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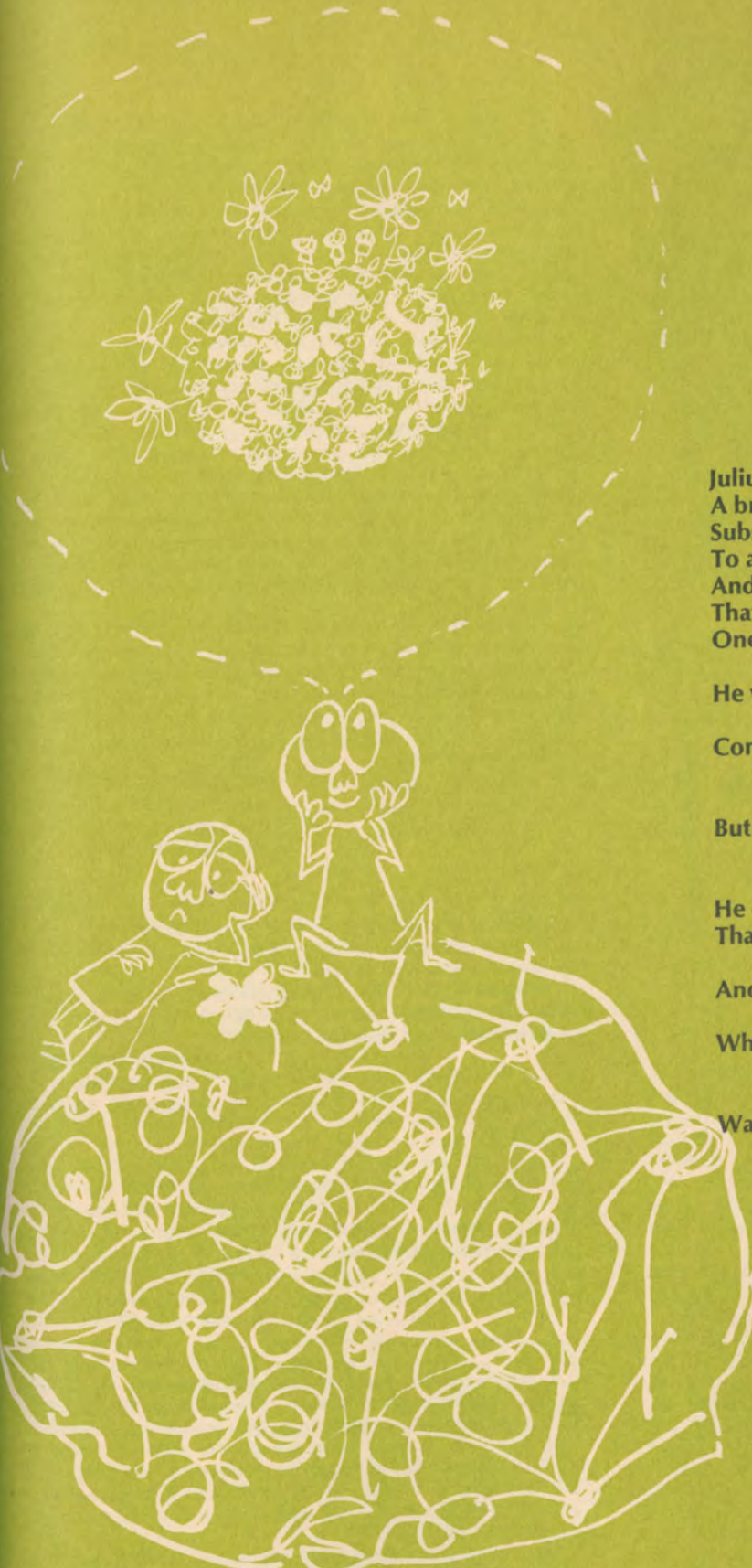
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contents

- 1 JULIUS M. TULLY *poem*, WILLIAM SAYRES
- 2 THE PICKET LINE
- 5 STOP THE WAR IN VIET NAM *photograph*
MIKE CHICKIRIS
- 6 PEACE AND RACE: A PLENARY LAMENTATION WILLIAM
STRINGFELLOW
- 10 FISH ARE JUMPING AN' THE COTTON IS HIGH: NOTES
FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA MIKE THELWELL
- 12 RICHARD HARRELL ROGERS: SCULPTOR *art feature*
- 20 TWO POEMS RALPH ROBIN
- 21 THREE SEA-CHANGES *poems by*
JOHN HAAG, ADRIANNE MARCUS, HARLAND RISTAU
- 24 THE OLD MEN WITH BRIGHT EYES *poem* NEAL ELLIS
- 26 PAUL TILlich'S IMPACT UPON AMERICAN LIFE GUY B.
HAMMOND
- 31 WHO SHALL CARRY THE WORMS?: *a melancholy ode for*
martin buber WILL INMAN
- 34 THINKING THE FAITH HISTORICALLY: THE LEGACY OF
CARL MICHALSON JOHN D. GODSEY
- 38 BOOKS
- 43 CONTRIBUTORS
- 45 INDEX
- COVER 3: *Drawing* BEN MAHMOUD
- COVER 4: THE JACKDAW WITH ECLECTIC PLUMAGE *fable*,
GLENWAY WESCOTT
- FRONT COVER: THE MARTYR by BRUCE CARTER exhibits a direct, personal involvement in social forces in history. His prints have been called "social protests in the best Western tradition, subtle but visceral." Mr. Carter is assistant professor of painting, design and sculpture at Carnegie Institute of Technology.



JULIUS M. TULLY

Julius M. Tully,
A breeder of white mice and hamsters,
Subscribed in the year 1961
To a magazine for aspiring writers;
And being advised therein
That according to creative codes
One must learn to write
By writing,
He wrote
And wrote,
Completing thousands of items,
Which he called, properly,
Manuscripts;
But when Julius M. Tully discovered
That he would see none of these
In print
He concluded
That he had not learned to write
By writing,
And forthwith cancelled his subscription
In a bitter note
Which the editor,
Ever magnanimous toward
Criticism,
Was pleased to publish.

—WILLIAM SAYERS

Crane

Hoorah for you! I like your answer to the pseudo theological announcement that "God is Dead" (*motive*, February 1966). Your satirical answer brought a favorable response to many and to me.
KERMIT LONG
nashville, tenn.



R. O. HODGELL

For years I have considered and do consider now that your magazine is the most valuable and worthwhile student publication in America. In every way, from art work to editorials, it is the most mature, profound and searching publication most of my students get their hands on, from church sources or otherwise.

With this in mind, I was doubly shocked at Anthony Towne's anything but "apt" satire on the "God Is Dead" theme on the back cover of your February issue. It succeeds only in doing what every other misinformed journal and newspaper in the country has already done, to the credit of no one and to the unfortunate abuse of intelligent understanding. Towne is most surely to be allowed his own opinion of what Altizer affirms. But it does seem that the usual editorial policies of some sort of keen interest in fair interpretation would apply to him as well as to everyone else who writes for you. Altizer, right or wrong, may very well be saying something that needs to be listened to, for no other reason, perhaps than that it reflects something of a disenchantment with the rather tired, obscure, and irrelevant language of theology that has been in vogue for the past five hundred years. Towne's treatment could as easily have appeared in some of the most rabid journals in the country and been completely in keeping with the aims and purposes of such publications.

I should like also to suggest that the references to Mrs. Kennedy and other notables seem to be in the worst taste possible. I am sure that the people who will find them clever and witty will be the same people who would find most of your magazine rather puzzling and offensive. In short, I think you've really lowered the banner—in a real play to the oafs of this world. And this I find rather disappointing.

JAMES A. CALLAHAN
department of philosophy
the woman's college of georgia
milledgeville, georgia

I think it was Bishop Sheen who used to say, "Go with God." After your February number, I hope you haven't—but it's been six weeks, and still no March.

Trust all is well. The exciting, stabbing quality of *motive* continues to encourage many of us, even though we miss God a lot and wish he could have been cured.

LAYTON P. ZIMMER
urban missions
diocese of pennsylvania

I can't agree with the main thesis of "Jazz: The Little Art" (*motive*, March 1966). All things are a part of God, and so jazz is just as worthy of inspiring awe as Beethoven.

So *there!* to Tupper Saussy.

ANITA JONES
southern illinois university
carbondale, illinois

Between Tupper Saussy's condescending attitude toward "hip clergy" and his mystical notions of worship (*motive*, March 1966), I'll bet trumpets to tambourines that he's an Episcopalian.

If corporate worship were the private state of awareness that he pictures it to be, it would be ill-served by anything so normative in impact as Beethoven's Seventh. And if jazz were so impoverished as he paints it, I can only wonder why he, or anyone else, continues to play it.

But, niggling criticisms aside, Mr. Saussy failed to draw the most important implication of his own thinking—which is that at the moment the Church, when it is faithful, probably has more to teach jazzmen of freedom than vice versa. *That*, friends, is the meaning of the "service."

PAUL FRANKS
new york city

I have been receiving *motive* for a few months now—and have enjoyed it thoroughly. When it comes, somehow, it seems a little heavy and overwhelming. But when I dig in and stick with it the fruits of my labor are abundant. This is just a modest word of gratitude for the marvelous job you are doing in relating the Gospel to the World.

JAMES W. KING
philadelphia, pa.

In *motive's* March editorial on the war in Viet Nam, Ron Henderson asserts that the present Administration's policy is illegal and immoral, and that its only defense is through illogical reasoning and emotionalism. He also attempts to demonstrate America's "savior complex" and at the same time, point out that we have lost our revolutionary spirit. His first assumption is that complete responsibility for the war lies with the United States.

Though I do not doubt Mr. Henderson's right to question Administration policy, or the fact that it needs to be questioned, I cannot agree with his method. His argument begins to crumble when he fails to let the defensive argument stand on its own merits; he cannot resist the same emotionalism for which he attacks the reasoning of the State Department. The labeling begins when he calls the State Department policy a "line"; uncritical Americans have "swallowed" its rationale; concerned American citizens have "serious" doubts. I also question the ability of 100 college students to make realistic decisions on the legality and morality of the war; their qualifications were not given.

Mr. Henderson further suggests that the United States has lost its revolutionary spirit, and then asserts that we believe ourselves to be the savior of the world. It seems that these two ideas are contradictory.

The main fault in Mr. Henderson's argument is that he fails to realize that an opinion is not necessarily a fact, regardless of the number of persons who believe it, then he offers no supporting facts for his argument. Finally he offers no alternative to the present policy that would force the Hanoi government to accept any responsibility.

SUSAN PHILLIPS
university of arizona
tucson, arizona

Ron Henderson's March editorial "The War in Viet Nam" has given the American public an outstanding example of what we need least, namely, another hand-wringing, sniveling wail of protest against the war in Viet Nam. If *motive* truly has any expectation of becoming significant reading fare for the concerned laity of current times, it will have to recognize that pious moans of protest are no substitute for specific, constructive alternatives, no matter what the issue may be.

