death of a Salesman* is basically a modern tragedy fashioned in a sociological or Marxist pattern, the story of a sick and lost society. They may thereby serve as representative, if not as exhaustive or the best, examples of modern drama.

THE first and most distinguishing mark of modern plays is their pathos. Just as Greek plays like *Oedipus the King* were distinguished by their preoccupation with what is simply and purely tragic about life and just as Christian plays like *King Lear* have been distinguished by their concern with what is redemptive or more than tragic in life, just so modern plays like *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Death of a Salesman* would appear to be distinguished by their absorption in what is pathetic or less than tragic and incapable of redemption in experience.

They seem to be peculiarly concerned with those aspects of experience which lie below the conscious mind or active will, whether it be Darwin's instinctual struggle for survival, Pavlov's conditioned reflex, Freud's repressed unconscious, Marx's latent class conflicts, or Dewey's habit, inertia and fatigue. They characteristically deal with senseless agencies and compulsive forces at work deep inside and far outside human nature, underground aspects of existence whose operations the human spirit cannot readily observe, understand, enjoy, or control.

It is this preoccupation with what is pathetic in life which endows modern plays with their distinctive inner movement and structure. They may begin with a sense of meaningfulness and hope, but they end in a sense of meaninglessness and futility. Their protagonists are usually rather sick and driven figures long before the play begins, stripped of almost every meaning and value except mere life itself. At the start of the action, they are confronted with an initial situation which appears to present a possible way out of their pathetic misery. However, in the course of events, they exhibit themselves to be completely incapable of responding to any such new way of life. Instead of taking hold of what is possible, they cling to what is impossible—some memory they can never re-enact or some dream they are always powerless to be or do. Some kind of sickness, psychologically within or sociologically without, drives them relentlessly this way and that and down and down until they move from normality to madness and destroy themselves or are destroyed by others in senseless acts of violence.

The movement or change in character in a modern play is from bad to worse or from one form of misery to another. The structure of the incidents or plot is the expression of a remorselessly efficient causality. What appeared at the beginning to be their last chance, indeed their only real chance, does not turn out to have been a real chance at all in the end. The final emotional effect upon us as the audience or as readers is therefore one of mingled poignance and despair: poignance because the protagonist has become such a shadow of his former or potential self; and despair because there has been no one meaningful way for him to live and so many meaningless ways for him to die.

FOR example, Blanche DuBois, the protagonist in *A Streetcar Named Desire,* is a very sick and lost woman long before the play begins. As the elder and more attractive daughter of an old, aristocratic Southern family, she has been driven to solve the problem of her life by defying the harsh, yet living and solid, realities of the new South in the name of the soft, but dead and ephemeral, appearances of the old. In the hopeless process of so doing, she has simply lost one thing after another—the ancestral plantation estate called Belle Reve through foreclosure, her boyish and gifted husband through suicide, her position as a school teacher in the little Southern town of Laurel, Mississippi, through an attempt to seduce one of her more sensitive and intelligent pupils, and her status as a respectable member of any small Southern community through still other expressions of her growing nymphomania.

About all that is left of Blanche as the play begins is a faded, haunted, and weary remnant of her former or potential self. At the start of the action, her appearance and behavior are, pathetically enough, more like those of a lowly prostitute or a cheap coquette than of the grand Southern belle or lady who figures so prominently in her memories and dreams.

In the course of the action within the play itself, Blanche is given what appears to be her last and only real chance to rescue her life from such pathetic ineffectuality. During a prolonged visit at the shabby New Orleans flat of her younger and less attractive, but married, pregnant, and well-adjusted sister, she is introduced to a more meaningful way of solving the problem of her life. Stella's more creative way is based upon acceptance, rather than defiance, of the new South. However, Blanche proves herself to be completely incapable of responding to this more creative way of life by virtue of the sickness with which her past and present insecurities burden her. In fact, everything she says and does makes any normal way of life, not to speak of a more creative one, less and less possible for her.

In the first part of the play, faint memories of their early childhood together at Belle Reve and vague dreams of an eventual rescue by some young and wealthy Southern gentleman drive Blanche to reject her sister's husband, Stanley Kowalski, in a highly defensive way. He is a Polish worker and—to say the least—no gentleman. Instead of welcoming the strength and vitality of the marriage between Stella and Stanley as enabling her to make a fresh start, Blanche attempts to weaken the relationship by accusing Stella of that kind of purely physical love for her husband of which

motive

Blanche herself has long since been a helpless victim. She also proposes that Stella leave Stanley in order to set up a little shop somewhere with her. In so doing, she only succeeds in arousing Stanley's suspicions that she actually has made a good thing out of selling Belle Reve, is a real threat to his wife and home, and is a lost woman in many more interesting ways than meet the eye.

In the middle part of the play, after Stella has refused to leave Stanley in spite of her sister's hysterical objections to him, Blanche's tortured memories of her dead husband make her emotionally uneasy before the advances of Mitch, the one eligible bachelor among the friends of Stanley and Stella who is at once a part of the old and the new South. Although Mitch is very much tied to his mother's apron strings and not everything Blanche might desire in a suitor, she does need him just as desperately as he needs her. However, the inner ambivalence on Blanche's part here, conjoined with the outer consequences of having provoked Stanley in the first part of the action, quickly destroys her last chance of deliverance from pathetic misery. Instead of being rescued by Mitch, she suffers the humiliation of being exposed and then raped by Stanley the night Stella is away at a hospital having her baby.

In the last part of the play, Blanche's compulsive fantasy of a romantic rescue by Shep Huntleigh, a young Dallas millionaire, takes over her entire sensibility and cuts her off from all possibility of salvation. She ends in the arms of a fate worse than rape and indistinguishable from death—the arms of a doctor and nurse from a public mental institution. Through no intellectual error in judgment or willful fault of her own, Blanche DuBois has been driven from her initial neurosis to her final psychosis. In the process, she has lost a moral struggle she could not possibly have won. As a sick and lost woman, she may have had a past but no real present or actual future.

JUST so, Willy Loman, the protagonist in *Death of a Salesman,* is a very sick and lost man long before that play begins. Willy Loman is a salesman. As a member of the vast lower middle class in an urban and industrial America, he has been driven to solve the problem of his life by defying the dark realities of his lot as a salesman in the name of the bright appearances of a younger, more rural, and less class-conscious America. He has remembered the early pioneers and the first capitalists who made good with or without effort. He has dreamt of rising to the top and beating the system, either directly through his own efforts or vicariously through the lives of his sons, Biff and Happy.

In the hopeless process of so doing, he too has simply lost one thing after another—from his yard and garden which encroaching apartment houses have snuffed out to the love and respect of his elder and favorite son, Biff, who has become a bum because of inability to fulfill his father's dream. As the play begins, Willy Loman is an almost completely broken man, shattered in body, mind and spirit. The idea of suicide has not merely occurred to him; he has actually attempted to take his own life, not just once, but several times.

In the course of the action, Willy is given what appears to be his last and only real chance to rescue his life from such pathetic ineffectuality. This apparent chance is presented to him by the return of his prodigal son, Biff, who has come home to have it out with his father and to discover who and what he and his father really are. Biff attempts to deliver his father from his pathetic misery by suggesting a new way of life based upon defiance of or indifference to the old dream of making good or beating the system.

However, Willy proves himself to be completely incapable of responding to his son's new way of life by virtue of the sickness with which past and present insecurities have beset him. In fact, everything he says and does makes his son's new way of life less and less possible for him. In the first part of the play, he forces both himself and his son into making one last, desperate attempt to rise to the top. In so doing, he only succeeds in losing his own job and driving his son into a position where he will have to leave home forever. In the last part of the play, Willy is compelled to face up to the facts for the first time in his life—the fact that he is worth more dead than alive and the fact that suicide is the only way left for him to make good and beat the system.

IN summary, what is most distinctively modern about Blanche DuBois and Willy Loman as protagonists is that they are defeated by their emotional insecurity or sickness rather than by their ignorance or intellectual finiteness or by any kind of moral guilt or religious sin. They fail in their moral struggle simply because they are incapable of responding to the good, not because they do not or cannot know what the good is or because they refuse to do the good which they do know.

What is peculiarly modern about the plots in which their characters are implicated is that the course of the action moves from a bad to a worse state of affairs rather than from good to bad or from bad to good fortune. What is characteristically modern about the emotional effect they provoke in us as the audience or readers is the sense of poignance and despair rather than the Greek sense of pity and fear or the Christian sense of judgment and forgiveness.

We feel poignance rather than pity or judgment because the protagonist is defeated by an emotional quirk or block rather than by an intellectual error in judgment or willful pride. We feel despair rather than fear or forgiveness because what appeared to be the protagonist's last and only real chance turns out to have been no real chance at all.

TRADITIONAL plays of the Greek and Christian types have very different kinds of movement and structure and very different kinds of emotional effect. In Greek plays, like *Oedipus the King,* the protagonist is defeated by his ignorance or intellectual finiteness, not by his emotional insecurity or sickness. The plot moves from good to bad fortune and from happiness to misery, not from bad to worse fortune and from one form of unhappy misery to another. The final emotional effect is one of pity and fear, not one of poignance and despair. We feel pity because the protagonist suffers in excess of what he morally and religiously deserves. We feel fear because there have been no rational means of escape from his predicament.

For example, Oedipus is defeated by his ignorance of the facts that he

has murdered his father, Laius, and married his mother, Jocasta. These facts of parricide and incest are facts he has to know to avoid tragedy. However, these are precisely the facts he does not know and cannot know by virtue of his intellectual finiteness. In terms of what he does or can know, Oedipus does the perfectly right, just and noble thing throughout the action. Namely, he simply persists inflexibly in his search for the murderer of Laius regardless of the consequences to himself.

What is so completely and purely tragic about his fate is that the best course of action of which he can possibly think turns out to be exactly the course of action which seals his doom, destroys that which he most loved, and accomplishes the opposite of what he so nobly intended. The pattern of incidents or plot in which the character of Oedipus is implicated therefore moves from initial good fortune to final bad fortune and from initial happiness to final misery.

Such a character and such a plot do not provoke emotions of poignance and despair because the protagonist has been able to remain true to his own essential nature throughout the course of the action and can accept or defy his fate with the untarnished integrity of his soul at the play's end. As Aristotle said, the story of Oedipus arouses emotions of pity and fear: pity because Oedipus suffers more than mere lack of knowledge deserves; and fear because there have been no rational means of escape from the terrible consequences of such ignorance.

In Christian plays like *King Lear*, the protagonist is defeated by his guilt and sin, not just by his sickness or his ignorance, and the plot eventually moves from a bad to a good state of affairs and from misery to happiness, not simply from good to bad or from bad to worse fortune.

For example, King Lear is defeated in his moral struggle by his spiritual pride, not just by his emotional insecurity or by his intellectual finiteness. This pride expresses itself at the very beginning of the action when he insists upon identifying his status as a king with his role as a father and refuses to distinguish between the pleasing, but merely apparent, virtue of his two faithless daughters, Goneril and Regan, and the painful but real virtue of his one faithful daughter, Cordelia. He therefore asks for and deserves much of the dire suffering he receives. However, the ultimate consequences of his pride are not just pathetic or just tragic but redemptive as well.

In the course of the action, King Lear is rescued from his spiritual pride by processes of judgment and forgiveness operating both inside and outside his own nature. He moves from the false, illusory, and complacent happiness born of pride, through the meaningful suffering which comes of judgment, to the final happiness of finding his life in the very process of losing it. The emotional effect provoked by the story of King Lear is thereby a Christian sense of judgment and forgiveness, not just a modern sense of poignance and despair or a Greek sense of pity and fear. We feel judgment because King Lear has suffered what he has morally and religiously deserved. We feel forgiveness because King Lear has been enabled to forgive his daughter, Cordelia, even as he has been forgiven by her.

THE second distinguishing mark of modern plays is that the Greek concern for what is purely tragic about life and the Christian concern for what is redemptive or more than tragic in life are used as foils to the modern concern for what is pathetic or less than tragic and incapable of redemption in experience. More specifically, the kinds of movement and structure characteristic of Greek and Christian plays are used as foils to the kinds of movement and structure peculiar to modern plays. The pathos of modern plays is thereby rendered all the more pathetic by the invocation of tragic and redemptive *motifs* which turn out to be in excess of, or irrelevant to, the facts.

For example, Blanche DuBois is endowed with what appear to be both Christian and Greek qualities as a protagonist. In the first part of the play when she is giving the marriage between Stanley and Stella such an inexcusably hard time, she is made to appear far more arrogant in her spiritual pride than neurotic in her anxiety. Just so, in the middle part of the play where she converses with Mitch, she is represented as being far more blind in the Greek sense than presumptuous in the Christian sense or sick in the modern sense. However, in the course of the action, both our initial hope for the downfall of her self-righteousness and our later desire that her blinded nobility may not suffer in excess of what it deserves are transformed by our final recognition of the nature and extent of her sickness. It is then that we come to see that both her pride and her ignorance are expressions of her sickness.

Her final movement from neurosis to psychosis is thereby rendered all the more sad by the fact that we had been led to hope that some kind of judgment and forgiveness might rescue her from her pride. Just so, her end is rendered all the more desperate by the fact that we had been led to hope that some kind of movement from ignorance to knowledge might enable her to defy or accept circumstance with the unbroken integrity of her spirit.

Similarly, in *Death of a Salesman*, we are led to believe that Willy Loman is more blind than simply driven in the first part of the play and that he is more proud than just blind or driven in the second part of the play. When his wife Linda speaks to her sons of the greatness of Willy's spirit in the face of impossible odds both inside and outside his own true nature, we feel his suffering nobility no less than his piteous abnormality. We therefore hope that he may not suffer in excess of what his essential nobility deserves.

When Biff tries to tell his father that he is a fake and has failed him no less deeply than he, Biff, has failed his father, we feel Willy's moral guilt and religious sin no less than his intellectual finiteness or his emotional insecurity. We therefore hope that some kind of judgment and forgiveness may rescue him from his pride. However, when all is said and done, it becomes clear that Willy's blindness in the Greek sense and Willy's pride in the Christian sense have both been foils to Willy's sickness in the modern sense.

IF IT is difficult to say what distinguishes modern plays from more traditional forms of serious drama, it is still more difficult to say what we should think of them in relation to their Greek and Christian prototypes. However, there would appear to be at least three positive

motive

things which must be said in their defense.

First of all, from a purely historical standpoint, we have to recognize that modern plays are portraying an aspect of existence which both Greek and Christian plays tended to ignore or deny. That is, modern plays are bringing pathos into the focus of dramatic interest and attention for the first time, a type or level of experience which Greek and Christian plays ignored as being less than tragic or incapable of redemption and denied as being unworthy of serious dramatic representation. As such, modern plays enjoy the rare distinction of bringing to full expression the third basic kind of subject matter characteristic of serious drama in the West, a subject matter which is just as great in its own terms and in its own setting as the materials of Greek and Christian drama were in theirs.

The historic uniqueness of modern plays—and the greatness this fact of historic uniqueness alone represents—can scarcely be exaggerated. To discover something relatively new so late in Western cultural history is in itself no small accomplishment. To hold high what has traditionally been held low is a still more remarkable achievement.

In the second place, from a more critical and less purely historical viewpoint, we have to recognize that the pathetic aspect of experience stressed by modern plays is not only historically unique but classically serious as well.

That is, modern plays are not simply portraying an aspect of experience never fully portrayed before. They are doing this, to be sure. But they are also doing more. They are portraying this aspect of experience convincingly by means of a spare and disciplined dramatic form of their own discovery as well. They are demonstrating that what is pathetic or less than tragic and beyond rescue in life is just as important, dramatically speaking, as what is tragic or more than tragic. They are showing that sickness in the modern sense is no less capable of arousing our sympathy than ignorance in the Greek sense or guilt and sin in the Christian sense. They are disclosing that it is no less moving for characters to move from bad to worse and from one form of misery to another than it is for characters to move from good to bad fortune or from misery to happiness.

In short, modern plays are exhibiting themselves to be the perfection of an aesthetically moving kind of dramatic form, not simply the purveyors of an historically unique kind of dramatic subject matter.

In the third place, from a constructive as well as from a simply historical or critical point of view, modern plays would appear to be just as meaningful and true to life as they are historically unique in subject matter and aesthetically moving in dramatic form. That is, they seem to be capturing one of the ultimate images of man's life, an image so ultimate in nature that all past and future images must now stand subject to it.

In other words, we have to add the modern theme of man's pathetic ineffectuality to the Greek theme of man's suffering nobility and the Christian theme of man's idolatrous impatience if we are to comprehend the whole of life. In fact, the modern image of man's emotional insecurity would appear to be so revealing that we can no longer properly see what the Greeks meant by man's finiteness or fully understand what Christians have meant by man's spiritual pride apart from some basic reference to what the moderns mean by man's piteous abnormality.

A still more radical way of saying the same thing would be to say that Greek and Christian plays can never mean quite the same thing to us again and can never mean quite as much to us now that we have seen and read modern plays. In short, modern plays have enabled us to see the limitations, no less than the scope, of more traditional forms of drama.

Nonetheless, it would appear to be just as possible for us to take modern plays too seriously as not to take them seriously enough. Traditionally Greek and Christian plays remain just as historically unique, just as aesthetically moving, and just as meaningful and true to life as modern plays. Modern readers and critics who attempt to make Greek and Christian plays over in the modern image, who refuse to admit that ignorance and pride can be as dramatically moving as sickness, or who are wont to deny that finiteness and pretension are just as ultimate factors in the human situation as emotional insecurity, are just as wrong as Greek or Christian readers and critics who try to ignore or deny what is uniquely moving and profound about modern plays.

That is, it is just as wrong to deny any metaphysical status or ontological quality to blindness and pride as it is to deny these things to sickness. We must take modern plays seriously, but not too seriously.

I SHOULD like to make a brief prediction concerning the drama of the period upon whose threshold we would now appear to stand: namely, that the drama of the future will seek to bring Greek, Christian, and modern images into a more meaningful relationship to one another. The plays of the future will not simply identify these images, as if they were little more than three ways of saying the same thing. Nor will they simply contrast them, as if they were just three rival and ultimately conflicting truths. The relationship between them will be one of tension, not one of simple identity or simple contrast. In other words, the plays of the future will relate Greek, Christian and modern *motifs* dialectically as three basic parts of one complex, yet unitary, truth.

It is, of course, possible that the drama of the future may add some fourth image of its own discovery and use these three traditional images as foils to it. However, it is now so late in Western cultural history that it would appear to be quite doubtful whether the drama of the future can discover any new insight as basic as, not to speak of more basic than, intellectual finiteness, willful pretension, or emotional insecurity.

In any event, the drama of the future cannot simply negate the stories of Oedipus and King Lear or the story of Willy Loman or Blanche DuBois even if it should equal or go beyond them. Greek, Christian and modern plays have been too unique in subject matter, too moving in dramatic form, and too meaningful and true to life simply to be negated. If the plays of the future are to be great, they will have to fulfill these traditional forms of drama; and they can do so in only one of two basic ways—either by relating them to one another or by fusing them with some fresh and novel insight of their own.

