motive

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motive

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contents

FRONT COVER: LET'S PHOSPHORESCE by ROBERTO MATTA ESCHAURREN, one of Chile's most well-known artists. (Photo courtesy of the Pan American Union, Washington, D.C.) Matta regards painting as "an act of faith" and his canvasses are visions in which fantasy seems to burst forth in sparks and explosions of extraordinary power. Matta proceeds from surrealism, but he is not in the strict sense of the term an abstractionist. "If you ask me what I seek," says Matta, "I shall reply that I am trying to discover the morphology of the psychic processes. Or rather, I am seeking a microscope with which I can scrutinize the spirit of man."

WOODCUT: HUBAND

SKIN DEEP

Dark or fair, taut or slack, rough or smooth,
Only the skins of words are useful now.
Shallow shoppers facing mounds of melons,
We read upon the surface.
Thump words well and listen!
Hold them to the mind like shells.
Sound them with the water-witching heart.
If they but echo, rend them
As one bursts grapes or tears a loaf,
And take them in their truth.

—JAMES WORLEY

R. O. HODGELL

The December issue of *motive* is one of the most creative, devastatingly timely productions that I have encountered. Where in America is a magazine of similar quality being produced? Where is the reproduction of magnificent contemporary art being faithfully communicated? I confess for me *motive* is an event not a magazine, a celebration of life unexcelled in contemporary publishing. If you published but once or twice a year I could understand the quality but to be bombarded month after month with these breathtaking, death defying experiences is almost more than I can take.

I have been reading *motive* for "nigh onto fifteen years" and I am ashamed to admit this is the first letter I have offered to let you know of my appreciation for your ministry. At times *motive* remained the crucial factor in my own decision to remain within the life of the church. Certainly that which gives birth to such as *motive* is something more than the flesh.

Best wishes for a continued rebirth of the spirit.

JOHN L. DOBSON
campus pastor
reno, nev.

We, the National Council of the MSM, see the most important issue facing American citizens today to be American foreign policy as expressed in the military action in Viet Nam. This war is a sign of failure of U.S. foreign policy; it is painfully obvious that a comprehensive national re-examination of the assumptions and strategies of American foreign policy must be undertaken immediately.

We affirm the signs of promise emerging from the recent attempts by world leaders, which indicate a willingness to enter into open negotiations on this international issue. Among these signs are Pope Paul's plea for a cease fire; the recent Italian initiative in behalf of peace; the offer of Secretary General U Thant to use his office in the interest of a negotiated settlement; the proposal by the Vietcong for a four-day cease fire during the Viet Nam new year, January 20-24; and the cessation of bombing of North Viet Nam by U.S. forces since the Christmas cease fire. It is absolutely necessary that we support these initial efforts at reconciliation and urge our government to take further action toward bringing this conflict to a peaceful end.

We are still deeply disturbed, however, not only by a general trend in foreign policy that has led our nation into armed conflict, but also by the authoritarianism which precludes the reasonable form of dissent necessary for debate. We are witnessing a time when national policy has come to such an impasse that it is almost impossible to discuss policy openly, even less to seek preferable alternatives. The right to disagree with governmental policy is being questioned, and dissent from our present policy is being discouraged, often with punitive intent. We are of the conviction that in order to assure that policy reflects the thinking of the entire citizenry, open and realistic debate is of the utmost importance.

In recent years we have come to understand anew the way in which the ethical responsibility of the Christian man inevitably involves political decisions. We hold, therefore, that the Church has a clear responsibility to engage intensively in open dialogue on American foreign policy in Southeast Asia. It is hoped that such dialogue will lead not only to a re-appraisal of that policy, but also to more responsible action and participation by the American people in foreign policy decisions. To meet, at least partially, this urgent need for public conversation, we urge you to join us in an attempt to stimulate meaningful research and discussion on the crucial issues in this complex problem. As a beginning, we propose that the following questions be considered:

—Who are the Vietcong?
—Should the bombing of North and South Viet Nam be halted for an indefinite period?
—In any negotiated settlement, what should be the composition of the South Viet Nam government?

—What are the political consequences in the United States of the present U.S. policy in Viet Nam?
—What is the relationship between the freedom struggle in the United States and the right of the Vietnamese to determine their future free from the forces of foreign powers, including the U.S.?
—What is the long-range national interest of the U.S. on the mainland of Asia?
—Is the domino theory relevant?
—What responsibility does the U.S. have to comply with the 1954 Geneva Accords?
—What role, if any, should the United Nations play as a peace keeping force in Viet Nam?
—What are the attitudes of the peoples of other Asian nations toward the present conflict?
—What are some guidelines for diplomatic relations between the United States and China in terms of the future of Viet Nam and all of Asia?
—How can we begin to understand and communicate with the Chinese people?

A statement adopted by
The National Council of the
Methodist Student Movement
at its winter meeting, Dec. 27, 1965-Jan. 1, 1966
nashville, tenn.

The article, "James Bond: America's New Hero," in your January issue is great. That you included it in an issue dealing with U.S. foreign policy is genius.
To you and Mr. Clayton, one thousand gratitudes!

Pat Burton
nashville, tennessee

The January issue arrived recently. I don't read *motive* to find out that the world is in a hell of a mess. What I want to know is, "Is there any word from the Lord?" Would it be asking too much for *motive* to discuss the Christian doctrine of reconciliation once in awhile?

John C. English
baker university
baldwin city, kansas

The Official Board of First Methodist Church, Lovington, New Mexico, has authorized me to cancel all subscriptions to *motive* which the church entered for its graduating seniors of 1965. The members of the Board request that you make a refund to the church for the remaining months of the subscriptions. However, if it is not possible to make a refund, keep the money, but *do not send* another issue of your magazine to any of the above designated subscribers.
The Board further instructed that I convey to you their intense disapproval of *motive*. We, as a Methodist body, do not feel that this magazine, in its present form, is compatible with the ideals of our present generation of young Christians.

Mrs. J. P. Morgan
lovington, new mexico

Enclosed is a check for my subscription to your outstanding magazine. I know of no magazine of such quality published by Catholics—including the one I edit. We would like to get permission to use some of your woodcuts from time to time, particularly those of Otis Huband's.

Thomas De Man, O.P.
season, a quarterly on contemporary
human problems
oakland, california

I surrender. I wanted to kick the habit. Stop spending money for your crazy publication. But the December issue just came. Amazing! You even open windows in Methodism.

Charles R. Simmons
altadena methodist church
altadena, california

The National Council of the Methodist Student Movement strongly urges the Board of Education of The Methodist Church to join us in our vigorous and continuing support of *motive* and its editorial staff. The magazine is, by necessity, controversial; any comprehensive understanding of the church's role in the world, and especially the university world, demands that it speak forthrightly to the crucial issues facing man at this moment in history. For any part of the Church to refuse to deal with the frontiers of life and the cutting edge of history constitutes, to a degree, a retreat by the church from its calling. Thus *motive* must continue to be an important gadfly in challenging Christians in the university world to understand some of the implications involved in being the church in a revolutionary age.

It is often stated that *motive* is not read by sufficient numbers of undergraduate students. The NCMSM challenges this view. *motive* IS read by undergraduates; indeed, in many cases *motive* is the only contact students have with the church.

motive strives for the highest quality in both articles and art. It is valid to question whether the publication thus goes above the intellectual level of many undergraduates. But the Council again contends that the intellectual level of today's undergraduates should not be underestimated. Further, students always should be challenged to increase their level of comprehension and understanding. Therefore we see it proper that *motive* should challenge students to fulfill their highest intellectual capacities. This also insures that *motive* will continue to reach and influence large numbers of graduate students, faculty and administrative personnel.

That *motive* is contemporary in its use of art is to be expected. For to relate to the university community, it is necessary to be at that point where various forms of art are most relating to contemporary life. This means that much of *motive*'s art (both verbal and visual) is likely to be misunderstood or misinterpreted by those not in direct contact with the university world. This is especially evident in the written word, where new forms and styles sometimes appear offensive to traditional tastes. This does not mean that new forms of expression should not be continuously explored. A spirit of tolerance and understanding is necessary on the part of everyone if free inquiry and exploration is to be extended to the farthest reaches of artistic expression.

The Council believes that education is the exploration of the future, as well as reflection on the past, and that *motive* performs a vital service to the university and the church by its continued quest for authentic expression and response to the world God has given us.

In the light of the above, the National Council of the Methodist Student Movement expresses a real debt of gratitude to *motive;* and calls on the staff to continue its editorial policy of providing the academic community with honest and sensitive poetry, art, fiction, and issue-oriented articles.

We urge the Division of Higher Education to continue its support of *motive,* both financial and otherwise.

Criticism which reflects serious thought and concern with the life of the world and modern man is a necessity in the life of *motive*. We would wish, however, that the steady stream of thoughtless, negative criticism, which must be answered year after year, could finally be put in proper perspective and resolved. A great deal of otherwise valuable time is continually being wasted which could be used to further improve the magazine.

Resolution adopted by
The National Council of the
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IN RESPONSE TO MARGARET RIGG

The more I think about Margaret Rigg's personality and work, the more I confront the whole situation of the artist and the public of today. It isn't appropriate enough to only analyze her style as a painter, or to talk just about the human, social or religious background of her brown and gold skeletal figures, or to define the lines, shapes, textures and colors of her work—or even to point out the originality of composing the pages of *motive*. All that doesn't seem adequate—and that is why I prefer to comment about the totality of an extraordinary human being who happens to be an artist in the midst of our confusing contemporary world.

I don't think that I say anything new when I state that many people feel rather unhappy about what is called modern art. This kind of art—yesterday it was Action art which slowly became Assemblage and Junk art, then it changed into Pop, then again it was Op and so it keeps going on—seems to be made to produce a strong headache to the harmless and unprepared public. The situation becomes even worse when the interested observer reads the texts written by or about the contemporary artist. Generally we read such surprising statements as: "It was the Post-Dada artist who discovered the final truth" and "our art world is full of either profoundly isolated geniuses or highly intelligent mystics." And then we go to the galleries and museums and look again at the works of art produced by all these important representatives of the twentieth century—and we come away feeling that the words and the works are two very different things. We sense that there must be a deep misunderstanding and that, in the end, one of the outstanding and obvious phenomena of our time is the almost complete victory of the critic over the artist. The lyrical songs and logical arguments which are touted to support these works seem to be stronger than the art itself.

There are not many artists who have enough self-criticism and intelligence to face their own desperate situation, which is, of course, the situation of the whole actual art world. One of the very few I have met in my life is Margaret Rigg.

Since Margaret Rigg is a friend of mine, I feel a little uncomfortable to write about her great qualities, her kindness and human warmth, her compassion and generosity, her genuine and consistent concern for human beings, but I know that these qualities are the essential foundation of her ideas.

She starts to work from the deep conviction that what she is doing in any field is rather poor; surely not so much because of a lack of ideas, but because she feels that her voice isn't strong and clear and convincing enough to be understood by everybody. (But it is a fact that her voice is much stronger and clearer and more convincing than that of most artists today.)

She thinks that whatever she happens to contribute to art and the celebration of life is less in terms of being a painter than in terms of finding a way to get rid of a duty which has to be done. (The fact is that she is not only an important painter, but also an excellent lithographer, wood-cutter, designer of stained glass windows and many other things, as is reflected in *motive's* feature of her work in your February issue.)

She always insists that it is the others who have a lot of say and that she is only the coordinator. (In reality she proved to be an outstanding writer and critic.)

Whenever one talks to her, she listens. She says that she knows very little about the world, mankind and art; she confesses to feeling like a student: ready to learn from other people. (The truth is that she is a real authority as a teacher and educator and that she has much more to say than most other people.)

As an art editor she said that she felt that it was joyful play to make a visual continuity from the front cover to the back and to do the best she could to make the magazine look a little more exciting. And she did, indeed. In fact, she was able to create a kind of environment which flowed from beginning to end through the pages of *motive*. Thanks to her extraordinary feeling for space—the tensions between typography, illustration and white space—*motive* became one of the best designed magazines of its kind in the U.S.A.

And all of this, in the midst of that confusing art world of today, which she accepts as hers. She never says "No" with her time; to the contrary, she always is open to experience new ideas, in search for communication—with God, with human beings and with herself.

No doubt Margaret Rigg is a person with a religious obsession. There are actually not too many intellectuals interested in her belief. In other words: her concepts are not fashionable.

On the other hand, she is open for all that strange, "ugly" and even "vulgar" contemporary art, which still is so much in discussion. In fact, she feels a part of it because she recognizes that in all this confusion of today's art there exists more authentic desire for communication (not well defined, but at least existing) than in many long and wise, logical declarations. She perceives that behind the stupid arrogance and vanity of the modern artist stands the same desperate and serious desire of communication which she is looking for. She senses that the role of the artist of today is comparable to that of a monk who is going to save the world through his prayer.

She sees that the only way out of this awkward situation is to bring the two opposites together: the nonconformist, talented but "crazy," hostile and "complex" artist and skeptic on the one hand, and the hostile public which has lost confidence in art on the other.

Whatever Margaret Rigg has done and is doing is a struggle for understanding. And I am sure that many, especially young people, have learned to understand, thanks to her. This has been, in my opinion, the meaning of her work as an art editor of *motive*. This is, I suppose, the meaning of any other job she will accept to make a living. And this is also the meaning (actually very rare) of her art.

Her paintings are not painted for art's sake. Even when they are complete abstractions, like some of her junk-collages, there is always a meaning, a message—often a metaphysical one. All these works are somehow aggressive; there is fight and tragedy in them and they are, no doubt, a typical expression of our time. There is the same struggle for understanding—of the *condition humaine*, of the poor and needed ones—but here it shows up in a much more violent way than in her personality. In her art, everything, even her most intimate aim and desire, her anguish and fear, seems much clearer and outspoken.

Margaret Rigg knows perfectly well that in our time art has lost much of its former spiritual function and its possibility to serve for communication. It may be that today, to be only an artist, is a much too selfish enterprise. It would be too easy, perhaps, for her. She prefers the difficult way, which means much more sacrifice than most people can imagine.

I suddenly realize that there would be still quite a lot more to say about this unusual instance of an *important human being as an artist*—and also about the *important artist as a human being*.

—Mathias Goeritz

AN EDITORIAL:

THE WAR IN VIET NAM

Why are Americans fighting and dying in the seething jungles of Viet Nam?

The State Department line goes something like this: the U.S. is committed to aid and defend the Republic of South Viet Nam by the pledged word of three American Presidents. This commitment is argued and defended today on the basis of the so-called "falling domino theory": if Viet Nam falls, Thailand falls; if Thailand falls, Burma falls; if Burma falls, India falls, etc., etc., etc. The Administration insists that if our country were to go back on its word, not only would Viet Nam be betrayed but the indispensable foundation of any kind of resistance to Chinese expansionism in all Asia, if not throughout the world, would be undermined.

This is a simple, straightforward explanation and, on the surface, a convincing one. Simple. Straightforward. Convincing. Herein lies the tragedy: that the Administration would justify our military presence in Southeast Asia by spouting simple, emotion-packed formulas. The U.S. is there, we are told, to defend freedom. We are there to help a weak and defenseless nation thwart outside aggression—an aggression which takes the form of a vast global conspiracy: militant Chinese communism. A noble undertaking, to be sure.

Public opinion polls indicate that the majority of the American people have swallowed uncritically this rationale. And the President wants—and needs—a consensus. A consensus. Ah, herein lies our hope! For over against the simple formulas and the seeming consensus stands the serious doubt of the President's critics: responsible public servants like Senators Fulbright and Morse, former Ambassador Kennan, columnists Lippmann and Reston, as well as millions of concerned American citizens. These vociferous critics have brought into sharp focus the fact that the issues are much deeper and much more complex than Administration policy would have us believe. The war in Viet Nam, it turns out, is anything but a noble endeavor.

I have just returned from a Christian Citizenship Seminar where some 100 college students struggled through seven days of intensive study and dialogue on the general theme, "China and Southeast Asia." Among the participants were a number of Asian students who are attending colleges and universities in the U.S.

The first half of the Seminar, held at the United Nations, considered the "Asian reality" from several different perspectives. The group then moved to Washington where it encountered more specifically the question of U.S. foreign policy. During the week the participants attempted to get beyond the surface considerations to some of the deeper issues. Though there was no consensus among the group regarding U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, the general tone was that the war in Viet Nam is both legally and morally wrong.

The group noted with some concern, for example, the obvious but seldom-spoken fact that our policy in Viet Nam has changed drastically in the last year. We are now engaged in a bloody land war; we are now conducting intensive bombing raids on the North; and the number of U.S. troops in Viet Nam has increased from 16,000 to 200,000. (The President now is hinting that this number may increase to as many as 300,000.) The policy of Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy that the Americans there be regarded as advisers has been abandoned, and they are now active combatants.

President Johnson has said repeatedly, as he escalates the war, that "there are no arbitrary limits to our search for peace," that we stand by the Geneva Agreements of 1954 and 1962, that we "will meet at any conference table, discuss any proposals and consider the views of any group." But we are told that Hanoi will not negotiate. Now we learn that Hanoi offered to negotiate last fall, before we started the bombings and the troop buildup, and that although Adlai Stevenson wanted us to take them up on this offer, the Johnson Administration declined to meet them. Was the peace offensive a hoax?

As the Seminar delegates talked to State Department officials, one disturbing fact kept recurring: the present Administration is curiously a-historical. President Johnson is not a good historian, we concluded, since he apparently is unaware of, or chooses to ignore, the history of the relations between Western white governments and the oppressed peoples of Asia. Theoretically we have long since condemned colonialism, recognizing that the old status quo of white political supremacy in Asia is gone. Yet, on a deeper human level, we continue to miss the boat. And I suspect communism is the reason. Because of our paranoic fear of communism we have shifted an existential, human need (social depravity and hunger) to an abstract, ideological level (democracy versus communism) and, in the process, missed a golden opportunity to defeat communism on its own terms. In Asia, some three million children die each year from hunger. Communism promises to feed these socially desperate people, in exchange for their bondage to the state. Unless we can offer something more than military might, then communism will win hands down, for the Vietnamese are willing and eager to make this sacrifice.

The U.S. once was a revolutionary nation. We conducted our own "war of liberation," and we won. But now we have become fat and contented. And in order to protect our own special interests and to maintain the precious status quo, we have racked up a miserable record in our relations with the underdeveloped countries in Latin America, Asia and Africa. Somehow, we always manage to end up on the wrong team by joining forces with the land owners, the war lords and the right wing hatchet men. All this in the name of freedom and democracy; all this to combat aggression; all this to save the world from communism!

But as powerful and as wealthy as we may be, the U.S. is not the savior of the world; to be sure, we still play policeman, but we are no longer respected. If we are to regain any of our lost integrity, then we must begin by ridding ourselves of a curious messianic complex, a complex which perhaps is summed up best by the following excerpt from a Washington, D.C. pamphlet:

> In every age, there has been one city which has seemed to be the center of the world, which the Fates have chosen to be the guardian for the hopes of all men to hold and control their aspirations, to determine the probability of their glory, or their happiness, or their misery, their bondage or their freedom. That world city in our time is Washington.

Are we to read this inscription as merely a harmless Chamber of Commerce-type public relations pitch? Or will it, in the end, become our epitaph?

—RON HENDERSON

by JOHN HAAG

A FEW POET-TO-PARSON OVERTURES

Angel Sounding a Trumpet — ORLOWSKI

POETS, like theologians, continually address themselves to something "beyond" man, but the two vocations tend to differ in their respective conceptions of the "beyondness" and in their manner of addressing it. Recently, as Christian thinkers have reexamined their literature, mythology and conceptual heritage, some of these differences have diminished. I contend that the gap must narrow further, for the crucial interpretive dilemmas which still confront theology will yield only when theologians recover their capacity for poetic understanding.

Poets and theologians were not always separate. Their divergence concurred roughly with the scientific developments that began a continuous series of embarrassments for the dogmatic theologians. Such fields as psychology and sociology have extended the process begun by the "exact" sciences: men like Freud and Fraser have rendered absurd that calcification of the mind which makes fundamentalism possible and which continues to taint much conventional theology.

Among our primitive ancestors the vocations of poet and theologian tended to merge—he who was either was likely to be both. As recently as three centuries ago the dual role was possible. Though one might quibble about where the line should fall, Milton seems to me to be the milestone beyond which it has become drastically and progressively more difficult to be both at once. Personally I would nominate William Blake and Wallace Stevens as candidates for the double title, but I'm not sure I could find a theologian to agree with me. In *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* Blake describes with startling acuteness the origins and decline of Western religion:

> The ancient poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations and whatever their enlarged and numerous senses could perceive.
>
> And particularly they studied the Genius of each city and country, placing it under its Mental Deity;
>
> Till a System was formed, which some took advantage of, and enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the Mental Deities from their objects—thus began Priesthood;
>
> Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.
>
> And at length they pronounc'd that the Gods had order'd such things.
>
> Thus men forgot that All Deities reside in the Human breast.

motive

No modern theologian who clings to the notion of Revelation is likely to accept the above as it was intended, yet even he, by analyzing the differences and similarities between the great poets and the great theologians, can clarify the choices he must make to escape his current cul-de-sac. At the heart of the matter lurks the problem of how we may conceive and describe what lies beyond human experience—at least ordinary human experience.

All this reminds me that my nominal subject matter happens to be Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God*. But this essay is neither review nor evaluation, except incidentally. I'm here to speak out, from this poet's viewpoint, on some of the vital issues he has had the courage to confront. Robinson is my most recent addition to a list of names I think of collectively as the "Christian Revisionists"—a personal mental category in which it is possible for Julian Huxley to rub elbows with Dietrich Bonhoeffer or Paul Tillich. In some respects I find Robinson as admirable as any of them—more so than some. He knows that Christianity can survive well enough as a club or fraternity preying on the multitudes who need a papa surrogate, who ask only for solace, not insight, who can't confront metaphysical problems for themselves, or don't want to. But he knows that in such lip service to love there would be no heart (there's little enough now) and to his eternal credit he is not willing to settle for that. In this area I much prefer him to Tillich, who, for all his apparently revolutionary attitudes, had no intention of relinquishing any of religion's coercive powers over its parishioners. I get the impression that Robinson truly would be willing to give up the corporate interests of Christianity-as-organization, providing this would implement the return to the spiritual and ethical focus appropriate to religion.

THIS is especially encouraging, for insofar as Christianity treats itself as a vested interest it betrays its spiritual founder. The argument that it must sell itself to survive is refuted by the prior fact that it cannot survive the sale. As the businessman-priest takes over from the poet-prophet, the corruption begins. By the time the message is reduced to its lowest common denominator and frozen into dogma, we have a readily saleable product, but one that retains next to nothing of its original visionary verity. Is this because ordinary men cannot understand symbolic, metaphoric or mythic representations of important human insights? Nonsense. The illiterate savage understands them well enough; the semi-literate Western man would understand them equally well were he not trained out of the sense he was born with and into a conviction that only the literal makes sense.