Are we given these alternatives in Henderson's editorial? Hardly! Among other things, we are informed that, at a meeting of a Christian Citizenship Seminar, "the general tone was that the war in Viet Nam is both legally and morally wrong." How cozy! And how totally, disastrously superficial! Now that 100 righteous adolescents have pooled their moral sensitivities, shall we spank Papa LBJ on the back of the hand?

The entire piece is saturated with countless clichés and inanities; it also exemplifies the same kind of simplification for which it criticizes the Johnson administration. (e.g., "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.")

Until those journals which profess to set forth a meaningful Christian response to the problems and challenges of our time learn to shed self-righteousness and pompous ignorance, the Church itself will not fully emerge from the cloud of irrelevance which *motive*, in its better moments, strives to dissipate.

NORMAN K. BOSLEY
department of english
indiana central college
indianapolis, indiana

It appalled me to read that the Official Board of First Methodist Church, Lovington, New Mexico, does "not feel that this magazine, in its present form, is compatible with the ideals of our present generation of young Christians" (*motive*, March 1966).

I am a 34-year-old wife of an Episcopal priest whose parish is a

Federal housing project, I am a mother and a "Johnny-come-lately" junior at the local teachers' college.

I find *motive* excellent in ways connected with all these roles. I have used it in my church school classes. Some of the art work adorns my nine-year-old son's room. I recommend *motive* to my younger college friends, of whatever denomination, as they struggle to decide whether the church has any relevance to today's world.

But best of all, I (an Episcopalian) was searching for some really good Christian art work in a little Roman Catholic store when I had a conversation with a lovely elderly gentleman who manned the counter as a volunteer. After we agreed to the beauty of T. S. Eliot's poetry, and after he told me of his abiding love for Gerard Manley Hopkins, he then recommended that I see "this fine magazine put out by the Methodists called *motive*!"

Shame on the Official Board of First Methodist Church, Lovington, New Mexico!

CONSTANCE WITTE
st. louis, missouri

Ron Henderson's editorial (*motive*, March 1966) about the war in Viet Nam prompts this response from a pastor who has never been to Southeast Asia, who has never studied intensively the history of that area, nor have I attended any seminar dealing with the subject in depth. I have tried to know what is going on through magazines, books and newspapers, but I cannot say that this makes me an expert. However, as many groups tell us, you don't need expertise to discuss a complex issue, only the desire for dialogue.

Just now, I am having a lover's quarrel with those in the church who clearly feel that unless you are opposed to the war in Viet Nam, you are either ignorant or blatantly sub-Christian. For example, you take the State Department to task for over-simplifying the issues. Then, you give us the true story; i.e., the war is legally and morally wrong because it has changed character and escalated in the past year; because you cannot trust the President's motives in the peace offensive; because you say the Administration doesn't understand history; because of an alleged paranoid fear of communism; and because we have too often supported the wrong interests in Latin America, Asia and Africa.

Most of the people with whom I have discussed this issue would reject both over-simplifications as sheer propaganda calculated to support decisions already made. Whenever men are murdered, Christians are in agony, but they realize this is part of the cross. They don't like it. They wish it would stop.

Yet, would the killing cease if America stopped bombing? Or would only the names of the victims be changed? Has it stopped in Indonesia? Malaysia? Laos? Or even in enlightened India and Pakistan, not to mention Ghana or the Congo? Can China be trusted not to invade Southeast Asia once the Yankees have gone home? Is she so disinterested in rice that she will give up her "historic" effort to claim this rich land?

Sin has not been made obsolete by cybernetics nor the thrust of the 20th century. Men are still bound by chains of hate and fear, as well as the hope for power. Given the situation in Viet Nam and assuming that the Vietcong could rule, is it unreasonable to suspect that those who fought them would be first on the purge list? The "ins" have murdered the "outs" in every generation.

Perhaps your own symbol of the United States as policemen is the best. I think we know we are not the saviors of the world and like all policemen, we will not be liked nor respected for using force. Few servicemen enjoy killing. It is a dirty job. But what do you do when you face an enemy who doesn't want to talk, maybe doesn't know how, and seems bent on murder as the path to power? What is our doctrine for handling real paranoids?

You are wrong when you say we have uncritically become a part of the consensus. We do it because it is the responsibility of people with great power to use that power with restraint and to use that force for good as God gives us grace to see the good. We are not deluded to the point where we see this as a noble endeavor, only a necessary effort until that time when men will come to the table to talk. If that is sub-Christian, then let God forgive us, and somehow let Him show us a better way!

JOHN L. DUNHAM
dayton, ohio

I was struck by the lack of a historical and moral sense in Tupper Saussy's remarks on the relation of jazz to the American church (March 1966). Being neither a churchman nor an American, I suppose I should care little what Saussy says. However, this is not the case.

Two things come to mind, apart from Saussy's mistaken notions concerning the meaning of jazz music. First, it has always been a music intimately interwoven with religious sentiments, and this has provided it with a source of inspiration and hope for a group deprived of freedom and dignity. The religious sentiment, in its more profound sense, is still a part of jazz (e.g., Saussy would benefit from an earful of Duke Ellington, Charlie Mingus, John Coltrane, and Thelonious Monk.)

A second point on which I strongly disagree with Saussy is his confusion of "freedom from" and "freedom to be," a distinction made by Erich Fromm. The first of these Saussy deals with at some length, pointing out that the musician places a high value upon minimal constraints imposed by his audience and patrons. This I think is a necessary value, for the typical audience of a jazz musician tends to be conservative and unaware of the musician's need to put himself into his work.

Saussy, however, does not deal with the second type of freedom: the freedom to be. Existentially, this is the more crucial, since it requires a continuing effort to prevent oneself from being transformed into an object—a thing. The jazz musician represents this struggle to prevent objectification and, in one necessary sense, he has succeeded in stating his moral freedom in the face of a largely hostile or, even more threatening, an indifferent world.

If Saussy had concentrated less upon the technical aspects of musicianship in jazz, perhaps he might have discovered something of the moral and spiritual courage that the typical musician had displayed. In the light of this, it might be suggested that it is not jazz that is not suited to the church, but rather that the church is not suited to jazz. Here I only wish to imply that the Christian church of late has shown less courage in the world than jazz musicians have, and in consequence it is rapidly becoming a second class institution.

PETER R. WILLIAMS
department of sociology and
anthropology
duke university
durham, north carolina

I want to thank and congratulate you on *motive*. I was so surprised when I received the December issue as a gift from my church. This magazine is so thought-provoking and such a welcome change from the traditional religious literature. The wonderful instructor of our college group has opened our minds to view religion with an entirely different perspective and *motive* is a supplement in that regard.

CHRISTINE POWERS
burbank, california

The Methodist Student organization of Chipola Junior College wishes to commend you on the excellence of *motive* in most respects. However, we wish to take exception with your stand on two counts:

1. We cannot give serious attention to your preoccupation with this country's involvement in Viet Nam. We object to the horrors of war with all our hearts, but feel that our country, with all its faults, offers the best hope for government by the people.

2. We object to whatever encouragement students are given to participate in street demonstrations. Sufficient legislation exists now for the righting of racial wrongs, and grievances should be taken to the courts and not to the streets.

In an effort to understand your position better, we would like to know the following:

1. How do you arrive at the positions you uphold regarding our foreign policy? What sources do you folks have access to which enable you to know more about these affairs and thus speak with such authority?

2. Do you seriously believe that you speak for Methodist students? If you do, how did you arrive at this conclusion? Do you request that student leaders from all campuses pass resolutions supporting your views before you print them?

MERTICE B. RINGER
marianna, florida

I would like to express my appreciation for the article on the back page of your February issue relative to the God-is-dead discussions that are going on. This is one of the cleverest, most penetrating satires that has come out of this whole business. It has done an unusual job of bringing the matter back into focus, a thing rather badly needed.

GEORGE M. CURRY
associate publisher
the methodist publishing house
nashville, tennessee

You have really gone too far, as "fools rush in to tread" often do! So, I have said a prayer that when your time comes to need God's help, as it does for everyone, His interest in you and your smart aleckisms will not be dead. Such opinions and behavior are a menace to the world!

M. S.
palm beach, florida

Having read in our local paper and elsewhere about your article satirizing the God-is-dead issue, I want to commend belatedly you and your magazine. I received *motive* when I was in college five years ago and I still have some of the poems, articles and art clipped from it. *Motive* is a marvelous magazine because it is not dogma; it questions as do students themselves. College students do not need the typical sentimental type of religious magazine; they need something like *motive*.

Congratulations on a much needed and superbly done publication.

ANN STROBEL
lockport, new york

I have heard so much criticism of your magazine from our parishioners that I finally set out to explore some copies in search of something really good to tell these folks about.

I regret to say, I've failed to find anything really outstanding. If you have a copy maybe I've missed, I'd appreciate your suggesting some good issues.

We have known a lot of college students; some good and some who leave much to (be) desire(d); but none as "far out" as your magazine. A class has met in my living room and at Christmas vacation time I inquired of their reaction to *motive*. Only two were familiar with it but didn't "dig" it!

I'd appreciate a statement of your real purpose and suggestions of articles which may change my opinion. Otherwise I feel compelled to register my protests.

MRS. GEORGE R. HOLDEN
atlanta, georgia

I think *motive* is exceptional. It will surely enliven my life to have a year's subscription. . . . The spread of the articles, including the one on Santo Domingo, which served to enlighten me on that sad state of affairs, and the profile on Sister Mary Corita, whom we know from her work in the art lithographic field, is particularly significant. The writing is lucid journalism in this day of altogether jumbled communication despite the many forays into the area of making ourselves better understood to get ourselves across.

You are unique in both religion and journalism . . . and I shall enjoy being a part of your readership.

HARRY HILL, Jr.
Books in Review
los angeles, california

I am a bit perplexed over Harry Smith's review of Abbott's *Shaw and Christianity* (March 1966). Is it ignorance or the legacy of McCarthy that keeps the greatest reason for Shaw's hostility to the church from being identified. That Shaw was a doctrinaire Marxist is unquestionable; that his Marxism permeated his thought is easily demonstrated (c.f. Eric Bentley's essays on the dialectical structure of Shavian drama).

Surely by now we can tell the truth about the Marxism in our own heritage, in literature as surely as in international relations!

JAMES BARDSTON
university of massachusetts



STOP

THE WAR

in


VIETNAM

NOW



PEACE AND RACE:

*“Alas; alas! thou great city,
thou mighty city, Babylon!
In one hour has thy judgment come.”*
Revelation 18:10



a plenary lamentation

By WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN

THE TERRIBLE COINCIDENCE

The day of returning from Saigon there was another riot in Watts.

It seemed like an omen to me: the most likely occasion for the withdrawal of American troops from Viet Nam will be the need for them to suppress the ghetto riots in America.