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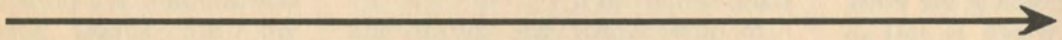


1961

Editor, Jameson Jones

GOD'S NO TO FALSE COMMUNITY

By THOMAS C. ODEN

WE still act on the assumption that we can manipulate people into the Kingdom of God. Much of our religious programming is just busy-work to keep us shielded from the genuine problems which the student is facing in life—his problems of loneliness, social adequacy, anxiety, guilt, his difficulty in understanding himself appropriately as a sexual being, his search for a political faith, his boredom in study. Seldom do we touch the depths of his existing situation. Rather than face these problems, we offer him a heat-and-serve fellowship with canned answers, with a lot of beans and no meat.

Today's awakened student cannot stomach warmed-over orthodoxy. He is almost constitutionally disloyal to old ways. He knows he lives in a new world and must search for new ways. He lacks a sense of continuity with his past history. But, on the other hand, he is not revolutionary, as was his father. He is lost from his past, but he has no vision of the future, such as does the Marxist. In all his disloyalty he is, in a sense, basically conservative. He does not want to get caught being committed. He is dogmatically skeptical as a matter of principle. He senses that he lives in a dangerous world, and has learned to be cautious. He is committed to uncommittedness. He is conventionally unconventional. He is orthodoxly unorthodox.

When the student movement tries to meet this student with worn-out cliches and exhortations to heroism, it succeeds neither in challenging nor engaging him at the level in which he exists. In our lack of rootage in the historic Christian witness, we feel defeated and frustrated in our dealing with the contemporary student mind. In our irresponsibility, directionlessness and egocentricity, we meet not just our bungling but God's unequivocal No.

We substitute togetherness for friendship. Under the aegis of creativity we offer fads. We offer aestheticism which is not artistic insight. We offer "religious experience" which is not worship. We offer piety which is not faith. We offer fellowship which is not community. We offer moral platitudes which are not the Christian gospel.

We try to pump creativity into our religious movements by doing something new, exciting, different, surprising. Although modern art and existentialism are significant witnesses to the situation of man in our time, they above all have fallen prey to the beasts and high priests of novelty. The gospel is concerned with a new man and a new age, a new self-understanding which makes obsolete the old. But it is not concerned abstractly with newness as an unquestioned value or new god to be worshiped. We hoped the god of novelty would deliver us, but many have found it also to have clay feet. The living God is the destroyer of our idolatry. It is he whom we meet in the collapse of our gods.

The academic world is hardly more awake than the church to questions of ultimate significance. We get gut courses with gutless sentimentalities about man and society. The campus is gung-ho for academic honors, but without academic excellence, for action without direction, and for involvement without meaning. All these idolatries are reflected in the Christian community on campus. The academic community is a sitting duck, awaiting the blast of a sharp polemic from some unknown quarters for its scientism and sentimentalism. Will that blast come, as it should, from the student Christian movement, or will it have to come from more awakened forces on the campus, such as drama, philosophy or psychotherapy?

We are called by God's love to participate in a community of faith and mission on the campus, but we become so preoccupied with the task of consolidating our gains in terms of campus prestige, and being successful in terms of the campus' assumptions about success, that we dissipate our energies quickly. We are other-directed without having a mission to the other. We decide what is right by looking around us to see what other people are doing.

The sheer investment of time, energy and sweat which many local religious groups ask and expect of students is perfectly astounding. Often we encourage students to give more and more time—who cares if it is at the expense of the student's primary calling of studentship? We do not ask the student first of all to

be a more responsible student, but instead to be a good organization man.

The Christian community has been too little concerned with sending the student back into the world. Its concern has been almost exhaustively with getting him out of the world and into the church.

More than a few persons who have come up through the loyal ranks of religious organizationalism have finally had to ask themselves whether they have cheated themselves out of an education because of their religious commitment. The student is asked, as he has been for the past ten or fifteen years, to leave behind one world (*academia*) and enter a separate world (*ecclesia*). All the energies of program planning are put to the service of the attempt to engineer this exodus from the fleshpots of Egypt across the sea of reeds. The poor student after crossing over may find himself in an interminable wilderness.

The conventional image of the Christian community on campus no longer freights meaning for the contemporary student. It is an image of directionless activism which is coasting on borrowed time, and inertia will soon overcome it.

The New Testament calls us to die to our old false understanding of life, that we may live anew to God's grace and forgiveness. Death precisely signifies that the last of all human possibilities is gone, but that God's possibility (resurrection) remains. We now stand at a decisive juncture of history where old forms are dying and new life is being given.

Where do we lay the corpse of the old activistic, humanistic understanding of the student movement? It deserves an honorable funeral, since only its vitality could have broken through the narrow moralism of our grandfathers. But its day is past. Let us rejoice that we are given anew the possibility of building from new foundations. These new foundations must be the judgment, gift and demand of God.

WE live in the mid-twentieth century, but the understanding of God, man and society we ordinarily peddle around and bargain for on our campuses still belongs to the optimistic, bourgeois and utopian world view of the nineteenth century, Now it is beginning to dawn upon us that the twentieth century confronts us with difficulties the nineteenth century never dreamed of, and dilemmas which its tools cannot resolve. We have found that life (which is to say, God) is thrusting upon us events with which our nineteenth-century theology cannot deal adequately.

The lines along which this popular theology moves are well known to us all: man is essentially good; sin is ignorance; the basis for faith is the teaching of Jesus; Christians are the protectors of God's moral law; history is progressing toward more comfortable ends; the Kingdom of God is that better social and political arrangement which we try to achieve by planning, organization, good will, and confidence in the ultimate triumph of (our) righteousness; and all theology is summarized in the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God.

Those who take this theology seriously still live ideologically in the nineteenth century and have never really met men of the twentieth century like Freud, Picasso, Niebuhr, O'Neill, and Sartre.

History has run far out ahead of our theology, but we seem hardly aware of what has happened to us, and much less able to conceive the new directions in which we must now move. Our first step must be to have the courage to ask ourselves whether the Christian community on campus has been satisfied with offering Mickey Mouse thoughts to a Mickey Mouse fellowship involved in Mickey Mouse activities. Are we going through the same motions in our student work which we went through in the youth fellowship, clothed only by a wordy air of sophistication? Are we unwilling to be churchmen of the twentieth century, coming to grips with the issues of our day?

The answers we have been seeking are to questions which assume that man has within himself resources for self-renewal. But the resources for renewal are a divine gift. Grace means gift. When man assumes that he already possesses the means for self-deliverance, then it is almost impossible for him to see God's deliverance as a gift. Because we are caught in a humanistic predicament, in which we find it impossible to ask the kind of questions which the crisis of our times demands that we ask, divine love must first come to us in the form of divine judgment, before we can engage the crisis on a new level.

Our dilemma must be placed in its historical context, the history of Protestant thought in the last four centuries. We are living in a postliberal age in theology, but the issues which we are still sweating out are wornout issues between Protestantism, orthodoxy, pietism, liberalism and fundamentalism. The picture looks something like this:

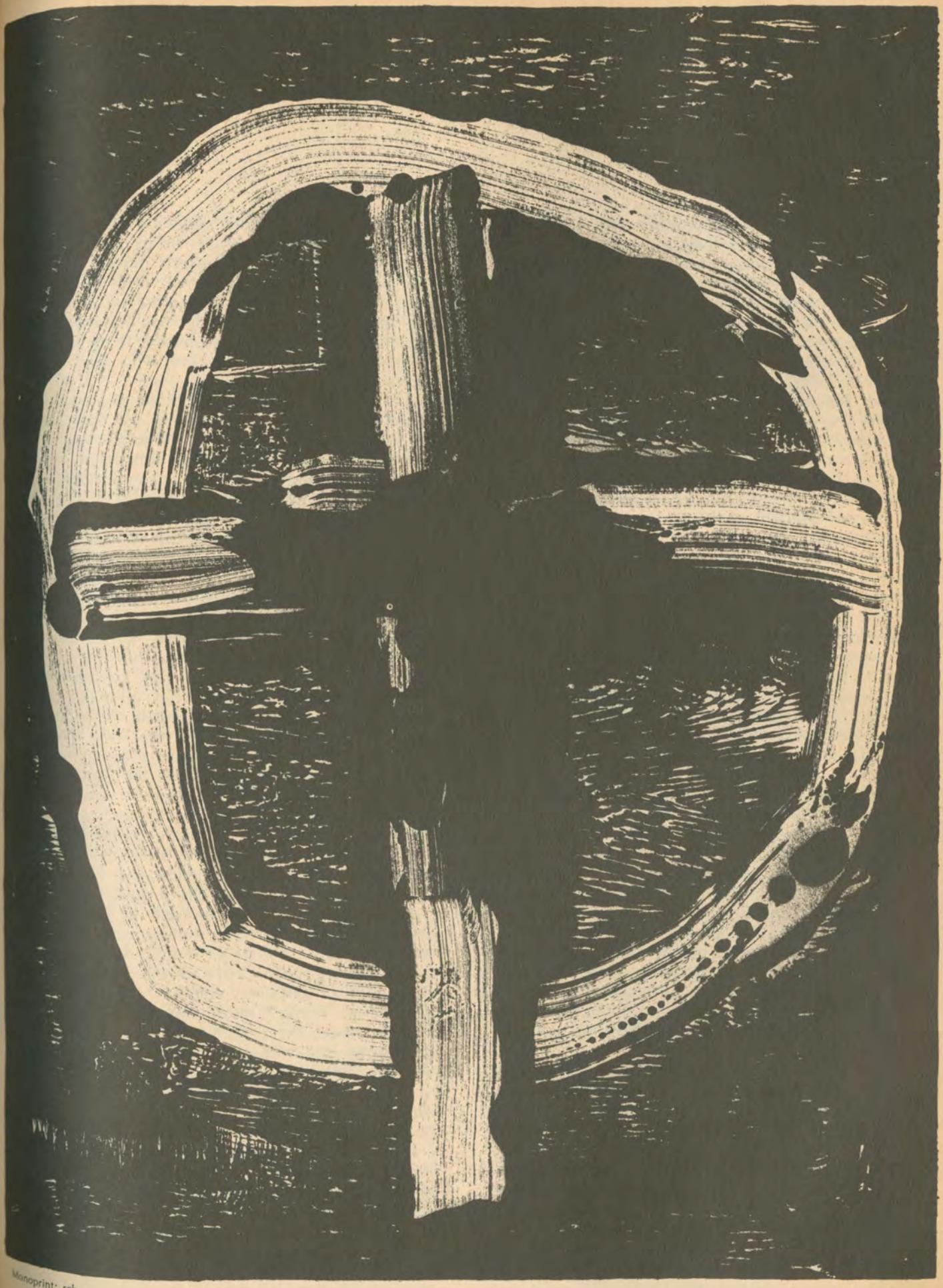
CONCERNS

Seventeenth century—Protestant orthodoxy—correct belief, right doctrine.

Eighteenth century—pietism—religious emotions, experience of salvation.

Nineteenth century—liberalism—teachings of Jesus, tolerance, biblical criticism, social idealism, optimism.

fundamentalism—reaction against liberalism, defensive biblicism.



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Twentieth century—postliberal theology—rediscovery of historic Christian witness for contemporary man; ecumenicity; historical realism; biblical theology.

The pietism of Spener and Wesley reacted against the rationalistic rigidity of the Protestant orthodoxy which had dogmatized and solidified the dynamism of classical reformation theology. Pietism sought a religion of the heart, in contrast to the heady intellectualism of orthodoxy. Liberalism followed in the steps of pietism's concern for the experiencing human subject rather than the revelation of the divine subject. It challenged both pietism and orthodoxy, however, by participating in the great social, philosophical and cultural movements of the nineteenth century, demanding historical application of the gospel. Although fundamentalism and literary criticism of the Scriptures and the social hardly began till the nineteenth century was over, they essentially belong to the nineteenth century, with its misdirected emphasis on trying to establish faith with historical evidence. Fundamentalism was a defensive reaction of biblical literalism against the threat of the nineteenth-century liberalism. All these movements have extended themselves into the twentieth century, but none are sufficient for the perplexities of the twentieth century. Postliberal theology (badly misnamed in the term neo-orthodoxy) has sought to bring to bear upon modern man the basic Christian proclamation without being captivated by the assumptions of modern man.

Sadly enough, the chief religious questions which are still being bantered about on campus are questions which belong to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but which often have little relevance to contemporary man. Literally thousands of Protestant students today live under the illusion that the great battle being fought in theology is between fundamentalism and liberalism. In a sense this battle still is being waged, with little significance for our present intellectual crisis. We are living from the bitter fruits of a history which we do not understand. We read the Bible with Kantian spectacles. We see the Reformation only from the moralistic vantage point of nineteenth-century American frontier revivalism.

A new beginning is needed. We need to begin, not with our questions and our existential situation, but with God's judgment upon us, his gift to us, and his demand upon us.

THE wrath and judgment of God! God's condemnation of man's stupidity and idolatry! God's shattering *No* to our pride and guilt and anxiety! How strangely these words fall upon modern ears. We have been trained and conditioned to think of God as only capable of nice things. Not the judgment of his radical holy love against our pride and sloth.

God is against us insofar as we are against ourselves. The God above our gods says *No* to our sentimentalities and egocentricity. He asserts himself against our false purposes. God opposes our sloth and failure to receive his gift and demand, and our willful neglect of our common mission. The Christian community is beginning to discover that it is a terrible thing to be found in the hands of this living God, who slays the finite gods we have fashioned.

It is with this living God whom we now have to deal as we find ourselves dissipated in our own efforts at self-salvation. We experience bewilderment, anxiety and boredom. We experience as frustration what is in reality the refining fire of God's gracious judgment.

We must clarify the concept of idolatry in order to speak meaningfully of the judgment of God to intelligent persons in the mid-twentieth century. Idolatry is the exalting of a finite value to the level of diety. All men devote themselves to certain values, but when these values become ultimate providers of meaning, they become idolatrous. When we cannot live without certain values, they become gods for us. There is a reality which lies before and after all our values and gods. Call this reality what you may, but acknowledge that it is the final reality with which all men must deal. You may call it the great unknown, the void out of which all our values come and the abyss into which they return. This reality, the slayer of our gods, is what the Christian community knows as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The death of our gods comes by way of what the Bible calls the judgment of God. When we experience the crumbling of the finite values which we have exalted to the level of ultimate providers of meaning, we experience what the Bible calls God's judgment, the divine *No* to our false faiths.

The judgment of God confronts us concretely and dramatically today in three well-known phases of our common experience. (1) As Americans we experience a threat to the great dream of the American empire through the haunting cries of anti-Americanism, "Yankee go home," resounding everywhere abroad. We experience the judgment of God in the form of the hatred and misunderstanding of many peoples whom we think we have helped. Insofar as the dream of the American empire has bestowed genuine significance on our lives, we find this idolatry under threat. (2) The scientific community exists today amid the crumbling of many of its most cherished assumptions. With a comfortable Newtonian world view being challenged by atomic physics, Euclidean geometry being challenged by Riemannian and Lobachevskian mathematics, and Freudian theory confronted with the challenge of existential psychoanalysis, we see the scientific community experiencing threats to its assumed methodologies and values. (3) Our religious communi-

ties also are experiencing threats to values which have been assumed as necessary for our existence. Although churches are growing quantitatively, and it seems that we are ostensibly in the midst of a revival of religion, churchmen today are experiencing a profound sense of directionlessness and lack of rootage in the sources of ultimate meaning and creative action. The Christian community on campus must understand in what sense these events, although they appear to be secular events, mediate God's grace and judgment to us.

God judges us in the midst of his loving us, and loves us amid his judgment. The directionlessness and confusion which we know today is our experience of God's judgment on our false orientation toward life. God judges and condemns our obsolete forms of piety. We feel threatened by the passing away of our values, by the death of our gods. But from our side, we see our problems only from our limited, finite, historical perspective.

The old passes away and the new emerges. God is acting as destroyer and creator. When all our finite values are slain, the Whence and Whither of our values remain. It is in this God that the Christian community is called to trust in this time of death and birth.

The Christian community understands the judgment of God from the vantage point of God's action in Jesus Christ. It is Christ who gives decisive character to our understanding of God. It is in his ministry to us that we learn that the God who judges us is the God who is for us. All rationalism attempts to explain away either God's love or his judgment, minimizing the radical opposition of God's love to evil. Protestant theology does not try to reduce the tension between God's love and judgment, but rather suggests that the more clearly we understand God's radical love, the more clearly do we understand God's judgment.

THE mission of the student movement is to be the church. The church is that community which has responded to the self-disclosure of infinite divine love in Jesus Christ. God loves the world in the same way he loves the church. The only difference is that the church knows and rejoices in its covenant partner, the revealing God, whose activity the world does not perceive.

The Christian community bears the same Word to the campus that the church bears to the world. *Emmanuel*, God is with us in Jesus Christ; *Deus pro nobis*, God is for us in the event of divine love; *simul justus et peccator*, man, though a sinner, is justified.

Hence it is that we are called to redirect our energies in the student movement toward the development of solid, disciplined communities of lay theological education. If we fail to bequeath to the church articulate and informed Christian laymen, then we fail in everything else we do. This task could involve five dimensions:

1. The development of a four-year curriculum in basic theological studies, to be offered in sequence to students in the student center without academic credit but with academic seriousness, on the assumption that the Christian faith is not just something we feel but also something that involves hardheaded thinking.

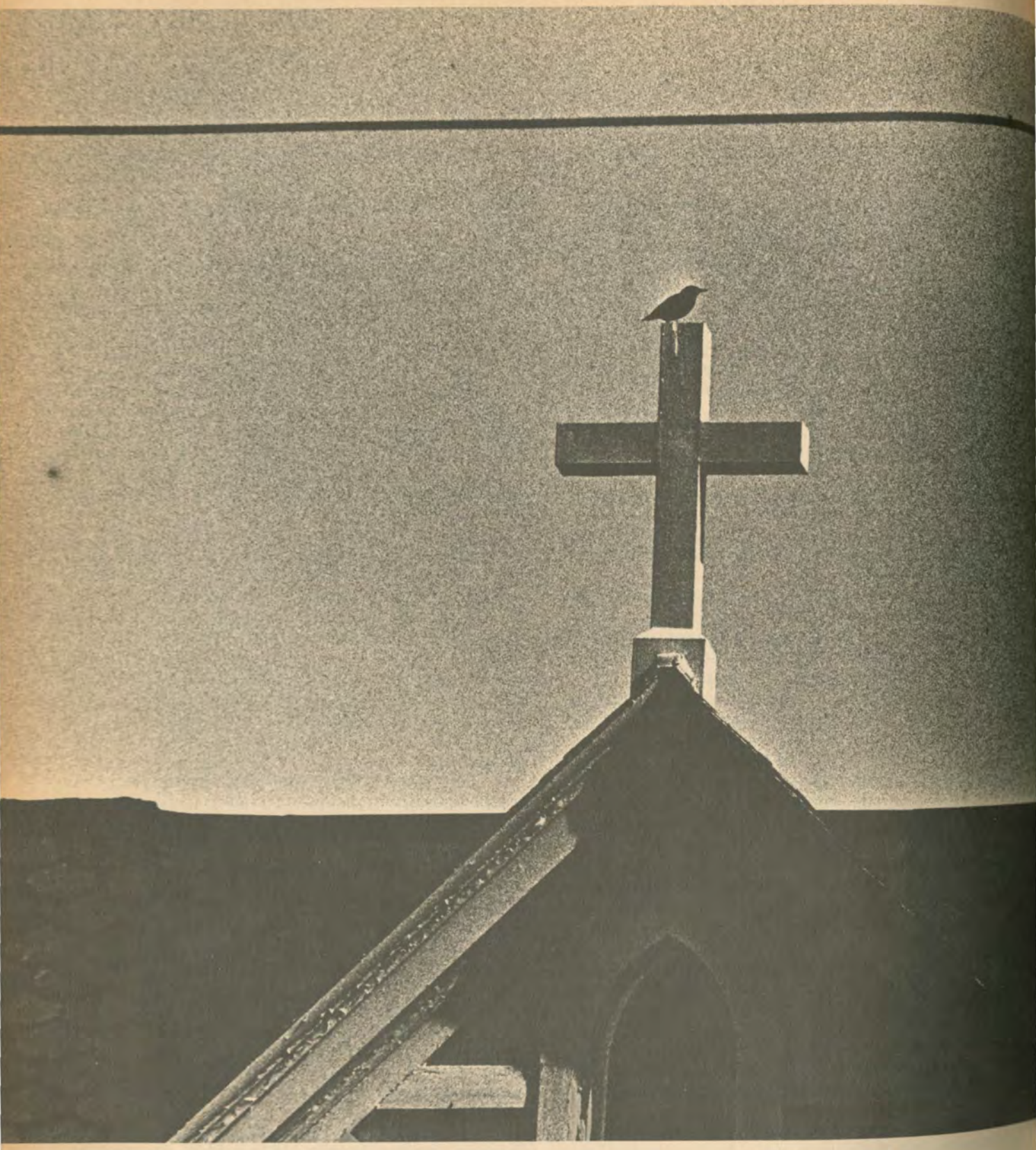
2. This should introduce every awakened Christian student to three critical questions: (a) the predicament of man and the question of the meaning of human existence, (b) God's Word and deed in Jesus Christ as the basis of an appropriate self-understanding, and (c) the relevance of the Christian faith for contemporary man and society.