Robinson, in company with those before him who would "de-mythologize" religion, seems to me to be missing a point, or at least overlooking an important point of view: nothing prevents a myth from remaining efficacious even though recognized as a metaphorical expression of human wisdom. In fact I would argue that at least a tacit recognition is essential. Each de-mythologizer, as he attempts to define what he would put in the place of the excised myth, flounders among abstractions and semantic quibbles, and even an occasional bit of camouflaged mysticism. In each such celestial wrestling match as I have observed, the angel has won every fall. And as might be expected, anything that approaches a meaningful expression of that-to-be-substituted is done through metaphor. Consequently I find it difficult to understand why our advanced theologians persistently fail to notice that what religion needs is not "de-mythologizing" but "re-mythologizing."

From my point of view a process that might appropriately be called "de-mythologizing" would be the reduction of biblical metaphor to literal interpretation. The literalists have exploited man's inexhaustible appetite for the fantastic by teaching him to accept absurdities unquestioningly as literal fact rather than seek secondary levels of significance. Take, for example, the book of *Jonah*. I've tested this tale quite a few times on people ranging through all degrees of sophistication, and without exception they have assumed a whale is a whale. Nor have I found a parson who understands the fish's function in the story. Yet the action reveals clearly enough what it represents. Consider: Jonah was a man divided against himself; he was attempting to evade what, for all his aversion to the task, he clearly understood as his duty. Out of his own sundered and agonizing spirit grew the monster that engulfed him—and that coughed him up again as soon as he resolved to do what he knew he must. A literal whale? Drivel! Yet such has been the influence of the literalists that even while we snicker at the naive fundamentalists we share their fallacies.

One excellent reason for "re-mythologizing" is implicit in such a situation—and there are others. But

first let me make it clear that what I propose is not a regression. I am concerned that the modern theologian, for all his interminable discussion of myth, seems to have forgotten certain essential facts about how myth operates—and why we couldn't get rid of it if we tried. He seems to think myth is something others believe but he has outgrown, but I suggest that this side of omniscience no man will either exhaust the old myths or achieve full recognition of those he currently lives by.

Without presuming to define myth, I'd like to mention certain functions it serves, functions no poet can afford to forget: myth can body forth dramatically a symbolic and/or metaphoric representation of what we believe, of what we feel we understand about that complexity of existence which extends beyond us. Myth provides a means of organizing a great deal of complex insight around a basically simple structure which is capable of evoking that complexity in him whoever meditates on it, yet which need not contravene that complexity even when understood at simpler levels. It is a process in the human mind as fundamental as analogical thinking, to which it is intimately related, and we are not soon going to dispense with it. With it we grope into what is not known and organize what we perceive, or think we perceive, so that we can hold the structure in mind while we test additional pieces of the puzzle. Perhaps the theologian will object that I am not talking about the same thing that he wishes to deal with, but I think I am, and I think his view of it has ignored a variety of significant implications.

A thoughtful Christian can discern these functions well enough in the pagan myths, but, again, centuries of literal interpretation have created a context in which it is very nearly impossible for a practising Christian to uncover the wisdom originally embedded in his heritage. True, most Christians seem now to be able to accept the stories in *Genesis* as legendary—unfortunately, however, few have learned to rediscover their value. The key obstacle, as Robinson sees it, lies in the conception of a personified and spatially oriented deity. That this is the focal point of the necessary revision I agree, for in this central symbol we seem to run head-on into the limits of the human imagination: something (however identified) either is *there* or is *not there*, and if *there* it must be some*where*, and if it is to be meaningful at all it must be capable of exerting force, not merely in a random manner as per pagan concepts of fate, but out of some ethical concern for antecedents and consequences. Otherwise, what alternative have we but to place god inside ourselves, restricting his power to what he can exert through us? Not very satisfactory? Yet we must settle this question somehow or it will crop up continually, disrupting every effort to arrive at a workable ethic, which seems to me the chief business of religion.

However the theologian may be disposed initially to handle this matter, one fact he should, but seldom does, take into consideration is that a large majority of people who say they believe in god simply don't know what they're talking about. Just what is being believed? Whatever the ultimate truth of deity may be, one human truth is inescapable: no man can have a definitive understanding of deity. In talking about god we employ human concepts, and these concepts, assuming they are meaningful at all, remain so limited and fragmentary that it is most unlikely any two human beings are believing precisely the same thing. As the individual matures his concepts change—much, I suppose, as the prevailing official concept of god has changed as man and his religion matured. Robinson clearly believes we have reached a critical point in the evolution of our god concepts. I suggest above that much biblical myth could recover its efficacy, but on this fundamental metaphor—the expression of our concept of god—I agree with the bishop that drastic change is called for. The concept of god is one of the greatest and most potent ideas in human history. It has done yeoman service in representing a vital area of human experience. But the old versions aren't working too well any more; perhaps it's time to recognize directly the experience that these concepts have served to express.

Toward such an end Robinson makes much valuable and convincing progress, but he stops short of what seems to me the next, perhaps final, logical step. He still projects a "divine *agape*" outward, as though it were a property inhering in the universe we perceive, rather than a function of man's perception. Deity *enters* man, as it were, rather than emerges from him. Unless we affirm the notion of revelation, I don't see how we can continue to evade the implications of our interpretation of deity in terms of our own functions and activities. I think the bishop has swallowed some of Tillich's shoddier semantics, as in the case of a transcendence that fails to transcend anything.

When Tillich speaks of the Divine as located in the "ecstatic" character of this world rather than in some transcendent world "above" nature, he employs a not-very-subtle shift of terms in an attempt to claim as a revolutionary insight something poets have made very nearly a commonplace. Let's be clear about what is being transcended. The notion of transcendence which Tillich is trying to renege on has to do with things once thought of as quite literally beyond this world. Very well, I'm glad to see theology come back to earth. I'm even glad to see it till the same soil as I do. But I'll not have it usurping my territory as though this was the happy land it had really meant all the time. I'll admit that even some rather important poets have gone gasping after assorted infinities, but the beyond most of us have dealt with is the transcendence of ordinary experience—the possibilities of what man might reach, as opposed to assured absolutes in a bourne from which no traveler has returned.

I suggest that Robinson shares with all his fellows but Huxley, and perhaps Bonhoeffer, this difficulty in bringing transcendence back to earth. At the heart of their problem, rendering meaningless who knows how many thousands of pages of speculation thereon, lies their evasion of the fact that while there is no bridge *to* the infinite, neither is there one *from* it. If god is less than absolute or infinite, he can hardly possess the transcendental significance so long attributed to him, for note that the enormous is not significantly nearer than the minute to infinity. So there sits our old version of deity, trapped in his own absolutism, and no way to get out—a spot rather like the one Lucretius devised for the Olympians.

If my approaches to this are meaningful, we have a clash of doctrines of the sort Whitehead described as

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"not a disaster, but an opportunity." Most theologians seem to be addressing themselves to the problem of how to get god back to earth, but the poet maintains that he was born here and that nothing of him that matters has ever left. Of course when the natural world was as mysterious as the supernatural, man had trouble discriminating between them, but he's much better at it now and is gradually coming to the realization that the "supernatural" world is within him or nowhere. This clearing away of the doctrinal notion of god-at-a-distance Robinson handles quite well, on the one hand, even though on the other he still tussles with his transcendence problem. But I have difficulty taking seriously these struggles with phantoms, for the conceptual excrescences of non-experiential worlds dissolve once we comprehend the fallacies that created them.

A goodly portion of these fallacies originate in man's propensity to devise ideal concepts; then, on the inane assumption that he has a positive understanding of them, he presumes to apply them in practical terms. The consequence of this practice invariably is a statement that only seems to have meaning, yet survives because it proceeds from a non-disprovable assumption. That is, it survives, as long as we fail to notice there is no reason whatsoever to credit the assumption on which it is based. Of course the whole process is complicated severely by man's indomitable will to believe, in spite of evidence to the contrary, anything he feels would be too unpleasant were it not so. Just so, most of what we now feel the need to revise in religion originated in this inability to admit, or at least live with, our ignorance.

But haven't we made enough mistakes of this sort by now that we might notice the pattern they follow and learn something from it? Our understanding of space and time is still so primitive that we have not yet developed a capacity to conceive of something with no beginning. Must we therefore assume and describe a beginning to satisfy our uneasiness, however meaningless the description? To credit god with creating the universe only begs the question by transferring the "begininglessness" to god. Why does this make things any easier? The original problem has not been touched. The only alternatives that make any sense are either to inquire what made the universe-maker, which leads to an unending repetition, or to admit our present conceptual limitations. If we review the history of ideas, we may observe that its path is littered with the dessicated carcasses of ideas that could breathe only the atmosphere of the non-disprovable. Our anthropomorphic papa in the sky—old Nobodaddy, as Blake called him—has pretty well joined that company. Perhaps we are preparing to leave our transcendental puppet behind as well.

IN his chapter "Recasting the Mould" Robinson says some especially encouraging things, but I find a fallacious notion in the title itself. If we aspire to a dynamic comprehension of that experience we are accustomed to refer to as god, we no more want an image of it than we do for the force of gravity. As Wallace Stevens puts it in the course of defining a suitable object for belief, "Give him / No names. Dismiss him from your images./ The hot of him is purest in the heart" (*Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction*). At times Robinson seems perfectly aware of this, as when he observes:

> . . . the debate staged on the Areopagus is a debate that is never closed. It has constantly to be reopened, as one idol is knocked down, only to be replaced by another. For the Christian gospel is in perpetual conflict with the images of god set up in the minds of men, even of Christian men, as they seek in each generation to encompass its meaning. These images fulfill an essential purpose to focus the unknowable, to enclose the inexhaustible, so that ordinary men and women can get their minds round God and have something on which to fix their imagination and prayers. But as soon as they become a substitute for God, as soon as they *become* God, *so that what is not embodied in the image is excluded or denied,* then we have a new idolatry. . . . (italics his)

It seems to me the "essential purpose" these images fulfill for "ordinary men and women" contradicts his assertion of what must not happen, nor can I agree that the purpose referred to is actually essential—which matter I shall return to later. But he is close to the awareness that the area of experience in question must be understood in terms of a dynamic rather than a static balance, and that's a considerable accomplishment for a member of an institution which adamantly resists the dynamic.

I know of no one, theologian or poet, who has explored the implications of this insight more thoroughly or expressed them more precisely than has Stevens. He knows that in the absence of a proof for the primary epistemological question, man can neither think nor act without at least implicitly believing in something. Throughout his work he adumbrates that in which we may most meaningfully and profitably believe. Once, in a talk on the BBC, I referred to Stevens as a religious poet who did not happen to believe in god, yet I recommend him unreservedly to anyone who is involved in the problem of how we should regard that area of experience. The reader will discover no new or revised image of deity nor receive any news from another world, but he will learn much about evolving a faith in which an intelligent man can believe, and about human experience which transcends the ordinary.

BUT what about religious experience and the common people, who, after all, make up a substantial majority of the religious? Various pastors responded to Robinson's book with the complaint that it complicated their work. One generally intelligent letter included the questionable observation that some people needed "not the strong meat of the advanced theologian, but the simple milk of the Gospel." In the first place the gospel is not simple, however much it may have been simplified for general consumption—and I'm sure the new concepts will have their simplifications for these people soon enough. Secondly, newer and truer ideas usually do complicate things, but never so much as our reactionaries fear they shall, and each revolution in thought has proved prodigiously profitable.

Against the complaints must be balanced the even greater number who wrote in praise of the book, observing that it *simplified* their work by providing an honest, profound and lucid study for their inquiring members, young or old. I admit to a greater interest in those who inquire, but I am not calloused to the disturbances the less imaginative will suffer. However, I have noticed that the latter tend to accept what authority tells them they should, and whether they change or not they are little prone to extended emo-

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tional upheaval over ideas. In any case I doubt it would take long to get them settled in the new over-simplifications.

It's the serious, thoughtful people, including the best of the young, who tend to be driven away from religion by its entrenched absurdities, and a lot of them carry some quite ghastly emotional scars as a result. Does the church expect intelligent people to refrain from growing up because the majority are not capable of doing so? Isn't it obvious that the church must deal intelligently with these people or accept responsibility for the mess they make of their lives and of their society? And what of those who reject belief privately, are even contemptuous of it, but continue with the facade? (And don't tell me their numbers are insignificant.) How can such cynics be anything but divisive and pernicious both in and out of their church? Gabriel Vahanian, in *The Death of God*, discusses this "religiosity" that characterizes our culture to such a great extent. It is not faith, but "an expression of sublimated loneliness" and an effort to hide from doubt. If his is an accurate vision of our society, it's frightening how badly needed is a meaningful revision of our god concepts.

WHEREVER I look I see the spiritually maimed and starved who would ask of religion only something the intellect can swallow. As a university professor I have ample opportunity to observe distressing instances of the malaise. I do not consider it my function to tamper with the religious convictions of my students, but in the liberal arts it's impossible not to do so indirectly. As one teaches the student a tighter mental discipline and a respect for validity of statement, the student in turn tends to apply these to his mode of accepting whatever religious doctrine he believes. He then may grow dissatisfied with the *way* he believed, but he will think that *what* he believed was inadequate, and he makes the pendulum swing to a stance that seems to him quite the opposite. He becomes as violent an 'atheist' as he was a 'theist' formerly, not recognizing that his passion for belief is as great (often greater due to his increased attention to it), and that this is the true measure of his religiousness. This characteristic crisis takes a savage toll of our finer young people, and it is agonizing to watch. The university and its environment can hardly be blamed, for it's our job to hone the mentality, not soften it. If these kids were given religious training that made better sense, their belief could survive, and so could they.

And so the multitude who cannot keep the faith continues to grow, and may eventually include nearly everyone who allows himself to meditate on the problem. Yet these dissenters are seeking something in which they may believe: one thing that will not collapse at the first firm touch of the mind. Many churchmen seem willing to fail in their obligation to these people because they remain a numerical minority. Need I point out the error in that? Typical of the response is one parson's analogy that to take god out of the sky would be (for the majority, I presume) like telling kids there's no Santa Claus. Very well, but we *do* tell them. Sooner or later even the human race must put away the toys of its infancy.

Santa seems an excellent analogy: take away the literal figure and the child soon recognizes that just as much good will and spirit of giving remain in the hearts of men. No more is the religious spirit between man and man dependent upon the figure of deity. Many assume that to concede god a name for something in man would be to leave man no hope. I equate this to the fallacy of Turgenev's nihilists who assumed where fundamental sanctions were concerned, that absence of absolutes meant absolute absence. That would seem a hopeless situation, yet out of the ferment of nihilism grew the modern existentialist's awareness that it's time for man to accept the responsibility for his own acts rather than foist it off on a deity. That man might have faith in the best in himself does not seem to me as foolish as to continue to rely on a crutch that will not hold his weight—especially once he realizes that he fashioned the crutch himself, out of his own strength, to help him in his feebleness. As Stevens puts it: "This happy creature— It is he that invented the Gods. It is he that put into their mouths the only words they have ever spoken!"

But for all this I do not propose, any more than does Robinson, that we merely do away with god. I want to make it a viable concept again, and this can be done only by expressing him as a symbolic figure, by reintroducing to religion the poetic element out of which religion was born. My argument is no different in kind than many which religion has weathered before. Luther's debate with Zwingli on the eucharist (Zwingli, incidentally, was the de-mythologizer) essentially was about what a symbol is and what it is not. It's a difference between what it means and what it is, between something understood about a thing and the supposed absolute nature of that thing. However, there's a drastic difference between an object to which we have attributed a symbolic value and an idea that was created to symbolize something—and that is where the trouble starts: we attribute to the idea a life of its own and haunt ourselves with the projections of our own fantasy.

Nothing is more characteristic of our thought processes than the habit of abstracting human attributes—honor, integrity, malice, what have you—and projecting them outward as though they were external forces, yet we don't forget that *these* have no existence independent of the behavior represented by the word. Why could not our collective religious impulse be thought of as a pervading spirit symbolized by our god concept, yet never divorced from its origins? The poet wouldn't find this difficult, and by recovering a bit of poetry Christianity might lay aside most of its coercive weapons and once again serve the religious impulse of all.

Christianity, for all its desire to give the impression of immutability, is no stranger to change. At the beginning of its struggle, when it was an upstart challenger to Mithraism for the domination of Rome, it tried every trick in the book, adopting whatever rituals would draw the crowd. It very well may be at just as crucial a stage in its development—certainly it's going to have to do something. We have become victims of our own inventions. Many of our religious devices no longer are capable of the jobs they were designed for, remaining only as monstrous guilt-generating mechanisms, far more destructive than beneficial. Until we can naturalize god once more in man's imagination, we will get nowhere, and we can accomplish this only by recovering a poetic perception of god in human experience.

SSOC

Bridging the Gap Between Bureaucracy and Anarchy

By JACK NEWFIELD

TAKE the humanist anarchism of parts of the New Left, the church-oriented populism of Southern reformers, stir with the saintliness of Norman Thomas and Martin Luther King, and spice with the anguish and alienation of SNCC. The result is an unlikely brew called Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC).

The temptation to idealize SSOC is great because the need for some group like it is so clear and because its student leaders are so devoted. Furthermore, its achievements in the year and half since it was founded have been significant and far-flung, ranging from an excellent newsletter to a rebuilt community center in Hattiesburg. But above all, it has been a laboratory where many of the experiments and ambiguities of the Movement are being tested.

One of the most difficult of these experiments has resulted from SSOC's desire to work with "everybody" by which it means the anti-American left, cautious fraternity liberals, and everything in between. It sees itself as an umbrella under which everyone from Congressman Henry Gonzales, to John Lewis of SNCC, to Al Lowenstein, a disciple of Frank Graham and Eleanor Roosevelt, to Mrs. Anne Braden of the Southern Conference Education Fund, can serve on the same advisory board.

This umbrella notion, born in part of a naivete about the tribulations of the American Left, seems for the moment to have been accepted, even by groups which have rejected it in a host of other situations. Perhaps each of these groups hopes, or expects, that SSOC will emerge politically in its image if it helps to sustain SSOC en route—which could spell disappointment for a lot of groups, and trouble for SSOC sooner or later.

SSOC is also trying to resolve the twin tensions that run through almost all New Left organizations: that between bureaucracy and anarchy, and that between radicalism and liberalism.

A passion for freedom and individualism is one of the definitive characteristics of the Movement. There are large numbers of near-anarchists in both SNCC and SDS who distrust all bureaucracy and centralized authority, even those of their own organizations. But the development of a national office, a somewhat stabilized leadership, and some structure seems to be inevitable. And SSOC painfully, perhaps reluctantly, is moving in that disciplined direction.

The schism between reform and revolution, which exists in SDS and did exist in the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, is especially sharp within SSOC because of its unique constituency—the Southern campus. SSOC was organized in part as a result of SNCC's move from campuses into the communities of the Black Belt; but Southern campuses generally are still dominated by football-fraternity patterns, and the enclaves of hipsterism and radicalism that flourish in the North and West hardly exist at all, even in places like Vanderbilt and Tulane. Furthermore, the whole political spectrum is foreshortened on Southern campuses: there are few liberals, and fewer radicals. Radicals, however, are usually the more committed and more activist, and most of them have been eager to find channels through which to participate in political or social protest. In short, what SSOC has discovered is that liberals must often be recruited, while radicals flock round; and so its membership, which is largely self-selected, has tended to give the organization an increasingly radical base.

Since the SSOC leadership has been deeply influenced by SNCC's Bob Parris (Moses), and by the SDS brand of clenched militancy, it is not upset by this trend. What is less clear is whether the in-rush of radicals will increasingly turn away less radical (if more numerous) student groups.

ON the third day after the first sit-in in Greensboro, in February of 1960, white coeds from the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina joined the picket lines. Other whites—Casey Hayden, Sam Shirah, Robert Zellner, to name a few of the most active—were involved in SNCC almost from its inception.

But it wasn't until the 1963-64 school year that a significant number of Southern whites began, often timidly and self-consciously, to join civil rights marches and picket lines. In Nashville, in that fall of 1963, a group of about 30 white college students became active in an effort to integrate the Campus Grill, which is situated across the street from the Joint Uni-

versity Library (Vanderbilt, Peabody and Scarritt colleges). This first sweet taste of activism deepened the commitment of the Nashville students as it was to do with so many other students elsewhere; and after this campaign had ended successfully, they formed the Joint University Council on Human Relations. Their first project as a Council was a tutorial program for Negro children in Nashville.

So it may be said that SSOC, like SNCC, was born at a lunch counter in the struggle for what John Lewis calls "hamburger freedom." For from this Council was to grow the Southern Student Organizing Fund, and then the Southern Student Organizing Committee.

These students, pioneers in so many ways, were not, of course, the first Southern white students to challenge segregation. The SSOC pioneers were, in fact, the legatees of a heroic, if little-celebrated, earlier generation of white integrationists who had blazed a path in the middle South over a period of two decades. This earlier group of prophets, working without the protection of the 1954 Supreme Court ruling, had done such things as integrate the State Student Legislature of North Carolina in 1945, and help Bayard Rustin and others of the first Freedom Riders in 1946. It had even organized a large South-wide student conference to discuss ways of starting what was then called "desegregation." Much of this earlier activity had centered in North Carolina, where the valiant and benevolent leadership of Frank Graham had made possible the kinds of discussion that led to fundamental social reappraisal, and the kinds of action that can result from such reappraisal.

Among the most devoted and effective of the student leaders in that first generation were Douglass Hunt, now a high official in the Johnson Administration; Connie Curry, long with the U.S. National Student Association; Jimmy Wallace, now a professor at North Carolina State University; and Al Lowenstein, who later was to become the chief recruiter for the historic 1964 Mississippi Summer Project, and who has also helped recruit for the SSOC board of advisors.

Lowenstein, who was chairman of Aaron Henry's Freedom campaign for Governor of Mississippi in 1963, provides one of the all-too-few threads of continuity between the pre-Supreme-Court-decision and the post-sit-in generations. It may be significant, or even ominous, that he has not had increasing difficulty—even hostility—in his dedicated and disinterested efforts to help maintain a bridge between these generations, and within various segments of the Civil Rights community. He feels that this is "the natural consequence of the great progress in race relations," and of the new problems—and new kinds of problems—which this progress has brought to the fore.