The coincidence of what is happening in Viet Nam and what is happening in the United States is fearful. There are, of course, familiar distinctions between the two nations. Viet Nam is one of those "underdeveloped" countries; the United States is probably overdeveloped—in the way some athletes become musclebound. The former is an impoverished land, though it furnishes wealth and privilege for a few; the latter is fantastically affluent, yet embraces an institutionalized poverty more recalcitrant than any in the world. In its religious ethos, one is fatalistic about this world; the other, more prone to idolatry, has grown complacent in the deception that what prospers in America saves the world. For eleven of the past twenty

centuries, Viet Nam has suffered foreign occupations, yet her nationalism survives and is perhaps more virile now than ever before, unadulterated by foreigners and intensified by the presence of alien powers; in the last twenty years, the United States—forsaking, it seems, her own revolutionary origins—is threatened with hysteria every time another country exhibits independence.

There are other, apparently trivial, differences, too. There are far better restaurants in Saigon, for instance, than in Los Angeles or Baltimore. If you have the money, the cuisine there is either exquisitely French or authentically Oriental; if you have the access, here it is indifferently American or pseudo-Southern. Much the same can be said of the brothels. In Saigon the premises and the hostesses are more elegant and exceedingly more expensive than in Detroit or Dallas. Besides, in Saigon, technology has practically automated pimping—the Vietnamese employed as drivers for the American embassy use the vehicle radios to

book reservations at warehouses furnished with receiving equipment. In Saigon, power failures are not nearly the calamity they are in the States, since they are usually announced in advance. And meanwhile Saigon has resolved the urban traffic control problem by eliminating almost all signals and signs, thus leaving everyone in transit to their own enterprise, whereas in America the idea persists that traffic can be predicted, charted and controlled.

For all such differences, the similarities between the two societies are more remarkable.

Saigon, for example, is very like Harlem or Selma. All of these regions endure military occupations: in Saigon by the troops loyal to the Ky regime and the United States marines; in Harlem by the regular constabulary; in Selma by the sheriff's posse. In each of these localities surveillance of the ordinary movements of citizens is ubiquitous. Communication between people across racial and class lines, if it is not to be audited by one or another of the authorities, must occur in clandestine circumstances. Saigon and Harlem and Selma are each, in its fashion, forms of the police state.

Racial segregation is common in Viet Nam, as it is in the United States, though that seems to be something which the Americans have brought with them. Woodlawn, in Chicago, is a black ghetto; much of the North Shore in the same city is a white ghetto. In those sectors open to Americans in Saigon public accommodations are divided between those serving whites and those catering to blacks.

Class distinctions are also radical in each country and the gap between the poor and those possessed of property is very great. Political power consequently vests in those who control property, and the poor are effectually disenfranchised with little recourse but to occasional street demonstrations.

As a practical reality as well as a social tradition, education—and thus access to civic responsibility—though recited as a right, turns out to be a privilege, especially at the university level.

II. A TACTICAL STALEMATE IN CIVIL RIGHTS

Beyond these comparisons between Viet Nam and the United States is the more ominous impact of the American military involvement in Viet Nam upon the racial crisis in the United States. The Viet Nam war threatens to stalemate the civil rights movement.

For one thing, the American protest movements against the war have adopted many of the tactics of the civil rights movement—picketing, sit-ins, peaceful

street demonstrations. Some of the most distinguished civil rights leaders individually have associated themselves publicly with the peace movement; some elements of the organic civil rights movement (notably SNCC and SCLC) officially have taken policy stands critical of the war effort. Many of those who have been among the rank and file of the civil rights demonstrations—perhaps especially white students and white clergymen—are now to be seen in the ranks of those who march for peace.

To some civil rights leaders this association of the civil rights cause with the peace movement has caused a deep apprehension. They fear that the public hostility to the anti-Viet Nam demonstrators is so irrational and so widespread that it will, as it were, rub off on the civil rights movement and discredit further means of peaceful protest for civil rights.

Meanwhile others, particularly some white liberals who have been involved as dilettantes in the racial crisis, seem to welcome the peace movement as a means of rationalizing their withdrawal from civil rights activities—especially now when involvement means much more militancy and much more danger and much more persistent if often less dramatic work—in favor of supporting the anti-Viet Nam protests as a more urgent matter than the racial crisis. The dilettantes assume, like those who fear that the civil rights movement will be smeared because the peace movement uses similar tactics, that race and peace are divisible.

The apprehensiveness of those civil rights spokesmen who think that in the general public mind the two movements will be linked in a guilty way is entirely justified. Still, they ought to remember that non-violent action was not invented by the American civil rights movement. Moreover, such guilt by association does not dictate that the civil rights movement must denounce the peace movement, or that the peace members abandon civil rights.

Long before the present peace movement matured, the falsehood which equates civil rights demonstrations with violence in the streets was popular among the white middle-classes in both the North and the South. One recalls echoes of this notion in statements of former President Truman when he has ridiculed civil rights demonstrations, and some of the vague mourning of former President Eisenhower about the "disruption of law and order." Moreover—let it not be forgotten—the alleged equation of civil rights protests and violence was reiterated and gained notorious currency in the 1964 Presidential campaign. Indeed that sort of falsehood took such abrasive forms that Senator Goldwater himself was moved to repudiate some of

his own campaign material as racist. That repudiation has not deterred others, most notably the John Birchers, from persevering in reciting the same savage lie. Against such a background it is not surprising—when the peace protests emerged in full force utilizing tactics so similar to those associated with the civil rights cause—that this lie should take on more credibility to those who find it convenient or consoling to believe, because of the manifest unpopularity of complaining about a war in which Americans are dying every day.

At the same time, other influences have been important in creating a hostile public reaction to non-violent tactics. The press persists in portraying the peace protesters as unwashed, disconsolate, draft-dodging beatniks despite the fact that the overwhelming numbers of those who have demonstrated have been white, middle-class citizens considerably beyond draftability. The President has continued to appeal to the rubric of consensus while his military and diplomatic representatives and advisors plead that Viet Nam is a matter for the "experts"—with, apparently, no awareness of the inherent contradiction between rule by consensus and rule by an elite (another issue which is recurrent, of course, in Viet Nam). Despite vigorous attempts by a very significant number of Senators and Representatives, the nation remains deprived of a full scale, open-ended parliamentary and public debate on Viet Nam. And, when some public hearings have finally happened, the response of one General to a critical question by a United States Senator was to accuse the Senator of giving comfort to the enemy by merely asking the question.

In such circumstances it is lamentably understandable that multitudes of earnest, if not well-informed citizens come to believe that all civil disobedience must be suppressed, that all demonstrations are indistinguishable from riots, and that dissent is the equivalent of disloyalty.

Civil rights leaders who are afraid that the hostility toward the peace movement be uncritically transferred to the civil rights movement are quite warranted in that fear. But there is nothing which can be done to prevent that association from being made. Moreover, to divide the civil rights movement (even further) by attempting to disavow the peace movement and its participants from the ranks of the civil rights movement in the end only plays into the hands of those who would destroy both.

III. THE INDIVISIBILITY OF PEACE AND RACE

Moreover peace and race cannot be separated either ideologically or practically, much less theologically.

Attempts to articulate the relationship of the American racial crisis and the Viet Nam involvement seem to have been less than cogent. On the one hand, some civil rights advocates deplore the war on the grounds that it involves a white nation bombing people of the yellow race, though, in fact, because America is not merely a white nation, there are a disproportionate number of Negro soldiers engaged in the Vietnamese hostilities. On the other hand, the President claims that Viet Nam is the symbol in the world that America honors its commitments to colored races just as much as to white people, is just as concerned with Asia as with Europe, as a means of trying to discredit criticism of administration policy by citing Senator Fulbright's voting record on civil rights legislation.

Surely what weds the civil rights movement and the peace movement is that human rights are indivisible everywhere in the world and that the concern of Americans, black and white, for their own rights cannot be severed from the cause of the rights of the Vietnamese but, in truth, so far, the American involvement in Viet Nam has not been in support of human rights. The American involvement in Viet Nam has mainly succeeded in aborting the national independence of that nation, dividing it for the first time in its history between North and South, imposing upon the internal civil conflicts in Viet Nam the burden of America's hostility to China, embracing an oligarchy emphatically imposed to the maturing of human rights and, increasingly, merely vindicating America's own military prestige in the name not of democracy but of anti-communism.

Moreover the mobilization of so much opposition within the United States toward criticism of prevailing policy, the demise of the right of dissent, the circumvention of parliamentary debate, the popular identification of demonstrations with disorder should—if nothing else does it—cause the peace movement and the civil rights movement to join forces in defense against the erosion and disruption of democratic processes internally in this country.

In the process of hindering the development of self-determination and political freedom and national unity in Viet Nam by the extravagance of the American military presence there, the American democracy itself is being profoundly corrupted.

In other words, the success of the hawks in the Viet Nam issue depends upon the effectual quashing of the right of dissent in the United States. If that happens, the civil rights movement will be meaningless, and an acceleration of violent racial protest will be morally certain. Ironically, then the troops would come home . . . to quell the riots!



PHOTOGRAPH: STURKEY

FISH ARE JUMPING AN' THE COTTON IS HIGH: NOTES FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA

There is an immense mural in the Hinds County Courthouse in Jackson, Mississippi. On the wall behind the judge's bench is this mansion. White, gracefully colonnaded in a vaguely classical style, it overlooks vast fields, white with cotton which rows of darkies are busily (and no doubt, happily) picking. In the foreground to the left stands a family. The man is tall, well-proportioned with a kind of benevolent nobility shining from his handsome Anglo-Saxon face. He is immaculate in white linen and a planter's Stetson as he gallantly supports his wife, who is the spirit of demure grace and elegance in her lace-trimmed gown. To the right, somewhat in

By MIKE THELWELL

the background to be sure, stands a buxom, grinning handkerchief-headed Aunt Jemima, everyone's good-humored black Mammy. In this mural, progress is represented by a work-gang of Negroes, building under the direction of a white overseer, what appears to be an addition to the great house. Although this painting is not wired for sound—a concession, one imagines, to the dignity of the court—it requires little imagination to hear the soothing, homey sound of a spiritual wafting on the gentle wind from the cotton fields. The general tone is certainly one of orderly industry, stability and a general contentment. "Take a good look at them," a Negro lawyer said to me, "be-

cause they are the last happy darkies you are likely to see here."

Actually, this mural is so inept in technique and execution, that at first flush one is inclined to mistake it for parody. But Mississippians, especially the politicians, have never demonstrated the sense of security or humor that would permit them consciously to parody themselves, although they seem incapable of escaping this in their public utterances. That this mural, consciously or not, is a burlesque of a parody of a stereotype which has never had historical or social reality goes without saying, but the mere fact that the mural exists and is intended to be taken seri-

ously, or at least with a straight face, is equally important. Because—despite the fact that the Deep South is an area as vast in its geographic, economic, and even sociological differentiation as any region in the nation—it is this plantation image of the South that persists in the sentimental subconscious of the American popular imagination. It is this image, or some derivative of it, that people tend to see when the Deep South is mentioned.