3. Each of these three questions should be approached with the wisdom of four theological disciplines: (a) the biblical witness (including historical, critical and literary inquiries into the Old and New Testaments); (b) the witness of the historical Christian community (church history and historical theology); (c) the witness of contemporary theology (philosophical and systematic theology); and (d) the study of contemporary man and society (inquiring into the arts and sciences, history and culture, politics, economics, psychology, etc., in an effort to understand the need of modern man).

4. Such a curriculum should be experimental and flexible enough to be used in both large and small local student movements, utilizing either the leadership of the students themselves or trained staff personnel.

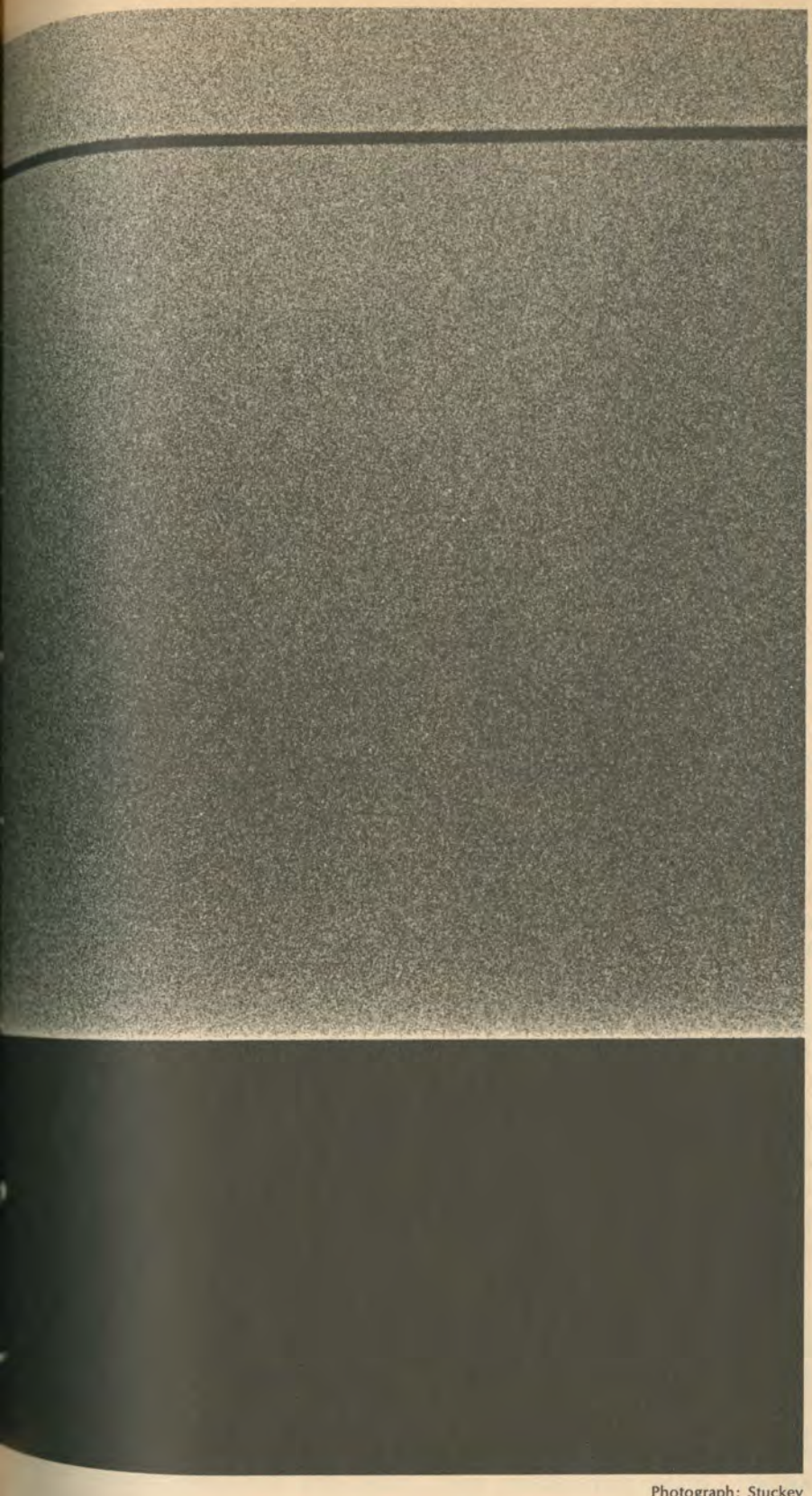
5. Lay theological studies of this sort should be conjoined with the worship, community life and the mission of the community to the world, rather than separated from them. Education in this sense is not an end in itself but exists for the purpose of training the laity to go back out into the world with a deliberate and unapologetic witness, grounded in the worship and self-understanding of the Christian community.

A final word: The Christian community on campus must be a place where awakened students can find a home, a place of corporate sharing in study, worship, community and mission. It must be a place where they can frankly raise ultimate questions without being embarrassed about offending official Christendom. The Christian community must boldly address sleeping students with these questions if they do not do so for themselves, for the questions are nevertheless hidden in their souls and need help to become articulate. In this way the judgment and grace of God become relevant to the issues of the campus, issues thrust upon us by the changing order of our time, and to the building up of new forms of community which show forth the meaning of our deliverance in Jesus Christ.



THE FAITH

By JOSEPH SITTLER, JR.



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SITUATION

WORDS ARE THE THINGS WE use to communicate realities, and when words become fouled up, fuzzed up, and woolly, the realities that they are supposed to convey just don't get conveyed. This is particularly important if the reality is important.

For instance, how shall one communicate to generation after generation the real meaning of sin, and of grace, and of redemption, and of faith, if the coinage itself has been debased? How shall I handle the magnificence of the meaning of the words "the grace of God" in a too fat and prosperous generation that is primarily concerned with gracious living in terms of wallboard-to-wallboard carpeting, and thinks the grace of God is the heavenly vocabulary for good old graciousness? Or how shall one talk about the enormous significance of what it means to be a redeemed man if the term redemption has been used in such a woolly and imprecise way that it no longer carries any weight?

NOW I want to conduct an inquiry into the meaning of the word "faith." I want to do it in this way: To try to illustrate several ways in which our culture is using the word to expose meanings with which we in our common life invest the word to be really untrue to the biblical meaning, and then by biblical illustrations put over against that exposure the thing the Bible means by faith.

I begin with an illustration for which you can have a counterpart wherever you live. In my town there is a shop, Marshall Field & Company, in which I sometimes incautiously buy things, and my wife more often, and every once in a while I get a letter from them because we do not buy enough. Not long ago I got a letter from Marshall Field which said, "My dear Sir, we are happy that in the past you have found it good to use our services, and we observe from an examination of our accounts that you have not recently used your charge account. If we have in any way offended you, or failed to give you good service, we hope you will come to see us, and by all means reactivate your relationship to our store, because we have faith in you." No, they do not have any faith in me at all. They are crazy if they do. What

they really have in me is the Credit Association's report that, as a man of moderate circumstances, I don't do too badly about paying my bills, given enough time. What they mean is that they can take a sufficient markup, and they do, to cover a few unfortunate accidents where otherwise honest people can't come through on the bill. They don't have faith in me. What they have is an accurately, mathematically defensible, calculated risk, and they ought not use the great word faith to talk about a merchandising risk. That is not a right use of the word.

Or take another one: We use the word faith to indicate a kind of confidence that men have in themselves, or that we have in other people. Now, confidence is a good Latin word which has a completely sound and legitimate meaning, but it is not the same as the biblical word faith. It is all right for me to say, I have confidence in myself, if I mean by that I know what I can do and what I can't. I can make a rational assessment of what my weaknesses are and what my strengths are and try to live according to the one and avoid the temptations of the other. This is a rational assessment, the outcome of which ought to be a rational self-confidence. Or, I may say I have confidence in you in a certain situation, meaning that I have read your past performance in such a way, or I have assessed your person and character in such a way, that I think you are probably no worse than I am and I would trust you about as much as I would trust myself, and therefore I have confidence in you. But I ought not to have faith in you, and you ought not to have faith in me. The great word faith means that in which one reposes his ultimate trust. You ought to repose nothing ultimate in me, and I ought to repose nothing ultimate in you. We ought to have a reasonable, and even an affectional confidence in one another, but we not only are not encouraged by the Bible to have faith in one another, we are told with the most severe warning, you are not to have faith in men at all.

This brings us to the first point: That faith is a term used Christianly to indicate something about God and man and the relationship between them, and is not properly used of anything else. Faith is something that indicates how I am related to God. It is never a term properly to indicate how I am related to you, or Marshall Field & Company, or something else.

Let us use another illustration as to the seductions that surround this term faith, particularly in our democracy. We have gotten so religious that we are in danger of becoming unchristian. We have become so enamored of the idea that we are a religious people that we are becoming a little bit stupid about what constitutes the difference between a general religiousness and a particular understanding of the God-man relationship which is called the Christian faith.

Therefore we are very sloppy in our use of language. The leading politicals are now saying that America is built upon faith; that unless we enhance and increase our faith we will be endangered as a people. Now, what they mean to say is, that unless we take a very clear look at ourselves we shall go on being intoxicated with a false image of ourselves, and that is the truth. Or that unless we become quite realistic about our performance, we shall become a little bit stupid about the competing performances that other people are putting on or of which they are capable. Or, it is all right to say that if people think they are licked in the first inning, they don't do the other innings so well as if they entertained the suspicion that they might win. This is all rational stuff. But to use the word faith in a political sense to mean that it is a religious affirmation that redemptive resources are inherent in a national history is not faith; it is idolatry. A lie is what the Old Testament calls it. This is damnation, to believe that there are redemptive resources in the children of George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, which are somehow by the grace of God unavailable to other people. This is a form of idolatry, and of pride. It comes not under the blessing of God, but under his wrath.

OR to believe by the worst use of the word faith that there is, as it were, something in our religious tradition which is altogether peculiar, precious, and good, in a sort of national tube, like toothpaste, and when we get in a mess, or begin to be fragmented, or lose our confidence, we ought to squeeze out more of it because the use of religious faith is to hold the Republic together. Now we are hearing an enormous amount of this stuff in our day, that it is good to have faith because this will insure the history of our country, or the future of our national story. Do you not see that the real object of faith, then, is not the God of faith but our national story? If I want faith for my nation's sake above all, then my real god is not the God of faith, but my real god is what I want faith for—the nation. If I want faith in order that my personality may be integrated thereby, and seek it first of all for that reason, then my real god is the integrated personality and not faith.

We are often told that people ought to have a religious faith because it keeps them from going nuts. They do not say it quite that way but in many kinds of vocabulary. Fewer people go off the beam, or off the deep end, or go rocker, you know, if they have a certain faith. So I have heard many psychologists say that you ought to have faith in something. It doesn't make much difference what, but for heaven's sake have faith in something. Get something and wrap your life around it. They call this faith. This is not faith. This is a frantic search for an organizing center. This is not a religious issue in the first place; it is a rational and human issue. Now we know, I hope, the way faith ought not to be used; the way this big

biblical concept ought not to be debased or blasphemed.

LET us look at the way the New Testament uses it. Instead of talking abstractly, I want to retell in brief form an unusual story. Jesus came near the town in which there was a Roman officer in charge of the occupying force. Now you can imagine how a town would regard the officer of the day in charge of these Romans, who ought not to be there at all. He would not be a very popular character, we may assume. That makes it the more astonishing that when Jesus came near the gates of Capernaum there met him at the gate a group of elders of the Jews who had been asked by the Roman centurion to come to Jesus in his name with the request. That is not so surprising, but it is surprising that they did it. Jews going to request a favor of a Jewish rabbi for a Roman who ought to clear out of the place as soon as possible.

As they made the report to our Lord, they said: This man has a son who is sick, and he requests that you come and heal his son. Rumors of the healing ministry of Jesus had apparently leaked through. And then they added, he is worthy that you should do this for him because he has loved our people and has built us a synagogue. Now you will acknowledge that this was an unusual Roman, and an unusual Jewish report about a Roman. Not many sergeants build schoolhouses for the people whose towns they occupy. This man did not look down his Roman nose at these people, but had a certain regard, and even affection apparently, for them, and tried to understand the strange structure of this religious group who trained their people in synagogues.

Therefore they came and said, he is worthy that you should do this, and the Lord started down the road toward his house. While he was on the way, a second delegation met him, this time dispatched by the centurion himself, from his own personal staff, as it were. These staff members came to Jesus and said, our master has sent us to you to deliver this message. He said that we should say to you, Sir, that he is not worthy that you should come under his roof, nor is he worthy that he should come to you.

Now what is back of that? It takes a bit of knowing of the Oriental situation and of the Jewish religion. The phrase, "he is not worthy that you should come under his roof," is what one calls in Old Testament studies an idiomatic Semitism, a Jewish phrase that has its own peculiar meaning. I think I can illustrate the peculiarity of that meaning by something closer home than Israel. North and South Dakota are overrun with Norwegians, as you know. Up there they have peculiar and delightful ways about the business of drinking coffee. For instance, if you are invited to drink coffee with a Norwegian, you have made it, you are in; and until you have been asked to drink coffee you are not in, you are an *Auslander*, an outsider. So when you have coffee with a Norwegian, this is pretty much like the Jewish custom of "coming under the roof."

When you are invited to come under the roof of a Jewish family, and do it, this is an outward and visible sign that you accept and hereby announce personal responsibility for one another in deepest ties of friendship. The Roman knew this, and he knew what it meant for a Jew, with that symbolic understanding of the other man's roof and his house, to come under the roof of a Roman occupying officer. Therefore he said, "Sir, it is not right, for I am not worthy that you should come under my roof, nor am I worthy to come to you." Now listen to the astonishing statement: "You just say the word and my son will be healed." Then the report about this astounding centurion goes on with an equally astounding elaboration. He says, see here, I am a man under authority too. I am a soldier. I stand in authority between those above me and those under me. I say to this man go, and he goes. And I say to that man come, and he comes. And therefore, because I understand what authority is, I say to you, you just say the word and it will be done.

PAUSE a moment on this word "authority" because unless we know with precision what these words mean in the New Testament we are liable to put the wrong coats on them. The Greek word for authority in the New Testament does not mean just power. There is another word for that. I can illustrate the difference between power and authority with a little story I stole from Gilbert Chesterton. He is talking about these two words in an essay, and he said the difference between power and authority is like this: If I am in a restaurant in London having dinner, and an elephant walks in the door and demands my chop, I would be the first to acknowledge his power—and the last to acknowledge his authority.

Power, therefore, means that by virtue of which one can take what he wants, but authority means that whole subterranean force by which one affirms what he affirms, or does what he does. Our Lord Jesus Christ had no power in the elephant sense. He had enormous authority. All who heard him marveled at the authority with which he spoke. So this Roman, a man from an external culture to the Jews, says, "Sir, I know authority when I see it." He uses the military analogy but he obviously means something more than military content. He does not talk about bayonets. "I know authority when I see it. You have it. You say the word, and my child will be healed."

And we read, "and Jesus turned in amazement." The word translated "astonished" or "amazed" is not strong enough. The word here means "seized with an ecstasy," which transcends mere cognitive or rational apprehension. Jesus "astonished," or "stunned," would be a better translation. Positively "stunned" by what he heard, our Lord turned upon those who were with him and

said: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." That is not my word for it; that is his word for it.

Now the point is, what is the situation to which our Lord says, "This is it—this is faith"? Let's use one more illustration, this time involving not a centurion but a woman, not a sick son but a sick daughter, involving not a physical illness but a mental disturbance, which in the New Testament is often called "in the grip of the demon." Three Gospels tell this story.

Matthew has it this way: He came to the borders of Syrophenicia and there a woman met him—sometimes called the Canaanitish woman, sometimes the Syrophenician. The Bible says she "worshipped" him. Worship in the New Testament means usually to fall upon one's knees and grasp the other around the knees in supplication. It is a physical action. She worshipped him, and in deep torment she cried out, "My daughter, Sir, it is about my daughter that I must talk to you. She is sick and nothing has been done for her. Can you not come to my house and make well my daughter?" Now observe that our Lord does something which is altogether unusual in the New Testament. The first thing he says to her is, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." In other words, this is saying, translated into Canaanitish, "You don't belong to the club. My charter does not extend to you."

And we read that after this rebuff the woman petitioned him the more violently, and he says something even worse. He says, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." Now even "dogs" is undertranslated, not because the word isn't dog, but because the word means something that side of Suez other than it means here. That side of Suez a dog is a snapping, yapping animal that is a kind of community garbage disposal system, that runs around the streets eating what it can. Therefore, when you call a person a dog in the East it is much worse than it is even in Virginia. So when our Lord says it is not right to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs, this is about as rough as one can get. Even under this kind of pounding, as it were, the woman does not crumple up. She starts tugging at the sleeves of the disciples, and says, "Would you intercede with your Master?" They go to the Master and say, please do something about this woman. The woman then comes to our Lord, falls to her knees, and simply cries, "Lord, help." And then we read precisely the same thing, "And the Lord turned to those about him and said, 'I have not beheld such faith, no, not among the religious. You go your way. It will be all right.' "

NOW the usual interpretation of the woman is that Jesus was testing her faith. There are two things wrong with that. In the first place, there is no evidence in the New Testament that Jesus ever tested anyone's faith in this cat-and-mouse brutal way. It is altogether out of character. There is no evidence that that was what he was doing. But the internal nature of the story reveals what it means. This woman is an outsider, and apparently she heard there was a "healing man" coming this way. This was a Semitic phrase for these fellows who went around the countryside doing healings—and the woods were full of them. She thought she might as well take a chance on it, so she goes after Jesus and says, Lord, come to my house and take care of my daughter. And our Lord brusquely puts her aside.