But now SSOC must discover whether an organization that is maturing at the very time that these "new problems" are becoming paramount, can achieve—and sustain—the kind of cooperation that even the most skillful and experienced individuals have been able to induce only for brief intervals and for specific, immediate goals.

At first the Southern Student Organizing Fund was set up simply to "explore the possibility" of providing a link between the widely scattered groups of white Southern students willing, or eager, to be involved in the burgeoning push for civil rights.

This "exploration" led to a conference in Nashville on the weekend of April 3-5, 1964, of some fifty students from 15 campuses in 10 states. This conference confirmed the commitment to civil rights, but it decided as well to expand future activities to include academic freedom, capital punishment, unemployment, and peace. Out of this decision emerged a "loose coordinating structure"—the Southern Student Organizing Committee—and a statement of basic principles entitled, "We'll Take Our Stand." This document said in part:

> We do hereby declare, as Southern students from most of the Southern states, representing different economic, ethnic and religious backgrounds, growing from birthdays in the depression years and the War years, that we will here take our stand in determination to build together a New South which brings democracy and justice to all of its people . . .
>
> We hereby take our stand to start with our college communities and to confront them with their surrounding communities, and to move from here out through all the states of the South—and to tell the Truth that must ultimately make us free. The Freedom movement for an end to segregation inspires us to make our voices heard for a beginning of true democracy in the South for all people. We pledge together to work in all communities across the South to create a non-violent political and direct action movement dedicated to the sort of social change throughout the South and the nation which is necessary to achieve our stated goals . . .

Student organizations tend to be fragile things whose character on any campus may change drastically with a graduation or a few dropouts, or with the arrival of a few freshmen. SSOC as an experiment, with little on which to pattern itself, was particularly susceptible to uneven growth, and its tenor varied widely from place to place. It cooperated in the 1964 Mississippi effort, but its "White Folks Project" there was not an overwhelming success. A subsequent Christmas program, which sent 38 volunteers to work in community centers and canvass for voter registration in Meridian and Hattiesburg, was much more effective both in the communities involved and for the student participants. But the unresolved identity crisis of the organization, and an even broader questioning of whether it made sense to continue a separate operation like SSOC in the midst of the flood tide of the Negro Revolution, made it inevitable that the most important events of SSOC's 1964-65 school year were its two major conferences. Both conferences were held in Atlanta, one in the fall and one in the spring.

The number of participating students and schools

motive

tripled the totals of the year before. There were wide-ranging discussions about Viet Nam, university reform, poverty, and lengthy and passionate examinations of the race question. There was also a virtually endless dialogue about individual and group identity. A wide variety of speakers assisted in this dialogue including Leslie Dunbar, then director of the Southern Regional Council; Steve Weissman of Berkeley's Free Speech Movement; and Stokely Carmichael of SNCC. And eventually the students selected an advisory board, laid plans for broadened fund-rasing drives, decided to try to expand their base on Negro campuses, and mandated extended programs in fields of social protest.

The statement of program adopted in April, 1965, in Atlanta showed some interesting contrasts to the founding manifesto. The later statement asserts:

> The last five years of Southern history has stripped the 'Southern way of life' of its magnolia blossoms and Southern belles. Mythical racial harmony has been replaced by fire hoses, cattle prods, and police dogs, and the illusion of comfortable plantation living is slowly fading, in view of sharecropper shacks and the poverty-stricken homes of coal miners in Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee. The decaying system of segregation has helped to clarify other social and economic problems of the South, so that today we are living in a region where there is an obvious need for broad secular changes if the New South is to be a well-balanced and just society . . .

The six-point program outlined at the end of this statement includes: "accomplishment of a truly-integrated society"; an end to personal poverty and privation; an end to "public poverty which leaves us without decent housing, schools, parks, medical care and communities"; a world working towards the "easing of tensions of the Cold War"; an "end to man's inhumanity to man"; and—with a bow to SDS's Port Huron Statement—"a democratic society where politics poses meaningful dialogue, and where each man has a voice in the decisions that affect men's lives."

THE April meeting also elected SSOC's current officers: Howard Romaine of the University of Virginia, chairman; Howard Spencer of Tougaloo College in Tougaloo, Mississippi, vice chairman; Herman Carter of Southern University in Baton Rouge, secretary; and—perhaps hopefully—Roy Money of Vanderbilt, treasurer.

But key to SSOC's survival and growth has been its remarkable staff—Kathy Barrett, Ed Hammet, Archie Allen, Gene Guerrero, Ronda Stilley, and Ray Payne, the field secretaries; and, above all, the indefatigable executive director, Sue Thrasher. It has been Sue Thrasher's almost overwhelming integrity and charm that have caused innumerable doubts in innumerable places to be resolved in favor of SSOC.

Although its identity crisis remains essentially unresolved, and although its experimental approaches are still tentative and their results inconclusive, SSOC is continuing to grow slowly. This is due in large part to the indomitable devotion of a handful of workers, and to the goodwill of a broad, if sometimes still skeptical, range of sympathizers. The number of members in affiliated chapters continues to creep upward, some money has begun to come in for specific projects, and a Thanksgiving conference on university reform attracted students from a good part of the South to the University of Arkansas. Plans are being formulated for a pilot project in community organizing in a large Southern city, and the field secretaries continue their efforts on campuses throughout the South.

Analysts and politicians may still disagree about how widespread is the current dissent from Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, but no one can doubt the *depth* of discontent reflected in such cutting edges of protest as are provided by SNCC, SDS and many of the Viet Nam Day committees. Furthermore, there are the teach-ins in the universities, the activism invigorating the churches, the grape strike in California, the new centers of intellectual dissent centering around publications like *Liberation* and *the village voice* and around organizations like the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. Then, too, there are pot, LSD, underground movies, and weird haircuts.

And there is the Southern Student Organizing Committee working in what may be the most neglected constituency of all: the Southern college student. No one can yet say how great a contribution SSOC will make in the proliferating expressions of social protest in the United States. What can be said is that the contributions SSOC has already made have been valuable and have been achieved in the face of enormous obstacles. What these students might be able to do, adequately financed and with a clearer focus born of longer experience! But any fair analysis of SSOC at this point should end with questions, in the fashion of *Blowing in the Wind,* and of Bob Parris: Does SSOC want to broaden its appeal to include large numbers of students willing to support moderate reform, or does it want to become a spearhead against the System? There is room for both, but does it want to be both? Could it, if it wanted to?

As cleavages deepen between factions on the Left, can SSOC remain the one organization to appeal to "everybody"? Could SSOC survive the loss of the small, extraordinarily talented cadre that has sustained it to date? How will SSOC relate to the new politics of the urban South, represented by men like Congressman Charles Weltner of Atlanta and Alabama Attorney General Richmond Flowers? And how will SSOC relate to third party efforts like the MFDP in Mississippi and the new SNCC-oriented party in Lowndes County, Alabama?

And finally, amid all these pressures and pulls, can SSOC carve an identity for itself that would be distinguishable from SNCC and SDS, suited to the Southern milieu, and yet supportive of new forms of social protest?

A Portfolio of Chilean Painting

MATTA

ANTUNEZ

BALMES

BARRIOS

BONATI

BRU

NUNEZ

OPAZO

ORTUZAR

YRARRAZAVAL

ZANARTU

OBSERVATIONS ON CHILEAN PAINTING

By MARGARET RIGG

IN two short weeks in Santiago I found a gold mine: a community of artists willing to share their time and show their work to a *Yanqui gringa*.

Before leaving the U.S. (as a member of the Methodist Student Movement study-travel seminar) I had tried to gather information and names which would provide immediate entree to Latin American artists. But I arrived with only the sketchiest information.

Our July arrival in Santiago coincided with the cold of the Chilean winter. But Santiago was beautiful, and the people were, as we had been led to expect, exceptionally warm and friendly. So I set out on my personal tour of the small private galleries and museums to see what the artists were doing and to discover their names.

Toward late afternoon of the second day, I had the good fortune to meet Guillermo Nunez, a painter. We talked for a long while in one of the galleries and he invited me to visit his studio the next day.

Nunez' studio was on the second floor of a large, old building, and was cheerfully crammed with his huge canvases. I spent a whole day of his valuable time looking at everything he could drag out. Later, over hot and welcome coffee we talked about Chilean art and the great activity of the artists in Santiago.

Señor Nunez gave me many names and addresses of other artists and during the next few days I bussed and taxied my way to their homes and studios and offices. Without exception, the hospitality and generous welcome extended to me by each artist was overwhelming. Most of all, they opened their studios to me and we talked in a relaxed, unhurried way for hours.

In contrast to the complexity of the Buenos Aires art community and the great distances separating the artists in Brazil, the Chilean artists impressed me with their real and lively community. They are constantly in touch with each other. Although there are great differences in styles and individual credos among the Chilean artists, they maintain a fraternal spirit toward each other that is quite unique.

The artists I met in Santiago impressed me also by their genuine sophistication about international contemporary painting, and the special place of Chilean painting in Western art.

Matta is the most famous of their painters outside Chile. In a sense, his painting provided me with a clue on how to see the work of all the other Chilean painters. Matta is surrealistic; his is the sensibility of the earthquake. And he has remained a Chilean although he has not lived in Chile for many years.

The violence of nature lingers in the makeup of every Chilean and somehow shapes his destiny. As I looked at the work and various styles of these painters, I could sense the hovering presence of "earthquake" in them all. This is true, surprisingly enough, even with Roser Bru's delicate, soft-toned, tranquil paintings of sleeping families. Their dormant forms reminded me of the same spirit contained in Henry Moore's drawings of the sleepers in the London bomb shelters. Their very expression of warmth and security speaks about life lived in the shadow of chaos, whether it is natural or man-made. Bru's contented creatures sleep, though surrounded by the potential disaster of volcanic eruption.

The marvelously lyric paintings of Nemecio Antunez are deeply imbued with a Chilean sensitivity which walks the thin line between violence and a beautiful peace. He paints in and of a land that knows both. His shining colors recreate the sparkling brooks, the brooding majestic mountains to the east, the wind which flies the children's kites, and the insistent great earth-spirit imbedded in the Chilean landscape. Antunez paints the songs of this land.

Then there are the canvases of disciplined rage which Guillermo Nunez paints. Shapes of bones, human bodies—gaping, torn, bleeding, in agony, in sorrow, in passion and violence. The earthquake art is an art of revolution, direct or indirect. In Nunez' paintings, the reference to revolution is exceedingly direct.

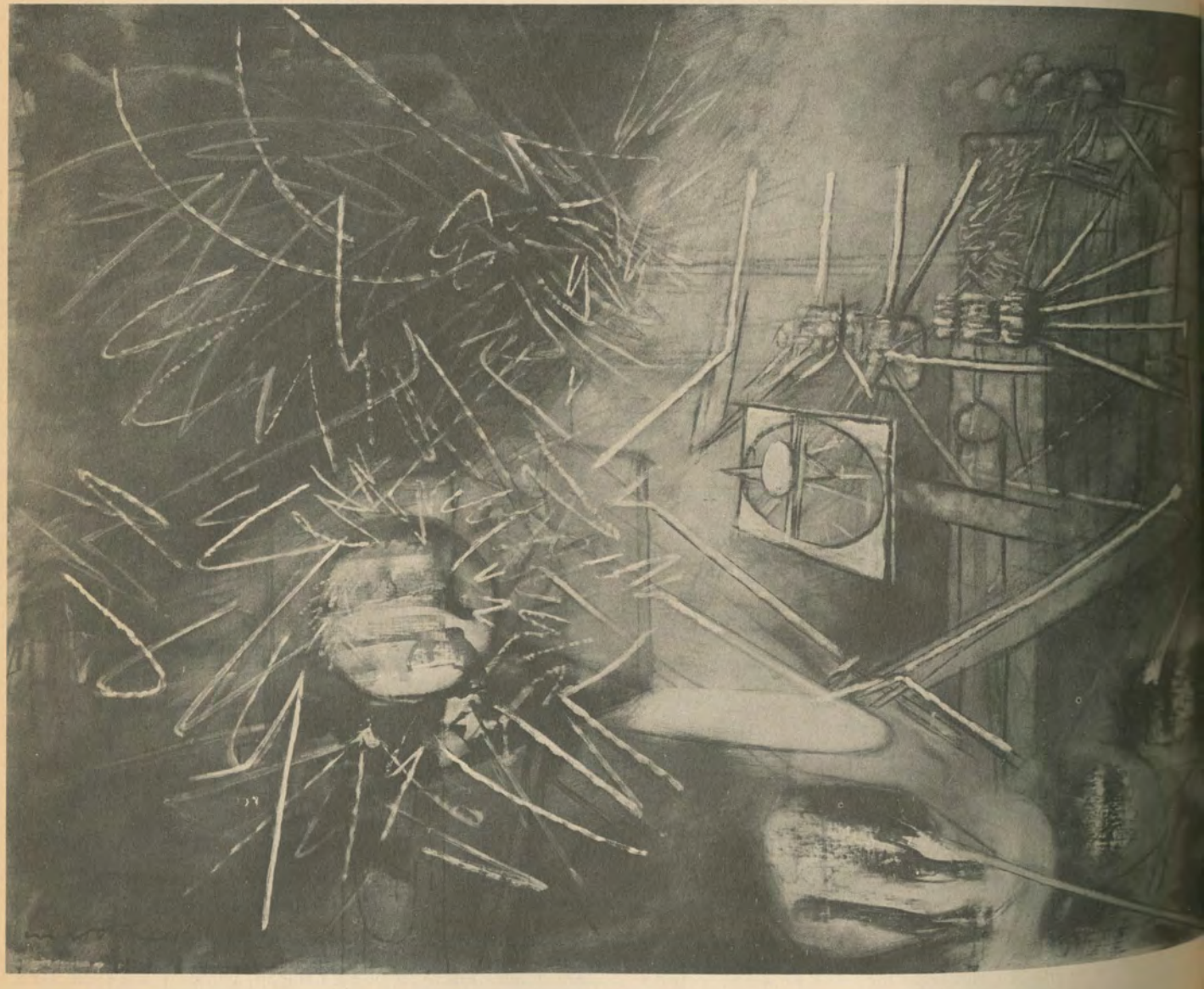
Revolution brews also in the works of other Chileans: In Balmes it is seen in the repressed and expressionistic use of forms, materials and colors, and in Barrios, with the incised surfaces of thick paint. Revolution appears in Bonati's controlled, swirling strokes expressing forces and powers, and in Opazo's human forms brooding on matters of life and death. Ortuzar imprints his surfaces; the resulting richness is both ancient and of the future. Viewing his work gives one the same feeling as looking at the graffiti covering the Santiago walls, scrawled there by anonymous passing hands seeking to mark their passing. Revolution is in Yrarrazaval's formalization of the painting surface: somber, like signs pointing to our solitude. And in Zanartu's arrested movement marking the moment of being and time.

The spirit of revolution which is synonymous with Latin America is prevalent in the great variety of Chilean painting. In fact, one would be surprised not to find it. Chile is undergoing rapid social and economic changes, and these painters are deeply aware of being Chilean, while at the same time fully aware of the trends and styles of international painting.

Chile is a most impressive South American country. As it moves into its future, perhaps through art we shall find the opening to genuine dialogue and communication.

PORTFOLIO DESIGNED BY MARGARET RIGG

LA FUREUR DE L'ESPIRIT 1957 MATTA



CHILEAN PAINTING TODAY

BY NEMECIO ANTUNEZ

IN Chile, there are peaceful, sensitive, organized and patient people. We live in a dramatic landscape of volcanoes, high mountains, deep frozen oceans, cold forests, hot deserts, and antarctic ice.

In this Southern country, there is a strong political consciousness in every citizen; people vote for ideas and not for men, as in most neighboring countries. Since high school, children with any knowledge of politics know as a game who among their classmates is a conservative or a Christian democrat or a communist. Later at the universities, they join the different parties' youth movements.

In Chile, artists also are politically aware.

Each painter has an original way of being Chilean—not in the way the Mexican painters formed a political movement with their murals—but as an individual sympathy with a party. Whatever he paints has a feeling of his own way of living and thinking—a flair for what is Chilean.

This happens because the painter in Chile is generally quite serious about politics and his citizenship identity. They paint from the inside out. There is a great difference between Chilean and Mexican painting. Mexicans "illustrate" their revolution, explaining to their people who are the good guys and why, and who are the bad ones, and what should be done to improve their lives. In Chile the painter paints his own world using all the various styles available. He paints what he thinks, what he likes and dislikes, as an independent concerned for his Chilean identity.

You can see in Matta, Nunez and Balmes a violent protest against injustice; in Yrarrazaval and Ortuzar, figures related to Indian rug weaving, pottery or ancient Chilean legends. In Zanartu and Antunez, the relation of the human figure to the landscape of mountains, oceans and geological formations, or in Opazo, interest in religious subjects.

All of us are individuals with a special and original language of form and color, but these forms are influenced by Europe, North America and Chile. Everything that is going on today in art at home and abroad has been assimilated and then re-created. The past art of both Chile and Europe, as well as the present work, becomes important material for the contemporary Chilean artist.

It is quite significant that we have become a community of friends. We get together and discuss our paintings and painting in general, politics, wine, and girls. We are not a "group" but just friends unconcerned about social backgrounds or "schools" of painting. This interchange of ideas produces in our work a common feeling—which is inevitable if you consider that Chile is a cultural island. The Cordilleras and the vastness of the South Pacific, plus the fact that Chile is the last stop on a trip South (nobody crosses Chile to go somewhere else), makes Chile a kind of terminal nation because most people arrive here intentionally to stay and not as tourists.

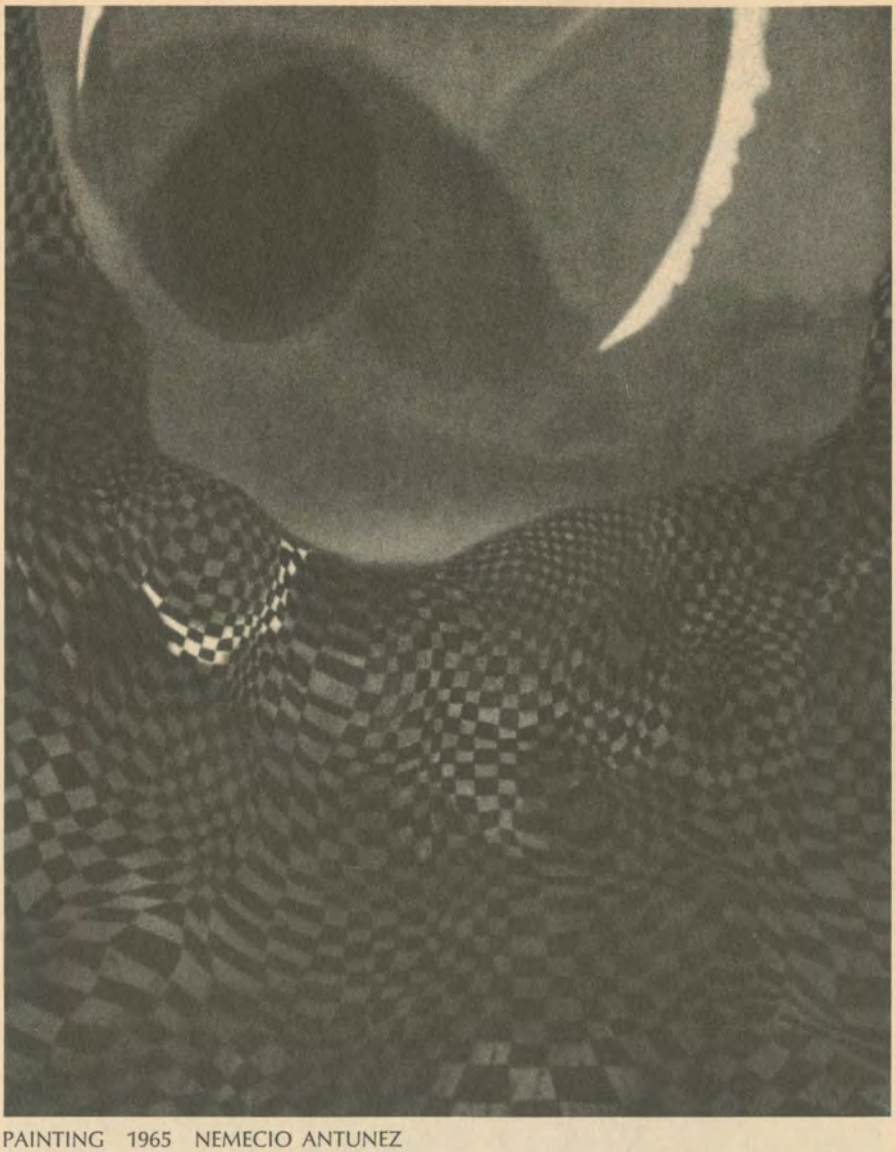
This common feeling in Chilean painting that all of us have is, in different proportions, a poetical quality. Chile inspires this. Ours is a poetical country: the landscape is poetical, the people are poetical; it is a country of poets. The people read poetry; poetry books are best sellers in Chile and poets like Pablo Neruda and Hindolro, among others, have created with their images worlds in which the painter lives and finally re-creates. I think this is the main characteristic of our work: emotional. We can say of the painting what Garcia Lorca said of Neruda: ". . . mas cerca de la muerte/que de la filosofia;/mas cerca del dolor que de la inteligencia;/mas cerca de la sangre que de la tinta." (". . . closer to death than to philosophy; closer to pain than to intelligence; closer to blood than ink.")

But while these artists paint, how do they live? Most are teachers. Yrarrazaval is Chile's best ceramist, Nunez is an scenographer, Opazo, Zanartu and Balmes, teachers. Antunez and Ortuzar work at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Santiago, and Roser Bru is a wife and mother. Matta, the best-known Chilean painter, works and lives in Paris. He is a leading figure in the international art scene. His originality and brilliant mind have influenced many artists in Europe and North America as well as in Chile. Matta is in his early fifties, young and dynamic. Chronologically after him are: Antunez and Zanartu, both brothers in their mid-forties; Nunez and Balmes in their mid-thirties and Opazo, Yrarrazaval and Ortuzar, not yet thirty.

All of us represent in our different ways and styles a strong example of the work of this intensely active group of artists in a nation that is living in a crucial moment of its one hundred fifty years of independence. Chili's example is being observed with great interest in all Latin America.

Of my own work I cannot say much: I know the land in which I live; I have traveled all over its territory which has no east or west, only a north and south. I am concerned with its geological formations: red volcanoes, blue lakes, deep oceans, snowy mountains. I have painted it all. I paint what I see and how I feel it. I paint my experiences, more or less realistically. I don't care about terms—realistic or unrealistic, etc.—I just paint what has impressed me. How? The way I know how. . . .