In point of fact the area in which huge cotton plantations of "Gone with the Wind" popular fame existed, and to an extent still do, is limited to a relatively small, specific geographic area. This is a narrow band of very level, fertile black earth which runs erratically south, then west from the bottom of Virginia through parts of the Carolinas, central Alabama, picks up in southwest Georgia, and runs through northwestern Mississippi and into Arkansas. This very generally describes the region known as the "Black-belt," where the institutional replacements of the huge ante-bellum plantations exist, and where the descendants of the slaves still greatly outnumber the descendants of their masters, and where the relationship between these two groups shows only a superficial formal change. In Mississippi, this area is called the Delta, a term which, in its precise geographic meaning, refers only to the wedge of land between the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers, but which extends in popular usage to most of the northwestern quarter of the state. The area of the Delta coincides almost exactly with the Second Congressional District of Mississippi, the home of Senator Eastland, the Citizen's Council, and the densest population of Negroes in the state. It is here, were it to exist anywhere, that one would find the image of the mural translated into reality.

What can be said about this place that will express the impact of a land so surrealistic and monotonous in its flatness that it appears unnatural, even menacing? Faulkner comes

close to expressing the physical impact of the region: ". . . *Crossing the last hill, at the foot of which the rich unbroken alluvial flatness began as the sea began, at the base of its cliffs, dissolving away in the unhurried rain as the sea itself would dissolve away.*"

This description suggests the dominant quality: a flatness like an ocean of land, but within that vast flatness, a sense of confinement, a negation of distance and space that the sea does not have. And there are the rivers—in the east the headwaters of the river called Big Black; and there are sluggish tributaries, the Skuna, Yalobusha, and Yacona which flow into the Tallahatchie, which in turn meets the Sunflower to become the Yazoo, called by the Indians the river of the dead. The Yazoo flows south and west until it meets the Mississippi at the city of Vicksburg. These rivers are, in Faulkner's words, ". . . *thick, black, slow, unsunned streams almost without current, which once each year ceased to flow at all, then reversed, spreading, drowning the rich land and subsiding again leaving it even richer.*"

Indianola is the capital of Sunflower County, a county distinguished because it contains the 4,800-acre-plantation of U.S. Senator James O. Eastland, the State prison farm at Parchman; it is the home of Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, the ex-plantation worker who has become the symbol of the resistance.

Although this is your first time there, you recognize when you have come home. When the pavement runs out—the streetlights become fewer or nonexistent and the rows of weather-textured, grey-grained clapboard shacks begin—you experience feelings of relief, almost love. This chaotic, dilapidated shanty-town represents community, safety in numbers, friendship, and some degree of security after the exposed vulnerability of the highway.

Even if you wanted to, you could not escape the children of all sizes and shades who abandon their games in the dusty streets or weed-filled lots for the excitement of a new arrival. Noisy with

impatient curiosity and quick vitality they surround you, shooting questions: "Is yo' a freedom fighter? Yo' come for the meeting? Is yo' start up the school? Have any money?" Or proudly, "We does leafletting, yo' want us to give out any?" Big-eyed and solemn they await the answers, ignoring their elders' warnings, shouted from the porches, "Yo' all don't be botherin' that man now, heah?" They must have some bit of information so that they can go scampering importantly up the porches to inform the old people. The community grapevine.

And on the porches, the people are almost always old, at least no longer young. Frequently they are the grandparents of the children because the true parents, the generation in between, are at work, or have left the state in search of work. This gap between generations lies like a blight on every Negro community, and especially in the Delta. You see it in any kind of meeting, in the churches—any gathering of Negroes in Mississippi consists predominantly of teenagers and older people.

So the old people on the porch rock and fan and listen politely, perhaps too politely, expressing a cautious, noncommittal agreement that is somehow too glib and practised. And their eyes flick over your shoulder to see who may be watching. This quiescent, easy agreement is another aspect of the mask, and one has no right to judge the only practical response that they have fashioned, the only defense they had. For if they survived yessing the white man to death, why not you? "Thou seest this man's fall, but thou knowest not his wrasslin'."

The motion and energy, the openness and thirst to know of the children in the road forms a tragic counterpoint to the neutral caution of the porches. So short a journey and symbolically so final. The problem comes clear: to create within the community those new forms, new relationships, new alternatives that will preserve this new generation from the paralysis of fear and hopelessness.

RICHARD HARRELL ROGERS:

SCULPTOR

WHENEVER I attempt to define or explain my work I am reminded of Heisenberg's statement of physical law known as the "Principle of Uncertainty." To illustrate this principle Heisenberg had an imaginary scientist trying to locate the position and velocity of a single electron. This scientist has a fantastic microscope capable of bringing the electron within the limits of human vision. But he has a problem. Electrons are so small that it is impossible to illuminate them with wave lengths of visible light or even with X rays, so he has to use high-frequency gamma rays of radium which exert a powerful force on the electron thus changing its velocity and direction. Consequently the scientist is doomed to failure because the act of looking alters that which he seeks to observe.

I find that whenever I try to pin myself down, to say that I am doing this or that, what I have done changes as the fragments of my idea come together in a mirror surface that reflects with harsh reality the fact that I have done something completely different from what I believed I was doing. It is as though I am chasing a ball of mercury and trying to pick it up. The thing I want to hold, to touch, to understand, shatters and slips away.

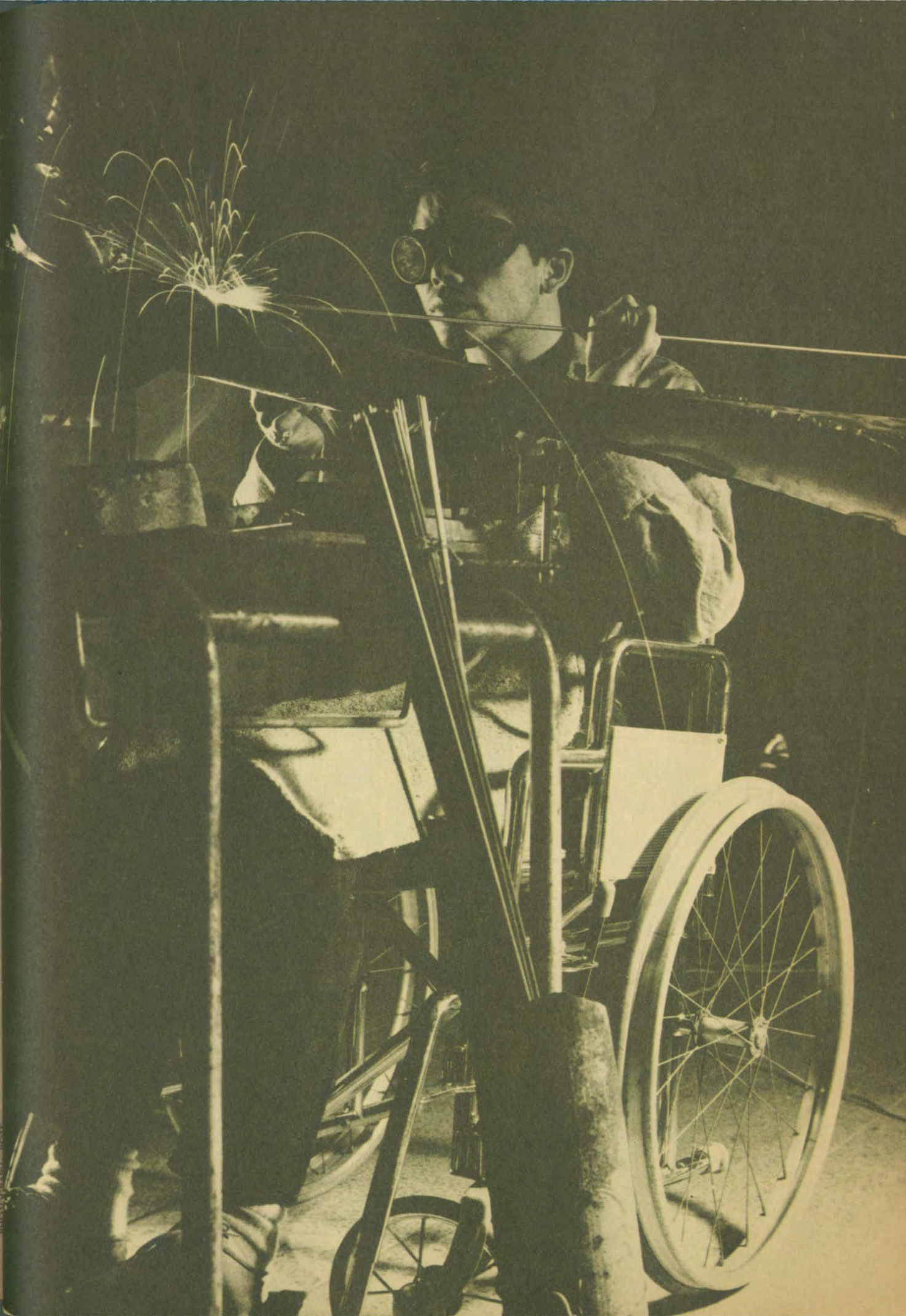
There are elements in my work that seem to be fairly constant. The idea of love has been important. Yet that too changes when I try to hold it in my hand and say to myself, "Yes, this is what love is." Suddenly it isn't. Perhaps I held it too tightly and crushed it or did I hold it too loosely so that it flew away? But even if all that remains is the blue-white flame and the molten metal, it still is love, for love is everything—or nothing. It is the agony of Saul, blind and crying out in the darkness for help from the God that struck him down. It is a man dying a lonely and painful death on a cross. And it is the