Does this perhaps mean that when you want to use God, he will not be used—that you destroy what you want to use if you seek it primarily to use it? You have to be bounced off that position before the right relationship can be set up. And our Lord pushes this woman farther and farther back, until finally out of the center of a torment she cries, Aye, Sir, but among us even the little puppies that scramble around on our earthen floors in our cottages, even they can have the crumbs that careless children of the house brush off the table; even the little puppies are not denied that.

Then it is that our Lord, knowing now, as it were, that she speaks not in an experimental, or a political understanding of faith, but that the whole of her need is laid over against what he is, said, "Go thy way"—this is the real thing.

THESE stories which lift up the meaning of the word faith say to us that when the vitalities of the Christian faith, incarnated in the action of God in Jesus Christ, like the understanding of sin, like the thundering demonstration of love, like forgiveness, like faith, these vitalities must not be shaded off into the higher reaches of our humanities. These must not be identified with mere self-confidence, or a jolly outlook upon life, or a more or less rational reading according to Marshall Field's credit bureau. These words have their own interior meaning, and their own interior power. Faith is a term with which to designate that comprehensive or total trust of myself with all the need of the self, in the self's Giver, no less than God himself. To trust in God—this is faith.

Now this, to be sure, bears certain ways in the world; it bears a new kind of confidence which is not self-confidence. It bears a kind of faithfulness which is something more than mere "one can be counted on." It bears forth a kind of gaiety in the world which is not just the product of a good metabolism and a decent blood pressure. Faith bears forth its characteristic stance in life—a Christian hilarity, a Christian trust, a Christian kind of mind. The Bible always shows us, not an abstraction about faith, but people putting the whole weight of their life anxiety in the hands of the Man from God.

Therefore when that happens, no matter in whom it happens, whether he be an accredited Jew, or Baptist, or Lutheran, or Methodist, or a Roman, or an outsider, when and where that happens, it is not the preacher but the Lord of the Church who says, This is it, and I have not found it like this even among the religious.

From a Lunch Counter Stool

By JAMES M. LAWSON, JR.

THE "sit-in" movement has leaped from campus to campus, until today hardly any campus remains unaffected. At the beginning of this decade, the student generation was "silent," "uncommitted," or "beatnik." But after only four months, these analogies largely used by adults appear as hasty clichés which should not have been used in the first place. The rapidity and drive of the movement indicates that all the while American students were simply waiting in suspension; waiting for that cause, that ideal, that event, that "actualizing of their faith" which would catapult their right to speak powerfully to their nation and world.

The witness of enthusiastic, but mature young men and women, audacious enough to dare the intimidations and violence of racial injustice, a witness not to be matched by any social effort either in the history of the Negro or in the history of the nation, has caused this impact upon us. In his own time, God has brought this to pass.

But as so frequently happens, these are enigmatic moments. Enigmatic, for like man in every age who cannot read the signs of the times, many of us are not able to see what appears before us, or hear what is "spoken" from lunch counter stools, or understand what has been felt behind jail cell bars.

Already the paralysis of talk, the disobedience of piety, the frustration of false ambition, and the insensitiveness of an affluent society yearn to diffuse the meaning and flatten the thrust of America's first major nonviolent campaign.

One great university equates the movement to simply another student fad similar to a panty raid, or long black stockings. Many merchants, zealously smothering their Negro customers with courtesy for normal services, anticipated an early end to the unprecedented binge. Certainly no southern white person and few Negroes expected the collegiates to face the hoses, jails, mobs and tear gas with such dignity, fearlessness, and nonviolence. In fact, under any normal conditions, the mere threat of the law was sufficient to send the Negro scurrying to his ghetto. Even astute race reporters accentuate the protest element as the major factor.

Amid this welter of irrelevant and superficial reactions, the primary motifs of the movement, the essential message, the crucial issue raised are often completely missed. So the Christian student who has not yet given his support or mind to the movement might

We Shall Not Be Moved — Linoprint: Hodgell

well want to know what the issue is all about. Is it just a lot of nonsense over a hamburger? Or is it far more?

To begin, let us note what the issue is not. Many people of good will, especially Methodists and Nashvillians, have considered my expulsion from Vanderbilt University and the self-righteousness of the press attack as the focus of attention. But nothing could be further from the truth. The expulsion, three months before the completion of the bachelor of divinity degree, drastically alters certain immediate personal plans. The press attack tended to make me a symbol of the movement. But such incidents illustrate an ancient way of escaping an existential moment.

Police partiality is not the issue. Nashville has been considered one of those "good" cities where racial violence has not been tolerated. Yet, on a Saturday in February, the mystique of yet another popular myth vanished. For only police permissiveness invited young white men to take over store after store in an effort to further intimidate or crush the "sit-in." Law enforcement agents accustomed to viewing crime were able to mark well-dressed students waiting to make purchases, as loitering on the lunch counter stools, but they were unable even to suspect and certainly not to see assault and battery. Thus potential customers, quietly asking for service, are disorderly, breaching the peace, exciting riots, while violent, swaggering, villifying, defiant white teenagers are law-abiding. The police of the nation have always wreaked brutality upon minority groups. So our Nashville experience is nothing new, or even unexpected. We hold nothing against these hard-pressed officers. Such partiality, however, is symptomatic of the diagnosis only. An inevitable by-product, another means of avoiding the encounter. But the "sit-in" does not intend to make such partiality the issue.

ALREADY many well-meaning and notable voices are seeking to define the problem in purely legal terms. But if the students wanted a legal case, they had only to initiate a suit. But not in a single city did the movement begin in this fashion. No one planned to be arrested or desired such. The legal battles which will be fought as a consequence of many arrests never once touch on the matter of eating where you normally shop, or on segregation *per se*.

The false use of local laws requires new legal definitions which can only be made in the courts, under the judgment of the Constitution of the United States. Old laws and ordinances originally written to hamper labor have been revived to stop or crush the "sit-in"; disorderly conduct codes which could be used against almost every conceivable peaceful demonstration; conspiracy to block trade charges. Obviously these have no relation to the Bill of Rights and are but gimmicks designed to impede civil liberty.

Let us admit readily that some of the major victories gained for social justice have come through the courts, especially the Supreme Court, while other branches of government were often neglecting their primary function to sustain the American experiment. The Negro has been a law-abiding citizen as he has struggled for justice against many unlawful elements.

But the major defeats have occurred when we have been unable to convince the nation to support or implement the Constitution, when a court decision is ignored or nullified by local and state action. A democratic structure of law remains democratic, remains lawful, only as the people are continuously persuaded to be democratic. Law is always nullified by practice and disdain unless the minds and hearts of a people sustain law.

When elements of good will called for law and order during the crisis in Little Rock, their pleas fell on deaf ears. In many sections of the country where law no longer sustains and enforces segregation, the segregation persists because it is etched upon the habits of mind and emotions of both Negro and white. Separate but equal in transportation has by the Supreme Court been judged as impossible and unconstitutional. Yet in many cities like Nashville the buses more or less remain segregated. Both Negro and white sustain the custom because their basic inner attitudes and fears remain unchanged. Eventually our society must abide by the Constitution and not permit any local law or custom to hinder freedom or justice. But such a society lives by more than law. In the same respect the "sit-in" movement is not trying to create a legal battle, but points to that which is more than law.

FINALLY, the issue is not integration. This is particularly true for the person oriented to the Christian faith. Certainly the students are asking in behalf of the entire Negro community and the nation that these eating counters become places of service for all persons. But it would be extremely short-sighted to assume that integration is the problem or the word of the "sit-in." To the extent to which the movement reflects deep Christian impulses, desegregation is a necessary next step. But it cannot be the end. If progress has not been at a genuine pace, it is often because the major groups seeking equal rights tactically make desegregation the end and not the means.

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The Christian favors the breaking down of racial barriers because the redeemed community of which he is already a citizen recognizes no barriers dividing humanity. The kingdom of God, as in heaven so on earth, is the distant goal of the Christian. That kingdom is far more than the immediate need for integration.

Having tried to dispel the many smoke screens spewed to camouflage the purpose and intent of the "sit-in," let me now try as carefully as possible to describe the message of our movement. There are two facets to that message.

In the first instance, we who are related to the movement are trying to raise what we call the "moral issue." That is, we are pointing to the viciousness of racial segregation and prejudice and calling it evil or sin. The matter is not legal, sociological nor racial; it is moral and spiritual. Until America (South and North) honestly accepts the sinful nature of racism, this cancerous disease will continue to eat away at all of us.

For many years Negroes and whites have pretended that all is well. "We have good race relations." A city like Nashville has acquired national fame about its progress in desegregation. Yet when the "sit-ins" began, the underlying hatred and sin burst to the surface. A police department with a good reputation for impartiality swiftly became the tool of the disease always there. A mayor, elected with overwhelming Negro support, made the decisions which permitted mob rule. If Nashville had "good race relations," why did such violence explode? The fact is that we were playing make-believe—that we were good. All the while Negro and white by pretension, deliberate cooperation and conscious attitudes shared in such a deluded world.

The South and the entire nation are implicated in the same manner. True, there has been progress. For example, physical lynching has virtually disappeared. A real psychological lynching continues unabated—persons are violated as victims and absolutely stripped of human traits; depersonalized. This kind of lynching goes on every day even while we make-believe that all lynching is a phenomenon of the past. The masses of people, including most moderates of both races, are glibly indifferent.

THE nonviolent movement would convict us all of sin. We assert, "Segregation (racial pride) is sin. God tolerates no breach of his judgment. We are an unhealthy people who contrive every escape from ourselves." Thus a simple act of neatly dressed, nonviolent students with purchases in their pockets, precipitated anger and frustration. Many "good" people (white and Negro) said, "This is not the way. We are already making adequate progress." Nonsense! No progress is adequate so long as any man, woman or child of any ethnic group is still a lynch victim.

That the nonviolent effort has convicted us of sin, and thus appealed to consciences is attested by the new-found unity and direction now established in Negro communities in places like Durham and Nashville. Witness further the many white people who say, "I never thought the problem was so serious. I feel so ashamed." Many of these people now support the movement.

In the second instance, the nonviolent movement is asserting, "get moving. The pace of social change is too slow. At this rate it will be at least another generation before the major forms of segregation disappear. All of Africa will be free before the American Negro attains first-class citizenship. Most of us will be grandparents before we can live normal human lives."

The choice of the nonviolent method, "the sit-in," symbolizes both judgment and promise. It is a judgment upon middle-class conventional, halfway efforts to deal with radical social evil. It is specifically a judgment upon contemporary civil rights attempts. As one high school student from Chattanooga exclaimed, "We started because we were tired of waiting for adults to act."

THE "sit-in" is likewise *a sign of promise:* God's promise that if radically Christian methods are adopted the rate of change can be vastly increased. This is why nonviolence dominates the movement's perspective. Under Christian nonviolence, Negro students reject the hardship of disobedient passivity and fear, but embrace the hardship of violence and jail. Such nonviolence strips the segregationist power structure of its major weapon: the manipulation of law or law enforcement to keep the Negro in his place.

Furthermore, such an act attracts, strengthens and sensitizes the support of many white persons in the South and across the nation. (The numbers who openly identify themselves with the "sit-in" daily grow.)

Nonviolence in the Negro's struggle gains a fresh maturity. And the Negro gains a new sense of his role in molding a redeemed society. The "word" from the lunch counter stool demands a sharp reassessment of our organized evil and a radical Christian obedience to *transform* that evil. Christian nonviolence provides both that reassessment and the faith of absolute obedience. The extent to which the Negro joined by many others apprehends and incorporates nonviolence determines the degree that the world will acknowledge fresh social insight from America.

1961 → now

Editor, B. J. Stiles

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THE TIME MY FATHER DIED

By Joseph W. Mathews

SOMETIME past noon, November ninth the last, our telephone rang. It was for me, person-to-person. My oldest sister, Margaret, was calling. "Joe, Papa just died!"

We children never called him Papa while we were growing up. He was mostly "Dad." But in the last decade or so, out of a strange mellowing affection, we started, all seven of us, referring to our father as Papa.

My Papa dead!—just seven days before he was ninety-two.

Within the hour I began my journey to my father. I find it difficult to express how deeply I wanted to be with him in his death. Furthermore he had long since commissioned my brother and me to conduct the celebration. My brother unfortunately was out of the country and I had quiet anxiety about executing it alone.

The late afternoon flight was conducive to contemplation. I thought of the many well-meant condolences already received.

"Isn't it fine that your father lived to be ninety-two?"

"It must be easier for you since he lived such a long life."

Certainly I was grateful for such comments. But

I found myself perturbed too. Didn't they realize that to die is to die, whether you are seventeen, forty-nine, or one hundred and ten? Didn't they know that our death is our death? And that each of us has only one death to die? This was my father's death! It was no less significant because he was most of a hundred. It was his death. The only one he would ever have.

The family had already gathered when I arrived in the little New England town. We immediately sat in council. The first task was to clarify our self-understanding. The second was to embody that understanding in the celebration of Papa's death. Consensus was already present: the One who gives us our life is the same that takes it from us. From this stance we felt certain broad implications should guide the formation of the ceremony.

Death is a very lively part of a man's life and no life is finished without the experience of death.

Death is a crucial point in the human adventure which somehow transposes to every other aspect of life.

Death is to be received in humble gratitude and must ever be honored with honest dignity.

Together we concluded that the death of our father must be celebrated as a real part of his history, before the final Author that gave him both his life and his death, with integrity and solemn appreciation.

The very articulation of these lines of guidance worked backward laying bare our own inward flight from death. They also made more obvious the efforts of our culture to disguise death. I mean the great concealment by means of plush caskets, white satin linings, soft cushions, head pillows, Sunday clothes, cosmetics, perfume, flowers, and guaranteed vaults. Empty of symbolic meaning, they serve but to deceive—to simulate life. They seem to say, Nothing has actually happened, Nothing is really changed. What vanity to denude death! All our pretenses about it only strengthen its power to destroy our lives. Death stripped of meaning and dignity becomes a demon. Not to embrace death as part of our given life is finally not to embrace our life. That is, we do not really live. This is the power of unacknowledged death. I ponder over the strange smile on faces of the dead.

To symbolize the dignity of our father's death, the family thought to clothe him in a pine box and to rest him in the raw earth.

I remembered the men of the war I buried. There was great dignity in the shelter—half shrouded, in the soiled clothing, in the dirty face, in the shallow grave. I say dignity was there. Death was recognized as death. Death was dramatized as the death of the men who had died their own death.

A sister and brother-in-law were sent to make arrangements. They asked about the coffin. A pine box was out of the question. None was to be had. The undertaker, as they called him, explained that caskets ranged from one hundred to several thousands of dollars.

Interpreting the spirit of the common mind, our emissaries asked for the $100 coffin.

"What $100 coffin?" replied an astonished undertaker.

"Why the one you mentioned."

"Oh no, caskets begin at $275."

"Did you not mention a $100 coffin?"

"Yes. Yes. But you wouldn't want that. It is for paupers. We bury only the paupers in the $100 coffins."

This thought racked the psychic foundations of my sister and her husband. They retreated for further consultation. None of the rest of us, it turned out, were emotionally prepared for the pauper twist. Actually, the tyranny of the economic order over us was exposed. Our deepest emotions of guilt, love, sorrow, regret were all mixed up with this strange tyranny. In short, we could not move forward with our decision until we first agreed to set up a small memorial for Papa that would be used for charity in the little community.

By this time, assuming that no one would want to put his father away as a pauper, the undertaker had placed Papa in the $275 casket. Having recovered some equilibrium we protested. He was understandably upset by our stand and insisted that we come to his showroom. We all went together, including Mama, who has been weathering the storms of life now for more than fourscore years. Caskets of all kinds filled the place. We asked about the pauper's coffin.

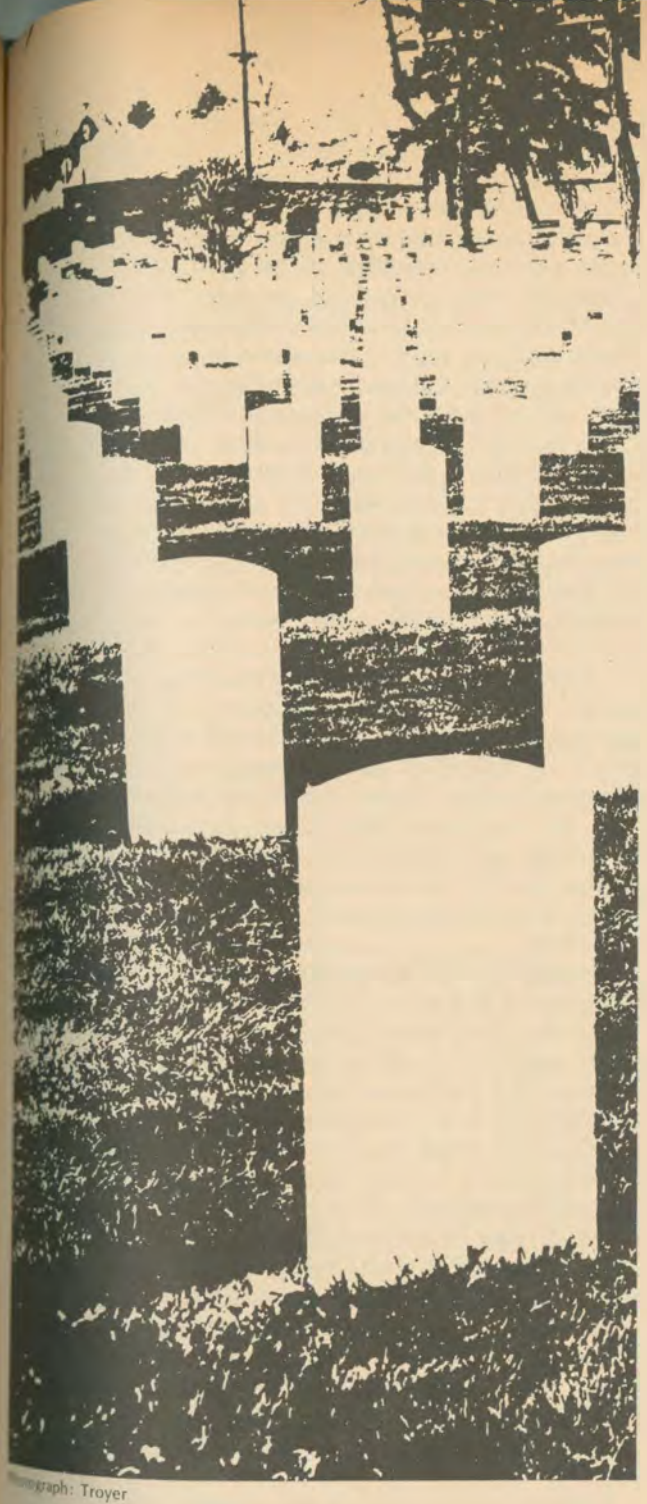
"We keep that outside in the storehouse." Anticipating our next request he hurried on. "No, I can't bring that into my showroom."

In the back I saw a wooden rough box which reminded me of the pine coffin. We talked, the undertaker and I. He was really a very sensitive man. Certainly he had a living to make. When I offered to pay him more for the other expenses of the funeral, he refused. But he mellowed a bit. He remembered when he lived in upper New York state as a little boy. His grandfather had been an undertaker too. Grandfather had used rough pine boxes out in the country to bury people in. In his recollecting he found a kind of meaning in our decision for the pauper's coffn. He even brought it into the showroom where Mama and the rest of the family could see it.