The colors to me are like the emotional temperature. I see colors in the people, in nature; I like colors and use them—not with a theory but just as they come out, brilliant, pure.



PAINTING 1965 NEMECIO ANTUNEZ

Clouds stones suns women lovers horses
I wrap them together on a table cloth
I live poetry I paint life maybe.

Biography: Painter and printmaker, I was born in Santiago in 1918. I studied architecture in Chile and the United States. I lived in New York City from 1943 until 1950, in Paris from 1950 until 1953, and then I returned to Chile in 1953. There I began intense activity in art: oil painting, printmaking, murals in offices and private buildings. I illustrated books: Oscar Wilde's Ballad of Reading, *Pablo Neruda's* Tres Cantos Materiales, 100 Sonetos de Amor, *Nicamor Parra's* La Cueca Larga, *Rey Salomon's* Cantar de los Cantares, *and Alec Ginsberg's* Aullido. *I founded "Taller 99," a workshop of printmakers which followed "Atelier 17" of S.W. Hayter in 1957. Today "Taller 99" is incorporated in the program of the School of Art of the Catholic University. From 1961 until 1964 I was Director of the Museum of Contemporary Art of the University of Chile. Now I live in New York as the cultural attaché for the Ambassador of Chile.*

—NEMECIO ANTUNEZ

MY COMMUNICATION

My paintings shall be a testimony of something that happens and moves us, that interests me and us, that affects us, that hurts us; so that in a visible and tangible way this reality that touches me and surrounds us can be there to say, 'I, too, like you.'

Biography: I was born in Barcelona, Spain in 1927, and studied at the School of Fine Arts of the University of Chile.

—JOSE BALMES

TESTIMONIO NO. 5 1964 JOSE BALMES

I WISH MY PAINTING WERE SOMETHING ALIVE

I utilize matter to give accent to the organic, and the color to give the psychic climate. I paint images and emotions of the human being. In the picture, the background and the figures will have the same importance because, in reality, both complement each other like a conglomerate of cells. The open composition and the cut forms will strengthen the sensation of fragments of something. I cannot accept the ideas a priori. I only give importance to the human being and sentiment (feeling).

Biography: I was born in Santiago in 1927 and studied at the School of Fine Arts of the University of Chile. I have also studied in France, Italy and Spain. At present I am professor of drawing at the School of Fine Arts, Santiago. **—GRACIA BARRIOS**

TRES FIGURAS 1964 GRACIA BARRIOS

NOCHE BLANCA 1964 EDUARDO BONATI

I want my paintings to be a day-by-day report of the outside and inside life. Like a newspaper with soul.

Biography: I was born in Santiago in 1930 and studied at the University of Chile and Iowa State University. I was awarded a Fulbright and have a Guggenheim at present.

—EDUARDO BONATI

I PAINT TO EXPRESS MYSELF

I am interested in the theme: "man and woman." This is life which is repeated over and over through them, carrying sorrows and joys, rebellions, deaths and births, all tied up together.

In my childhood I used to see a sign of a little boy who had a can in his hand. The can had a label of the same child with the can in his hand, this can also had the child with another can. . . .

Life, it seems to me, is something similar to this. Everything made of everything, one inside the other.

Drawing from this theme, I try to express this ageless theme in my painting—and to give aesthetic enjoyment which can be obtained from color, the pencil stroke, the texture, or the incision on a metal plate.

Biography: I was born in Barcelona, Spain in 1923. I arrived in Chile in 1939 to study at the School of Fine Arts in Santiago. For several years I have belonged to the "Taller 99" (workshop) of engraving. I am a professor of painting at the School of Fine Arts of the Catholic University in Santiago. I love the nature of the line, the paint and the paper.

—ROSER BRU

TOTAL DE DOS FIGURAS 1961 ROSER BRU

CHILEAN ART AND ART IN THE USA

Chile's economy is underdeveloped and dependent, hence the high culture which prevails at one stratum of society is not well distributed throughout the population. Most intellectuals are aware of this struggle because they daily confront the problems. And these national characteristics both compel and conform the artistic creation in our nation.

The Chilean painter is obliged to integrate himself into his culture. He must look for his niche. He must be introspective, according to the social reality. He must be both ontological and telluric.

The Chilean earth—this lonely, devastated landscapes—feeds painters like Antunez and Zanartu. Ortuzar looks for another sort of reality in the perforated rocks from the early civilizations. He wants to find his meaning in the ancient myths. He works out his art in his dreams and ambitions, in fighting or sometimes in friendly dialogue with the modern technology.

Opazo, like myself, expresses visions very much like Matta's surrealism which has been slowly penetrating into a tortured world. Occasionally he is peaceful, full of mysticism and religiosity, which is Chilean (American) in its essence.

Gracia Barrios, Balmes and myself are directly engaged in the violence: the social cry. We differ in the realization, but all have the same purpose. We are looking for the same roots.

The Chilean or American (referring to the whole continent) is present in the hidden violence. Later this violence can burst out fluently, like an earth eruption or like angry men. But it is true that we can be accused of not attacking directly the immediate problems of our land: the slums, hunger, poverty, malnutrition, the high mortality rate of our children.

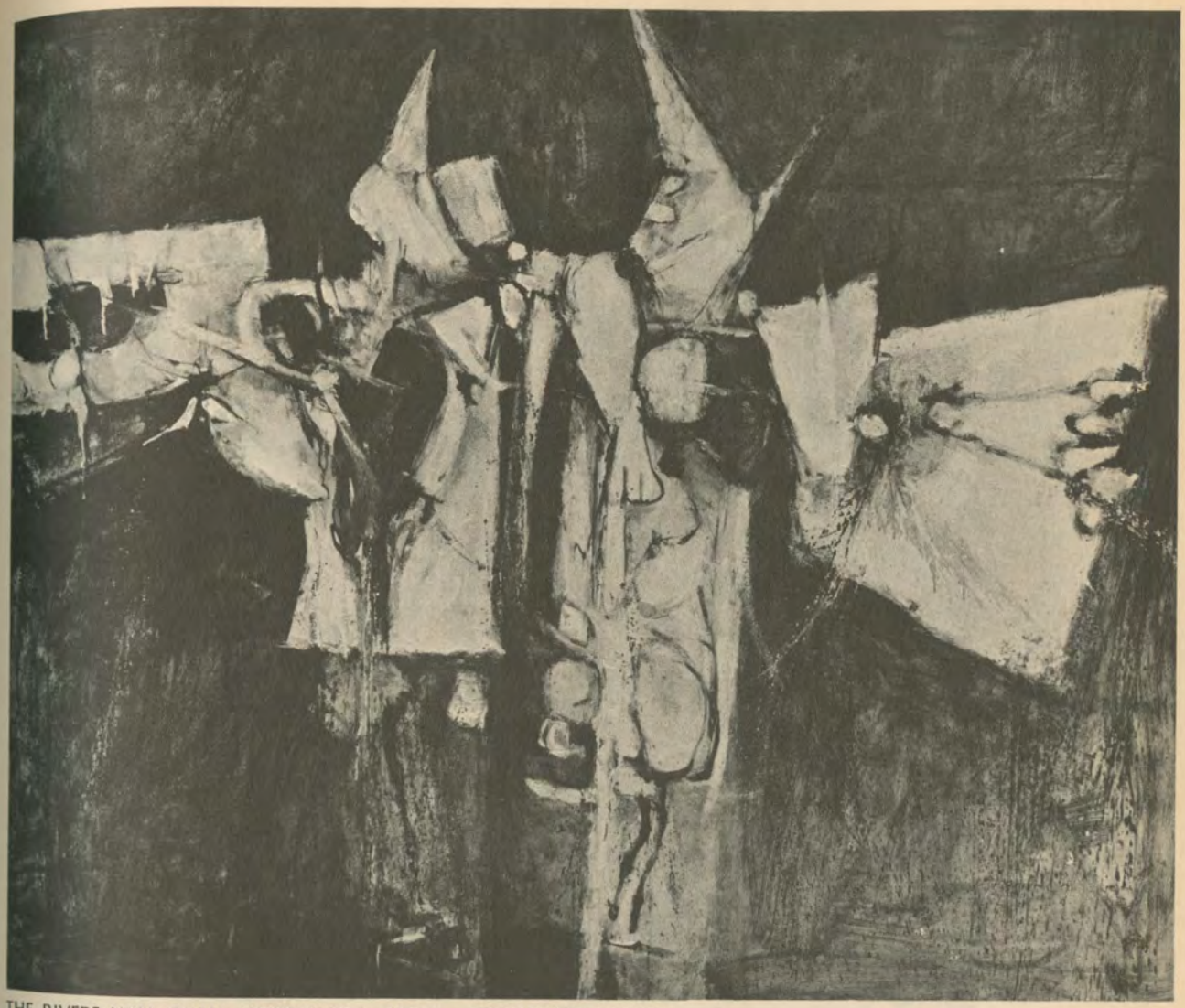
But I personally think these issues are present when, with our paintings, we protest. They are in the themes of our work.

The Chilean plastic arts are deeply influenced by Europe. Many Chilean painters have traveled or studied there. Since last century, France has influenced much of our painting, but lately this influence is declining. We prefer to look for our own essence. However this French inheritance has been rather healthy. It has prepared us for the discussion and evaluation of our own problems. More important, it has helped us to achieve meaning in art.

In Europe, painting is more "problematic." The artist asks questions of himself, which he tries to answer according to his own reality. His ecological medium is in constant discussion. It is a militant co-reality.

Art in the U.S., even though it is powerful, is signaling toward the emptiness. From Jackson Pollack up to now, with increasing intensity, there is a protesting against something, but against what?

Pollock, Kline and de Kooning were an excellent start; however they have not been superseded in "meaning" by the following generations of artists. The U.S.A. has almost fifty million poor people (though your poverty is not like our misery) and enormous racial problems. The U.S.A. is confronting a foolish and hard test in Asia. The world watches



THE RIVERS WILL COME AFTERWARDS 1964 GUILLERMO NUNEZ

how some are crying and fighting for freedom (not yet for comfort) in Africa and America (the continent). The world sees how Asia is desperately suffering. Viet Nam suffers daily bombings, and there many die.

But nothing, nothing of this is present in the U.S. paintings! While the world threatens its end, the U.S. dances around its new idols, the Campbell Soups paintings. This is where I think U.S. art is false. It doesn't start from the depth of real life, but from the surface layer which has no importance.

So much of the publicity about U.S. art is only an evasion. Publicity can be a torment; however it is secondary when it is seen against the torments of hunger and injustice. U.S. art is nihilism without any sense. Inside the boxes of "Brillo of Andy Warhol" there is nothing, just emptiness. It is really "art without content."

Op art and Pop art seem to me like those products that are shown in the glass windows of the department stores which are labeled at the bottom: "False, for propaganda purposes."

—GUILLERMO NUNEZ

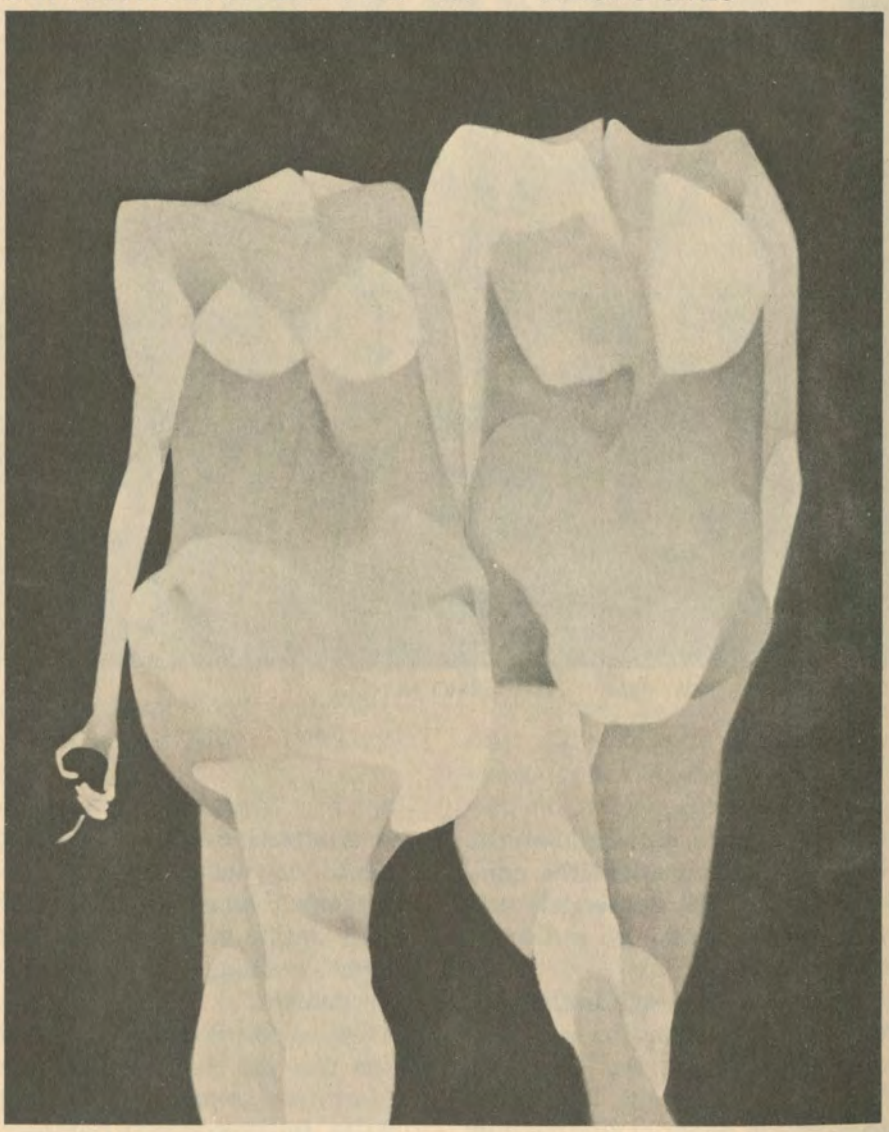
OF MY PAINTING

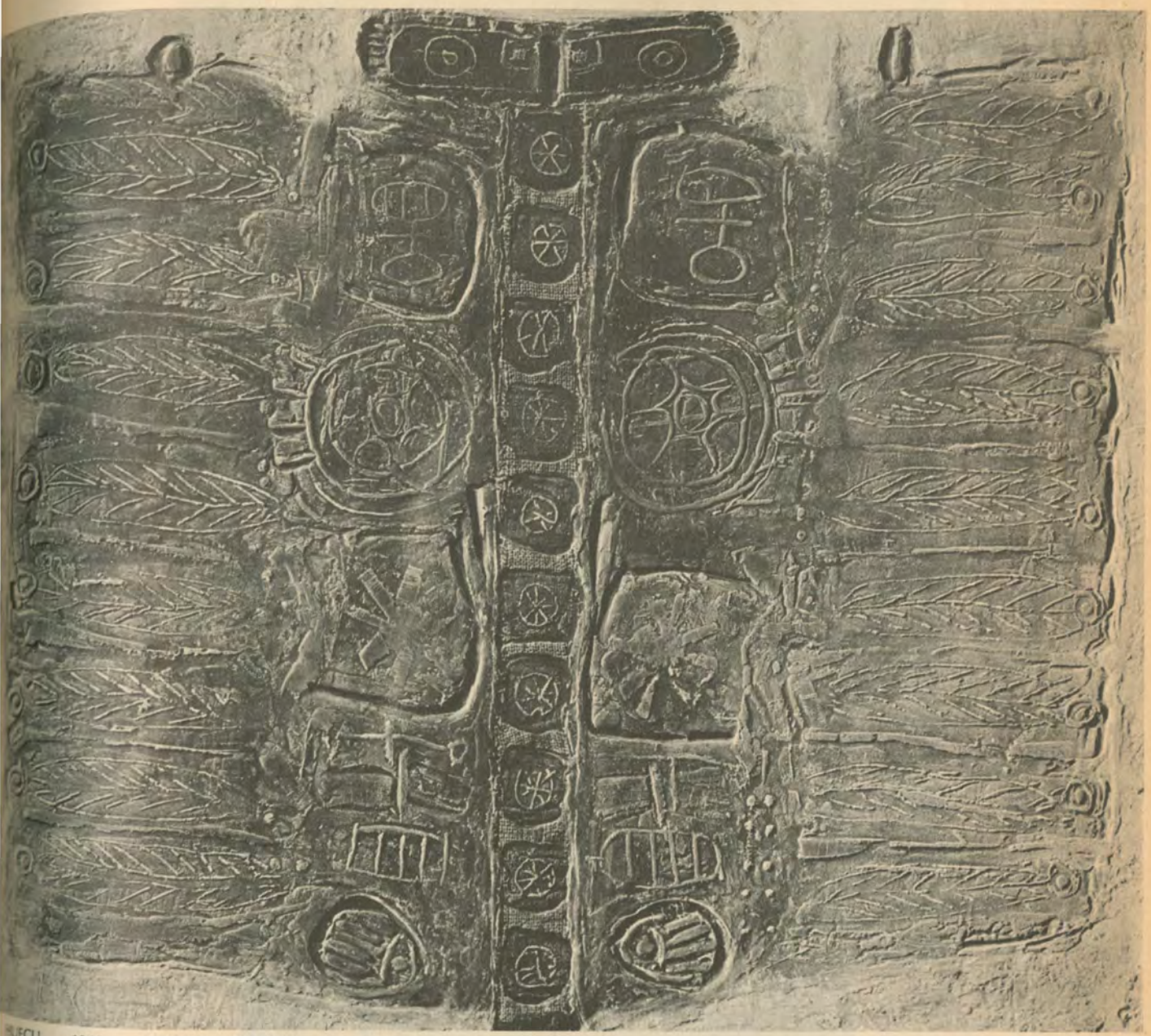
The thing is to attend every day to the instant of the creation of man without loosing any of his movements when he awakes from the deep sleep; to observe very closely the gesture of his mouth when he give you a good day greeting; and to think that his luminous eye will darken little by little, how pitiful . . .

Biography: I was born in 1935 in Santiago. I studied at the School of Fine Arts at the University of Chile and Pratt Graphic Art Center in New York.

—RODOLFO OPAZO

UNA INSTANTANEA DE ADAM Y EVA 1964 RODOLFO OPAZO





HUECU 1963 CARLOS ORTUZAR

I was born in 1935 in Santiago and studied in the Fine Arts School at the University of Chile.

—CARLOS ORTUZAR

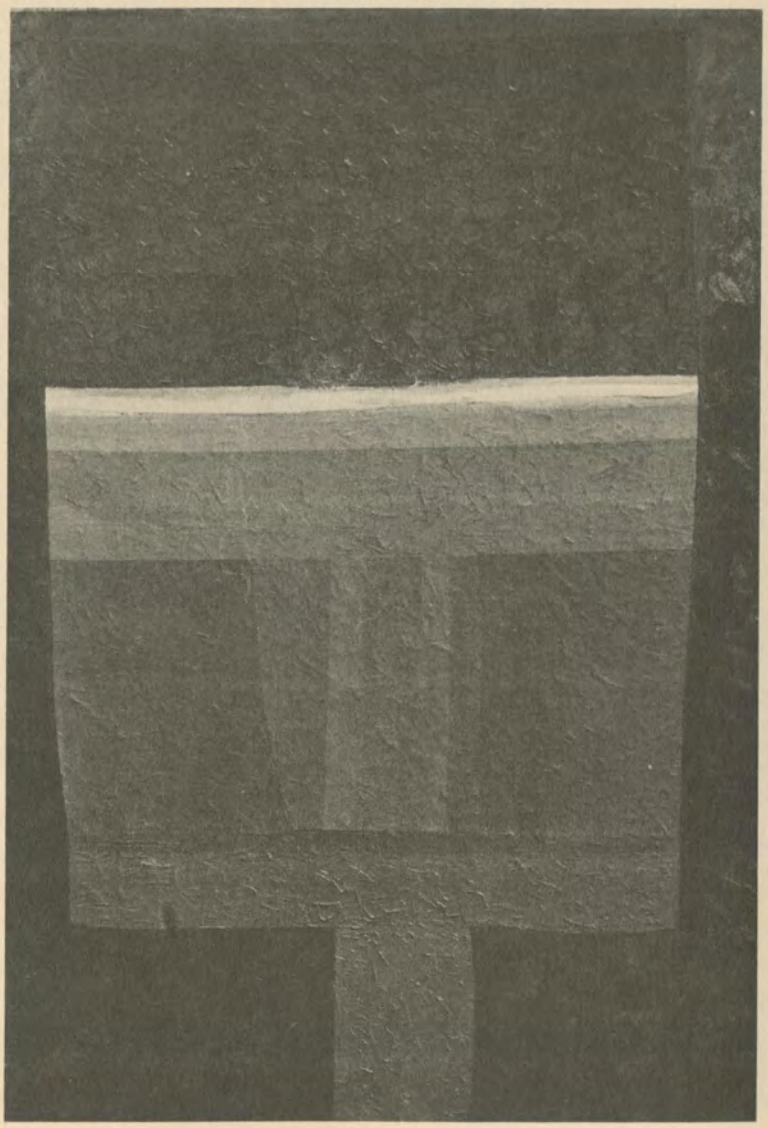
MY PAINTING COMES OUT OF MY INSTINCT

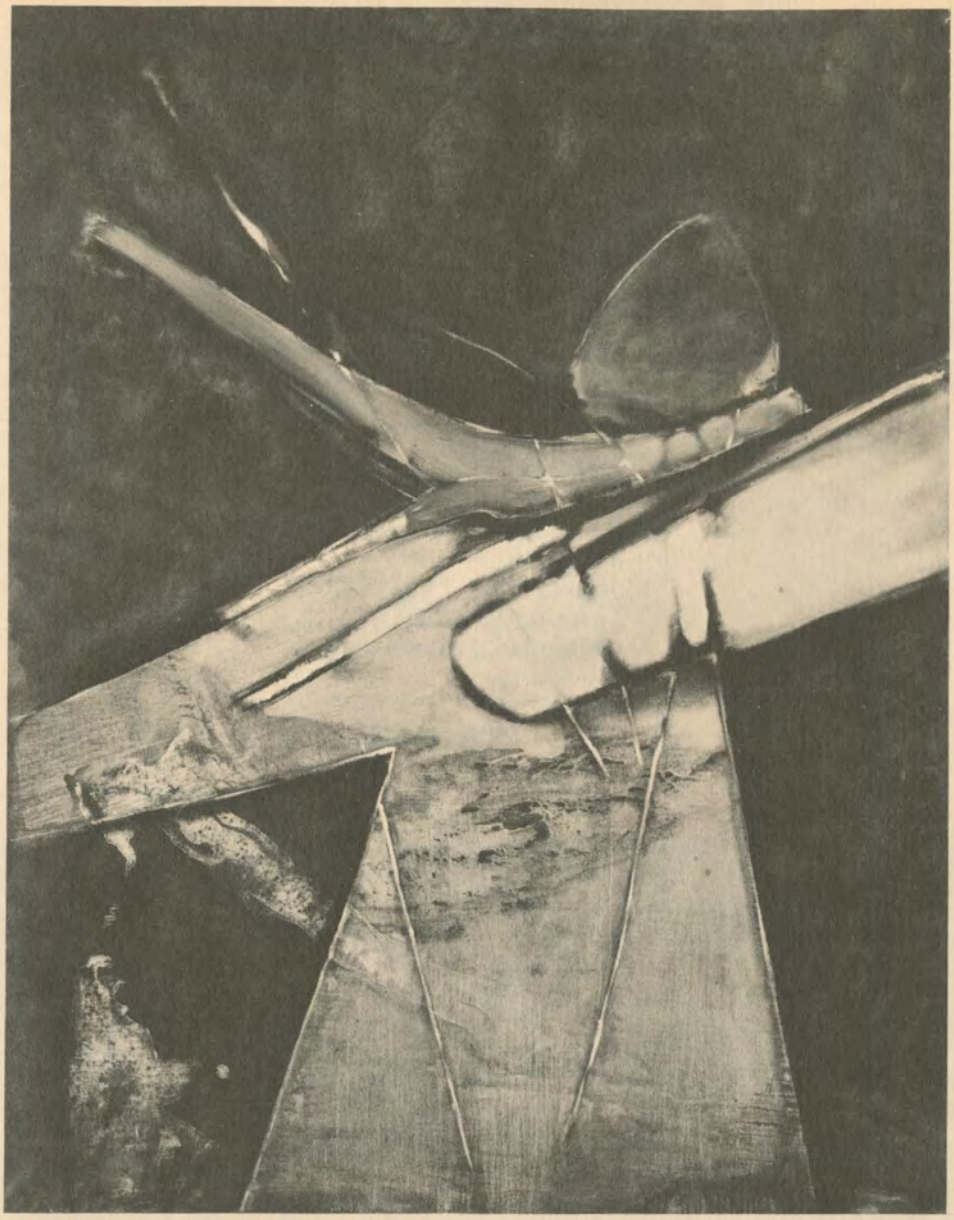
My instinct drives me to paint through my visual experience. My instinct also builds in myself images from which the presence of a static figure is brought to the surface. Upon this figure, very far away from reality, I feel the necessity of impressing the solitude in time that I feel has overwhelmed man and landscape in this part of South America.