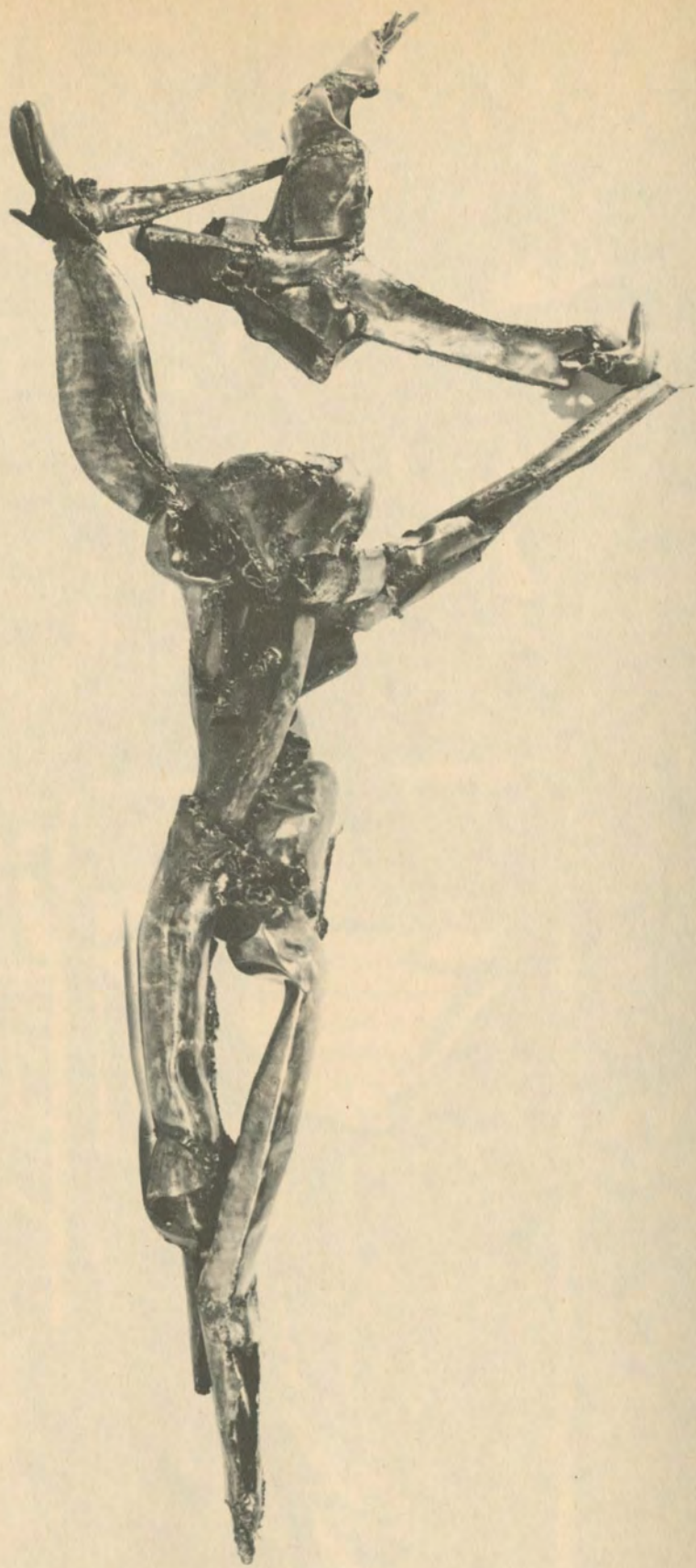
resurrection from that loneliness. For love seems greater when it conquers hate and fear, faith much stronger if it replaces doubt, and pleasure far purer when it relieves pain. My work comes from inside and always exists as a part of me. They are like signposts and I am revealed by them to anyone who passes and cares to look. I could never make shrewd, detached experiments that glitter and move and bedazzle; nor could I spend my life on jokes that no longer are funny. There has to be more for me than the sophisticated boredom of meaningless drivel. There has to be emotion! Let it be tears of agony or the sound of laughter, but let it be alive! Let it be *human!* Indifference kills emotion, art becomes the stale odor of a once lovely rose. Meaning is lost in emptiness. Art is sacrificed on the blood-stained altar of vanity.

It is difficult, even dangerous, to dedicate one's life to an emotion. For it is impossible to predict or even to imagine what an emotion can do. The soul wears a thousand masks. What if one chooses the wrong mask? Will it be too late to choose again? Will there be enough time and enough strength to choose again? Have I chosen right? I do not know, perhaps I will never know. But I act in the framework of my choice because once in awhile someone sees and understands and agrees with my choice, right or wrong, and that makes all the pain and exhaustion and frustration worthwhile. I wish I could make huge pieces of sculpture that would stand out in the landscape or span a highway so that I could increase my chances of communicating with those who believe in my choice a millionfold. I would like to do things for buildings, to be a part of architecture. I want to make monuments to human dignity.

—RICHARD HARRELL ROGERS

OPPOSITE PAGE: THE ARTIST IN HIS WELDING STUDIO.

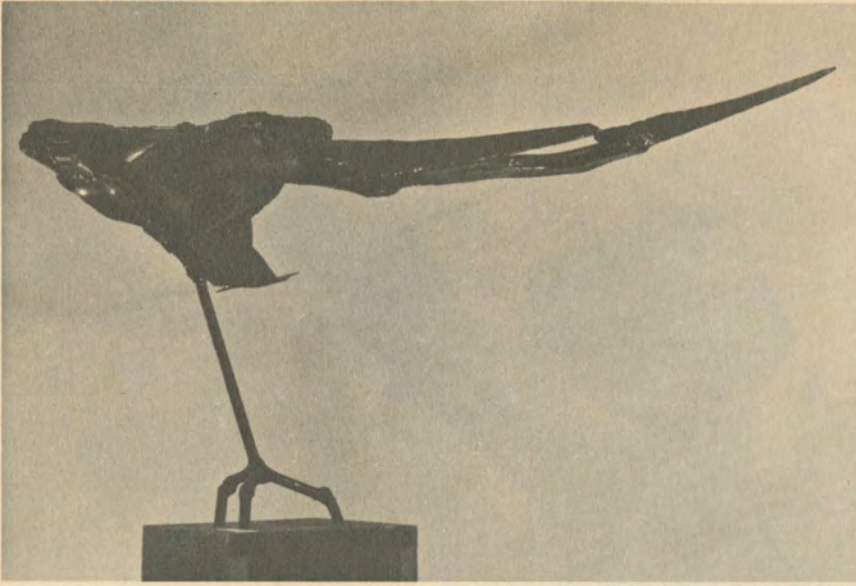




GOLGOTHA

WELDED STEEL, 92 1/2" HIGH

COLLECTION: DALLAS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS



TRANSFIGURATION
60" HIGH



ASCENSION
25" HIGH



SAUL OF TARSUS
30" HIGH

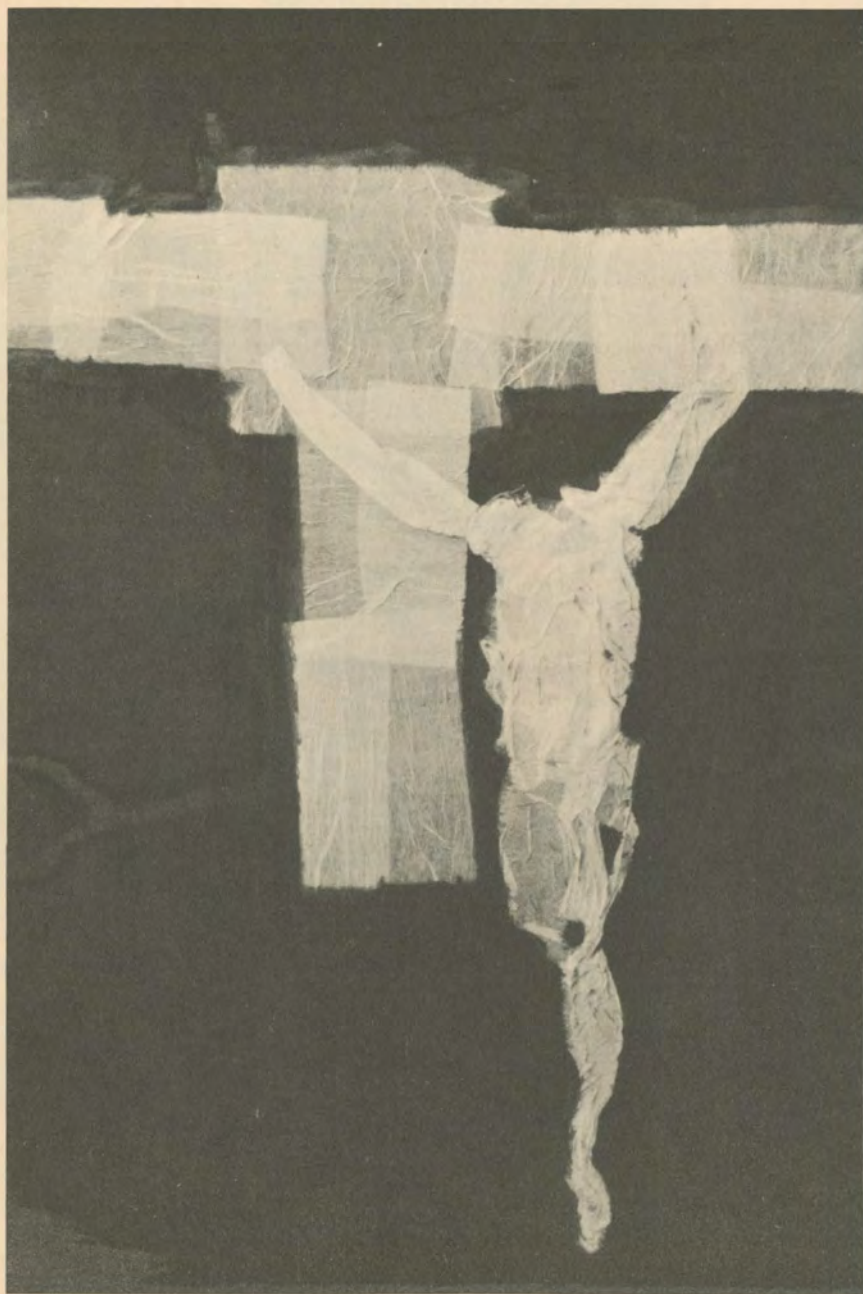


PALEOLITHIC TORSO
28" HIGH



DETAIL OF TORSO

RICHARD HARRELL ROGERS: Born 6 May, 1941 in Waco, Texas. Confined to a wheel chair from a broken neck received in an automobile accident in January 1957. Lives in San Antonio, Texas. Attended Trinity University and the San Antonio Art Institute. Received Bachelor of Arts degree from Trinity University, 1963. Member of the Men of Art Guild and the Cathedral House Art Guild.



LAGRIMAS, COLLAGE OF PAPER.



CHIMERA, WELDED STEEL, 54" HIGH

TWO POEMS

(or, one poem in two lights)

BY RALPH ROBIN

DRAWING ALL THE VENETIAN BLINDS

I have drawn all the Venetian blinds
That uniformly cover windows
Having and not having
At some time the sun.
I catch a sparrow and an airplane
Through the cracks that remain.
I hear an occasional voice in the street.
I am isolated enough that the rattle
Of one shade, where the window is open
To wind, makes me think
Not of air but of nightmare figures
Come into the day to come into my window.
I check the locks of the doors
Though those I lock against are dead.

RAISING ALL THE VENETIAN BLINDS

I have raised all the Venetian blinds,
Pulling the slats up and together
With the double ropes, from the typist's chair
On which I am crawling about the room.
Do not guess wrongly that light
Dissolves nightmares. If I
Had not dissolved them, they
Would be here still and I with them,
I unable to reach the window
Or to eat a cold steak sandwich:
They would still be here, though someone else
Had bared every window under the sky
And turned on every electric light in the house.

THREE SEA-CHANGES

Poems by Haag, Marcus, Ristau



WOODCUT: SCOTT

THE SEA IS A ROTTEN LIE

The sea is a rotten lie,
invented
by some soft sounding
silk-headed
bard to make the reading
public think
that there are natural objects
grander than
General Motors and/or CBS:
they and I say
(and we'll fight this thing in
court, if we have to)
the sea is a rotten lie!
—HARLAND RISTAU

SHE CALLS FROM THE SHORE

Once more you call, but the black and vicious tide
turns out to sea, the barnacles exposed.
I am out beyond the last exacting breakers,
past swimmers with their grease still heavy
on the foam. My bones weave in the arctic night.
Down the narrow straits, the dolphins
dream under ice.

Shall I swim back, command the sea to empty?
My scales will turn to flesh, my eyes to fable.
Queen, Mother, I have no home but this sick water,
and what reflections of the land I see
are but a glint of those dumb fish
singing on your hook.