Immediately it was opened, another mild shock came. The pauper's coffin was exactly like any other coffin—pillow, white satin, and all. Except the white satin wasn't really white satin. It was the kind of shiny material you might buy at the ten-cent store. Everything was simply cheap imitation. We had hoped for something honest. Despite the disappointment, we took the pauper's box. And Papa was transferred to his own coffin.

I did not want to see my father until I could have some time with him alone. Several hours before the funeral I went to where he waited. I can scarcely describe what I saw and felt.

My father, I say, was ninety-two. In his latter years he had wonderfully chiseled wrinkles. I had helped to put them there. His cheeks were deeply sunken, his lips pale. He was an old man. There is a kind of glory in the face of an old man. Not so with the stranger laying there. They had my Papa looking like he was fifty-two. Cotton stuffed in his cheeks had erased the best wrinkles. Make-up powder and rouge plastered his face way up into his hair and around his neck and



Photograph: Troyer

ears. His lips were painted. He . . . he looked ready to step before the footlights of the matinee performance.

I fiercely wanted to pluck out the cotton but was afraid. At least the make-up could come off. I called for alcohol and linens. A very reluctant mortician brought them to me. And I began the restoration. As the powder, the rouge, the lipstick disappeared, the stranger grew older. He never recovered the look of his ninety-two years but in the end the man in the coffin became my Papa.

Something else happened to me there with my father in his death. Throughout childhood, I had been instructed in the medieval world view. This by many people who were greatly concerned for me. My father, my mother, my Sunday school teacher, yes, my teachers at the school and most of my neighbors. They taught me the ancient Greek picture of how when you die there's something down inside of you that escapes death, how the real me doesn't die at all. Much later I came to see that both the biblical view and the modern image were something quite different. But I wondered if the meeting with my father in his death would create nostalgia for the world view of my youth. I wondered if I would be tempted to revert to that earlier conditioning, in order to handle the problems of my own existence. It wasn't this way.

What did happen to me I am deeply grateful for. I don't know how much I'm able to communicate. It happened when I reached down to straighten my father's tie. There was my father. Not the remains, not the body of my father, but my father. It was my father in death! Ever since I can remember, Papa never succeeded in getting his tie quite straight. We children took some kind of pleasure in fixing it before he went out. Though he always pretended to be irritated at this, we knew that he enjoyed our attention. It was all sort of a secret sign of mutual acknowledgment. Now in death I did it once again. This simple little act became a new catalyst of meaning. That was my Papa whose tie I straightened in the coffin. It was my father there experiencing his death. It was my Papa involved in the Mystery in his death as he had been involved in the Mystery in his life. I say there he was related to the same Final Mystery in death as in life. Somehow the dichotomy between living and dying was overcome.

Where is thy victory, O death?

Death is indeed a powerfully individual happening. My Papa experienced his death all alone. About this I am quite clear. I remember during the war I wanted to help men die. I was never finally able to do this. I tried. Sometimes I placed a lighted cigarette in a soldier's mouth as we talked. Sometimes I quoted for him the Twenty-third Psalm. Sometimes I wiped the sweat and blood from his face. Sometimes I held his hand. Sometimes I did nothing. It was a rude shock to discover that I could not in the final sense help a man to die. Each had to do his own dying, alone.

But then I say, death is something more than an individual experience. It is also a social happening. Papa's death was an event in our family. All of us knew that a happening had happened to us as a family and not just to Papa. Furthermore, the dying of an individual is also an internal occurrence in the larger communities of life. Indeed it happens to all history and creation itself. This is true whether that individual be great or small. The inner being of a little New England town is somehow changed by the absence of the daily trek of an eccentric old gentleman to the post office who stopped to deliver long monologues on not very interesting subjects to all who could not avoid him. Perhaps we don't know how to feel these happenings as communities. Maybe we don't know how to celebrate them. But they happen.

Finally, death is a happening to that strange historical cadre the church. This body, however vaguely, is more self-consciously aware of this. It is clearly there in ancient rites by which it celebrates the event of death.

We wanted to celebrate Papa's death as his own event but we wanted also to celebrate it as a social happening. Most of all, we wanted to celebrate Chris-

tianly. But this is not so simple. The office of the funeral suffers a great malaise in our day. Perhaps even more than other rites. There are many causes. The undertaker, in the showroom episode, spoke to this with deep concern. His rather scathing words disturb me still.

"Funerals today have become no more than disposal services!"

"What of those conducted by the Church?" I ventured.

"Church indeed! I mean the Church," he said.

His professional posture was here set aside. Pointing out that most funerals today are held outside any real sense of Christian community, he spoke of the tragedy of keeping children away from death. He spoke of adults who sophisticatedly boast of never having engaged in the death rite. He spoke of the over-all decrease in funeral attendance. He especially rued the emptiness of the rites because they were no longer understood. And he caricatured the clergy as the hired disposal units with their artificial airs, unrealistic words, and hurried services.

"What we all seem to want nowadays," he said, "is to get rid of the body as quickly and efficiently as is respectably allowable, with as little trouble to as few folk as possible."

These solemn words were creatively sobering. The funeral embodied the full office of worship. We who gathered acted out all three parts. We first confessed our own self-illusions and received once again the word of cosmic promise of fresh beginnings. Then we read to ourselves from our classic scriptures recounting men's courage to be before God and boldly expressed together our thanksgiving for the given actualities of our lives. Thirdly, we presented ourselves to the Unchanging Mystery beyond all that is and corporately dedicated our lives once more to the task of affirming the world and creating civilization.

The point is, we did not gather to console ourselves. We did not gather to psychologically bolster one another. We did not gather to excuse anybody's existence or to pretend about the world we live in. We celebrated the death of my father by recollecting and acknowledging who we are and what we must therefore become. That is, we assembled as the Church on this occasion in our history, to remember that we are the Church.

In the midst of the service of death the "words over the dead" are pronounced. I had sensed for a long time that one day I might pronounce them over Papa. Now that the time had come I found myself melancholy beyond due. It was not simply that it was my father. Yet just because it was my father, I was perhaps acutely sensitive. I mean about the funeral meditation, as it is revealingly termed. Memories of poetic rationalizations of our human pretenses about death gnawed at my spirit. Some that I recalled actually seemed designed to blanket the awareness that comes in the face of death, that death is a part of life and that all must die. I remembered others as attempts to explain away the sharp sense of ontological guilt and moral emptiness that we all experience before the dead. The very gifts of grace were here denied, whether by ignorance or intent, and the human spirit thereby smothered into nothing. I remembered still other of these meditations even more grotesque in their disfigurement of life—undisguised sentimentalities offering shallow assurances and fanciful comforts. How could we shepherds of the souls of men do such things to human beings? Perhaps after all I was not unduly depressed.

Coincidental with these broodings, my imagination was vividly assaulted by another image. It was a homely scene from a television western. A small crowd of townsfolk were assembled on Boot Hill to pay last respects to one who had lived and died outside the law. A very ordinary citizen was asked to say "a-few-words-over-the-dead." He spoke with the plainness of wisdom born out of intimate living with life as it actually is. Protesting that he was not a religious man, he reminded the gathered of the mystery present in that situation beyond the understanding of any one or all of them together. Then he turned and spoke words to the dead one. He spoke words to the family. He spoke words to the townsfolk themselves. In each case his words confronted the intended hearer with the real events and guilt of the past and in each case he offered an image of significance for the future. There was comfort in his words. But it was the honest, painful comfort of coming to terms with who we are in the midst of the world as it is. It impressed me as deeply religious, as deeply Christian. For my father, I took this pattern as my own.

At the appointed place I, too, reminded the assembled body of the Incomprehensible One who is the ground of all living and dying. I, too, announced a word to the assembled townsfolk, and to my family, and to my father.

I looked out at the members of the funeral party who represented the village where my father had spent his last years. They were sitting face to face before one another, each caught in the gaze of his neighbor. In that moment, if I had never known it before, I knew that a community's life is somehow held before it whenever it takes, with even vague seriousness, the death of one of its members. I saw in its face its failures and fears, its acts of injustice, callousness, and irresponsibility. I saw its guilt. I saw its despair. They would call it sorrow for a passing one. But it was their sorrow. Indeed it was, in a strange way, sorrow for themselves.

In the name of the Church, I spoke, first, of all this which they already knew yet so desperately needed to know aloud. And then I pronounced all their past, remembered and forgotten, fully and finally received before the Unconditioned Being who is Lord both of life and death.

I looked out at my family. There was my mother surrounded by her children and her children's children. What was going on in the deeps of this woman who had mixed her destiny with that of the dead man for the major share of a century? What of sister Margaret who knew so well the severity of her father? What of the son who had never won approval? Or the son-in-law never quite received? What of the one who knew hidden things? What of the rebellious one? What of the specially favored? What of Alice? What of Arthur? What of Elizabeth? I knew, as I looked, perhaps all over again, that the sorrow at death is not only that of the loss of the cherished and the familiar. It is the sorrow of unacknowledged guilt, postponed intentions, buried animosities, unmended ruptures. The sorrow of the funeral is the pain of our own creatureliness, of self-disclosure, and of self-acknowledgment. It is the pain of turning from the past to the future. It is the pain of having to decide all over again about our lives.

In the name of the Church, I spoke of these things

written so clearly upon our family countenance. And then in fear and joy pronounced all our relations with Papa and one another as cosmically approved by the One who gives us our lives and takes them from us once again.

I looked at my father. And I knew things in a way I had not known them before. It wasn't that I knew anything new. But my knowing was now transposed so that everything was different. I knew his very tragic boyhood. I knew the scars it engraved on his soul. I knew his lifelong agonizing struggle to rise beyond them. I knew his unknown greatness. I knew his qualities next to genius that never found deliverance. I knew his secret sense of failure. I knew things he never knew I knew. I knew the dark nights of his soul. I knew, well, what I knew was his life. His spirit's journey. That was it. It was his life I knew in that moment. It was frozen now. It was all in now. It was complete. It was finished. It was offered up for what it was. This was the difference made by death.

In the name of the Church, I spoke his life out loud. Not excusing, not glorifying, just of his life as I saw it then. And then I pronounced it good and great and utterly significant before the One who had given it to history just as it was. Not as it might have been, not as it could have been abstractly considered, not as I might have wanted it to be or others felt it should have been, not even as Papa might have wanted it altered. I sealed it as acceptable to God, then, just as it was finished.

The celebration ended in the burial grounds.

The funeral party bore Papa to his grave. There was no drama in the processional. It was just empty utility. The death march, once explosive in symbolic force, had lost its power. I allowed myself to be swept along in silent frustration. I was sad for Papa. I had pity for those of us who bore him. I grew angry with myself.

The sun had already fallen behind the ridge when we came to the burial ground. It was on a remote New England hillside (they call it a mountain there). I remember clearly the sharp, cold air and how the very chill made me feel keenly alive. I remember also how the dark shadows dancing on the hills reminded me of life. But I remember most of all the clean smell of God's good earth freshly turned.

I say I smelled the fresh earth. There was none to be seen. What I did see is difficult to believe. I mean the green stuff. Someone had come before us and covered that good, wonderful raw dirt, every clod of it, with green stuff. Everything, every scar of the grave, was concealed under simulated grass: Just as if nothing had been disturbed here: Just as if nothing at all were happening. What an offense against nature, against history, against Papa, against us, against God.

I wanted to scream. I wanted to cry out to the whole world, "Something *is* going on here, something great, something significantly human. Look! Everybody, look! Here is my father's death. *It* is going on here!"

The banks of flowers upon the green facade only added to the deception. Was it all contrived to pretend at this last moment that my father was not really dead after all? Was it not insisting that death is not important, not a lively part of our lives, not thoroughly human, not bestowed by the Final One? Suddenly the great lie took on cosmic proportion. And suddenly I was physically sick!

This time I didn't want to scream. I experienced an acute urge to vomit.

A sister sensitively perceived all this and understood. She pushed to my side and gave me courage. Together we laid aside the banks of flowers. Together we rolled back the carpet of deceit. God's good, wonderful, clean earth lay once again unashamedly naked. I drank it into my being. The nausea passed.

Mind you, I'm not blaming anybody. Not anybody really, save myself. I just hadn't anticipated everything. I have no excuse but I was taken by surprise, you understand. And I so passionately wanted to celebrate Papa's death with honesty and integrity and dignity—for his sake, for our sake, for God's sake.

We lowered Papa then in his pauper's box deep into the raw ground. Then began the final rites. There were three.

I lifted up the Bible. It was a sign. We were commemorating Papa's journey in the historical community of the faithful. However distantly, however feebly, however brokenly, he had walked with the knights of faith, Abraham, Amos, Paul, Augustine, Thomas, Luther, Wesley, Jesus. By fate and by choice these were his first companions of the road. I recalled aloud from their constitution which I held in my hands. The heroic formula from Job is what I meant to recite: Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return; the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. What came from my lips were the words of Paul. "If I live, live unto the Lord; if I die, I die unto the Lord; so whether I live or whether I die, I am the Lord's."

I lifted up a very old, musty, leatherbound volume of poetry. This too was a sign. We were ritualizing Papa's own unique and unrepeatable engagement in the human adventure. Papa was an individual, a solitary individual before God. It was most fitting that a last rite should honor this individuality. Such was the role of the volume of hymn-poems. From it Papa had read and quoted and sung in monotone for as long as any of us including Mama could recall. The words I joined to the sign were from this collection. The author was a friend of Papa's.

> God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform;
> He plants his footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm;
> Blind unbelief is sure to err, and scan His works in vain;
> God is His own interpreter and He shall make it plain.

The third sign celebrated the fact that Papa was a participant in the total wonder of creation and that his life and death were good because creation is good. What I mean is that Papa was God's friend. My last act was to place him gladly and gratefully on behalf of all good men everywhere in the hands of the One in whose hands he already was, that Mysterious Power who rules the unknown realm of death to do with him as he well pleaseth. I ask to know no more. This I symbolized. Three times I stooped low, three times I plunged my hands deep into the loose earth beside the open pit, and three times I threw that good earth upon my Papa within his grave. And all the while I sang forth the majestic threefold formula,

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

And some of those present there for the sake of all history and all creation said Amen.

RENEWAL IN THE CHURCH

By JOHN DESCHNER

All my life, Lord,
I've worked with you.

A CHOSEN people, uprooted, driven out of the accustomed place, pursued through the desert, fed day by day with manna from an unseen hand, permitted to build no more than a tent, a chosen people compelled to make exodus: *that* is the classic picture of church renewal.

Renewal means exodus.

Church renewal means dispersal, being forced to suffer change, unable to use the traditional ways, compelled to adapt, to create, to risk, to trust, to find the essential purposes again.

Are students concerned about church renewal? I believe Methodist students of this generation want a church that is less segregated, less divided, less nationalistic, less introverted, less massive, less manipulated, than the church they have inherited. This generation longs for a renewal of the church.

There is a force in this generation's longing which is different from that of other generations. Students are calling not merely for readjustment, but for renewal from the center out. They are uneasy about the Methodist organization man. There is an unrest about numbers, structures, inherited systems, and there is something holy about this unrest. The dissatisfaction of discontented Methodists can be useful to Christ.

But this student generation also has an astonishing loyalty to the inner reality of the church, to the Christ who is known and loved even when the church is not known and loved. They are wrong who simply equate the students' dissatisfaction with the church with an estrangement from Christ. The loyalty of students to the life and mission of the church is tough, imaginative, and creative, although they await leaders of their own generation to give new shape and form to this loyalty.

These paradoxical attitudes—a profound loyalty to the reality which lies at the heart of the church and a growing unrest with the form of the church in our day—are our starting point. The renewal of the church begins with the clarification of these attitudes.

Clarification of attitude means submitting to radical surgery upon our own false loves and false hates for the church. Only One knows the true sickness of the church, and is competent to determine the direction of real healing. It is true that we are in varying degrees dissatisfied with the church; but our dissatisfaction must be purified before it can be used.

It would be easy to point to the familiar wrong loves of others: the love of numbers, enthusiasm, organization and institutions, crusades and programs, and mediocrity. But God must also put his scalpel to our wrong loves for they are partial. He must cut away the selectivity of our love of race, nation, denomination, and especially our own age group.

The renewal of the church requires, first of all, this healing of the power to love—wholly and widely.

But God must also cut away our wrong hates. This student generation hates not by frontal attack, but much more effectively: by indifference! However it hates, it knows how to reject "those" who are the root of the trouble in the church. Any hatred in the church which pits "us" against "them" is a hatred that will sear and frustrate renewal. God does not ask us to love the church indulgently, but realistically, yet without judging our brothers for judgment belongs to him. We may discuss, debate, disagree, struggle, but we may not judge. And that requires healing, for who of us knows how to struggle discerningly, yet without judgment, or to love discerningly, yet without indulgence?

Given right attitudes, what is the goal in church

motive

Now, I'm tired, thy rock needs thy help.

I must repent?

It's pretty rotten when you come for reassurance, and all you get is advice.

renewal? Our thesis: The renewal of the church means recovery at the center of *intercession* and *witness*.

By intercession we normally mean prayer on behalf of someone else. But we also use it to describe what Jesus Christ did on the cross: he made intercession for us all. In this light, intercession means taking another's place before God—the place of someone who is himself incapable of facing God—and representing him there. It is in this sense that the church intercedes for the state in its worship. She offers to God on the state's behalf the prayer, the worship which the state is incapable of offering herself. Intercession is the other side of witness. In witness, we represent God to the neighbor who has not heard of him. In intercession, we represent the neighbor to God, before whom the neighbor is powerless to come. In both, the Christian's existence is an existence in the place of another. It is a covenant existence in which we truly say, "We are not our own, but thine," to both God and the neighbor. It is an existence of love.

Christ's life was such an intercession for men. (Think through the implications of Matt. 27:46; Lk. 23:34.) The church continues his intercession: making her own this world's felt sense of distance from God, and representing the world before him.

And witness? Witness is never simply what we say about God to another. It is fundamentally what God says through us to the heart of another. The grand instance of witness happened on Easter morning and Pentecost when God made it clear beyond mistaking that he willed Christ's act of intercession on Good Friday, and acknowledged it as a true representation of his own heart toward us. Witness is God's illumination of one man's cross for another man's good. Witness is that awakening to God's love which God may bring to pass in the heart of another when we love another enough to make intercession for him.

Intercession is making the brother's distance from God our own before God. Witness is God claiming intercession as the vehicle of his love for our brother. The essential point in both intercession and witness is sharing the living cross of Christ, becoming members of his cruciform body, the church.

An example: an East German Christian student took special pains to learn especially well his compulsory studies in Marxism and Leninism. He thought through his Christian position at every point. After his oral examination, his instructor gave him a very high grade, closed the book, and said, "The exam is over. But tell me, how is it that you can know the principles of Marxism-Leninism so well, and obviously not believe in it?" For two hours the student and instructor had a free discussion of the gospel and Marxism. In this genuinely human contact, the student understood intercession, and God used it as an occasion for witness.

The renewal of the church doesn't mean simply polishing the brasswork or tightening the organization. It means a rediscovery of the heart of the matter, a coming again to the center to intercession and witness.

And now, what could it mean if the Methodist Student Movement became genuinely concerned about renewal in The Methodist Church?