Biography: I was born in 1931 in Santiago and I studied in Rome at the School of Fine Arts, in Paris at the Juan Academie, and in Vallauris, France.

—RICARDO YRARRAZAVAL

ROSTRO 1964 RICARDO YRARRAZAVAL





PAINTING 1961 ENRIQUE ZANARTU

I was born in Paris in 1921 of Chilean parents and started painting in Santiago in 1928. I lived in New York City from 1944 until 1947, in Cuba from 1947 until 1949, and in Paris since 1949. A painter and an engraver, I am at present teaching at the Kunstakademie in Stuttgart, Germany. I am also an illustrator of many books.

—ENRIQUE ZANARTU

#13

(*from* 108 Tales of a Po'buckra from the Lower Cape Fear)

Mosquito sting po'buckra.
Ouch!
Mosquito say
  Don't hollah at me, white man.
Po'buckra say
  Then quit bitin me.
Mosquito axe
  Ain't I heern you tell
  that Nigger he ought to
  forgive he enemies
  and pray for them what
  persecutest him?
Po'buckra say
  Mosquito, you
  damyankee bastard,
  this twixt the Nigger'n me.
  We don' need no outside
  agitators.
Mosquito say
  I a inside agitator,
  white man. Feel me, Baby.
Po'buckra say
  Ouch!

—WILL INMAN

ART OF THE SONNET: 230

my son burns toy shadows
burns dreams alive
pulls hairs apart like mouths
turning down burn
in tips like the falling stars
of his eyes he stares
at glowing in the palms
of his dark sweating with sleep
a parttime toy he dare not keep
in the frosty meadow of his lung
lest he burn his heart
between each dreaming beat
that fathers icy breath rise to purr
come wake where fur meets fur

—GIL ORLOVITZ

SOUND OF BRASS AND WELL TONED CYMBALS

By LORENZ SCHULTZ

In the past several months, there have been two notable additions to a growing library of jazz settings for various liturgies of the church: *Jazz Suite on Mass Texts* (RCA Victor LSP-3414) and *Vince Guaraldi at Grace Cathedral* (Fantasy Stereo 8367). The former is arranged and conducted by Lalo Schifrin, a talented Argentinian who became known through *bossa nova* and his television and movie scores, and performed by the woodwind genius, Paul Horn (featured on flute, alto and bass flute, clarinet, alto sax), his quintet, orchestra and choir. The latter is a musical setting of the Eucharist composed by Vince Guaraldi, noted jazz pianist, and performed by him and his trio assisted by the Gregorian chant of the Grace Cathedral Choir. It is indicative of a growing interest in the role of jazz in liturgical worship that these two major albums were released within a month of each other. Each of these albums, in its own way, reaches new heights.

On the surface, the Schifrin-Horn undertaking certainly appears to be the most ambitious effort of the two and in turn would probably be considered less pertinent to the local parish because of the number of musicians needed to perform the work and its more involved musical setting. In his review of the two recordings, *Harper's* jazz critic, Eric Larrabee, wryly suggests that Paul Horn's artistry "almost rescues" Schifrin's score (*Harper's*, November 1965, p. 138). One could not question Larrabee's knowledge of jazz, but one could challenge his knowledge about the meaning of worship, particularly in the light of the rather cavalier fashion in which he dismisses the *Jazz Suite*.

Father Norman O'Connor of the Paulist Fathers, a devoted student of jazz, has given us a very enlightening discussion on the record jacket of *Jazz Suite*. He suggests that prayer too frequently suffers from boredom and mediocrity and needs a transfusion or more involvement with the daily action of our lives. He says further:

> Man must pray in music and he must pray in freedom. He must be able to sing, even when he is in the group, the congregation. . . . Jazz knows no other ritual than that of freedom, and therefore it looks at prayer as a natural ally and feels no inferiority about its attitude since the roots of jazz are deeply imbedded in religious actions and song.
>
> ("Thoughts on Liturgy and Jazz")

Perhaps, because of his own background and training, Father O'Connor enables us to appreciate the liturgical significance of the *Jazz Suite* which Larrabee either could not or would not see. One of the more intriguing aspects of Schifrin's setting is his effort to make contemporary the choral portion of his music—the chant—so that it is an integral part of his musical setting rather than existing alongside that setting. The ethereal, often dissonant, quality of the choir's music is a worthy complement to Horn's artistry. Undoubtedly the most controversial section of the work will be the *Credo*, an ascending cacophony of voices with Horn's whirling alto sax improvisations in the background. In describing the intent of Schifrin's setting as a happening, an event, Father O'Connor says:

> His idea is so simple. There is no music for the singers but only the instructions that each singer (that's you and me) is to open his version of this mighty statement by singing the first line at the lowest tone that he can manage with grace. . . . Once this line is finished, he then moves up a step and continues in the same fashion. . . . There is the ascending, demanding, stairway of voices—each announcing to the world *his* creed and yet doing this in the midst of his fellows.

One's first encounter with the dissonant, ascending flood of sound can only be described as shock and bewilderment. In fact, one might suggest that Schifrin's setting is more indicative of anarchy and chaos rather than a corporate confession of faith. Yet Father O'Connor comments further:

> A dream exists in which this is done in a Cathedral, and for once, each man is on his own and shouting musically to his God what he believes . . . yet, in community, which is the desire of the world today.

The issue posed by Father O'Connor and Mr. Schifrin's music is that, in traditional Christian worship, freedom and spontaneity have been stifled in favor of proper decorum and order, and the question arises as to whether or not a legitimate expression of the believer's worship of God has been lost in the process. Besides the overwhelming power of the *Credo,* Schifrin's moving setting for the *Agnus Dei,* the lilting joy of the *Sanctus,* the pleading prayer of the *Kyrie,* plus several of his instrumental settings (*Interludium, Prayer*) make listening to this work an exciting experience—or, to speak theologically, an act of worship.

The Guaraldi setting, a musical setting of the Eucharist, provides an interesting contrast. The recording was made during an actual service at the Grace Cathedral in San Francisco at a Diocesan Youth Festival, May 22, 1965, and Guaraldi composed his setting around the flowing lines of the Gregorian chant of the Episcopalian Eucharist. This has the distinct advantage of being more amenable and pertinent, perhaps, to the worship of a local parish by not requiring the exacting technical proficiency which Schifrin's work would demand. As though he were actually heeding the words of Bishop Pike's introduction that this "was not a performance," at no time do Guaraldi's efforts detract from the corporate worship taking place.

With the consummate skill and taste which we have come to expect from Guaraldi and his trio, his music weaves in and out of the plainsong, at times in a driving Latin rhythm (especially significant in the joy and the praise of the *Sanctus*), the expectant and joyful setting of *Veni Creator,* again in a waltz-like blues setting of the Communion anthem, and by and large, it complements and, as it were, "provides a fitting framework" for this worship experience, this Eucharist, the "giving of thanks."

Larrabee is so enchanted with Mr. Guaraldi's efforts that he says: "With this recording jazz enters the church to stay." The judgment is, perhaps, overly generous. One can agree that Guaraldi has masterfully woven his jazz piano and the plainsong into one fabric, but there are still some flaws in the finished garment. Certainly Guaraldi's setting complements the plainsong, but one might question whether the plainsong equally enhances the work of Guaraldi's trio. For example, in the *Gloria,* Guaraldi introduces a driving expressive rhythm which radiates with "glory" and praise, but the monotony of the chant continuing on the same pitch in the background intrudes and soon destroys the impact of the musical setting. Again in the *Kyrie,* the chant with its prayer, "Lord, have mercy, Christ have mercy" seems out of place in the musical setting which we have here.

These two musical settings of Christian liturgy, apart from their own integrity and value, indirectly raise a significant question for the Christian community which they probably did not intend to raise; namely, is there not something anachronistic about setting these ancient liturgies to contemporary jazz and does not the very con-

PHOTOGRAPH: CHICKIRIS

temporaneity of the music further emphasize and point out that our forms of worship are outmoded? For example, the *1964 Methodist Book of Worship* marks a vast improvement over the previous edition, but when it comes to our orders of worship, including the Lord's Supper, the much-discussed revisions amount to little more than internal housekeeping. In his book, *Liturgy Coming to Life*, Bishop J. A. T. Robinson suggests that we do not particularly need to question what is said in our historic liturgies. Says Robinson: "I am still convinced that the place to begin is with bringing out the meaning of what is done rather than with changing what is said." Others, such as Colin Williams of the National Council of Churches, have suggested a much more thoroughgoing reform wherein a parish might write its own liturgy in order that a living dialogue between the Word and their lives in the world might be established.

Following up Williams' suggestion, one might ask what is the existential impact of the Nicene Creed even in a jazz setting? Granted the simple melodic lines of the Gregorian chant, does not its use, even with jazz accompaniments, give one the impression of a medieval church imprisoned in Gothic monuments of stone? Even in the Schifrin composition where some effort has been made to contemporize the choral setting as well as the instrumental music, one can ask the question, what does "what is said" mean to the man in the street or the man in the pew, for that matter? It seems to me that Bishop Robinson, and one might say the liturgical portion of the two newest liturgical jazz compositions, are begging the question. Our concern might very well center on "what is said" as well as the "meaning of what is done." At this point, it seems rather apparent that, while our talented jazz musicians and composers are offering to the church the best of their varied skills, the church has not really been willing to involve itself in the dialogue. Rather than mutely offering these musicians the historic liturgies of the church, should we also not be willing to risk something of ourselves by facing the question as to whether or not contemporary jazz does not also call for a contemporary liturgy? It seems to me that the rapproachement between jazz and worship is dangerously one-sided at this point and we are not using the inventiveness and ingenuity in structuring the form and content of our services anywhere near the degree that our composers and musicians are using their talents.

Does this mean that we should abandon our various traditional liturgies? Of course not. At this point in history, jazz and contemporary liturgy is meaningful to a relatively small spectrum of the population, and these efforts are not likely to supplant our more traditional worship.

Does this mean, as found in Ed Summerlin's setting of the Episcopal Service of Evening Prayer of a few years ago, that we will have hymns about the space age and astronauts, and that our litanies and prayers will be similar to the controversial "litany of slum life" used in First Congregational Church in Chicago this past summer? Probably. At least these contributions have marked an attempt to take the meaning of the Incarnation seriously in today's terms *and* in today's language. At present most of our congregations are not ready to engage in such thoroughgoing liturgical reform, but it may be that, whatever else their contributions may be, the growing number and increasing quality of liturgical jazz settings for worship may one day force us to reexamine what liturgy really means as a "work of the people" in this century.

BY TUPPER SAUSSY

JAZZ

(The little art)

THE first liturgical jazz pieces I ever heard were the Summerlin requiem for his daughter and a jazz mass composed and produced by an English clergyman whose name escapes me, but whose Kyrie was marked "beguine."

Now everybody is writing jazz masses. Hip clergymen are sponsoring them, apparently in the belief that jazz will reinstate the dialogue between the church and common man. Hip networks are broadcasting them, apparently in the hope that jazzy religion might offset the death of god dirges.

But, as a musician interested in both jazz and the church, I'm still unconvinced that liturgical jazz is cogent, musicologically or theologically. Part of the disparity between jazz and religion stems from the confusion of terms in the consideration of jazz and folk music, and since I feel qualified to speak only of jazz (and since no one else has done this to my liking), I now offer my own definition of jazz.

Jazz is improvised music that accommodates only a small number of musical instruments; it loses its identity when played conspicuously by oboes, English horns, French horns, recorders, cromornes, lutes, bassoons, pipe organs, and the bowed instruments—violins, violas, cellos, and double basses. Jazz demands only a small portion of the capabilities of human invention or of the instruments employed; it is, therefore, music that is easy to play. Jazz is dependent upon an explicitly constant rhythmic impulse, provided usually by only two percussion instruments—the snare drum and a form of cymbal—and by one stringed instrument—the double bass (which is rarely played in any manner other than pizzicato). Jazz is music which pretends innovation but which follows musical innovation at a cultural lag of about forty years. Jazz generates, at times, great excitement among its listeners, but it is a music whose knowledgeable appreciators rarely are found outside the corps of practitioners. Jazz is generally obliged to be played at a fortissimo volume only.

Blowing jazz by the altar's candlelight thrusts us immediately into the core of the theological problem of the day, if that problem is in fact that the church

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must fight to keep from losing its grasp on the scientifically oriented twentieth century.

The hip clergy's position on jazz in the church seems to be comprised of four elemental arguments: First, that man must be liberated from the suffocating confines of traditional worship rituals. "People are beginning to revolt, by nonattendance, against the archaic language of the church service," one minister told me. "Since the very essence of jazz is freedom, having it in accordance with worship unclogs the route of the word of God." But the fact is that jazz is not free. You improvise, using currently acceptable chromatic figures (woe if you use passe idioms) to build upon the agreed-upon harmonic progressions (woe if you can't remember the proper chords) on a theme which, at its most difficult, is one half as complex and as "free" as in the opening movement of Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony.

FREEDOM, to the freedom conscious jazzman, is a very limited freedom: it is freedom from discipline, freedom from obsession. This false freedom makes the achievement of an end too easy and it opens the floodgates to charlatans of all kinds. As Miles Davis' conduct has attested, freedom is jazz means freedom from obligation to the listener.

The clergyman who brings jazz to his congregation under the pretense that jazz is freedom is misguided; he is a slave to cliché. If what he wants is, indeed, free music, he might engage a group of improvisatorial chanters or scoreless jazz musicians to provide an eleoteric musical accompaniment to his service. They would not only render the language of the church incomprehensible but would also violate the hip clergy's second argument for liturgical jazz, which seems to be that prayer must become more involved in the daily action of our lives. Under this assertion is the assumption that jazz symbolizes modern man and is more understandable to him than is traditional church music. Ergo, jazz is the perfect vehicle for restoring the old dynamism to the institution of prayer.

It is my understanding that the purpose of prayer is to achieve a perfection of harmony with God. Preparing myself for that state comes much easier with Bee-

thoven's Seventh Symphony than it does with jazz, or most of the prevailing "religious" repertoire for that matter.

There should be a mystery about liturgical music. It should be awesome, inscrutable. Even to the most musically ignorant person, jazz is tenable, constricted (if not in range and orchestration, then in rhythm), predictable. But even to a child, the Bach St. Matthew Passion is overpowering: it strips the mature listener of all but a simple curiosity concerning the music's being, which curiosity is strangely equal to the ennobling experience of contemplating God. (Of course the practical hip clergy will argue that it is too costly to perform Bach or Beethoven, much less Poulenc or Stravinsky or Britten. But any church that will promote jazz surely behaves informally enough to allow recordings to be played over a superior reproduction system.)

The third proposition is that since the roots of jazz were religious, why not put jazz back in its proper place? Indeed, jazz was spawned by religion. It was the most accessible form of expression among God-fearing, devout American Negroes who had heard smatterings of simple Protestant hymns and who wrought these hymns in their native technique—and in isolation. The quality of the early American Negro's religious music sprang from a need which could be filled in no other way. But jazz has undergone a dramatic reshaping in its development so that today it neither inspires nor is inspired by a religious sentiment.

An appendage to this third argument for jazz in the church is that jazz can be equated with the Gregorian *pleinsong*, that genre of European popular song cast in an ecclesiastical context, whose intent was to freshen the musical liturgy for contemporary mass tastes. Two major conditions cause this comparison to fail: first, in the time of Gregory (590?-605 A.D.), mass tastes were vastly more appealable than are mass tastes today; second, jazz is, sadly, *not* the music of the masses today. (The National Association of Record Merchandisers reported that 1964 record sales showed that recordings in the jazz classification accounted for only 4 per cent of the total sales.) An American art form, yes. But jazz, even at its most conscientious achievement, is a *kleinkunst*—a small art—like decoupage, pottery, or light verse.

There is a third condition—a private one—that wrecks any comparison of Gregorian chant to jazz: the *pleinsong* seems more devout than jazz; it sounds religious, whereas jazz sounds impetuous.

THE fourth argument in support of jazz in the church is that jazz is the "work of the people" and therefore should symbolize man's contemporary handiwork within the church. I agree that jazz is the work of the people; any artistic genre requires the activity of people for its very existence. Without "people" like Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Ives, Berg, and Schoenberg working with great vision and almost unendurable obsession, music might well have languished long before jazz's initial self-awareness.

The hip clergy, I feel, is mistaken in its enthusiastic acceptance of the jazz liturgy. I do not think that modern jazz is the correct stimulus to a "freer" form of worship. Far more effective in relating to the popular vocabulary would be the dispensing of the entire order of service, whereby the minister, sensitive to the complexion of his congregation, would improvise ministrations according to their needs and pass out mimeographed hymn sheets with lyrics designed to be sung to the most (statistically) popular songs of the day. All this to the accompaniment of two electric guitars, one stand-up bass, a small portable electronic organ (all amplified to their maximum) and a set of drums with rivet cymbal. *That* is the popular, the truly popular, musical convention.

I am not necessarily in disagreement with the general attitude of the church today, but I feel that existentialism has made deep inroads on a still viable tradition; there is a growing tendency for the church to make more transgressions agreeable and more things holy.

Jazz performed occasionally as a part of a service provides a sort of stimulus to the apathetic, as well as an outward and symbolic expression of the church's current attitude. Indeed, new dramas should be enacted in the church, new paintings hung on its walls, new ballets danced in its sanctum. I believe that any form of creation, done in good faith, is not just holy, but is an act of worship. But I feel that this act of worship increases in intensity and meaning in proportion to the pain suffered by the creator in attempting to exceed his potential.

The church should be a reserve for man's greatest efforts. Jazz, the little art, is simply not up to the importance that it is being given as a liturgical medium.

Robert L. White's candid article, "Some Reflections on Beatle-ese" (motive, November 1965), has evoked some provocative responses. Two articles challenging White's point of view follow.

By ROBERT F. PALMER, JR.

"Beatle-ese" is a subject, it seems to me, which demands attention not on the abstract plane on which Mr. Robert L. White ("Some Reflections on Beatle-ese," *motive*, November 1965) has placed it, but on a more humanistic plane. For the meaning of the pop music revolution is experiential if you will, and its relation to the society at once is more pervasive and more basic than Mr. White would have us believe.

Mr. White's initial error is his assumption that the Beatles are the spirit and the letter of this musical revolution. I think this stems from the failure of so many of his academic fellows to take this music seriously, to consider it a fit subject for detailed analysis. The literary critic who published a paper purporting to examine the naturalistic revolution in American Literature, but actually examining only the work of one writer, would be laughed out of faculty row. The political analyst who would attempt a thorough discourse on revolution in the "third world" through an examination of a revolution in one country would be as far from the point. Yet White (and he is not alone) seems to consider his "reflections" on pop music today sufficient when he fails to mention where the Beatles came from and who and what have influenced them.

This brings us to the second fallacy, which is musicological or, more precisely, Mr. White's complete disregard for the subject he is supposedly reflecting on: a *musical* phenomenon.

The Beatles merely represent the most popular aspect of a very interesting process of musical cross-fertilization. The process began in the United States, in the early 1950's, with the "birth" of rock and roll. "Birth" is, of course, a misleading term for developments in the arts which rarely, if ever, come from nothing. Rock and roll came first from Negro popular music, rhythm-and-blues, which in turn rejected the impact of urbanization and technology on the basically rural blues of Bessie Smith, Robert Johnson, John Hurt, and others. White performers picked up this rough, vibrant music, and the earliest rock and roll became popular overnight. In the hands of early white artists like Bill Haley and his Comets, the music remained essentially negroid in character.

A new synthesis was made with the emergence of Elvis Presley, who crossed rhythm and blues with a white musical idiom also grounded in folk expression. This idiom usually, if erroneously, was referred to as country and western. It stems from the English ballad as adapted by the hill people of Appalachia, and as modified by exposure to Negro music, both secular (blues) and sacred.

The American culture of the fifties was still essentially Jim Crow, and as rock and roll became a multi-million dollar industry, many of the Negro artists who did much to start the revolution were squeezed out by their white competitors. This is unfortunate, but not inexplicable; the record-buyers were, and are, white middle-class youths who could not relate their experiences to the rude, earthy exuberance of much Negro music.