—ADRIANNE MARCUS

PHOSPHOR TENEBROUS

"For concealment, the giant squid of the abyss emits a luminous cloud—the counterpart of the 'ink' of his shallow-water cousins . . ."

Sea beast, deceived by lungs
and the long mistake of legs—
killer, soil tiller,
saint and cannibal—
you stink of opposites:
of Cain and Abel,
fact and fable,
ripe and rotten,
found, forgotten . . .
how then do you know
the top, but not the bottom?

Truant,
if you descend
to the groping dimension
as blessed geographer,
remember:
what the hand holds
cannot resist the dark;
in the lightness levels lie
both ultimate foe
and all protective passwords.

Amphibian,
how shall you rest?—
what you fear
lives here:
no star
but the sphere of phosphor
sensed by the nerves exposed
in a rotting tooth
and in these ancient sores.

Here
the predator
creates in his fetid mouth
a decaying light;
in this familiar
but intractable night
the flesh knows
by a separate sense
the inhabitants.

Ungilled redeemer,
only in dreams
have you met such neighbors.
Come, then,
like the giant squid
which, in a luminous cloud,
dazzles the dark sight
of the deep creatures
terrified by light.

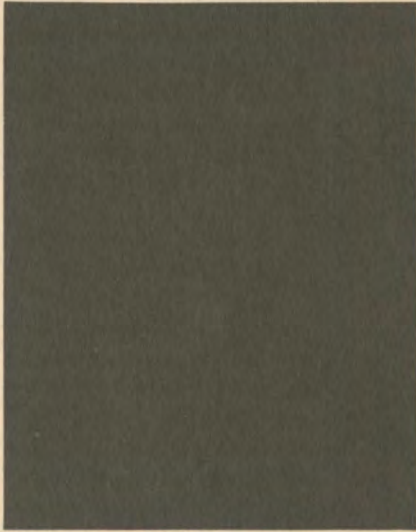
—JOHN HAAG

THE
OLD MEN
WITH
BRIGHT EYES

The old men with bright eyes
come in from the hills even now
with sandwich boards, telling of doom.
The black streets sway with calloused sentiment
and the blurred fighters of still weather.
—summer is no mountain retreat
for the tricky blood.
a caricature of a masterful comedian,
the jesters of the violent alms.
They come on inverse toes;
their saying could go such as:
Demand you then this
I have not which to give
and this will make hate easy
which being a thing to strut in
shall circle the world too quick
till there is a void to shout in
and a universe to kick
for its indifferent throes
and incomprehensible cohesion
till everybody knows
the angry reach of reason.

—NEAL ELLIS

IMPACT OF
TILlich
BUBER
MICHALSON



PAUL TILlich'S IMPACT

By GUY B. HAMMOND

When one attempts to evaluate the impact of Paul Tillich upon American life, he encounters an unusual phenomenon. Tillich was a scholar who wrote primarily for professional philosophers and theologians; yet he achieved widespread popular acclaim. The great majority of his books make an uncompromising demand upon the reader; yet in spite of this he attracted more public attention than any Christian theologian of our time. His presentation of his ideas was frequently dense, Germanic, filled with allusions to obscure philosophers of past and present. In the face of this difficulty his lectures drew overflowing crowds, and his words were duly reported in the popular press. A casual count revealed that Tillich's picture appeared in *Time* magazine ten times in a dozen years!

Most of the great figures in American religious life have been "popularizers" (an activity which need not be scorned). The great preachers and revivalists have occupied the center of the stage, leaving the Christian intellectuals largely in supporting roles. Tillich was a definite exception to this pattern. In the search for a precedent to the phenomenon of Tillich's popularity, some scholars have been reminded of the eighteenth-century Puritan revivalist, Jonathan Edwards. Recent studies have shown that Edwards was not simply a preacher of "hell-fire and damnation." He was also a philosopher and theologian of the very first rank. In a biographical study Professor Perry Miller of Harvard describes Edwards' first public lecture in Boston. The precise but esoteric language of the lecture, says Miller, must have provoked a question in the minds of his hearers: "What queer metaphysic, or what hidden assumptions, lay behind these definitions?"¹ The analogy with Tillich is an apt one. His lan-

guage too seems to presuppose a "queer metaphysic" which lies behind the scenes. There is, to be sure, no backwoods revivalist flavor to Tillich's work; his tone is cosmopolitan, liberal, ecumenical. But he, like Edwards, is a theologian of the Spirit, and if the power of his words is not so dramatically displayed as in the revival exercise, it is there nevertheless.

Tillich's influence has extended beyond the confines of his hearers and readers into the general religious vocabulary of our period. Phrases such as "ultimate concern," "the courage to be," and "the dimension of depth" have become common currency in religious discussions on all levels of sophistication. Although these concepts are not always used in the precise Tillichian sense, their general use indicates the forcefulness of Tillich's mode of expression. In addition, he has aroused the interest of many people (students as well as others) who are not ordinarily attracted to thought dealing with religion. Indeed, Tillich is more than a little responsible for the fact that theology has regained a certain respectability in academic circles.

It must be admitted, however, that this largely favorable reception of the Tillichian message by substantial segments of the general public has thus far been relatively superficial. Few who speak of "ultimate concern" have followed the detailed development of this concept in Tillich's three volume *Systematic Theology*; few who speak of "the dimension of depth" grasp Tillich's technical meaning. His sermons, it must be admitted, are admirable for their lucidity, and perhaps they have been more widely read.² Their full significance, however, can be recognized only in relation to a richly elaborated structure of thought which remains in the background.

When one turns to the more scholarly evaluations of Tillich's work, he finds a striking diversity of opinion, both in the theological

and the philosophical worlds. Theologians have experienced a continuing difficulty classifying Tillich's thought in one of the convenient categories used to identify "schools" of theology. When Tillich arrived from Germany in the early thirties, it was assumed that he belonged to the so-called Neo-orthodox or Neo-Reformation group identified with the Swiss theological giant, Karl Barth. It soon became clear, however, that this assumption was far from accurate. Attempts to associate Tillich with American religious liberalism were equally futile, although some of his views were congenial to the liberals. Since it had been clear all along that he was not a fundamentalist, the categories were exhausted, and attempts to classify him came largely to a standstill. The fact that Tillich himself suggested the term "neo-dialectical" to describe his thought did little to dispel the puzzlement.

Subsequently it was recognized that Tillich uses philosophy in a way fundamentally different from any of the schools of theology we have mentioned. The positive role which he assigns to metaphysics suggests a similarity with the medieval philosopher and theologian, Thomas Aquinas. However, the strongly Protestant tenor of his thought makes it impossible to call him a Neo-Thomist. The student of philosophy will recognize that Tillich's philosophical roots lie in nineteenth-century German idealism (especially in the thought of Hegel and Schelling), a type of metaphysics that flourished on Protestant soil. But the fact remains that Tillich belongs to no theological school; his thought is unique on the contemporary religious scene, and therefore cannot be classified in any satisfactory way.

Among the theologians who have sought to come to grips with Tillich's work in detail, two different tendencies are evident. There are those who find in his theology "the growing-point of contemporary religious thought."³ Thinkers like Macquarrie agree with Tillich that

¹ Paul Tillich, *The Shaking of the Foundations* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948); *The New Being* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1955); *The Eternal Now* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1963).

² John Macquarrie, *Twentieth Century Religious Thought* (New York: Harper & Row, 1963), p. 375. Macquarrie applies this phrase to Tillich and Rudolf Bultmann.

The above is an excerpt from Dr. Hammond's book, *The Power of Self-Transcendence: An Introduction to the Philosophical Theology of Paul Tillich*, to be published soon by Bethany Press as one of several books in a "Library of Contemporary Theology."

³ Perry Miller, *Jonathan Edwards* (New York: Meridian Books, 1959), p. 32.

UPON AMERICAN LIFE

faith and culture ought not to become alienated from each other. Faith must seek to find its expression in concepts which are meaningful to contemporary culture. Therefore, they agree that theology must seek to maintain a positive, dialogical relationship with the philosophy and the other relevant cultural expressions (e.g., art and literature, natural and social science) of the age. Although few would follow Tillich slavishly at every point, many who fall into this group feel that he has initiated a number of fruitful avenues for theological development.

On the other hand, there are those theologians who take sharp issue with one or another of Tillich's central doctrinal formulations. For example, Father George H. Tavard marshals Protestant as well as Catholic support for the view that Tillich's approach to Christology is "deficient, not to say misleading," because it is "not biblical enough, not historical enough, not theological enough."⁴ In a more sweeping generalization Kenneth Hamilton concludes that Tillich's system as a whole is "incompatible with the Christian gospel."⁵

Certain of the younger theologians of the "secular" Gospel also reject Tillich, but for different reasons. Writers like Harvey Cox and Paul van Buren hold that Tillich's thought is too traditional, especially at the point of Tillich's contention that men are incurably religious even though their religion may take a secular garb. These representatives of the "new theology" maintain that modern, secular man can dispense with religion; therefore Tillich's system is based upon an out-dated view of human nature.⁶

This difference of evaluation among influential theologians indicates that fundamental issues are at stake. Some of these issues have been identified and the alternatives are clear. However, prior to the publication of the *Systematic Theology*, volume three, late in 1963, Tillich's

work was incomplete, and a number of his positions lacked full elaboration. This incompleteness, combined with ambiguities in the earlier volumes, led to conflicting interpretations of some features of his thought. Only in recent days has a thorough theological appraisal of Tillich's work been possible. There is as yet, then, no consensus with regard to his theological achievement.

A variety of alternative interpretations of Tillich's work have appeared in philosophical circles also, for he has proved no easier to classify philosophically than theologically. Recognizing that he has abandoned the thought framework of traditional theism, philosophers have cast about for similarities between Tillich and various philosophical schools. Some see him as a direct descendant of the great nineteenth-century German system-builder, G. W. F. Hegel. In Hegelian idealism, *Geist* (divine Mind or Spirit) is the primary reality; the realms of nature and human history are interpreted as aspects of the process of divine self-realization. Tillich's stress upon the idea that God's nature depends upon man and the world for its fulfillment seems to some to be clearly Hegelian. This identification would tend to make Tillich's philosophical reputation contingent upon Hegel's. And although there has been a revival of interest in Hegel in some circles, the system-building with which Hegel is associated is still in philosophical disrepute.

Other interpreters, however, find in Tillich's thought a form of naturalism, proposing that for him the idea of God is transformed into a symbol for "the religious dimension of the world."⁷ In support of this view one can point to Tillich's strong attack against the understanding of God as a supernatural being. Tillich can find common cause with the naturalism of a philosopher like Spinoza, and he speaks of his own thought as a "self-transcending naturalism." (Of course, it is this feature of Tillich's work which most disturbs defenders of supernaturalistic theism.)

⁷ Cf. this view in John Herman Randall, Jr., *The Role of Knowledge in Western Religion* (Boston: Starr King Press, 1958), p. 124.