Some will immediately ask if the MSM hasn't been seriously concerned about church renewal all this time. Yes, of course; it has often been a leaven in the church—especially in its stands on race, liturgy, the arts, religious journalism. But a student movement which spends its time congratulating itself on its past is useless for renewal in the church. Renewal means exodus even from our own past achievements.

As we look toward the future, there are six princi-

ples which the Methodist Student Movement may keep in mind:

1. **Exodus in covenant.** That is the fundamental principle. Responsible renewal means that we commit ourselves only to that renewal which we can have in fellowship with our Covenant Partner. But our Covenant Partner in exodus! Only covenantal fidelity will persevere through thick and thin or be ready to suffer, to forbear, to be misunderstood, to accept success without distortion.

2. **Renewal, not complaint.** Complaint means giving vent to our quite fallible human judgment of others. Complaint dissipates our spiritual energy which is the power to love realistically but without indulgence. We have much to complain of in Methodism, but no time for complaint.

3. **Accept from God's hand our tension with the church organization.** There will be no renewal without tension. It is possible, perhaps even necessary, that misunderstanding will develop between a renewal-dedicated MSM and a church which prefers to settle down in Egypt. Those who work for renewal need not expect applause, appreciation, or even understanding. But the mere fact of tension with the church does not justify us. It may also be God's warning against our exclusiveness, our wrong loves and hates. It is just possible that the MSM is not the only segment of Methodism which is concerned for renewal. It is just possible that tension arises because the student movement is, here and there, off chasing butterflies. Tension there will be; let us learn to accept it from God's hand, from the One who judges the truth of our conflicts, who bears the cost of the sin in them, who reconciles us, who teaches us how to be humble and stand for our point at the same time. Tension, as such, is not the problem. Tension belongs to a church in exodus. The problem is justifying ourselves in our tensions against others. Only God is able to judge the truth in our tensions. Let us be mature enough to expect them, and humble enough to accept them from his hand.

4. **We do not recommend, we embody church renewal.** Is the student movement itself aroused enough about renewal to let fundamental changes occur in her own structures? Is a denominationally divided student Christian movement relevant? Is the MSM aware of the perils in being the most institutionalized student Christian movement in the world today? If we are seriously concerned about church renewal, we will not be content to recommend proposals to other churchmen and church bodies, but to embody renewal within ourselves.

5. **Renewal at the center.** We are not looking for renewal at the edges or on the surface. The results won't be measurable in numbers or dollars or buildings or new slogans and methods. We are looking for the winds of the Spirit to blow again at the center; for the cliché to stop being a cliché by becoming true for once. This means learning what belongs to the center of the church's life—her life of intercession and witness.

6. **Renewal as intercession for the church.** The student movement must be ready to offer to God that service which the church is not always ready to offer. We have thought too small, as though the MSM were for students and the church for parents. In intercession, the MSM may take the place of others, as the church in prayer, thought, and act before God, interceding, representing, being the renewal of the church.

And finally, four practical points where the MSM could make a contribution to the renewal of the church:

1. **The MSM can stand for the recovery of the weekly use of the interpreted sacrament in the local congregation.** There is no act of worship which penetrates more deeply behind the facade of the sinner. There is no single step which could do more to drive trivia from Sunday worship than to center it again—as the church in all ages has centered it—in the interpreted sacrament. And it should be weekly. Wesley communed more often; why shouldn't we meet our Covenant Partner weekly in this incomparably renewing way? But it should be interpreted sacrament; by that I mean a celebration which not only repeats old traditions, but proclaims the gospel in a lively preaching of the good news which the sacrament celebrates.

The MSM can further this kind of worship renewal simply by asking for it in local congregations, by praying for it, by studying the deeper meaning of the sacrament, by declaring themselves ready to help prepare the sacrament, and, finally, by claiming their right to celebrate the sacrament as a student Christian group, responsibly, regularly, openly, without schism.

2. **The MSM can embody and propagate the Methodist emphasis on the small disciplined Christian group.** The Wesleyan renewal of the church had its roots in the recovery of the Christian community in small groups called "class meetings." There will be no serious renewal today unless it roots again in the small, disciplined Christian group accepting responsibility for the church before God. The elements which Wesley stressed in such communities are: a) Bible study led by laymen in their language; b) commonly accepted disciplines which give the group its corporate force and character of witness; c) the weekly giving of money for someone who has less, and preferably giving which hurts a little; d) mutual pastoral care in which no one fights for his spiritual existence alone but together with a band of companions who in mutual openness and honestly, helpfully criticize, admonish and encourage. Such openness requires spiritual maturity, but there is no renewal unless Christian community reaches this level. The devil's stranglehold on the church is precisely this curious notion that sin is a private matter! To deal with sin in isolation is to fight sin with sin. The MSM could foster a body of living cells, and transplant them into the life of local congregations. Herein is yeast, powerful leaven, for the renewal of the church at its center.

3. **The MSM can train church members who understand the gospel.** Church renewal will grow as each member acquires at least an iron ration of Christian knowledge and theology. We need Christians who know their own minds as well as the temperature of their hearts. In addition to scripture, which must be our constant study, this iron ration includes four things: faith, love, hope, and the Christian community, and for each, the church through the centuries has studied a classic text. To understand the content of faith, you study as a beginning, the creed. To understand the structure and scope of Christian love, you study as a beginning, the Ten Commandments.

To grasp the dimensions of Christian hope, you study as a beginning, the Lord's Prayer. And then, to understand all of this in the context of the Christian community, you study, as a beginning, the words of institution for the Lord's Supper and for Christian baptism.

Let the MSM send into the churches members who know and understand this iron ration of Christian knowledge—their creed, their decalogue, their Lord's Prayer, their sacraments, and who knows how to use their Bibles—and the renewal of the church will make itself felt irresistibly.

4. **The MSM can recover and put to creative use the Wesleyan tradition of the layman's ministry.** The layman who knows his iron ration is a layman free for creative lay witness. We Methodists once believed in the lay ministry, but today the "lay preacher" represents little more than the first step toward ordination. We have revived the Wesley orders of common prayer, why not the Wesleyan lay ministry? What could happen if members of the MSM asked a local congregation to "license" them to be witnesses in such areas as law, medicine, or agriculture, to undertake special studies to this end, and to report regularly to the quarterly conference about their witness, as lay preachers must do? Can you imagine the kinds of discussions, debates, issues touching renewal, intercession, witness which could be raised at the heart of a congregation's life? The lay ministry is a time bomb ticking away at the heart of Methodist ecclesiasticism. The MSM could touch it off.

A concluding remark about tactics: we, as a student movement, have focused our attention on getting students on conference and church boards, and it is good that students are being heard at these points. But the place where renewal of the church will be won or lost is in the local congregation, indeed, in the official board and the quarterly conference of the local congregation. A student movement which takes church renewal seriously will deliberately prepare students to seek and use the opportunities for local leadership. It will aim at the official board, the jugular vein of Methodism!

Let us deliberately train potential board members who understand that basic issues are always decided obliquely, and likely as not in the form of a decision about money, personnel, or program. The renewal of the church will take concrete shape over such issues as how the congregation's budget is raised and spent, who chairs which committee, or teaches which class, or whether to build, or do something more important. And let me stress money. Anyone who loves the incarnation of our Lord has a passion for budgets. Clarify the budgets! Insist that they embody scrupulous responsibility and right purposes.

A planned, intentional, deliberate infiltration of local official boards! If we are serious about church renewal, we will be serious about that.

Church renewal doesn't mean merely enlarging the frontiers. It means exodus at the center—finding new forms for the essentials again, new forms for our worship, for Christian community and pastoral care, for Christian instruction, for the lay ministry. A church which is ready for renewal at these points will be supple enough, resilient enough, imaginative enough to be of service for God's sake to modern men.

It's my faith.

Every Sunday I put it on.

It helps me get through the week.

Crane

motiveartist

margaret rigg

by Roger Ortmayer

It got started, asfaras motive and Peg Rigg are concerned, one time when I wenttoFlorida.

I used to like togotoFlorida (I still liketogotoFlorida--if anybody will invite me and pay the freight) and I'd go down there and give talks as if I knew something about immortality (Greeknotion) and sanctification (Methodistspeciality) and justification (Presbyterianvariety... and Peg is, or was, or usedtobe and maybeshestillis, a bit Reformed, tho not toomuch, thankGod).

So I wenttoFlorida back sometime in the early '50's. I don't remember how much of a hit or flop I was at the conference and it is all a bit irrelevant anyway because speakerscomeandgo, but I do remember the looks of the conferenceprogram. I said to somebody: whoever did this surecandraw! You are right somebody answered and so I asked do you know who didit? and she answered, sure do 'cause she goestomyschool.

What is yourschool? I inquired.

FloridaStateCollege.

At Tallahassee?

That's the place.

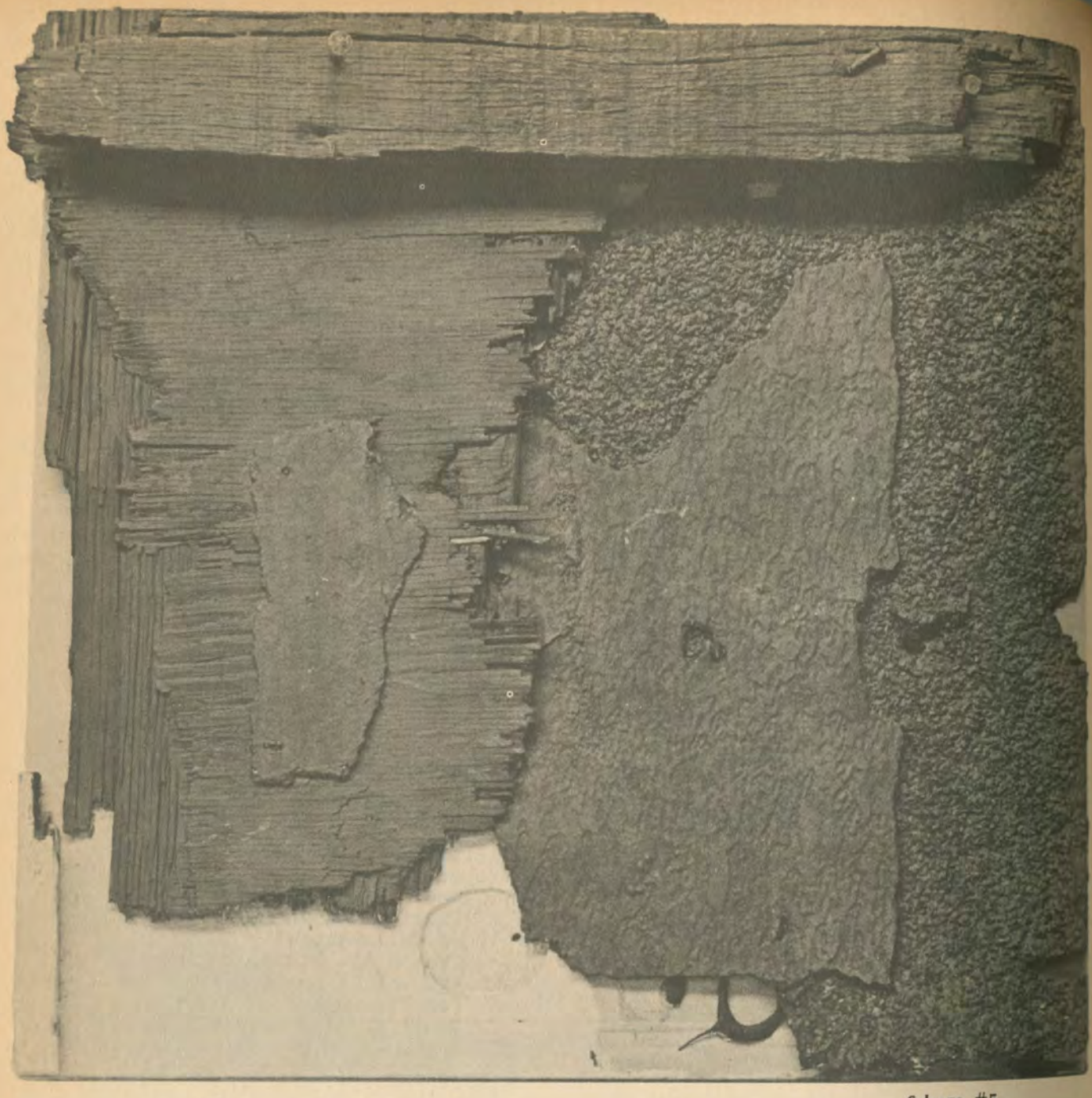
And what's her name?

Peg Rigg.

So I said I sure would liketoget acquainted. Now gettingacquainted with me, when I was motive'seditor, was a bitofa hazard. Usually I wanted togetacquainted because I had designs. Nothing personal about it; it was all in the cause of motive. In thosedays motive didn't havemuch in the way of financing, so we lived like Lazarus on the doorstep, only we were never satisfied with crumbs; we always wanted cakeandfrosting and went after it too.

This particularbitoffrosting bit. My bait was how'd you like to be a motivecoverartist?

I always tried to make being a motivecoverartist sound like being seven degreesup on a 33rd degreemason, something to which being a doctoroflaw or a doctoroflitt. didn't even bear comparison. Sometimes it worked. When it didn't, then I'd have to go home and hunt up something like a glossy of a Henry Moore sculpture of a motherearthgoddess (chtonic mystery, youknow. Boy! what you can get away with in art if you can make the claim that it has chtonic power. . . by the time they



Salvage #5

catch up with the underlying archetypal claim, you have it established as an organic icon and who can argue with an icon?) Anyway I'd tear a hole in a piece of paper and paste the ragged edges around the sculpture reproduction and send it over to the engraver labelled motivecover.

I was about to run out of papertearing-tricks when Peg did her motivecover. It wasn't as farout as I usually liked motivecovers to be and I really did not think it terribly good technically. It didn't even have chtonian characteristics, but it had puissance. . .poignancy. That's enuf for a motivecover. (See reproduction on front cover.)

So I followed up this initial act with an inspiration. motive made a pretense of being a magazine and we had a fine managing editor, Henry Koestline, who knew something about journalism. We also made a pretense about knowing somethingabout-art, so wasn't it abouttime that we had someone on the staff who knewsomething-aboutart? How about an arteditor?

I went to my bosses and said DoctorsBollingerandGross, I've got an idea.

They got cagey. They'd discovered that usually when I had an idea it cost somebody money, usually them. But they listened.

I said I think it is time motive had an arteditor.

They winced but they didn't runaway. As they considered the notion they began to see something of its merit. And they were a bit apprehensive of motive'seditor tearingpaper in his office.

So as long as they didnotsayno, I said to Peg how'd you like to be

Resurrection

motive'sarteditor?

She acted flattered.

She wanted to know when?

I said right now.

She said she was going to seminary.

Seminary!

Being a stubborn type, she went to seminary in spite of the prospect of being motive'sarteditor. I went back to tearing paper.

The seminary was a Presbyterian one. Why couldn't it have been something like PerkinsSchoolofTheology? because when she got loose and finally came to motive she had a whole parcel of Barthian notions. My first task was to exchange those Barthianisms for a quiver full of Tillichianisms. Not that I had anything against biblicaltheology. It was just that motive was culturetheology. Biblicaltheology tends toward iconoclasm and I wasn't about to let motive become iconoclastic, especially in the person of the new arteditor. So Peg joined up with us and became something of an existentialist--back when to be an existentialist was a bit exhilarating and notsomuchofabore.

Human Torso

Peg was perfect. She thought theologically. She thought existentially. And she understood (i.e., she stood under) the motiveidea.

One day I said to Peg: Peg we need something in the next issue of motive that lookslikelove.

Love? she said. Are you sure? Everytime we do something that lookslikelove we get in trouble.

Oh no not eros I said. Agape.

Oh . . . maybe something like a waterfall?

Maybe I said. So she went back to her office and I went back to whatever it was I wasdoing. Afterawhile she came in and passed over a scratchboard. I was intrigued. I studied it a bit and tried to imagine its position in the magazine. Then

Whatever Shall We Do?

I glanced up at Peg. She was grinning.

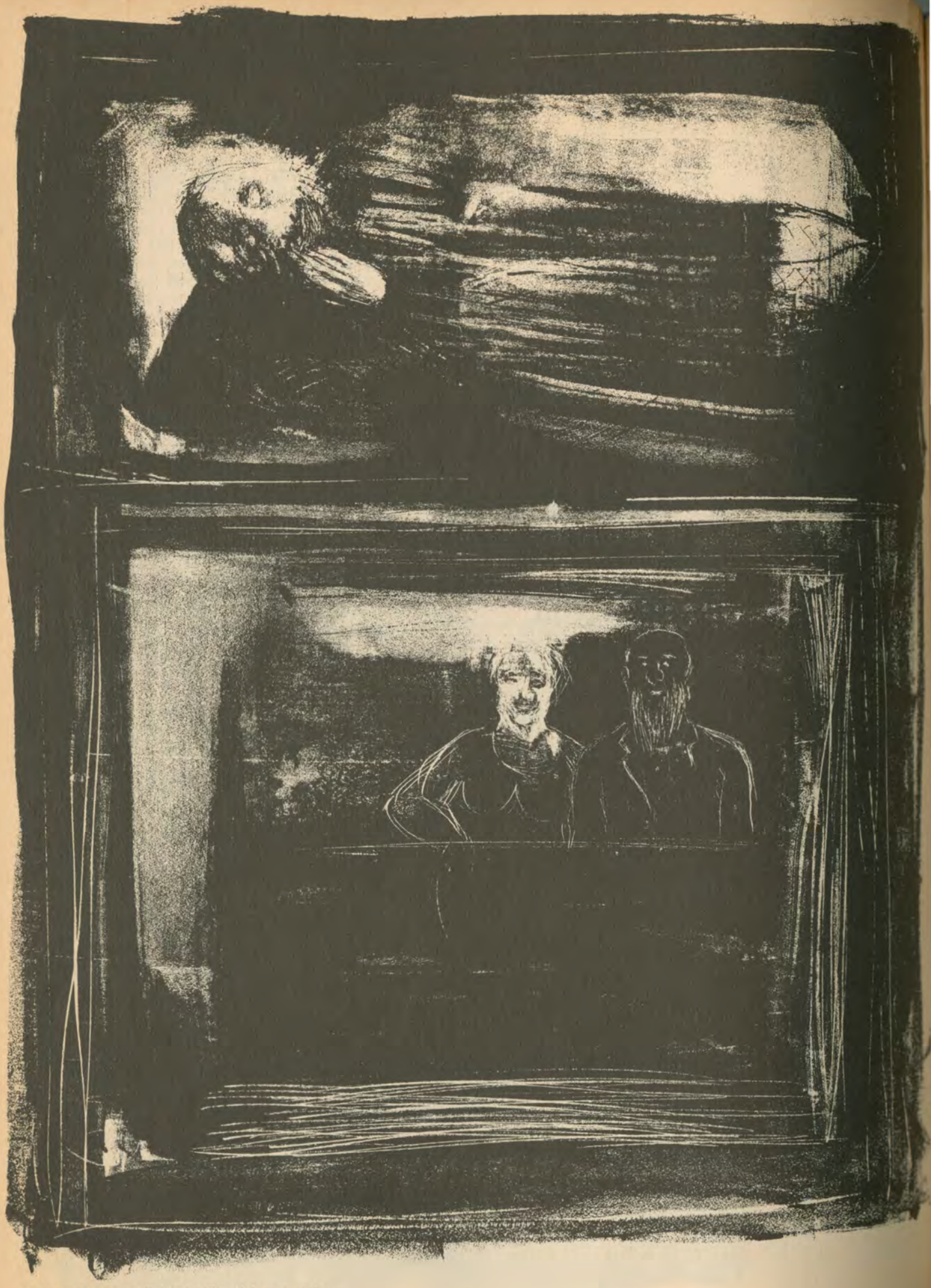
Whatsthematter?