What happened to Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Little Richard and the

other Negro singers who disappeared from the American pop music scene? They went where American expatriates, artists out of tune with their American audiences, have always gone: to Europe. The Europe they "found" was regaining prosperity after the horror of the war years, but the audience they found was not the affluent, insulated American teenager, but the European youth, a new breed who had come of age in the midst of hunger, deprivation, political chaos, and family instability. The European teenager was conversant with the harsh realities his American counterpart had been fortunate enough to escape; he could understand and identify with the plight of the American Negro as reflected in rhythm-and-blues. Europe, especially England where the words to the songs could be understood without translation, experienced a blues revival while American music turned its back on one of its most vital contributions to world culture. American pop music drowned in syrupy sounds and nonsense lyrics; Britain's youth listened to another sound.

Then the Beatles appeared, and the artists we had spurned were back with a vengeance. Beatle recordings of Chuck Berry songs made it possible for that singer to return to the United States. English bands reflected, verbally and in their music, the influence of "forgotten men" like Bo Diddley, Little Richard, and the "pure" urban blues men like Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf.

The fact that the Beatles have received the most attention muddles the issue somewhat, for they are in many ways a unique phenomenon. They have shown good blues feeling on several recordings, and they have paid homage to the Negro artists; but they have also drawn from other sources such as the English ballad and, though few of their fans would admit it, white American popular music of an earlier era. It is in groups like the Rolling Stones and the Animals that the blues feeling is most clearly manifested. In fact, several of these groups have progressed from imitation to a thoroughgoing knowledge of the form and substance of the blues that allows them to create a music fully on a level with the best of their American precursors.

It is to these groups that we must turn for an answer to the "ideational poverty and semantic disorder" which Mr. White decries in the music of the Beatles. It would be well first to recognize the difference between the idea of the "song" so prevalent in Western culture, and the blues piece, which places emotional catharsis above development, and direct communication over complex ideas and exact semantics. The Beatles' lyrics have rarely been more than clever, it is true; the Stones and Animals have been mining the blues mother lode, and they have produced *real* songs reflecting *real* experience in a *real* world. It is no accident that "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" and "We Got to Get Out of This Place" have become not only songs but catch phrases and rallying cries for the younger generation. To fault them for semantic inaccuracy is to miss the point. After all, Leadbelly was not a grammarian; he was a folk artist expressing folk sentiment in folk language. So are the English Rock singers.

The most recent influence on the American pop music scene is the complex, personal folk music of Bob Dylan. Dylan began by giving a musical voice to the radical egalitarianism of a whole young generation with songs like "Blowin' in the Wind," "Masters of War," and "The Times They Are A' Changin'." Within the last year, however, he has undergone a radical change both in his philosophy and in his music. He has turned inward to produce a number of searching, highly personal ballads that are at once more limited and more universal in their implications than his earlier works. And he has become a fixture on the pop music scene by setting his newer songs to electrified, rock and roll rhythms, thus giving rise to the musical movement known as "folk-rock." He and his followers have given a new artistic maturity to the music: his strangely beautiful songs like "Mr. Tambourine Man," "It Ain't Me, Babe," and "Positively Fourth Street" have become million-selling hits; and his influence has been felt by almost every performer on the scene, including the Beatles.

One immediate result of his influence is that rock and roll has begun to acquire a social consciousness. Songs of protest, songs about racial prejudice and war and the dehumanization of man by his inventions have found audiences probably beyond the wildest dreams of the youths whose beliefs and devotion they reflect—the SNCC workers in Mississippi, the Northern students working in the ghettos, the kids in the Peace Movement.

The alliance of the direct, emotional communication of the blues with the provocative challenge of socially relevant "folk music" has just begun; but its earliest fruits are full of great promise and stand on their own as the authentic voice of young people viewing with caustic, direct, often embarrassing candor, the foibles of their parents and the unpleasant aspects of "a world they never made." Further, Dylan's direct and unsentimental love ballads have inspired a revival of this kind of song so that the "Too Young to Go Steady" drivel is being pushed aside by open, affirmative and, Mr. White, ideationally and semantically rich songs like "Don't Think Twice," "Love Minus Zero," and the previously mentioned "Fourth Street."

Mr. White says that Beatle-ese represents "the shunting aside of the discursive literacy engendered by the rationalism of typography in favor of other, less abstract and orderly, modes of discourse nurtured by new electronic communications media." This passage represents, to me at least, the very phenomenon the new pop music is a reaction against: the use of complicated phrases and overblown vocabulary to conceal a poverty of ideals and of ideas. What is this kind of language compared to the cry of the blues singer, the plaintive words of the English ballad, the urgent address of a Dylan song? When supporters of the new music say that it is "happening," that it is "where it's at," they mean exactly what they say. They are cutting away the non-essentials to reveal roots of reality too long ignored by the "literate" elements in our culture. To answer all the psychological and sociological interpretations of their music by apologists for the adult world, they answer, "It Ain't Me, Babe." And to those who describe the chaotic temper of the times in words too big to swallow, they answer "The Times, They Are A' Changin'."

THE BEATLES: Aesthetic of the Absurd

By BOBBIE MASON

I once had a girl
Or should I say
She once had me.
She showed me her room
Isn't it good
Norwegian Wood.
She asked me to stay and
She told me to sit anywhere,
So I looked around and
I noticed there wasn't a chair.
I sat on the rug
Biding my time
Drinking her wine.
We talked until two
And then she said,
It's time for bed.

(Long interval of music)

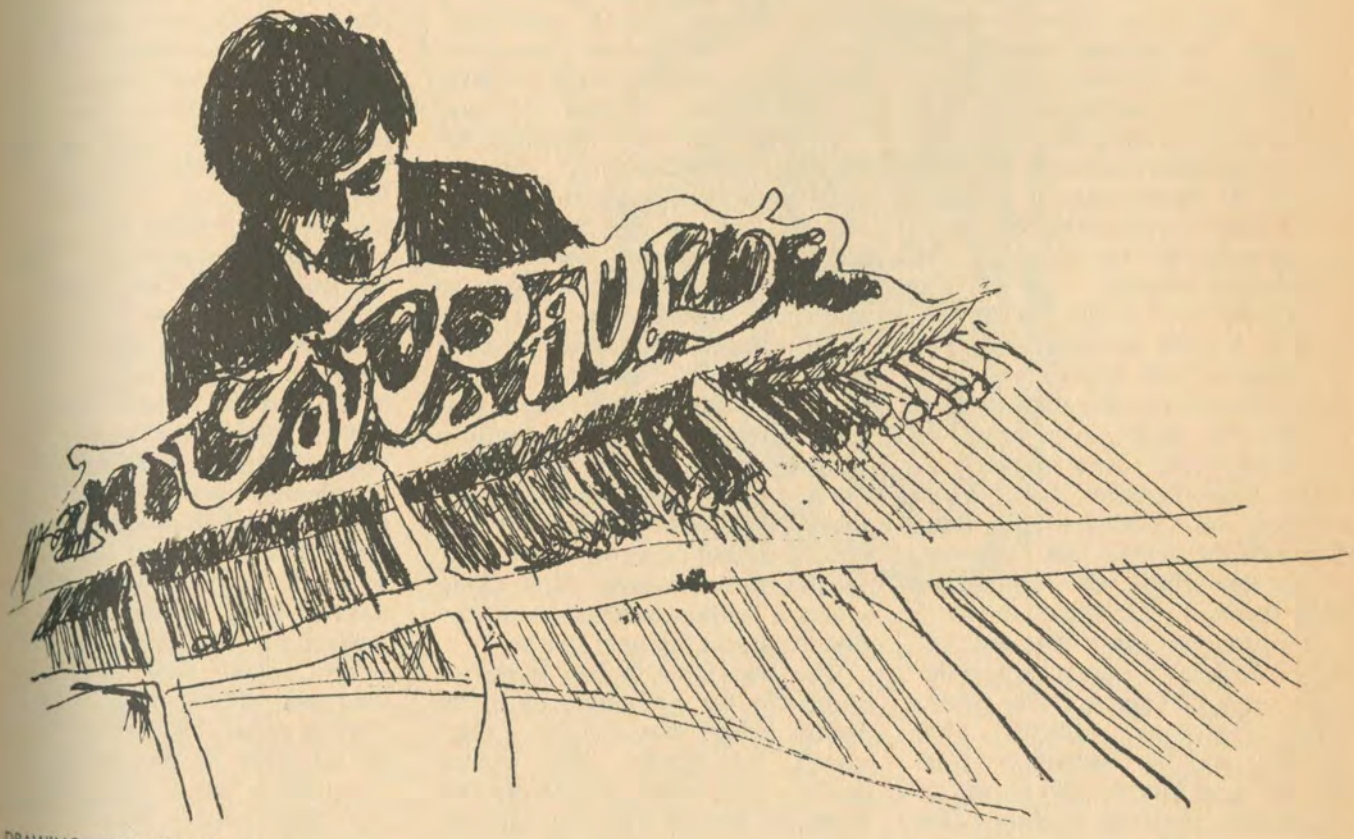
She told me she worked
In the morning
And started to laugh
I told her I didn't
And crawled off
To sleep in the bath.
And when I awoke
I was alone
(This bird had flown),
So I lit the fire
Isn't it good
Norwegian Wood.*

At first glance this recent soul-searing Beatle tune seems to be merely a satire on Scandinavian furniture with sexual overtones. Closer inspection, however, easily reveals that the meaning is deeper; it is a scathing commentary on false hospitality. Violation of the hospitality code in modern times is a matter of hypocrisy. The atmosphere is cold and uncomfortable, and the aggressive career girl can only laugh at the possibility of a meaningful relationship. When the lover awakes alone, the flighty "bird" has flown, and he responds with a ritual purification, burning her cold Norwegian wood in defiance.

So what is Robert L. White talking about in his "Reflections on Beatle-ese" (*motive*, November 1965) when he analyzes the "mindlessness" of Paul McCartney-John Lennon lyrics? It is obvious that here is epic material with hints of submerged mythical sources!

But of course such a reading of these words is ridiculous. Just as to dissect the Beatles is futile. The Beatles defy analysis. Like art, which cannot be explained scientifically, the essential beauty is in the enigma, in that which cannot be translated into discursive language. I wish to defend an aesthetic value—an aesthetic value of the absurd—of that in the Beatles which we cannot explain. It is not that we can or should understand them, but that we can and should appreciate them.

Mr. White chooses to consider only the song-writing accomplishments of the Lennon-McCartney team. He sees their lyrics as symptomatic of the modern breakdown of language. But the words are the least important of the Beatles' talents. So far as their songs are concerned, the achievement is in the melody. "And I Love Her," "Norwegian Wood," "Michelle," and "Yesterday" are beautiful, despite their simple, often meaningless and clichéd lyrics. From the beginning, Beatle tunes have been appreciated by serious musicians, including Leonard Bernstein (not to mention the Chipmunks). The group avoids blatant, raucous rock and roll sounds common to the genre



DRAWING: THOMPSON

that has grown up around them. One way to realize their conservatism is to compare the vulgar on-stage antics of other groups such as the Rolling Stones and Cannibal and the Headhunters, who rely on gimmicks. (Beatles do not gyrate, as Mr. White implied.) Some of the Beatle tunes are aggressive and upbeat but still melodic. Their Bob Dylan-inspired discs do not have the tonelessness, harshness and bellowing sound of that folk singer. ("Hey, You've Got To Hide Your Love Away," loud in its exuberance, almost seems satirical of that vein.) They avoid putting messages in their songs, but "all our songs are anti-war songs, aren't they?" says John Lennon. "I don't care about a song having a message, I just write a love song. Half the time Paul has to make it make sense anyway. I'd write just anything and it might be a mess. I just like the sound of the words" (*Beatles,* Charlton Publications, Summer, 1965). (John's two best-seller books create an undercurrent of bitter satire through the sounds of words.) It is incorrect to equate Beatle song lyrics with what ultimately represents the Beatles, for they speak in another language, which is not necessarily illiterate, even if they are not composing highly literary sonnets instead of mere sounds. The Beatles have no pretentions about "discursive literacy"; that is not their mode; they are not critics. Neither is art discursive.

The worst thing is to take the Beatles seriously. The sociologists and psychologists enjoy categorizing them and studying their irrational impact on our youth, and the music historians, with confidence, trace their part in musical developments. But the uniqueness of the Beatles demands a different kind of appreciation. Nor is it to be understood as mere fan club adulation. The cult of seeing Beatle movies dozens of times is not blind idolatry—like that of a certain Brooklyn woman who has seen Elvis Presley's *Blue Hawaii* 52 times (at last count).

Think of the Beatle film festivals twenty years from now! Our younger generation may think we are daft as we hobble off to the

art houses to indulge our nostalgia in absorbing the faces and voices of four Liverpool youths. This fantasy has its merits because the Beatle movies are good movies, by good fortune of a brilliant director who discerned the visual appeal of the group and was able to manipulate them into interesting affects on film. The aesthetic value of both films lies partially in the screen credits and the various camera techniques. Director Richard Lester, in probing visually the sounds of the Beatles, made their singing (which might appear mad in the usual context before 55,000 screaming girls) exciting. This exposure to their music converted many adults who preferred long-haired music to the sounds of the long-haired Beatles.

A Hard Day's Night was a surprising artistic success, but the spontaneity and exhilarating freedom of the skiing sequence in their second film, *Help!*, even surpasses the rugby field scene in the first. *Help!*, more complex than the refreshing semi-documentary *Hard Day's Night*, works like literature, a coherent whole with motifs running through it, instilling meaning and humor in every line and action. Motifs such as mechanical devices work like gems: faulty equipment ("ex-army rubbish"); the scientist and his "semi-human assistant" who fumble with plugs and transistors; vending machines (the Beatles' "pad" has a canteen; a van requires a shilling to operate); a Mr. Whippy truck (hideout for the villains who emerge licking ice cream cones); a recurring electric switch which stops elevators and generators; and a "bad machine" which blows a fuse in Buckingham Palace (an electrician thinks it is the hair dryer the Queen received for Christmas). The Beatles try to escape from the machine world by going to the Alps and the Bahamas, but they are relentlessly pursued by a mystic Eastern cult because Ringo wears the sacred "sacrificial ring."

The film has a larger symbolic significance, pivoting again on self-satire (e.g., the Beatles emerge from a plane taking endless photographs of each other.) A symbolic fantasy, *Help!* is a bellow for relief from the mass exploitation of the Beatles themselves. Persecuted in the movie, they seek escape from a world which is too much with them. And there are even indications in the film that the crew of mystics is half-mythical, that they are not from the "sunny clime" at all. One blue-eyed member says, "I don't speak the language; Latin, yes, but this Eastern babble, no"; the villain high priest Clang has a mother who is apparently Jewish; and other clues seem to locate the Easterners right in England. Even the temple is transported from the East especially for Ringo's "disembowling," showing that man's inhumanity is inescapable. The villains—like the fans, the advertisers, the press—want *blood*. "Maybe if we sold subscriptions to the youth organizations," laments Clang, "sacrifice would become more popular." The theme of sacrifice is developed through religious references, beginning with a distortion of Catholic ritual in the Temple of Kaili—a variety of black mass. (The goddess Kaili is the "black mother of earth.") Ironically, in the snow-covered Alps Clang wears a white snowman suit; the Beatles are in funereal black.

The two films largely were responsible for communicating the Beatle image that can be appreciated intelligently. We cannot really separate the movie Beatles from the Beatles we knew through other media. However unreal they may be, we can only know them this way, but I suspect we know them better than most of our popular images, for their spontaneity, wit, and frequent cynicism show that they are honest. They appear to take only serious things seriously, including their right to be themselves. The films crystallized their unorthodox, carefree spirit, communicating to us four personalities —or a group personality—embodying a complex attitude which contains something far more vital than the image of mere puppet figures squealing before a microphone.

The famous 1964 press conference which made the Beatles known to Americans exemplifies their wit. Asked who would be their leading lady in the film, they replied, "The Queen. She's big box office." A reporter asked Ringo what he thought of Beethoven. "I love his poems." "Do you bite your nails?" the reporters continued. "Just our toenails," they said lightly. The Beatle response is quick, often a group effort at demonstrating the absurdity of such questions. When asked the empty query, "What has made you happiest about your U.S. receptions?" the answer was "the largeness" (Paul), "the bigness" (Ringo), "the magnitude," (George), and "the immensity" (John) (*Datebook* magazine, Winter, 1965). Once, when asked what they would like to be, George ironically said, "A cornflake." Paul said, "A church." To the question, "What do you appreciate most in your friends?" George was quick to say, "Their lungs."

The Beatles' view of themselves and their ludicrous success is most interesting: "It's all a giggle." Asked if he had any social aspirations, John replied, "No, I'm from Liverpool" (*Datebook*, Winter, 1965). The Beatles have a lackadaisical attitude toward their wealth. Each is given about $300 cash weekly; once when the payrolls were delivered, George said, "That's nice. I still have some left from last week." When asked how money had changed them, Paul observed, "We're richer." Not knowing what to do with all the money, John "wanted to buy a black velvet suit but they talked me out of it" (*Beatles*, Ideal Publishing Corp., 1964).

Part of the freshness and appeal of the Beatle image is revealed in their candid attitudes on various issues. For example, though they will not bother to vote in elections, they feel deeply about such things as segregation. "It's a lot of rubbish . . . we'd never play South Africa if it means a segregated audience. As far as we're concerned, people are people, no different from each other" (Ringo, in *Datebook*, Winter, 1965). Furthermore, the Beatles were apalled at dishonesty and immorality at high levels in America, especially among police, and they often protested.

The Beatles' attitudes toward religion are a constant source of controversy. They were surprised by the hypocrisy they saw in the U.S.

motive

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because people were shocked by their own frankness. "In America they're fanatical about God." The Beatles are casual agnostics, but "we're not anti-religious," insists Paul. John explains that "the thing we've got against religion is the hypocritical side of it. Like the clergy is always moaning about people being poor, while they themselves are all going around with millions of quid worth of robes on . . . or a new bronze door on the Vatican . . . You can't say there's nothing up there because you don't know. Atheists are as bad as those righteous types, the lot. But if I had visions I'd take up churching" (*Playboy,* January, 1965).

The Beatles feel very strongly about people who abuse them. "What I can't stand," says John, "is people who write in to the papers saying one week's wages for the Beatles would build a church in Africa. I hope we give more enjoyment to more people than any church in Africa" (*Beatles,* Ideal Publishing Corp., 1964).

The Beatles do not belong to the tradition of the Hollywood star made tragic by public rape—at least, not now. They refuse to live the image and so they are a new image of healthy rebellion. What they represent is symptomatic of an illness in the public that wants to possess them, and not in themselves; in their joyous integrity they contain a strength that so far permits them to remain free. What is significant is not that the Beatles are a "product" of the times, *representative* of a generation, but that they expose the absurdity of the world by their reaction to it. They know fully the absurdity of their fame. They are nonchalant. When notified by the queen of their MBE awards, John commented, "I thought you had to drive tanks and win wars." When some people resentfully returned their own awards, John said, "Lots of people who complained got their medals for killing people. We earned ours by entertaining them." (About a fourth of the awards were for military services.)

In their honest, liberal attitudes toward society, money, freedom, youth, and age ("Nassau is an island full of crocks. I wouldn't own a tree there"), they do not typify adolescent destructive rebellion. Now they are adults who retain a rare uncorrupted vibrancy of youth, and the only frustration is that this freedom is threatened by a lustful, demanding world. In *Help!* this pursuit is taken lightly; and death (submergence in the worldly) ironically is personified by a bloodthirsty religious group. There is yet no real pain in the Beatles. Said one adult, "They are the only happy thing I know." It is a happy illusion to appreciate for its own sake, not to be taken in by, nor to possess or destroy. To take it seriously is to miss the beautiful absurdity of the whole thing. In their lack of seriousness, the Beatles show that their public is made up of fools who cannot laugh at themselves. If they are corrupted it is our fault, for we buy and sell their bedsheets for a dollar an inch—and write articles about them.

MY SALTY BRIDE (A Husband's Song)

My salty bride
hummed over Asia
"Oh, to be evil!"

breathed over Egypt
yellow and sandy
"Oh, to be dying!"

My salty bride
lounged in the morning
lounged in the evening

tired, always tired
near to a sickness
yet she endured—

me she endured
my tiring wish for
her to be good

to be mine only
conscious, consistent
folded in one place

by one thing only.
"Take this or that,
take it and leave me,

if you want that
then you don't need me,"
but she'd look sleepy

tender and yielding,
yes she would die for
all else *and* me!

Tired, always tired,
talking of evil, too
tired to be trying

how to be good,
she burst into crying
warm salty tears

cried over Asia
all over Egypt,
talked about dying.

I laid the map down
kissed her wet fingers:
"Let's go to Egypt,

and on to Asia
humming not crying
breathing not dying,

then to Australia
and to all Islands;
all over Europe

evil and lying.
We will be evil
free to be evil

free from each other
free with each other's
immortal freedom:

gods, not the half-gods,
revel in freedom,
are never-dying;

we will be dying
much much more slowly
humming not crying. . . ."

No time to weep or
place to be good in.)

—JOAN WHITE

DISARMED

Three love poems in spite of it.

HANDKERCHIEF

My handkerchief in hand
waving to you at the station
is my belief in your corporeal self
My handkerchief in hand
charges down the cindered air
with your reality
My handkerchief in hand
like light still clings
configured to this planet
My handkerchief in hand
signifies our rise out of thick dust
and continents of hot gases
My handkerchief in hand
perhaps should be green
but green is a transitory wavering vine
My handkerchief in hand
white, is so certain, so absolutely flung up
against the station's red flares and blue smoke
My handkerchief in hand
is white for you to see me better longer waving
my whitest indication
My handkerchief in hand
is my faith breaking back to you
surrendering again to expressive dust and gases
My handkerchief in hand
tells us we are beginning
to be forever able to say goodbye.

—J. E. SIMMONS

MIRRORS

Believe me lover
You were the first
To take me in hand
And show me that witchcraft.
But I could never—
Even in the light
When your eyes are shaded
Triple green—trust your tongue
Or see your soul.

Carefully last night
When your breath was in rhythm
And the bed was quiet
I pried open the lids:
Your eyes are mirrors.

I saw me—gaunt and wooden—
Poised on your windowsill
Begging for magic.
You never stirred and
I did not see Jesus there.
I am an ugly doll.
I will call you Charlatan.

—JAY CLAUDE SUMMERS

BOOKS

Ralph T. Templin, *Democracy and Nonviolence*. Porter Sargent (1965), 334 pp., $4.