Philosophers also disagree with regard to the ground rules of Tillich's method of philosophizing—his "theory of knowledge." To put the question broadly, does he base his claims for truth as a philosopher upon pure reasoning in one or more of its forms, or does he rely in important ways upon experience or intuition? In reply to this query, some have emphasized Tillich's affinities with the anti-rationalistic and intuitive concepts of existentialism, while others see in his systematic constructions another version of rationalistic metaphysics in religious disguise.

Diversity in classification is matched by diversity in evaluation. One eminent philosopher, praising Tillich's achievement, asserts that "his is a first rate philosophical mind."⁸ On the other hand, a reviewer of a recent book analyzing Tillich's use of philosophy concludes: "Thomas depicts the features of a man enmeshed at point after point in category mistakes, often incorrect in interpreting historical references, inconsistent or confused in his inferences. In short, Tillich is presented as an inept philosopher."⁹ In the face of these differences, the layman is surely justified in being a bit confused!

In summary it may be said that Tillich's work has aroused uncommon interest in both the theological and philosophical worlds. However, evaluations of his work range from the strongly favorable to the sharply critical. In spite of the profoundly creative impetus which Tillich has provided American theological thought on all levels, it appears that negative evaluations have recently been in the forefront of attention. One would assume that more balanced assessments of his full theological and philosophical achievement will be forthcoming. In the judgment of this writer Tillich's great positive contribution to American theology will in time be recognized.

⁸ John Herman Randall, Jr., "The Ontology of Paul Tillich," in *The Theology of Paul Tillich*, ed. by Charles W. Kegley and Robert W. Bretall (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1952), p. 161.

⁹ Paul van Buren, "Tillich as Apologist," A review of *Paul Tillich: An Appraisal*, by Heywood Thomas, in *The Christian Century*, 81, No. 1-26 (February 5, 1964), p. 177. Van Buren's statement somewhat exaggerates Thomas' conclusions.

⁴ George H. Tavard, *Paul Tillich and the Christian Message* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1962), p. 167.

⁵ Kenneth Hamilton, *The System and the Gospel* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1963), p. 227.

⁶ Cf. Harvey Cox, *The Secular City* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1965), pp. 78-81.

ONE major reason for the confusion which produces conflicting interpretations of Tillich is the failure of interpreters to come to grips with Tillich's "system," taken as a whole. It is quite apparent that individual concepts in Tillich's thought must be examined in their context, but it is exactly this systematic framework which is not adequately appreciated. A full grasp of Tillich's theology, of course, was not possible before the completion of the *Systematic Theology*. In addition there has been some misunderstanding of and resistance to the systematic enterprise as such. With this problem in mind we might with profit ask ourselves at this point: what is a theological system in Tillich's sense of the word?

The initial impulse behind the effort to be systematic is the desire to be consistent. As Tillich has expressed it, "in making a new statement, the necessity of surveying previous statements to see whether or not they are mutually compatible drastically reduces inconsistencies."¹⁰ For example, one must re-examine what he has said about the sinfulness of man when he turns to his analysis of the nature of salvation. While a preacher may be forced to do this only if he has a few careful listeners in his congregation, a theologian who seeks to deal in a comprehensive way with the Christian faith has no alternative. About this there can be no dispute.

The achievement of system in the full sense requires a more thoroughgoing application of the rule of consistency. It is one thing to seek the truth and to seek also to be consistent insofar as possible. It is another thing to judge the truth of an idea by the test of its consistency with other ideas already held. This procedure is one version of what is known as the coherence theory of truth. This theory holds that an idea can be considered true if it is coherent with all other ideas already accepted. It is implicit in them and they are implicit in it. This theory does not seek to determine where we get our initial or fundamental truths. It simply insists that ideas held in one area of thought have implications in other areas. Truth implicates other truth; truths cannot contradict each other.

It seems clear that Tillich makes

use of the coherence criterion in the *Systematic Theology*. This point has been made forcefully in a recent full-length study of Tillich, *The System and the Gospel*, by Kenneth Hamilton. The author suggests that a distinction must be made between "systematic thinking" and "thinking in a system."¹¹ The former applies to any orderly presentation of material. The latter, however, involves the organization and interpretation of material in such a way as to produce a whole which is rationally coherent. This coherence is thought to enhance the intelligibility of each of the parts and thus to produce a greater degree of credibility. Thus a rational criterion is employed to determine the way in which all data are interpreted.

The main theme of Hamilton's book is the argument that "thinking in a system" as employed by Tillich (and presumably in general) is entirely inappropriate as a means of presenting the Christian Gospel. This is the case, he believes, because the rational criterion of coherence determines what is the valid content of the Christian faith. Hamilton maintains that Tillich's method can make no place for the central affirmation of Christianity, that we have received a message "by its very nature authoritative—a message from God."¹² Such a message, says Hamilton, by its nature cannot be subject to any rational criterion. Tillich's method incorrectly seeks to incorporate certain Christian affirmations into a general system which is rationally coherent. In so doing he has lost the authoritativeness of the Christian message.

Hamilton's study of Tillich is helpful in clarifying the meaning of systematic thinking, but in our judgment Hamilton is quite wrong in his conclusions. His error seems to stem from a failure to understand the nature of Christian "apologetic" theology. This form of Christian theology goes back at least as far as the second century "apologists," such as Justin Martyr. In simplest terms it attempts to show the nonbeliever that Christian faith can make sense of his (and man's) total experience better than rival world-views. Of course the whole matter hinges upon the question of what making sense means. Agreement on this

matter may be implicit rather than explicit. But no real discussion is possible unless it is assumed that the two parties do agree upon some form of making sense.

There are in fact several alternative grounds for such agreement—criteria for determining whether one will accept an idea as "true." (It is not self-evident that we must use the same criterion in all areas of truth.) No one of these criteria is distinctively Christian; nor is one necessarily more alien to Christianity than another. Tillich has selected (at least in major portions of his work—he may use others elsewhere) the criterion of coherence. He says in effect, "Let's take certain fundamental features of Christian experience and by tracing their implications see if a comprehensive and coherent world view can be constructed which does justice to Christian experience without violating other known truth. If we succeed, we shall have formulated a strong defense of Christian faith by showing how all of the pieces composing man's total encounter with reality can be fitted together along Christian lines." This is a daring enterprise, both in the confident assumption that "truth is one" and in the willingness to follow the implications of one's ideas even at the risk of challenging old assumptions. But it is also a courageous form of defense which may succeed impressively.

To be sure, there are other forms of apologetic theology which also seek to make sense in the nonbeliever's terms. One might, for example, prefer the pragmatic test to the test of coherence. If so, he would argue that Christian faith works best in solving his (and man's) practical problems. Once again a criterion of truth (workability) is applied which is not drawn from the faith itself. Apologetic theology would have no function if such agreed-upon criteria could not be found. Probably the test of coherence is less familiar in contemporary American Christian apologetics than the pragmatic test. We are accustomed to hearing that Christianity is valid because it is successful in solving individual and social problems. But this test is no more and no less inherently "Christian" than the criterion of coherence.

No doubt there is a place for a variety of types of apologetic theology. If one enters this realm at all,

¹⁰ Paul Tillich, *Systematic Theology*, III (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1963), p. 3.

¹¹ Kenneth Hamilton, *The System and the Gospel*, p. 13.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 23.

he must be willing to search for common ground with the nonbeliever. It is clear that a risk is involved in any defense of Christian faith in terms of external standards of truth; but it is a risk which must be taken again and again, not only in order to reason with the nonbeliever, but also for the sake of the believer who must reason about his own belief.

The enterprise of thinking in a system, then, must be vigorously defended. As to the degree of Tillich's success in reformulating the content of the Christian tradition, the time has not yet come for final judgment. One can in any case already call it successful in provoking further theological reflection. Traditionally American religious life has tended to stress religious experience on the one hand and moral application on the other. Until recently, it has not sought to cultivate the life of the devout intellect. If Tillich's stimulus should lead to the beginnings of a theological renaissance, this would be a notable accomplishment indeed. The Catholic scholar George H. Tvard has suggested that the appearance of Tillich's system is a sign of maturity in American Protestantism.¹³ It is true that the system had its inception in Germany and is not in any major ways distinctively American; yet it did come to fruition in the American environment and in the English language. For this fact American Protestants (and indeed all Christians) can be grateful.

These remarks about the systematic quality of Tillich's thought seem to suggest that it is coldly abstract, untouched by the warmth of vital personal experience. Nothing could be farther from the case. It is widely recognized, as Wilhelm Pauck has suggested that "[Tillich's] thinking was autobiographical in a remarkable way."¹⁴ The experiences of his eventful life have been recited before and need not be retold here. Suffice it to say that he shared at a deep level the struggles and turmoil of Western civilization in the twentieth century. But we might well ask: in what aspects of Tillich's experience did he find religious significance? We may begin with a more general question: what type of ex-

perience would usually be classified as religious?

In American church life, religious experience is frequently thought of as a special type of occurrence sharply separated from other experiences. Also it is thought to be primarily individual and private. One form of religious experience which has been influential in American life is that type associated with revivalism. Here the believer experiences a rapture and a transformation under the impact of the Gospel message. This occurs in congregational meetings, but also in private or semi-private meditations (as when John Wesley's heart was "strangely warmed"). In either case the event is interpreted as essentially individual; each soul stands alone before God. Moral and social implications may stem from the individual's change of heart, but the saving experience is largely independent of the cultural context. Revivals as such no longer play a major role in the life of the larger denominations, but this general conception of religious experience is still widely prevalent.

It would appear that the experience which contained a religious significance for Tillich was of a different nature. He experienced, not individual judgment and renewal, but the recognition of God's judgment upon an entire culture and of the possibility of renewing this culture through God's grace. That is to say, he viewed the cultural disintegration of twentieth-century Europe as a religious crisis in which all Westerners are involved. Apparently this insight came to Tillich with revelatory force during his years as a military chaplain in World War I. This cultural crisis, and not individual conversion, is for Tillich the "shaking of the foundations." His insight is that the collapse of finite structures and meanings can provide a glimpse of eternal structures and meanings. There can be no doubt that this experience was for Tillich an ecstatic and a transforming one, analogous in its impact to the conversion experience, if not more shattering.

There are differences, however, between the two types of experience. Conversion emphasizes individual repentance and renewal. As a result one might join a church, or devote himself more actively to its cause. In the revival form, however, the Church did not itself fall under judgment or recognize in any collective sense a call to repentance.

Through personal crisis individuals were saved for the Church, or for a more active participation in the life of the Church.

In Tillich's experience, however, an entire culture, and this includes the religious "culture" or the churches, is judged and called to repentance. This criticism of the entirety of man's religious culture understood as a fallible human activity—the prophetic criticism of man's religion—is still an unpopular theme in much of American Christianity although it is thoroughly biblical. Tillich stands in a tradition, at this point both Roman Catholic and European Protestant, which envisions a close relationship between all aspects of a human culture and the underlying religious "substance" of the culture. Tillich has expressed this view in a frequently repeated statement: "Religion is the substance of culture, culture is the expression of religion."¹⁵ Thus for him religion is both a specific activity within a culture and the underlying substance of the culture. It is in this context that cultural crisis is understood as religious judgment and transformation.