You've got it upsidedown she said.

So then we studied it upsidedown and rightsideup and sideways and we agreed we liked it upsidedown best and that's the way we printed it.

That's another thing I like about Peg. She taught me somany things. After the upsidedown-rightsideup experience I knew just how Kandinsky felt when he came back to his studio as a youngartist and opened up the door to be confronted with a picture of indescribable and incandescent loveliness. Finally as the ecstatic experience passed he discovered it for what it was---his own painting standing on its

Isaac



And God Was Delighted With Adam and Eve

Job

side. Then he realized that art must be, for him, expressive.

Peg's art, at its best, is always expressive. Even when she has had to do the hack work of a graphic artist, her work has retained the expressive element.

She's as good an example as anyIcanthinkof as to why I claim that what has happened to the arts in our time is great for religion. The arts finally broke through stasis. They started to be, rather than nesting down as ideas or anecdotes or illustrations.

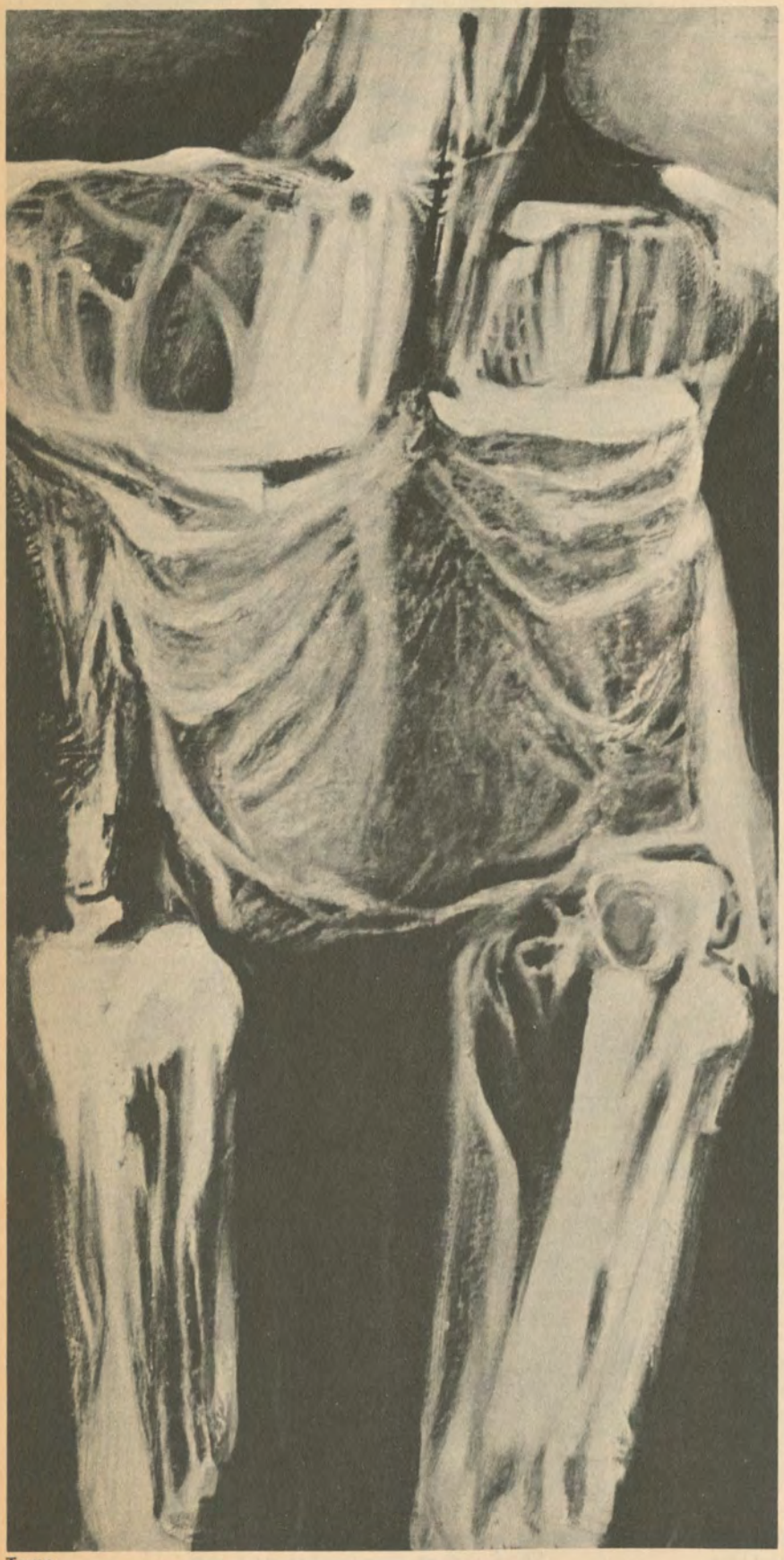
Peg and the motiveway were a wonderful match because the magazine did not need artillustration, just art---and Peg is an artist. The whole magazine could be a workofart, in the way it felt and looked and handled and asked to be examined, even while it was never an artsmagazine, because it was culturetheology. Even in its wobbliest moments, motive has moved expressively, and Peg's art is expressionism.

Now of course she did other art than what showed up in motive: paintings, assemblages, serigraphy, woodcuts, sculpture, rug weaving, jewelry, films--in her restlessmanner exploring the wonderfulworldofart. She even designed liturgical furniture (her altar design for the chapel in the MethodistBoardofEducation is a triumph) and continues to explodeintorevelations in liturgical commissions.

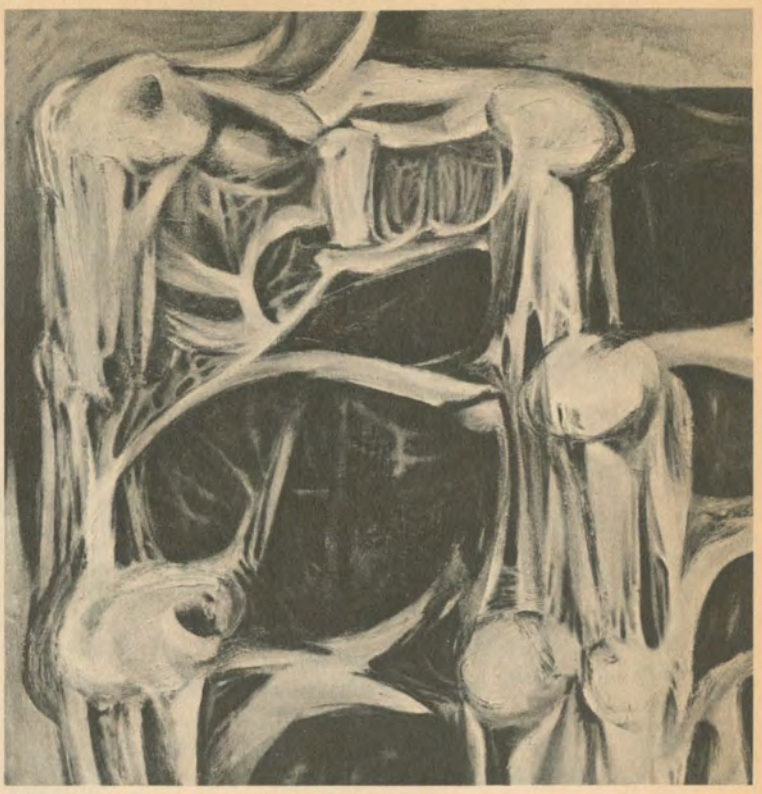
Peg's work has been done professionally; but that is the wrong description because Peg is a good artist because she is at heart an amateur. So is motive amateur and it is a good thing that amateurs got together. If either ever goes professional. . .but they won't. The point is not whether she makes her living as an artist; the issue is the attitude, and so it has been motive'sgoodfortune to have an amateur around.

With Peg's art, seeingisthething. So that one does not then speak about successorfailure, beautifulorugly, realisticorabstract, for such are irrelevant terms. It is better to inquire--if you have two choices--what to take to the Sahara with you? whatdoyoutake?

That is a seriousquestion.



Torso



Adam and Eve and the Tree of Knowledge

The Valley of Dry Bones

FRESHMAN GUIDANCE

I'm wised up
know the score
because I saw my scores
copping peaks across the desk
as she advised me.

Perhaps she said
over her glasses and steepled fingers
I shouldn't get big ideas
but aim just right, know thyself,
that kind of crap.
meaning: take Survey of Math
get ready for a slew of C's.

All that dope rocked me
I must admit
thinking I was pretty sharp.
I told her, not quite cool:
at least I never needed
the abridged Huck Finn
for Junior High non-readers
I never look at the Readers Digest.
She had to admit I was mature.
I quick added I watch
the TV specials
and already have
my Social Security card.
Also, my personality is good.

R. L. TYLER

Photograph: Kezys

TO A DAUGHTER WITH ARTISTIC TALENT

I know why, getting up in the cold dawn
you paint cold yellow houses
and silver trees. Look at those green birds,
almost real, and that lonely child looking
at those houses and trees.
You paint (the best way) without reasoning,
to see what you feel, and green birds
are what a child sees.

Some gifts are not given: you
are delivered to them,
bound by chains of nerves and genes
stronger than iron or steel, although
unseen. You have painted every day
for as long as I can remember
and will be painting still
when you read this, some cold
and distant December when the child
is old and the trees no longer silver,
but black fingers scratching a grey sky.

And you never know why (I was lying
before when I said I knew).
You never know the force that drives you wild
to paint that sky, and that bird flying,
and is never satisfied today
but maybe tomorrow
when the sky is a surreal sea
in which you drown. . . .
I tell you this with love and pride
and sorrow, my artist child
(while the birds change from green to blue to brown).

—J. PETER MEINKE

Etching: Thompson

GOD TO NOAH

Build you a window in your boat of blood;
then when forty rains have fallen,
shout for the sea wind, bring it fire or flood.

When the black sea rolls away, does the good
light fail, morning bring no news of love?
Build you a window in your boat of blood.

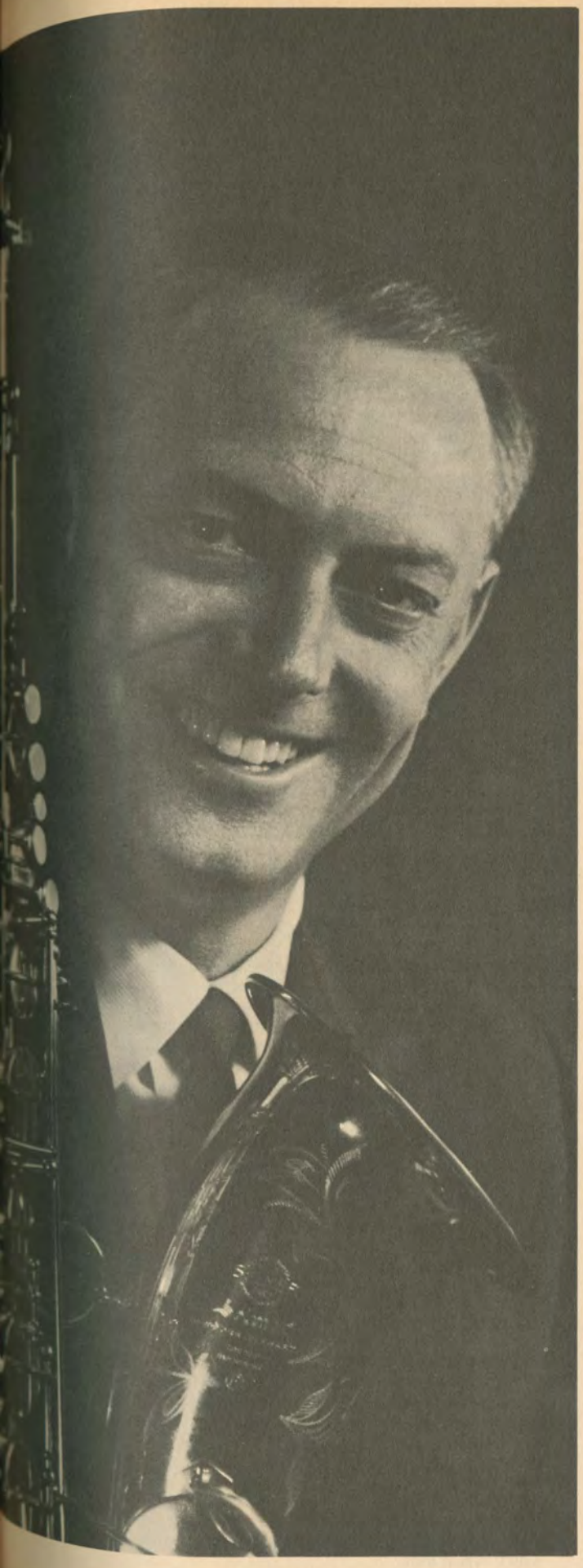
Do rough beasts rattle your bones for food,
the jackdaw bicker with the easy dove?
Shout for the sea wind, bring it fire or flood.

Deep in your drying limbs does the lewd
hyena howl the dancing bear?
Build you a window in your boat of blood.

Are bright birds spinning in you? Does the rude
sun roar? On waking can you kiss the air?
Shout for the sea wind, bring it fire or flood.

Have all your singing tongues turned into wood?
Does the sky explode? Is your spirit still?
Build you a window in your boat of blood.
Shout for the sea wind, bring it fire or flood.

—GIBBONS RUARK



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

monument is artistry

CONTRIBUTORS

HAROLD EHRENSPERGER was one of the "Three H's" who founded *motive* and who have fought for it ever since. Along with Hiel D. Bollinger and Harvey C. Brown, colleagues in the staff of the Methodist Student Movement, Harold Ehrensperger dreamed and sweated *motive* into existence. The first years of *motive*'s life were precarious, exhausting and exhilarating and Harold Ehrensperger was the central force which stood behind the fervor and furor which emanated from the creation and existence of the magazine. The editorial which opens this anniversary issue was the lead article in No. 1, Vol. I. Since leaving *motive* in 1950 to teach in India, Dr. Ehrensperger has served illustriously as the dean of the Boston University School of Fine Arts. Since his retirement from Boston in 1965, he has served as a fine art consultant for the Glide Foundation, and is now in the midst of an extensive round the world trip. The latter prevented him from being available to help in the selection of the articles to represent his era, but **ROBERT STEELE** was most helpful in giving suggestions and information. Mr. Steele was *motive*'s managing editor with Dr. Ehrensperger and is now on the faculty of Boston University's School of Communications.

ROBERT H. HAMILL launched the Skeptic's Corner in *motive*'s first issue with the article which we've reprinted. The column became one of the magazine's hallmarks for almost a decade. A former director of Wesley Foundations in Iowa and Wisconsin, Dr. Hamill is now Dean of the Chapel at Boston University.

H. RICHARD NIEBUHR left an indelible imprint on the course of American theology and social ethics through his writings and lecturing. This article, which was originally published in *motive* in December, 1943, was later incorporated by Dr. Niebuhr into his book, *Radical Monotheism and Western Culture* (Harper, 1960). The *motive* editors wrote at the time of original publication: "This is an article for study and for keeping. It should be read not once or twice but several times. The mildest thing we can say about it is that it is important.' " From the beginning, *motive* has sought out seminal thinkers to explore and expand their ideas in the pages of the magazine.

PHILIPPE MAURY is a living embodiment of *motive*'s consistent efforts to be genuinely ecumenical. The Maury family have been student Christian movement leaders since the 1890's and Philippe himself served as general secretary of the World Student Christian Federation for almost fifteen years. He is now Director of Information for the World Council of Churches. This article appeared in the January, 1954 issue and was one of many editorial efforts to emphasize the nature of the Christian's involvement in culture.

HERBERT HACKETT contributed significantly to *motive* throughout his distinguished academic career. His articles spanned the editorships of both Ehrensperger and Ortmayer. Dr. Hackett was the first person to be named as a contributing editor to the magazine, and he served in that capacity from 1948 to 1958. This article was selected by Editor Ortmayer as one of the characteristic efforts of *motive* to deal specifically and uniquely with campus issues. The article appeared in November, 1952.

PRESTON T. ROBERTS, JR., was assistant professor of theology and literature in the Federated Faculty of the University of Chicago when this article was first published in December, 1953. The article was one of a featured series, "What the Young Thinkers Are Thinking." Dr. Roberts is now associate professor of Theology and Literature at the University of Chicago Divinity School.

THOMAS C. ODEN was associate professor of theology and pastoral care at the Graduate Seminary of Phillips University when this article appeared in *motive*, April, 1961. Editor Jameson Jones looks back upon the article as one of the most provocative and pertinent published during that era, and its continuing appropriateness is still obvious. Dr. Oden is currently spending a sabbatical year in Heidelberg.

JOSEPH SITTLER, JR., has been a frequent contributor to *motive* for many years. This article was first published in November, 1959, at which time Dr. Sittler was on the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago.

JAMES C. LAWSON, JR., had just been expelled from the Divinity School of Vanderbilt University when his article was published in the May, 1960 issue. His leadership and involvement in the civil rights movement had precipitated a major crisis in the university and his expulsion became the occasion for some serious reevaluations of the role of both the university and the church in dealing with "gut" issues. After an interval of civil rights activities, Mr. Lawson later received his B.D. with distinction from Boston University School of Theology. He has an undergraduate degree and did some graduate study at Oberlin, the seminary of which has just recently announced its merger with Vanderbilt.

JOSEPH W. MATHEWS is dean of the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago. His name is synonymous with "radical commitment," and countless laymen and clergy are finding the disciplined program of theological studies at the Institute to be a refreshing antidote to the kind of casual Christian education which has characterized far too much of the church's ministry. This article appeared in the January-February, 1964 special issue on "Death." That issue and Mathews' article in particular continue to evoke commendation.

JOHN DESCHNER has been a reader and contributor to *motive* throughout his distinguished career as student Christian movement leader and contemporary theologian. He is professor of theology at Perkins School of Theology. This article, which was published in November, 1962, characterizes *motive*'s efforts to struggle as vigorously with the possibilities and opportunities for renewal as it does with the necessity for revolution.

ROGER ORTMAYER reveals much about *motive*, past and present, in his inimitable essay which accompanies the art feature on Margaret Rigg. Though everything Editor Ortmayer did was unique, nothing was quite as distinctive as the writing which he did for cover four. These back covers were filled with fables, legends and innovative editorials which have set a standard difficult to attain for his successors. The distinctive imprint of Margaret Rigg was begun by Ortmayer, and he was the logical choice to write about her work with *motive*. Dr. Ortmayer is professor of Christianity and the Arts at Perkins School of Theology.

ANTHONY TOWNE has concluded this anniversary issue with an apt satire on a theological theme which has been a lively issue throughout *motive*'s twenty-five years. Mr. Towne is one of our present book review editors.