It is not an enjoyable task to criticize a book by an author with whom one shares similar sentiments and fears and hopes. But while world peace crumbles about our feet and the total state makes its progressive and sinister incursions further into the core of our lives and hinges our very existence on its whim, more, much more, than sentiment is required. And any prescription facing the realm of political realities must be founded on more than fears and hopes.

The author is really, classically, a good man. The thrust of his book is one which could have provoked readers to plumb the bases of their loyalties and political beliefs. *Democracy and Nonviolence* is written with the firm and tenable conviction that democracy is fundamentally incompatible with the statism and the violence currently on display in the guise of international relations. Templin is well rehearsed in the means by which the corrosion of violence decays the heart of democratic civilization. When guns boom, the arts die. His emphasis on the necessity for continual and relentless experimentation lands him firmly in the tradition of the finest strains of American liberalism which sees democracy as a process, a method for change, popular solidarity, and positive, non-coercive human relations. His awareness of the need for roots and guides for experience leads him to the reasoned understanding of the need for community, of the importance of the land, and to the vision of love as the foundation for the peaceful solution of conflict.

But the book is not inspiring; it grates. Often it is banal, factually erroneous, analytically meaningless, and embarrassingly weak in its analysis of the realities and necessities of the political. It reads very badly, and I can't help thinking that it is the fault of the author's very basic outlook, the moralistic urge which, when cranked up in the grinder of the left, sounds like a cross between Norman Cousins and Billy Graham. Carried suitably far enough, Templin is Camp.

The reader to whom the book is addressed is presumably informed and intelligent and open enough to be able to comprehend it sympathetically, and even prepare to embrace new concepts of dealing with quotidian political life. But what do we find? Salty profundities throughout the book like: "Color superiority, or the racial myth, is capable of instilling great fanaticism" (p. 149). On p. 118, the alert reader is instructed that during the Depression "idle factories were everywhere." We are told further that there was quite a bit of unemployment then and that the Roosevelt Administration was not sincerely interested in "distributing wealth." But the real treat is saved for p. 115 where Templin unequivocally states that "the profit motive is an essential element of the capitalist economy." What hath God wrought . . .

Templin is no dour Calvinist and his exuberance for "the people" at times makes one blush. It is this over-indulgence of his liberal fantasies which leads him to disingenuous forays into rather gaffe historical pieties which do precious little to advance the cause of a more rational political scene. The author's basic premise is that America has "betrayed" its revolution and has strayed into waywardness and dissolution. We have failed "as a nation to manifest and perpetuate the 18th-century egalitarian—philosophy which is the source of our original democratic ideals and documents" (p. 35). Jefferson and Lincoln are cited frequently as stalwarts of this egalitarian democratic ideal. But Templin fails to come to grips with the dialectic of our history, the opposing ideals, the anti-democratic strains. Where he does confront these, he portrays them as ideas of imperialists and profiteers from the slave trade. Nowhere is legitimacy granted to the idea that human rights are best protected in the long run *via* anti-democratic institutions which oppose central Power and direct access to the areas of influence and command. Templin asserts that the Constitution expresses "the people's sovereign right to exercise control over every level of constituted authority . . ." (p. 31). But he overlooks the fact that it also represents a persuasive effort to remove from democratic whims the principle institutional means of political change. Templin sees only one Jefferson (before he rose to the presidency), only one Hamilton (who wanted Washington to be crowned as a kind of Lyndon Johnson). The point I am trying to make is that Templin sees politics in terms of a moral discourse and simplifies his view to a kind of Manichaean dualism. But Jefferson had slaves, too.

So we are deposited at the feet of Gandhi who worked well and fruitfully in the vineyards of India among the peasants and the British, but whose philosophy and methodology Templin wants to stretch to political universals. There is much here of interest to the novitiate, and Templin provides a sympathetic introduction to those who don't know what Gandhi did or said. But of particular note is that theme which strikes to the heart of the moral citizen in an immoral society. For Templin and Gandhi nonviolent resistance is the final refuge of the *law abiding* individual, for it is he alone who is prepared to face the consequences from the coercive state for his actions; and it is he alone who still clings to something in the realm of a Law higher than that which Power decrees for civil society. Martin Niemoeller's poignancy launches to the heart of this idea:

> When communists were jailed—I was not a communist.
> When Jews were hounded—I was not a Jew.
> When union leaders were jailed—I was not a union member.
> When Catholics were jailed—I was not a Catholic.
> When I was jailed it was too late to do anything.

In an atmosphere where an individual is no longer consulted in matters vital to his life, health and well-being, where notions of right conduct are buried in the cold avalanche of national interest, where political language no longer conveys meaningful terms and "democratic" governments consistently indulge in lying to their constituents in an ether of mutual distrust, the only recourse seems to be in a revolution to regain the possibility of love and democracy and law. But it is Templin's penchant to will it so, ignoring rather important problems which speak heavily to the ultimate validity of his perceptions. It is his disposition to impose categories of his own *Weltanschauung* on the political process, envisaging consequences which are highly problematic.

Templin's logical terminus is to see politics strictly from the personal/moral rather than to see the personal/moral as a hedge on the political. Basically, this involves almost a conscious refusal to see as legitimate, or as negotiable, principles or tendencies which countervail his own. Whether this mode is consistent with the professed interest in reconciliation remains to this reviewer highly tentative. In this connection Templin laudingly quotes from Bondurant's *Conquest of Violence,* one basic principle of which is "Refusal to surrender essentials in negotiation. *Satyagraha* excludes all compromise which affects basic principles or essential portions of valid objectives. Care must be taken not to engage in bargaining or barter" (p. 263). Templin's stress is on the desirability of conversion over coercion. To one of those not of the fold, this smacks suspiciously of an arrogance which the posture of nonviolence does not substantially alter. A compelling example of the foregoing is found in the case of Garrison and the Abolitionists, with whom Templin identifies. In this historical phenomenon the astute political analyst finds that moral absolutism—the seeing of one's opposition as being fundamentally evil—very often produces an exacerbation of conflict by polarizing positions into intransigency and yielding results more violent than would otherwise have been produced. (For a brilliant record of this, no book surpasses *Slavery,* by Stanley Elkins, who argues persuasively for a diminution of the Garrison syndrome in political affairs.)

I don't think that Templin will run against very much opposition in his advocacy of a turn toward law and morality, but the question of the political scientist still remains: Whose law? Whose morality? Surely the smoothing of the rough edges of the leviathan is in order, but who is finally to prevail? What guarantees will there be that the New Order will ensure peace and justice any better than the old? Templin rightly condemns imperialism, but the only peace the world has ever seen has been that of an imposed *pax Romana,* or *pax Britannica.* Templin then cries for a personal, inner spiritual revolution, since he contends that men must be changed before institutions can be (a challengeable hypothesis). But the only inner revolutions of political significance have been those which are manifest in mass movements. As Templin correctly notes, a mass movement can have a Gandhi at its head, or a Hitler. And movements, Hoffer has shown us, are dangerous things, though they are in a sense, democratic: everyone ends in an equality of submission: usually to the state, or in Jouvenel's term, to Power.

In the last analysis, Templin is asking for a total politics which,

though couched in love and community, must nevertheless grapple with hate and the nation-state. He is demanding a participatory democracy in a highly structured social order, and for his insistence that the people must be trusted to decide for themselves he is to be lauded. But Templin may not be all that utopian, for he may be rooted in a politics which, while wanting so much for Man, refuses to accept men as they are; in his eagerness to elevate humanity he may be revoking from men the chance for each one to see for himself what he might be.

—JONATHAN EISEN

Nat Hentoff, *The New Equality*. Viking Press (1964), 243 pp., $4.95.

Nat Hentoff has listened carefully to the loud voices and the covert whispers in the Negro ghetto where most are excluded from society by being not only black but poor as well. What he hears he reports and interprets sharply, yet objectively and factually. The careful reader of this book should find himself confronted and disturbed and perhaps overwhelmed by the realities of the American racial imbroglio.

We are confronted with the questions raised by the Negro protest movement—who we are and where we stand. Negro students are asked where they are headed: toward a life more bourgeois than the stereotyped white middle class or toward assuming unashamed leadership in the struggle for equality of *all* classes of Negroes. Whites are asked what their feelings *really* are toward Negroes, why they need to treat most of them as "niggers," and whether they are ready to assume the collective guilt which is theirs for silence while millions of Negroes have been herded into the urban ghetto, our American version of the Nazi concentration camp.

The wounds, Hentoff reminds us, are deep—in the damming up of deep resentment, the emasculation of generations of Negro men, the building of barriers so great that even students arrested while working in the movement sometimes find themselves grouped with whites at one end of the cell and Negroes at the other. To most Negroes all whites are suspect and the prospect is that those trying to bridge the racial chasm will be rewarded with much confusion and pain as the compressed accumulation of Negro anguish is released. Indeed, "unless there are vast breakthroughs in education, housing, and job opportunities, the racial chasm is going to become deeper." Writing primarily about the North, he explains how neighborhoods are becoming more segregated, unemployment continues to grow, and ghetto children in inferior schools fall further behind their peers.

In response to the urgency of the Negro protest, Hentoff urges us to alter our ideas of what is necessary for fundamental change. The premise on which most white liberals have worked—that persuasion of whites through appeal to their sense of guilt is a major stimulus to thoroughgoing change—is not only inadequate but in most cases false. If the necessary restructuring of society is to occur, the "underclass Negro" in the ghetto must be redeemed from his loss of pride and motivated to organize for change; nothing less than the cultivation of a kind of black nationalism is imperative. During this transition period, the problems created by color-consciousness can only be resolved by color-consciousness. Many of us might wish this were not so, but Hentoff leaves us hard put to find an alternative. He argues persuasively that simple equality of opportunity, understood as just the "neutrality of non-discrimination," is not enough. If the vicious circle of lack of opportunity and exclusion from society is to be broken, then compensatory programs are necessary, such as accepting preferred numbers of Negroes for jobs, providing preschool education for "socially deprived children," and instituting five-year undergraduate programs for the promising but educationally undernourished products of ghetto schools.

The extensive reforms which Hentoff sees necessary if further violence is to be limited will only become possible through the wider application of direct action techniques and organization for political power. This organization of black power can be the catalyst for a larger movement for change, with the white poor joining in an alliance of the alienated. "The ultimate irony in American race relations may yet be that the bitter insistence of the Negro revolt will have provided the initial impetus for basic social and economic change for all Americans." Hentoff's vision of "the new equality" is of a new social and economic order, characterized by "unprecedented economic planning," brought into being by the organized power of Negroes allied with the white poor and truly adventuresome liberals, making equality of opportunity a reality by insuring that everyone has the "opportunity to be equal."

The student Christian movement and the whole church should be disturbed by the dilemma of where our place is in bringing about "the new equality." The basic question seems to be: can we transcend our traditional individualism, pietism, and inclination to be content with paternalistic charity? Underclass Negroes need neither a white personal friend nor a Thanksgiving basket; they need decent housing and meaningful work. Can we mature quickly enough to see that reconciliation between the masses of blacks and whites across the deep chasm created by economic exploitation and political insignificance can only become possible through the redeeming use of those same economic and political forces, so as to bring about a genuine opportunity for equality for those who have been excluded? Can our understanding of reconciliation grow to encompass reconciliation between groups, enabled by movements for social change? Can we bring together our theological insights and our knowledge of the ways of the world to discover patterns for using power? We are ill-equipped by our pietistic past and institutional captivity to mature so quickly and, let's face it, we're frightened by the world of power, conflict and controversy. But hopefully we can go ahead and be bewildered and afraid, for Christ's sake, and be given the courage to live in the midst of our world in spite of our inadequacies, real or imaginary.

To read this book carefully is no substitute for our own involvement—for hearing with our own ears what the unemployed Negro "breadwinner," the futureless ghetto teenager and the militant direct actionists have to say for themselves—but it can be part of equipping ourselves with ears that can hear.

—GEORGE McCLAIN

James A. Pike, *What Is This Treasure?* Harper & Row (1966), $3.00.

The reformers in Christendom have often been lawyers; the opponents of renewal mostly have been legalists. St. Paul is the illustrious forefather of the former; St. Peter appears to have been a hapless forerunner of the latter. St. Augustine was a lawyer, but Thomas Aquinas was a legalist much engaged in trying to conform the Gospel to his own cultural morality and milieu. Martin Luther was a lawyer protesting against legalism. John Calvin was a lawyer who, unhappily, became a legalist. The English Reformation was due, in large part, to the witness of a lawyer, Thomas Hooker, but, later on, John Wesley was repudiated by the Bishop of London because no regulation could be found to condone the ministry he had launched among the working classes.

Now there is among us in the American churches a lawyer who became a bishop but who, mercifully, is not a legalist: James A. Pike of California.

It is not a mere coincidence that so many reformers have been lawyers in education or occupation but not legalists so far as the Christian faith and Church are concerned. The law, particularly in the West, has always been a dynamic, adaptable, existential discipline. The law has not always been just or equal or fair, but it has always been changing, always self-critical, always seeking to respond to the particular situation in the light of precedent and past experience. Thus the best law is, contrary to popular misconception, not legalistic and the best lawyers are, as it were, reformers by trade.

Moreover, so far as the Church's mission is concerned, there are obvious associations between the lawyer as advocate and the work of apologetics, between the lawyer as counsel and the pastoral ministry, between the lawyer's facility in discerning distinctions of significance and the evangelist's task of relevantly addressing his own times.

It is not surprising, then, to find Bishop Pike so often seeking to express the truth of the Gospel in contemporary idiom, or to behold him innovating with the fabric of the Church, or to discover him scrutinizing the inherited creeds and structures and customs of churchly life. And, since he is indeed a reformer by trade, it is no surprise how often he suffers gladly the misunderstanding, reproach and scorn which honest reform inevitably evokes from Sadducees. The only surprise, it seems to me, about Bishop Pike is how the Holy Spirit ever managed his election as a Bishop.

He has now written a book—*What Is This Treasure?*—in which he seeks to articulate an understanding of Christ which is, at once, Biblically responsible, comprehensible to modern men and worthy of their belief, and, as he puts it, "winsome." (If his publishers were more winsome and less sombre they would have entitled the book "A Winsome Christ").

It is, in various places, defensive (apparently it was written shortly after the fuss over the heresy petition forwarded by certain clergy to the Episcopal House of Bishops last fall), forensic (after all he *is* a lawyer), superficial (he characterizes Jesus' confrontation with death in the wilderness as "a retreat"), corny (he refers to Jesus as "the most"), extemporaneous (no doubt part of it was dictated into a machine and was transposed into typescript just as it was uttered), and apparently inconsistent (he writes both about Jesus choosing the office of the suffering Servant of Isaiah and about Him as God's chosen one without ever clarifying where the initiative originates in the relationship of Jesus Christ and God).

For all of that, this book is exceedingly helpful, admirably passionate, rigorously honest, particularly timely, and wholly within the precincts of Christian orthodoxy.

Bishop Pike has, I think, an inspired faculty for communicating to laymen in terms which are meaningful to them, although the fastidious may be unhappy with some of his choices of expression. Thus, throughout the book, he is most imprecise about distinguishing theory, philosophy, religion, and theology, frequently even using the terms interchangeably. As one of the fastidious, I object to that, but, as a layman myself, I know that such is a functional reference which is significant to multitudes of laymen and that overrides the failures of precision or concern for innuendo that may be volunteered in objection to the book. Even when the Bishop misuses a word, or adopts it carelessly, he usually does so in just the way the laity do, and therefore he communicates with a cogence and unpretentiousness which the more exact, but more obscure, theological writers might well covet. This is, especially for laymen personally troubled by what St. Paul describes as the elementary disputes of tradition about the "divinity" of Christ vs the "humanity" of Jesus, an exceedingly helpful book.

More important than that is how, again and again, it comes through to the reader that this is a man, this Bishop, who really cares about what he believes as a Christian and about what that means for what he does. For Bishop Pike—let other Bishops be reminded—it would be very easy to just be content to play church—instead he is a man of extraordinary ability, gifted intelligence, and unusual energy; he actually takes the Christian faith and its virtue for everyday life seriously. It is, with Pike, —and I do not now at all exaggerate in this comment—as if a man in every respect qualified and impertinent enough to gain the Presidency of the United States renounced all that because he is a Christian and in order to become a priest. This is an admirably passionate book.

This is, by much the same token, an honest book—a fact which is remarkable because, by now, Pike is a sufficient celebrity to publish a roll of toilet tissue over his name and have it become a best-seller. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, of course, and, I grieve to say, Dr. Billy Graham have succumbed to that temptation. Bishop Pike, however, keeps searching, keeps asking, keeps probing and keeps working to articulate his own conversion, which is, according to the Epistles of the New Testament, the authoritative and normative way in which Christians address the world as it is. This is a rigorously honest book.

Now that the obituaries of God are being circulated, this is a fortunate book because it tries to seriously cope with acculturated and mundane conceptions of the Gospel, inherited from ancient heresies and schisms and from venerable reformations and controversies, which so often invite contemporary church people to fall into mere religiousity instead of transcending the religious in order to begin to live as real human beings in this world—

which is, of course, what Jesus Christ is about, as Bishop Pike repeatedly affirms in this book. It is a timely book, for the benefit of the people of the church and for the further edification of the "new" theologians hung up in the vogue of God's alleged untimely death.

The good Bishop, who does not always do all his homework, has done it substantially in this book. It is replete with careful references to the Biblical corpus and witness. And in that perusal, he discovers and proclaims that the uniqueness of Christ's Gospel is not truth but love. Of course the various faiths of the world (according to the New Testament every faith whatsoever) have insight into the truth of God's reality BUT they fail, this side of the Gospel, in enacting the truth in love, in that costly, extravagant love with which the true God embraces this world, in fact, in Christ. It is *this* uniqueness, rather than some formalistic, doctrinaire, conceptual deity, with which Bishop Pike is concerned in this book. It is, I am afraid, exactly this earnestness on his part which makes him the subject of such contention and jealousy in the Episcopal Church and its adjacent denominations. But it is this, I rejoice to affirm, which makes him a winsome Bishop and Christian for the winsome Christ which he discerns and proclaims as the real presence of Christ amongst men in this world.

—WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW

Anthony S. Abbott, *Shaw and Christianity*. Seabury Press (1965), 228 pp., $4.95.

In a book addressed primarily neither to specialists on George Bernard Shaw nor to professional theologians, but to "the public," Anthony Abbott of Davidson College's English Department has set Shaw's apparently dated religious position in a context of compelling relevancy. Most occasional readers of Shaw's plays admire his cleverness and candor, but consider his critique of religion "uninformed" and too blasphemous to be given serious second-thought. Abbott's fresh and lucid study demands a reconsideration of Shaw's treatment of Christian doctrine and practice. In contrast to those who would write off Shaw as a flippant iconoclast or his attacks on religion as out-of-date, Abbott pictures Shaw as a prophet and his basic intention as similar to such contemporary theologians as Paul Tillich, Rudolph Bultmann, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer. In this sense, George Bernard Shaw functioned in late 19th and early 20th century religious life much as Bishop J. A. T. Robinson of *Honest to God* fame has functioned in this decade, demanding authenticity, honesty, and relevance in religion.

Part I of *Shaw and Christianity* examines the treatment of religion in Shaw's major non-dramatic works. Abbott here describes the faith in man's ability to make social and moral progress which characterized Shaw's avowed position of "Creative Evolution," and the events from 1914 to the present which have made his theological liberalism appear naive indeed. But it is Shaw's role as prophet, not proponent of "Creative Evolution" which Abbott emphasizes. Describing a prophet not as a fortune teller or future predictor, but "one who reveals truth about the present . . . who sees the world about him with a vision that penetrates its surfaces, tearing off the masks and comfortable disguises that permeate daily life" (p. 12), the author contends that Shaw's greatest gift was "the gift of prophecy." This explains not only Shaw's tendency to exaggerate and at times caricature reality, but his willingness to take risks and to stir up violent opposition. For the prophet's "primary aim is not to win converts but to create a new sense of responsibility in man, and that which the prophet seeks more than anything else is a reaction" (p. 14).

> Shaw writes in the tradition of the great prophets. When he describes human suffering, human folly, human failure, he forces us to do more than we are usually content to do, so that in time we may be closer to that which we were intended to be. (p. 15)

Shaw's position as a prophet outside the Church rather than a saint within it is attributed to a number of factors in his childhood experience, notably the Protestant-Roman Catholic antagonism in his native Ireland (Shaw was one of few Protestants in a Catholic school), the hypocrisy of the clergy, the equation of religion and fear, widespread Biblical literalism, and the preoccupation with the externals of religion. Abbott suggests that Shaw's declared atheism was an exaggerated way of declaring that "he wanted absolutely nothing to do with the kind of God that con-

ventional Christians seems to be worshipping" (p. 33). To gain confidence and an audience Shaw "created a new personality, a caricature of himself known to the world as GBS," an image through which he could carry on a relentless attack against the hypocrisy, superficiality, and smugness of the Church. Distorting the facts in order to make people listen to him, Shaw slowly broadened his attack from traditional Christianity and the organized Church to include the economic and political structures of his time. He became merciless in his attacks on the "Philistines" in society who simply accept things as they are, as well as on the "Idealists" whose commitment to an institution or specific body of belief blinds them to the validity of other points of view. He considered himself a "Realist" who was committed only to life itself. Crusading against poverty, war, and lack of conscience in society, Shaw insisted that the purpose of religion is "to encourage man to work, inspire him to think, not to console him for his misery with promises of future rewards" (p. 43). This concern for moral responsibility seemed to Shaw to necessitate a rejection of the traditional doctrines of the Atonement and Justification by Faith, as he emphasized the "works" side of the faith-works tension in essays which sound not unlike Walter Rauschenbusch and the prophets of the American "Social Gospel."

In addition to his demands for realism in religion and social responsibility, Shaw's concern for intellectual honesty also seemed to pit him against the various denominations of his day. Attacking the Biblical literalism of the fundamentalists, the authoritarianism of the Roman Catholics, and the "garbled contradictions" of the Established Church he pled for an openness to fresh ideas, the toleration of heresy, and courage and humility to risk in the search for truth. For Shaw saw truth not as fixed or "once and for all delivered to the saints," but as dynamic, elusive, and ever changing. Observes Abott, "Even when he spoke of traditionally sacred objects in jest and tore savagely at the very foundations of the Christian religion, he did so only with the ultimate aim of aiding humanity in its search for truth" (p. 89).

In Part II, the author explores Shaw's work as playwright, focusing upon six plays—*The Devil's Disciple, The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet, Major Barbara, Androcles and the Lion, Saint Joan,* and *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*—which reflect not only Shaw's development as an artist but the movement of his religious thought. Here the themes suggested in his essays are given flesh and blood and set into dramatic, form, i.e. the battle between religion as fear and religion as love, outward observance vs. spiritual dedication in *The Devil's Disciple;* the conflict between a conscience controlled by social custom and a conscience open to God in *The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet;* the clash between this-worldly realism and otherwordly idealism in *Major Barbara;* the eternal conflict between the prophet and the power structures of society in *Saint Joan;* and the necessity of judgment in *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles.*

Abbott concludes that Shaw's religious ideas are not outmoded but arise out of the same concern to get beneath the externals to the heart of faith, past creeds to basic conviction, beyond religion to Christian commitment, which typifies the recent efforts to recast faith in categories and actions which will engage 20th Century man. Thus Shaw is seen to anticipate Rudolph Bultmann's process of "demythologizing," Tillich's talk of religion as "ultimate concern," and Bonhoeffer's demand for a "holy worldliness" which is not preoccupied with personal salvation in some other world but with faithful service in the conditioned relationships of this world, and Paul Lehmann's definition of Christian ethics as "making and keeping human life human." As Bishop Robinson, Harvey Cox (*The Secular City*), and other recent writers have emphasized, Christians today must put the questions of faith into the thought-forms and social structures of this world. In this sense, Abbott notes, Shaw not only did much for the theatre of the first quarter of this century—exploding false faith, laying bare the hypocrisy of our daily life, using the theatre as a forum for discussion, asking again and again through his plays what it means to be "truly human." He also presented through his plays "certain lines along which man's quest for faith in the modern world might be meaningfully carried out, lines that very clearly have some affinity with the most vital thinking of today" (p. 199).

Dr. Abbott's engaging discussion of *Shaw and Christianity* combines sound literary criticism, historical perspective, and theological insight. Without belaboring his point, he demonstrates that George Bernard Shaw was much less a fool in religious mat-

ers than most readers think. Shaw's plays contain relevant theological insight for men in a "world come of age."

—HARRY E. SMITH

Paul G. Elbrecht, *The Christian Encounters: Politics and Government*. Concordia (1965), 91 pp., $1.00.

There is a serious question as to what audience Mr. Elbrecht is directing himself. When he asserts: "I'm for good government!" (chapter one) and "The Bible makes a clear case. God is for good government" (12), it almost sounds like a "Dick and Jane" reader out of our past. The avowed purpose of *Politics and Government* "is to offer a primer of the American political system to the Christian who wants to learn" (p. 7). If this is the case Elbrecht has a very low regard for the intelligence of his "Mr. Average Man." The author does underrate us, but even more seriously he overrates the "citizen in Christ's kingdom."

The author has carefully underscored his concern lest Christians desert political life because of its corruptions (pp. 43-59). Furthermore, he has pointed out the necessity of making "concessions which (the Christian's) association with other candidates and the party itself may force him to make" (p. 57). He goes on to say that the real challenge facing a Christian is to make these concessions "without sacrificing his personal integrity." How it is possible for the Christian to do this relates to Elbrecht's unreal and perhaps "heretical" view of redemption.

> The theme of the Christian gospel is that God in Christ has rescued all men from their sin. In the process He has made men free—free from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, and free to live lives of loving service (p. 63).

This exalted view of the "saved Christian" comes out more clearly in Elbrecht's notion that the Christian is actually a "citizen of heaven." He is "commanded to live as a stranger, a pilgrim in the midst of a crooked and perverse world" (pp. 67 ff.). The Christian, through God's grace, has been converted; "he has become the workmanship of God" (p 64).

This position is just a little too transformationist and prideful to swallow. First, the Christian is "freed" from nothing except the perception of a meaningless and absurd existence. He still is "crooked and perverse" in a world that is the same. He still is sinful and open to the manipulations of the "devil." The idea that a "Christian is a new creation" may be an acceptable formulation these days, but even if "all things are lawful" not all things are "helpful." It is far more helpful to view the world and *all* that is in it as the "workmanship of God" not just the Christian who has a new view of God's love. Second, it is exactly this new view and assurance of God's love *in spite of* the continuing perversity of man that is the awesome and "graceful" element of Christian doctrine and belief.

Third, the idea that we "cannot make politics Christian, but (we) can serve God by serving (our) fellowmen . . ." indicates a division that should not be made in Christian thinking; i.e., that Christianity is an ideal that cannot be attained in this world except by those who are "other-worldly," by virtue of being "saved."

Both Augustine and Plato knew that the postulation of a possible "perfection" or "image of perfection" *attainable in this world* was far more conducive to dynamism than is Aristotle's satisfaction with a "tincture of excellence," or R. Niebuhr's "impossible possibility." Jacques Maritain in *True Humanism* follows the lead of Augustine and puts a Perfection outside of human existence, in the spiritual realm. This Absolute is unattainable in human terms. But there is an "image" of this perfection which man can and should attain. It is this "possible," not "impossible," which the Christian must embrace to be Christian. If he embraces anything more idealistic he is, in a very Scriptural sense, guilty of original sin. Pride goeth before the Fall. The division that Elbrecht makes here is certainly prideful.

Politics and Government is a hard book to deal with. The author doesn't have much grasp of recent studies in the nature of American government. He takes a rather cathartic, traditional and moralistic approach to the question of involvement in politics, arguing against a monastic withdrawal. But he does not delude himself or others with hopes of transforming the political order into a "moral" or even a "Christian" one. On this point Elbrecht says:

The Christian expects that a world which groans and travails under a load of sin will not produce much that is truly pleasant (p. 76).

Perhaps the author himself should understand that he too "groans and travails under a load of sin." An original sin. Mr. Elbrecht should recover the Calvinist conviction that "nothing is more absurd than for those who not only 'dwell in houses of clay' but who are themselves in part earth and dust, to boast of their own excellence." (*Institutes:* Book One: IV:i)

—GEORGE PEABODY

Campus Dialogue, Box 2024, Denison University, Granville, Ohio 43023.

Campus Dialogue is a movement, an event, a publication, and a concern.

As movement, Campus Dialogue represents a widening community of students and faculty who are pursuing through research, seminars, and corporate discussions the theme, "The Individual in the Community of the Future." Membership in the movement is through campus units which are fully autonomous, yet share in resources and program suggestions stemming from the campus coordinator, Robert Theobald.

Theobald, a noted British socioeconomist whose recent work has focused on the implications of cybernetics for the societies and economies of both rich and poor areas of the world, left the Organization for European Economic Cooperation in 1957 in order to devote major time to studying the effects of abundance on the American socioeconomy. In recent months, he has devoted a significant amount of time to the coordination of the Campus Dialogue.

As an event, Campus Dialogue symbolizes and incorporates the increasing debate centering on cybernetics and the future of man in an automated culture. Collegiate units of Campus Dialogue are now active on more than thirty campuses, including such schools as Columbia, Cornell, Ohio State, the University of Hawaii, Northwestern, Union Theological Seminary, and Washington State. Groups interested in affiliation should contact Robert Theobald, 400 Central Park West, New York, N.Y. 10025.

One of the related projects for Campus Dialogue is the release of a series of thirteen half-hour radio tapes. The series, entitled "Man in Tomorrow's World," was recorded by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The series "examines the impact of ever-increasing knowledge on the lives of individuals, communities, economics and social systems and international relationships." Theobald gives two of the thirteen lectures and serves as interviewer for each of the other programs. Other lecturers include Donald Michael and Arthur Waskow of the Institute for Policy Studies, Vera Micheles Dean, Frank Tannenbaum, Arthur Larson, and Marshall McLuhan.

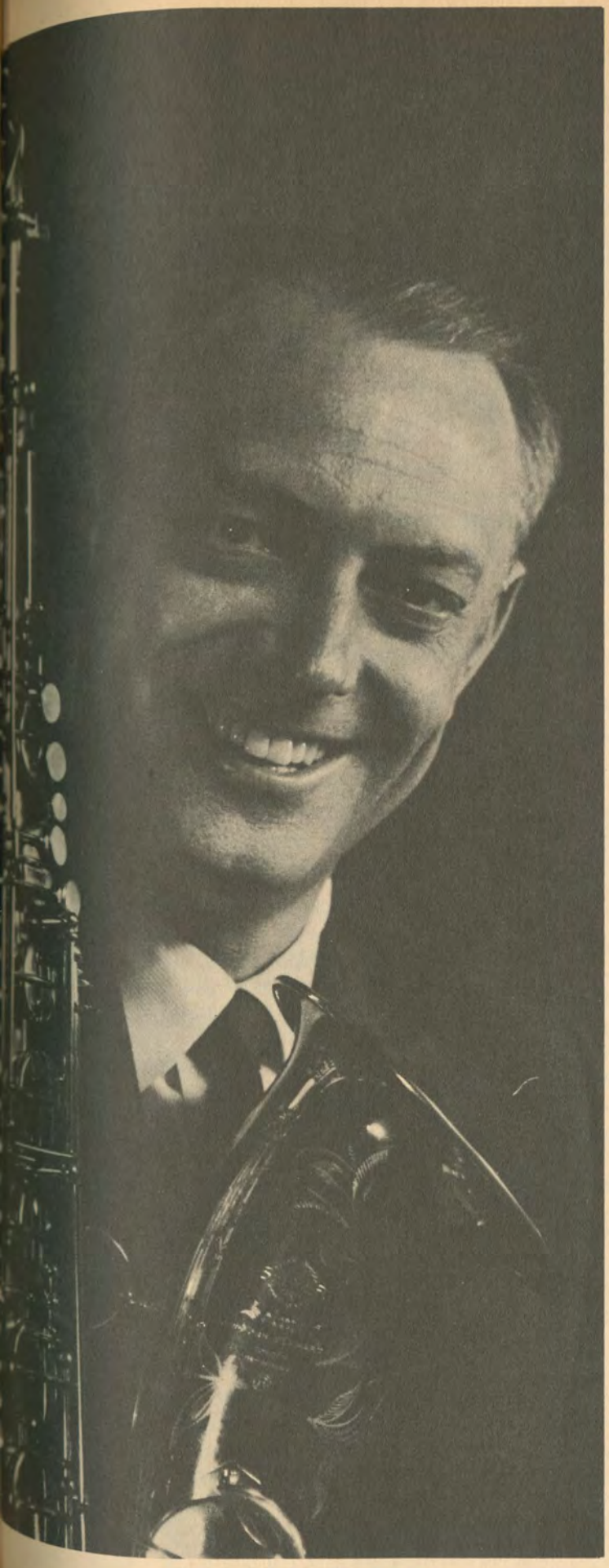
The series may be purchased for $60 through Mr. Theobald with the purchaser assuming all rights (except duplication) to the material. This series within itself could easily serve as the central material for on-campus study seminars and faculty-student interdisciplinary discussions.

Perhaps it is inevitable that every movement have its publication, hence there is a "voice" for Campus Dialogue, and conveniently, it goes by the same title. Two issues of the newspaper are already in print, and six more are projected for the remainder of the academic year. The publication features reports and analyses of projects and conferences related to the concerns of Campus Dialogue. No. 2 includes a review of a San Jose State interdisciplinary course on "Cybernation and Man," a critique of the guaranteed annual income proposals, a student essay on "Man in a Cybernated Society," and numerous resources, including a bibliography to supplement the radio series.

The publication is being edited and published at Denison University and individual subscriptions are $3. There are discount rates for multiple copies sent to one address. Additional details are available from Campus Dialogue, Box 2024, Denison University, Granville, Ohio 43023.

Norbert Wiener wrote in *God & Golem, Inc.*: "... render unto Man the things which are Man's and unto the computer the things which are the computer's. . . . What we now need is an independent study of the systems involving both human and mechanical elements." Campus Dialogue appears to be such an independent, concerned study and response to the present course of man's history.

—B. J. STILES



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

MATHIAS GOERITZ "understands the paradoxes in our nature: the foolishness and wisdom, warm-heartedness and viciousness." So wrote Margaret Rigg about him in a *motive* art feature in January 1959. Mathias' work as a sculptor, architect and educator is recognized throughout Europe, Mexico and America. This reputation lends a certain prestige to his tribute to Margaret Rigg, but the real significance of his response inheres in his recognition and appreciation of the human concerns and compassion which characterize both her personality and her art.

JOHN HAAG is associate professor of English at Penn State. His heritage includes seven years at sea (merchant ships and U.S.N.), studies and degrees with honors at the University of Washington, and a Fulbright spent in England. His provocative essay first came to our attention via *Focus*, a very imaginative journal of opinion and ideas published by the University Christian Association at Penn State. His poems have appeared in most of the major reviews, and dozens of poetry journals.

JACK NEWFIELD is assistant editor of *the village voice* and an occasional contributor to *The Nation*.

MARGARET RIGG is no longer with us, but her influence is.

LORENZ SHULTZ began collecting jazz records in 1949 with Benny Goodman's first LP. He plays (clarinet), sings (infrequently), and preaches (in an inner city, predominantly-Negro church in Portland).

TUPPER SAUSSY was a charter student at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Massachusetts. His 1964 Monument label record, "Said I to Shostakovich," caused considerable critical controversy because it was a statement of contemporary classical music in the framework of jazz. A recently commissioned symphonic work will be premiered this month by the Nashville Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Saussy is a concerned Episcopal layman.

ROBERT F. PALMER, JR., is an English major at Little Rock University, where he is editor of the *Forum*, contributor to the *Arkansas Gazette*, participant in SNCC, and member of several jazz and rock and roll combos.

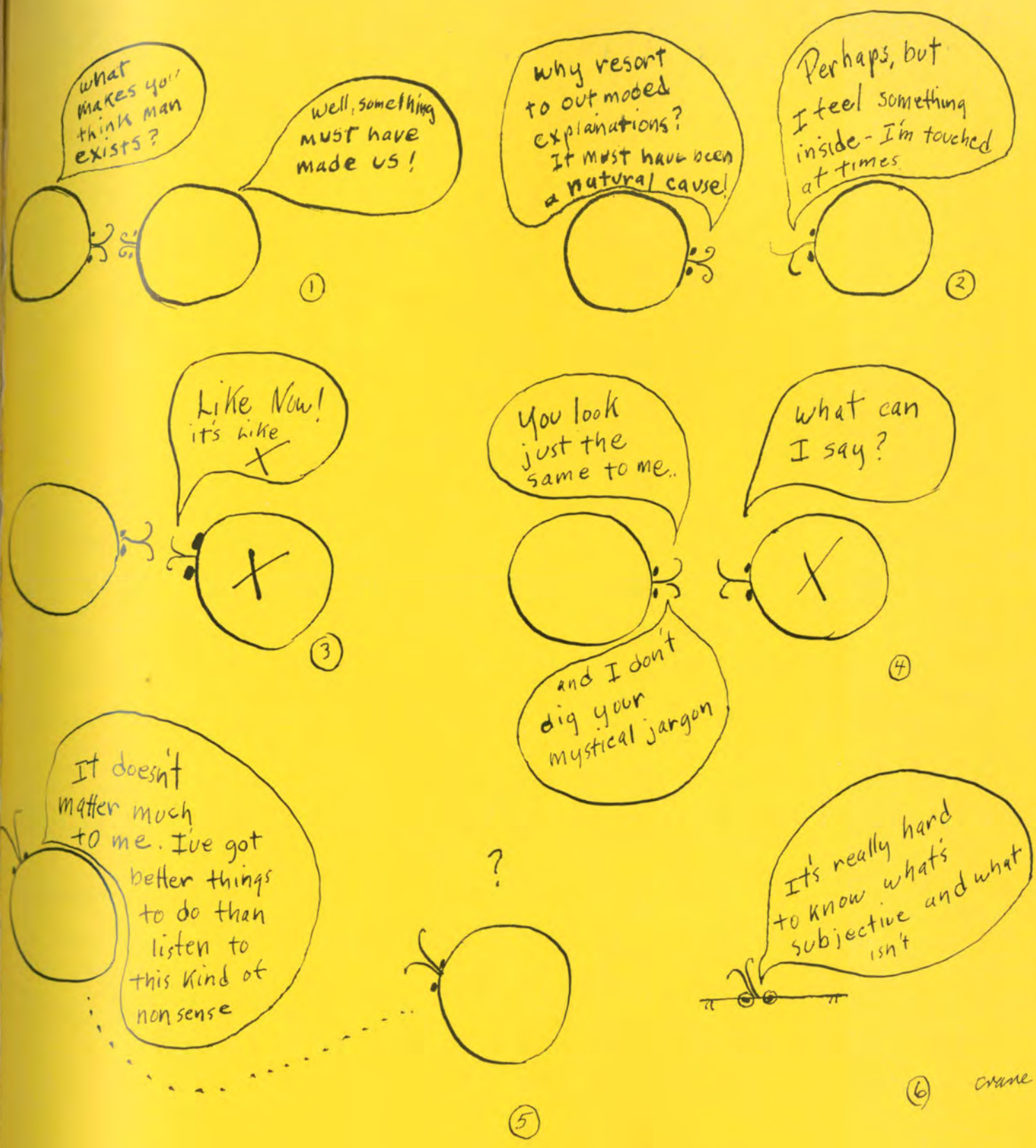
BOBBIE MASON is a graduate assistant in English at Harpur College.

TABAN LO LIYONG is from Uganda. His work is published in several very creative African journals, including *Transition* and *East Africa Journal*. He is currently a student at Howard University in Washington, D.C.

POETS for March: **JAMES WORLEY** lives and writes in Columbus, Indiana. His work has appeared in *Voices*, *Quartet*, *Negro Digest*, and others. **WILL INMAN** edits *Kauri*, a mimeographed torrent of poetry, essays, letters and the wine of the spirit—a sort of portable happening. (You can get in the act by sending Will a dollar at 362 E. 10th St., New York City 10009.) His writing lately has been devoted to long cycles of poems, including *108 Verges Unto Now* (Carleton Press) and *108 Prayers for J. Edgar Hoover* (chapbook from *Epos* magazine); as for the title of the cycle from which this poem is taken, he explains that a po'buckra is a poor white. The term appears African in origin, and is in common use in isolated parts of the American South. **GIL ORLOVITZ** is one of the most prolific poets now at work. His work has appeared so widely it would be futile even to begin to list the magazines; the breadth of his presence is demonstrated, perhaps, by the fact that although he lives in New York, he is Consulting Poetry Editor of *Trace* in Los Angeles. **JAY CLAUDE SUMMERS** is a senior at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. **JOAN WHITE** is a young California poet. Among other places, her work has recently been represented in *Trace*, *dust*, *Yale Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, and *Descant*. **J. EDGAR SIMMONS** teaches writing at Mississippi College (Clinton). He is just beginning to publish his work in earnest. A Jungian, he is working impressively on a poetic keyed to the evocative religious power of "secular" symbols. But the theory does not overpower the poem; his work has been praised by critics as divergent in outlook as James Dickey and John Crowe Ransom. This is his second appearance in *motive*—and from the amount of work he continues to send, certainly not his last!

BOOK REVIEWERS include: **HARRY SMITH,** Westminster Fellowship campus minister at the University of North Carolina; **JONATHAN EISEN,** graduate student in industrial and labor relations at the University of Illinois; **G. DONALD PEABODY,** a student of theology and member of the United Steelworkers of America; and **GEORGE D. McLAIN,** a Staten Island minister.

ARTISTS in this issue include: **KEN THOMPSON,** whose lively Beatle drawings indicate his proficiency in both art and music. He is pursuing graduate study at Peabody College in Nashville, where he plays with "The Remicks." **HANS ORLOWSKI** is a master of wood engraving. Born in Prussia, he now lives in Berlin and works both as a wood engraver and painter. The three prints in this issue are from a new series he has just done, "Abbey-Church Amorbach." **ROBERT HODGELL** is pursuing his own work during a year's leave of absence from Florida Presbyterian College. **JIM CRANE** is completing details on another book of cartoons to be published later this year by John Knox Press. His current book, *On Edge*, is attracting much attention from *motive* readers and many others. **MIKE CHICKIRIS** is this month's new contributing artist. He is a senior at Kent State University in Ohio, where he is majoring in photography.


what makes you think man exists?
well, something must have made us!
1
why resort to outmoded explanations? It must have been a natural cause!
Perhaps, but I feel something inside - I'm touched at times
2
Like Now! it's like
X
3
You look just the same to me..
and I don't dig your mystical jargon
what can I say?
4
It doesn't matter much to me. Ive got better things to do than listen to this kind of nonsense
?
5
It's really hard to know what's subjective and what isn't
6
crane

2-D and me.

Parable from Another Country

Accept him
As he is.
So sang the Dove.

Monkey heard that while going to visit Python one Christmas day. When he arrived, Python called aloud to his mother like this: "Mama, Mama, bring some food. My friend Monkey has arrived."

Monkey was tired and hungry. "I am so lucky," he thought, "I will eat to death." He rushed to the floor where the well-cooked meal was placed.

"Monkey," said Python, "go and wash your hands. Nobody eats with dirty hands."

He went, washed his hands, and hurried to where food was.

"Do you call those hands washed?", was what Python said. "Have some sense. Those hands are black and dirty. Use soap and warm water."

Monkey went and did so. He returned with clean hands, palm out.

"Now, Monkey, where were you raised? How can you come to table so dirty, so smelly, so black? Get that blackness off your hands."

Monkey took a butcher's knife, skinned away the black skin on his palms. The palms turned red, red with blood. Tears dropped from his eyes as blood dropped from his hands.

He was still hungry. He came to eat.

"How can you be so uncultured? So unintelligent? Don't touch my food with your blood. I am no cannibal." Those were Python's words.

Monkey started for home.

The Dove was singing:

Accept him
As he is.

Another Christmas day came. Python was going to visit Monkey.

Accept him
As he is,
Accept him
As he is.
He heard the Dove sing.

"Countryman," said Monkey to Python, "you are most welcome." Python spread his twenty-foot length on the floor, filling almost every space.

"Mama Monkey," her son called, "bring us the feast." Food was brought and placed on the floor. Monkey sat on his haunches, and laid his hands on his knees.

"Now Python my countryman," said Monkey, "get seated."

Python coiled himself into a heap like tires of different sizes.

"Mistah, we don't call that 'sitting' ", said Monkey. "Now, get seated like other folks. See what I mean?"

Python uncoiled himself. He pushed the greater part of his twenty feet outside the hut. His head was near the pot of food.

"I didn't tell you to lie on your belly. You must learn to sit, and to sit properly inside a house," Monkey said like that.

Python assembled all of himself inside the hut. He started to sit, on his tail. His head went up, up, up, till it pierced through the roof.

Monkey ate the food. He took a cutlass and chopped off Python's tail. Python hurried with the bulk of his length through the roof.

They both heard the Dove singing:

Accept him
As he is,
Accept him
As he is.

The Dove will still sing:

Accept him as he is,
Accept him as he is,
as he is,
as he is.

—Taban lo Liyong