POETS for February: The wiliest of our readers will have noticed by this point that unlike the bulk of our retrospective issue, the arts between these covers—poetry, graphics, photography—are *new*. The reason should be obvious; to paraphrase Robert Bly, the purpose of poetry is to lay the foundation for the poetry that is not yet written. There's no point in reprinting what we thought was good last year (even if it *was* good); a poet who repeats himself has stopped being a poet and become either a hairy Univac or an Institution. So we present poems—some appropriate to this issue for reasons their writers never dreamed, and some which, stubbornly, just *are*. **JAMES HINER** ("Buildings") has written a much more cogent statement of just what we were trying to say above. He lives in Ely, Minnesota, and has published his work widely. It's also vaguely appropriate that **J. PETER MEINKE** have a poem in this issue; his "Third Child" (Feb., 1963) won for *motive* its first national award for poetry. More recently, his work has appeared in *Antioch Review*, *Massachusetts Review* and *Mail River*. **THOMAS WEBNER** is chairman of the English department at Allegheny Community College (Md.), and is at work on a novel.

GIBBONS RUARK is on a sort of academic yo-yo, teaching at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro while pursuing his doctorate at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. (The commuting distance, by car, is just about long enough to get the idea for a poem firmly in mind, so that you can spend the next class period secretly working on it!) **R. L. TYLER** teaches history at Ball State, which seems to have encumbered his ability to write poetry far less than the run-of-DeQuincy historian of poetry. All of which is to say: it isn't where and when the ash-heap was made that finally matters, but how the phoenix looked when it emerged, and which way it flew.

ARTISTS in this issue: **ROBERT HODGELL** first appeared in *motive* in September, 1942, in the form of a back cover insignia design for the MSM. He was a student at the University of Wisconsin where he was a champion "Big Ten" high jumper and active in the Wesley Foundation. Bob's first cover appeared in October, 1943, and he has been a dynamic part of the magazine ever since. The intervening years have found Bob in the Navy, the Des Moines Art Center, Mexico, the University of Wisconsin, Pakistan, and now Florida. Bob's art is rooted in a depth of perception and human concern which reflects his conviction that "unless art springs from the basic nature and needs of the individual, it isn't worth being my life focus." His wood block prints dealing with Biblical themes and imagery have helped many viewers to recover the reality and witness of Biblical events. His series on the passion and death of Christ are forthright rejections of the prettiness and sweetness which are associated with so-called religious art. Several generations of *motive* readers offer an appreciative hosanna for Bob Hodgell and the many others who have shared their insights and talents with us.

JIM CRANE was a junior at Albion College when his first cartoon appeared in *motive* in March, 1950. Jim's "little men" were immediately accepted by readers as one of the distinctive regular features. Jim said about his cartoons, "As a whole they are not very funny, nor are they meant to be. The themes are usually based on injustice, self-deceit, mass hysteria, and even though they may not cause chuckles, they will, I believe, bring sardonic smiles to those who are concerned with man and our world. They should promote some thinking." Crane cartoons have appeared literally round the world and in almost as many languages as certain devotional magazines. A theological journal from Japan arrived recently and, yep, there was a Crane cartoon! Though he is known to most *motive* readers primarily for his cartoons, Jim is now concentrating on painting and his work is included in the Walker Art Gallery collection, the Corcoran collection, and several private collections. His early cartoons were privately published in *What Other Time?*, and John Knox Press has just published *On Edge*, a volume of recent work which probes everything from personal anxieties to civil rights and disarmament. Jim is one of the "St. Pete Trio," three *motive* artists (Crane, Hodgell, Rigg) who teach at Florida Presbyterian College.

RCB has been the *motive* signature for **ROBERT CHARLES BROWN,** whose drawings have been featured for more than ten years. It is always problematical to identify where or what RCB is, since he uses Uncasville, Connecticut, largely as a place to depart from.

ED WALLOWITCH has become a *motive* "regular" in the past five years. His photography is versatile and distinctive, and his work testifies to the perfecting of a relatively new art form into a "fine art." Ed has worked on book and magazine assignments and enjoys the freedom which free-lancing permits. His prints are included in the Museum of Modern Art and he was selected by Edward Steichen as one of the significant young photographers in recent years.

PHIL TROYER was featured in a *motive* art feature in October, 1962, and his photography has appeared frequently since then. His interest in photography "is not in the usual subject matter that the average camera owner uses. I like to look and relook at things, ordinary things that usually we are so familiar with, that we no longer see the artistry in them." Phil is a recent graduate of Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

TOM HAMMOND is a newcomer to *motive*. He is now a painting instructor at Western Carolina College in Cullowhee and his major interests are in painting and print making. His work has appeared in exhibitions in Newport, Rhode Island, and at Ohio University.

MARTIN S. DWORKIN has been sending work to *motive* for about three years, and deserves some kind of medal for patiently enduring "breakdowns in communication." We've managed to misplace his work, inadvertently omit credits, and in essence, treat him very shabbily. But despite this treatment, he has still admired and respected *motive* and has graciously continued to share his excellent photography with us.

KENNETH KAY THOMPSON recently graduated from Peabody College in Nashville. He sings and plays bass guitar for "The Remicks," a Nashville "soul" group.

ALGIMANTAS KEZYS, S.J., has exhibited in New York and Chicago, where his work has received a recent one-man show at the Art Institute.

DON STURKEY is appearing in this issue of *motive* for his first time. Not only did we just decide that his photographs were good and therefore ought to be seen, but we liked the symbolism of publishing the work of someone who is just now associating himself with the *motive* enterprise. Mr. Sturkey is a photographer with the *Charlotte Observer* in North Carolina and has won many awards for his shots. We welcome him to *motive*, and hope that many new contributors will join him in the coming months.

And a final word about the cover for this issue. **ROBERT WIRTH** from Baltimore has been designing for *motive* for almost fifteen years. He has won so many awards from the Baltimore Art Directors Club for his *motive* designs that we're wondering about setting up a Baltimore branch. Bob was asked to catch up the *motive* traditions into a cover for this anniversary issue. He did so by mounting an array of distinctive and characteristic cover designs. One each from each of the twenty-five volumes was selected and reproduced. Researching the data on the artists became an engrossing project and concluded in an even greater appreciation for the hundreds of individuals whose combined efforts have achieved some distinction for *motive*. Space prohibits any extensive identification, but a note about each of the cover reproductions will further evidence the scope and uniqueness of what *motive* has endeavored to do in the arts. The date, title, and identity of the artist at the time of publication:

February, 1941. "This Thing Called Democracy" was designed by George New of Northwestern University. He was responsible for much of the art during the first two years.
December, 1941. ". . . And on Earth?" designed by George New.
May, 1943. Untitled cover by Robert Mather, a student from California and Oregon.
February, 1944. Untitled cover by Dave Christensen serving in Civilian Public Service in Elkton, Oregon.
April, 1945. "Democracy Demands a New Axis" by William Schuhle on the faculty of Kansas City Training School.
October, 1945. Untitled design by Howard J. Bascom, a sophomore in Fine Arts Education at Ohio State University.
May, 1947. "Philosophy of Life and Religious Faith" by Bob Pope, working with Civilian Public Service in Puerto Rico.
January, 1948. Untitled design by Albert Lanier, a student at Black Mountain College.
October, 1948. Untitled design by Earl Saunders, a senior at San Diego State College.
January, 1950. Untitled design by Gregor Thompson, a student at Yale and former artist on the *motive* staff.
December, 1950. "Madonna and Child" sculpture by Henry Moore, noted British sculptor.
December, 1951. Untitled design by Margaret Rigg, student at Florida State College in Tallahassee.
May, 1953. "India" by Mariana Gosnell, a junior at Ohio Wesleyan University.
April, 1954. Untitled woodcut by Fritz Eichenburg, noted American woodcut artist.
November, 1954. A design on the World Council of Churches by Margaret Rigg, a student at General Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Virginia.
April, 1956. "Arrangement of Crosses" by Earl Saunders, student at Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley.
May, 1957. "Methodist Heritage" by Jim McLean, teaching at Centenary College in Shreveport.
April, 1958. "Drama" by Norman Petersen, a student at Boston University School of Theology.
November, 1958. "Holy Spirit" by Franklin Adams, teacher of art in North Carolina.
April, 1960. Untitled design by Robert Charles Brown, a student from Uncasville, Connecticut.
November, 1960. Untitled design by Ben Mahmoud, assistant instructor of art at Ohio State University.
February, 1962. "Supplication" by Robert Hodgell, Florida Presbyterian College.
November, 1962. "A Message" by Mathias Goeritz, Mexico City painter, sculptor, and architect.
January-February, 1964. "Death" design by Edward Rice, editor of *Jubilee* Magazine, and poem by Robert Lax.
May, 1965. "Eye Blink" calligraphy by Tsutomu Yoshida, Japanese painter and teacher of calligraphy in Osaka, Japan.

BUILDINGS

Tear them down.
When you've known how to live in them
You can with impunity
    Tear them down.

Persons are the lives of buildings.
Go into life through buildings and gesture
In categories of Teachers' College constructions
As well as of John Brown, John Humphrey
Noyes, Margaret Sanger, and Joshua Slocum.
Persons
Go in and out of buildings into
Life shaped like corporations: the De-
Claration of Independence,
    Less a wing than a window;
J. Hector St. John de
Crevecoeur and the Federal Reserve System
Occupy perhaps the 10th floor, made
Out of not bricks, not steel, not stuff, but
    Lines of force.
(Life without principle? Adams asks.)

St. Mary's Church, Chicago, '33,
The Robie house, were built from buildings
Which were building themselves
And were lines of force.
Unless you understand that
Personifications are more real than
People you'll never understand poetry nor General
Motors. Line. Tone. Mass. Color. Pace.

Whitman entered life
Through Whitney's interchangeable parts,
The *Tribune, Sun, Examiner* through Whitman:
A part "stays news"; Melville
Through "Church at Old Lyme."

History is only history but
Congress is responsible to Owen Wister
Charles and Willam Graham Sumner,
    Exists because Mt. Rushmore made it.

It would be difficult to say whether
Martin Eden died from James T. Farrell
Henry Ward Beecher, James, Sr., or
The Golden Age of Balaban and Katz: the *Paradise*
Was artificial but real for all that.
    Personification is exact.

A person goes into life: put down
One and carry one; balloon-frame
Construction. Lives go
Through buildings to make a people
    (I've forgotten the book);
What is really corporate does not need Inc.
    (*Forms of Individuality*, Jordan)
What is only politics only civilization
Is interrupted personification,
Mass weak in line, in its merely
Weighable aspects, short on tone,
On color, on color-tone:
    "not, not assuredly"
The Guarantee Building, 1895.

Tear them down.
When you've known how to live
You can with impunity;
Relics are preserved
Because too slowly understood.
Culture is ends twining
Into means. Tear down the buildings
    If you loved them,
And the poems, too.

Then tear them down since
If they were real, they have
Built themselves somewhere else.
You have loved them:
The Allegheny Buildings, the damned
Alone are blest; "a formal
Feeling comes." *The Bridge*
(Have you loved them?)
    A formal feeling comes.

A poet a monopoly; Pound
Vertical, horizontal Eliot,
The Frost Cartel,
    Spoor of politics,
Now with three rocks, now a forked stick,
    We've come this way;
Now leaping ahead to guess, cajole,
    Lambast or importune.
And when the sticks fall,
    The rocks, their half-life over,
We've been. Poets have
    And People, too.
    Tear them down.

—JAMES HINER

Etching: Hammond

GOD IS DEAD IN GEORGIA

Eminent Deity Succumbs During Surgery—Succession in Doubt As All Creation Groans

LBJ ORDERS FLAGS AT HALF STAFF

Special to The New York Times

ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 9—God, creator of the universe, principal deity of the world's Jews, ultimate reality of Christians, and most eminent of all divinities, died late yesterday during major surgery undertaken to correct a massive diminishing influence. His exact age is not known, but close friends estimate that it greatly exceeded that of all other extant beings. While he did not, in recent years, maintain any fixed abode, his house was said to consist of many mansions.

The cause of death could not be immediately determined, pending an autopsy, but the deity's surgeon, Thomas J. J. Altizer, 38, of Emory University in Atlanta, indicated possible cardiac insufficiency. Assisting Dr. Altizer in the unsuccessful surgery were Dr. Paul van Buren of Temple University, Philadelphia; Dr. William Hamilton of Colgate-Rochester, Rochester, N.Y.; and Dr. Gabriel Vahanian of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y.

Word of the death, long rumored, was officially disclosed to reporters at five minutes before midnight after a full day of mounting anxiety and the comings and going of ecclesiastical dignitaries and members of the immediate family. At the bedside, when the end came, were, in addition to the attending surgeons and several nurses, the Papal Nuncio to the United States, representing His Holiness, Pope Paul VI, Vicar of Christ on Earth and Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church; Iakovos, Archbishop of North and South America, representing the Orthodox Churches; Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Church in the USA, representing the World Council of Churches, predominantly a Protestant institution; Rabbi Mark Tannenbaum of New York City, representing the tribes of Israel, chosen people, according to their faith, of the deceased; The Rev. William Moyers, Baptist minister, representing President Johnson; the 3rd Secretary of the Soviet embassy in Trinidad, representing the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics; and a number of unidentified curious bystanders.

Unable to be in Atlanta owing to the pressure of business at the second Vatican Council, now in session, the Pope, in Rome, said, in part: "We are deeply distressed for we have suffered an incalculable loss. The contributions of God to the Church cannot be measured, and it is difficult to imagine how we shall proceed without Him." Rumors swept through the Council, meeting under the great vaulted dome of St. Peter's, that, before adjourning the Council in December, the Pope will proclaim God a saint, an action, if taken, that would be wholly without precedent in the history of the Church. Several aged women were reported to have come forward with claims of miraculous cures due to God's intervention. One woman, a 103 year old Bulgarian peasant, is said to have conceived a son at the very instant God expired. Proof of miracles is a precondition for sanctification according to ancient tradition of the Roman Catholic faith.

In Johnson City, Texas, President Johnson, recuperating from his recent gall bladder surgery, was described by aides as "profoundly upset." He at once directed that all flags should be at half-staff until after the funeral. The First Lady and the two presidential daughters, Luci and Lynda, were understood to have wept openly. Luci, 18, the younger daughter, whose engagement has been lately rumored, is a convert to Roman Catholicism. It is assumed that the President and his family, including his cousin, Oriole, will attend the last rites, if the international situation permits. Both houses of Congress met in Washington at noon today and promptly adjourned after passing a joint resolution expressing "grief and great respect for the departed spiritual leader." Sen. Wayne Morse, Dem. of Oregon, objected on the grounds that the resolution violated the principle of separation of church and state, but he was overruled by Vice President Hubert Humphrey, who remarked that "this is not a time for partisan politics."

Plans for the deity's funeral are incomplete. Reliable sources suggested that extensive negotiations may be necessary in order to select a church for the services and an appropriate liturgy. Dr. Wilhelm Pauck, theologian, of Union Seminary in New York City proposed this morning that it would be "fitting and seemly" to inter the remains in the ultimate ground of all being, but it is not known whether that proposal is acceptable to the family. Funerals for divinities, common in ancient times, have been exceedingly rare in recent centuries, and it is understood that the family wishes to review details of earlier funerals before settling upon rites suitable for God.

(In New York, meanwhile, the stock market dropped sharply in early trading. Volume was heavy. One broker called it the most active market day since the assassination of President Kennedy, Nov. 22, 1963. The market rallied in late trading, after reports were received that Jesus—see 'Man in the News,' p. 36, col. 4 — who survives, plans to assume a larger role in management of the universe.)

Reaction from the world's great and from the man in the street was uniformly incredulous. "At least he's out of his misery," commented one housewife in an Elmira, N.Y., supermarket. "I can't believe it," said the Right Reverend Horace W. B. Donegan, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, who only last week celebrated the 15th anniversary of his installation as Bishop. In Paris, President de Gaulle, in a 30 second appearance on national television, proclaimed: "God is dead! Long live the republic! Long live France!" Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the late President, was reported "in seclusion" in her Fifth Avenue apartment. "She's had about all she can take," a close friend of the Kennedy family said. News of the death was included in a one sentence statement, without comment, on the 3rd page of Pravda, official organ of the Soviet government. The passing of God has not been disclosed to the 800 million Chinese who live behind the bamboo curtain.

Public reaction in this country was perhaps summed up by an elderly retired streetcar conductor in Passaic, New Jersey, who said: "I never met him, of course. Never even saw him. But from what I heard I guess he was a real nice fellow. Tops." From Independence, Mo., former President Harry S. Truman, who received the news in his Kansas City barbershop, said: "I'm always sorry to hear somebody is dead. It's a damn shame." In Gettysburg, Pa., former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, released, through a military aide, the following statement: "Mrs. Eisenhower joins me in heartfelt sympathy to the family and many friends of the late God. He was, I always felt, a force for moral good in the universe. Those of us who were privileged to know him admired the probity of his character, the breadth of his compassion, the depth of his intellect. Generous almost to a fault, his many acts of kindness to America will never be forgotten. It is a very great loss indeed. He will be missed."

From Basel, Switzerland, came word that Dr. Karl Barth, venerable Protestant theologian, informed of the death of God, declared: "I don't know who died in Atlanta, but whoever he was he's an imposter." Dr. Barth, 79, with the late Paul Tillich, is widely regarded as the foremost theologian of the 20th Century.

(There have been unconfirmed reports that Jesus of Nazareth, 33, a carpenter and reputed son of God, who survives, will assume the authority, if not the title, of the deceased deity. Jesus, sometimes called the Christ, was himself a victim of death having succombed some 1932 years ago in Palestine, now the state of Israel purportedly on orders of a Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, and at the behest of certain citizens of Jerusalem. This event, described by some as 'deicide,' has lately occupied the deliberations of the Vatican Council, which has solemnly exonerated the Jews generally of responsibility for the alleged crime. The case is complicated by the fact that Jesus, although he died, returned to life, and so may not have died at all. Diplomats around the world were speculating today on the place the resurrected Jesus will occupy in the power vacuum created by the sudden passing of God.)

Dr. Altizer, God's surgeon, in an exclusive interview with the Times, stated this morning that the death was "not unexpected." "He had been ailing for some time," Dr. Altizer said, "and lived much longer than most of us thought possible." He noted that the death of God had, in fact, been prematurely announced in the last century by the famed German surgeon, Nietzsche. Nietzsche, who was insane the last ten years of his life, may have confused "certain symptoms of morbidity in the aged patient with actual death, a mistake any busy surgeon will occasionally make," Dr. Altizer suggested. "God was an excellent patient, compliant, cheerful, alert. Every comfort modern science could provide was made available to him. He did not suffer — he just, as it were, slipped out of our grasp." Dr. Altizer also disclosed that plans for a memorial to God have already been discussed informally, and it is likely a committee of eminent clergymen and laymen will soon be named to raise funds for use in "research into the causes of death in deities, an area of medicine many physicians consider has been too long neglected." Dr. Altizer indicated, finally, that he had great personal confidence that Jesus, relieved of the burdens of divinity, would, in time, assume a position of great importance in the universe. "We have lost," he said, "a father, but we have gained a son."

(Next Sunday's New York Times will include, without extra charge, a 24-page full-color supplement with many photographs, reviewing the major events of God's long reign, the circumstances of his sudden and untimely death, and prospects for a godless future. The editors will be grateful for pertinent letters, photographs, visions and the like.)

There has been as yet no statement from Jesus, but a close associate, the Holy Ghost, has urged prayer and good works. He also said that it is the wish of the family that in lieu of flowers contributions be made to the Building Fund for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City so that the edifice may be finished.

—Anthony Towne