American Christianity, with its traditions of individualism and separation of church and state, has tended to think of religion as basically separate from the general secular culture. This must be qualified by the observation that the churches have sought to influence the culture at specific points (e.g., the efforts toward prohibition). Also it is true that patriotism tends to take on a religious aura. But separatist and sectarian tendencies have been dominant in the American tradition. Furthermore, Americans have never yet experienced a cultural crisis as shattering as that faced by Europeans in the twentieth century. For these reasons American Christians find it difficult to think of religious experience in connection with cultural crisis; and thus they fail to grasp Tillich's concept of "kairos" (the historical moment when the eternal judges and illuminates the temporal).

On the other hand, that crisis which Americans have thus far escaped in the political sphere (and have overcome without radical change in the economic sphere) may yet afflict us in the moral dimensions of our culture. Americans do cus-

¹³ George H. Tvard, "Paul Tillich's System," in *The Commonweal* (February 7, 1964), p. 566.

¹⁴ "The Sources of Paul Tillich's Richness," *Union Seminary Quarterly Review*, XXI, No. 1 (Nov., 1965), p. 3.

¹⁵ Tillich, *The Protestant Era* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1948), Author's Introduction, p. xvii.

tomarily associate morality and religion (unlike our tendency to separate religion from politics, economics, or art). Moral breakdown is understood as a religious problem. It may be that we are in the midst of a more subtle but nevertheless growing moral crisis where old forms and values seem to lose their relevance. In this situation the individual moral reform undertaken by the churches seems inadequate. The whole question of the moral foundations of our

culture must be pondered anew. The eternal must be grasped in new categories. No doubt we have yet to feel in its full agony the "shaking of the foundations," but one cannot be blind to the possibility. Whether this occurs or not, Tillich's insights can assist us in thinking about religious experience (both in judgment and renewal) in new and more inclusive ways.

Tillich's systematic theology, then, is both intellectual and experiential,

both rational and existential. It is based upon certain forms of religious intuition, the implications of which are traced with great internal rational consistency. His work provides a model of theological reflection upon which budding young theologians can "cut their teeth." And more importantly, it affords us a rich and comprehensive philosophy of life which thoughtful American Christians will ponder for decades to come.

PHOTOGRAPH: ENGH



a melancholy ode for Martin Buber

WHO SHALL CARRY THE WORMS?

1

Martin Buber is dead
says the NYTIMES

I read, waiting for the bus
at Port Authority terminal.
I am early.

The bus is late. I
stand outside on the upper ramp,
platform number 24.

I wait alone, with the TIMES:

A scientist has created
anti-matter . . . momentary
particles of backward time
in motion otherwards.

Is there an anti-Me
some (anti) where Else? or is my
opposite
within me
allowing between me and anti-me
a singular tight-rope
Me — . .

.. Thou! . .

What kind of eternity
understrokes anti-time?
or do we meet,
I and contra-I,
in that limbo where we always

.. Am . . ?

2

It does not take long
from New York City to
Butler, New Jersey

There is no one on the bus
close enough
to be my unself

You wait there, wonder
if you should race after the bus
when it does not stop

A block away, I manage to
emerge . . . I was supposed
to pull the cord.

To emerge, one pulls the cord.
You laugh.

Airplanes, buses . . .
pull the cord.

the chute opens. .

or the womb.

Am I my mother's Other?

a mere extension of her
self? What, then? to her. .

Opposites in matter, or in matrix,
are inverse identities. .



But in anti-matter, the
opposition is in time, in
motion. Anti-mother would seem
born from the Son.

Does anti-time
really have progression
of its own? does it
move into past? or is all this
a mere counterclockwise motion
of wave-particle inner energies?
stranger half of our what-is?

'Get the fishworms in that can,'
you tell me. . 'Or is that too
demeaning
a task?'

Everywhere woodthrushes
sing. You cast your line
with a false fly on the end.
But only when you use live bait
do fish begin to bite.

I draw three inches of water
from the lake. The perch
flaps, then rests sidewise.

That Captain Talbot
who owned these acres after
the Amish farmers left —
he brought treasures from the East. .
lotus for the lake. . .now
they bloom.

Schweitzer we talk about.
You say you never catch more fish
than you intend to eat.
An Indian would ask forgiveness
from the spirit of the deer
he slew for food.

Reverence for life. . .

An individual is responsible
for himself. .then
for society.

Gravity and anti-gravity?

Buber is dead.

Our mothers and ourselves
are bent in the same direction.

Better stick to poetry.

I laugh. A higher kind of
trust —
to be sent for the worms.
Somebody
must carry the worms.

We sit on the rock
talking race and
responsibility.

You throw back a bass. Too small.

Wood thrushes sing.
The woods are dry.

We meditate between words.

Society is responsible for society
and for the individual. .

A two-way reach.

No. I and Thou.

Not I. Not Thou.

The Captain brought
treasures from the East.

Who captains the U. S.
Constitution nowadays?

Who were they? outsiders?

It isn't safe to walk
the streets of New York City.

Must we meanwhile
get our heads split by those
muggers in Harlem?
In broad daylight, they

Something must be done
now.

No. . .not I. .not Thou.

We stop in to see the Talbots.
You play the piano. I sing.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.

Nobody wants to pull his
neck in too far.

four serious songs. .
Brahms and God

I and Thou.

When Ferrier came to America,
a critic complained she
wore the same dress two nights
in a row. She took the
next boat home.

Walter Somebody in the
Something said Beethoven's
last quartets are a bore.

The passion in that
'Muss es sein?'

5

Greatgreatgrandfather Somebody
captained the U.S.S. Constitution.

Some young thugs sank
two rowboats in the lake last week.

No. Respectable children born
of respectable families bored
on the other end of the lake.

We must pay a price for
neglecting young people.

are bored and empty.
We must pay the price
for our neglect.

We are dropping napalm now.
Building bombs now.
Two cops to a beat
now.

Then, who?

6

She has her neck in traction.

My timing is off.

Back at your place we listen to
Kathleen Ferrier singing
Vier ernste Gesange

Brahms and Man

Mahler's Ruckert songs.

Beethoven's 16th Quartet.

Poor Walter Nobody. .how does an
ass like that get to be music
critic of a big publication?

Must it be?

7

The woods are very dry.

We are twenty-one years older
than when we met.

Write some songs.

Martin Buber is dead.

It. It. It. What about
you and I?

Write some songs.

I? Thou?
What about the Vietcong?

How much does God trust
the man He sends for the worms?

Does Albert Schweitzer somewhere
have fins and fur?

8

A man gets on, tries one seat,
then another. Lights a
cigarette.

He feels my staring. Looks.
When he lights another, I say,
'Mister, can't you wait
to reach New York
before you smoke that?'

Later, when I hold the door
at the terminal platform, he
refuses to go thru.
'Ladies before beauty,' he says.

I feel his malignancy
crowding the streets
as I walk for the subway.

One doesn't pull the cord
to stop the bus at the
terminal.

As I get off, the driver
lights his pipe.

In my rib bone, his anger
thumps.

The bus just pulls in and stops.

The NO SMOKING sign
doesn't say a word.

9

So the line is cast

Cast it deeper

What is the bait?

Myself

What is the catch?

Myself

What lake is this?

my Self

Who captains the Constitution?

Myself

Who steals lotus from the East?

Myself

Who sinks boats in the lake?

Myself

Who splits open
my friend's head in Harlem?

Myself

Who lights cigarettes on buses?

Myself

Who complains about the smoke?

Myself

Who bombs Vietnam villages
with napalm?

Myself

Who ambushes U. S. patrols?

Myself

Who protests to the President?

Myself

Who presides?

Myself

Who considers all this to be
so much foolish equivocation?

Myself

Who casts this in under the rib,
finds it already there,
thumping, hooked, baited,
pulling the cord?

Myself

If Martin Buber is merely gone,
who is dead?

Not I. Not Thou.

Then who shall carry the worms?

—WILL INMAN

Thrushes are pouring
everywhere.

Even then I was writing.
You were composing.

Write some lyrics.

Somewhere whatwecallmatter is
ungathering itself into
particles directed otherwards.

Write some lyrics.

Robert Lowell told
President Johnson
what we all need to tell him.

Somebody
has to carry the worms.

When you cast that line,
do you feel yourself stir
deep in the lake umbra?

To emerge, one pulls the cord.

It does not take long
from Butler, New Jersey, to
New York City

I doze. The smoke
rouses me, stinging my nostrils.
I say nothing, fume.

He looks at me, puts out the
cigarette, glares back again.
I say nothing.

THINKING THE FAITH HISTORICALLY:

By JOHN D. GODSEY

THE date was November 8, 1965. It was one of those miserable rainy days when he would have liked nothing better than remain inside the new house he had built atop a ridge near Morristown, New Jersey, from which on a clear day he almost could see forever. But like the modern-day circuit rider that he was, Carl Michalson was off on another jaunt by jet, this time to give a key address in Cincinnati at the National Methodist Conference on Christian Education. What about the ominous clouds and the gathering mist? Could he fly? A call to the Morristown Airport produced the assuring news that the small air taxi would take him to LaGuardia and that, although there might be some delay, the jetliner was still scheduled to streak non-stop to Ohio.

He had worked hard on his address, which he entitled "Life and Its Setting: The Meaning and Experience of Existence." Could he evoke understanding for his message among Christian educators? Would a theology that was being transposed into a new key receive a hearing? As he paced the floor, inserting new notes here and there in his symphony of words, he remarked to his wife Janet: "Fifty years ago Bela Bartok boasted that in half a century his music would be so popular that even the birds would be trilling it from the trees. The time has passed, and people still flock to hear Bach!" This remark undoubtedly reflects the inevitable anxiety of the creative theologian who cannot but have occasional second thoughts about the traditional modes of thought and piety he has lovingly left behind. But left them he had, for only in this way, he believed, could he fulfill his mission, or better, be God's mission as a mature son in the twentieth century.

Carl Michalson did not live to deliver his address. He was one of the 58 persons whose lives were snuffed out that evening as the huge airliner suddenly crashed into a hillside on its approach to the Greater Cincinnati Airport. The morrow that was to have heard his voice dawned instead with the muted cries of anguished disbelief and the solemn eyes of stunned realization. "Oh, no! Not Mike!"—inexorably the news traveled through the Drew University community, and further, further to the very outskirts of the world. For at 50 years of

age this theologian already enjoyed an international recognition and esteem as a Christian author, lecturer and teacher. In this country he was one of Protestantism's most sought-after speakers, especially on college campuses, where his ability to interpret the meaning of Christian faith to searching and bewildered students was almost unmatched. Moreover, he had participated impressively in radio and television programs, had written four substantial books and edited two others. Through his teaching ministry he had influenced generations of seminary students who are now pastors or teachers of religion. But beyond this, he had been a guest lecturer in Japan and a participant in numerous church conferences in Europe. In many respects Michalson had reached and crossed the threshold of the mature fulfillment of brilliant promise, and it is no wonder that news of his untimely death produced a profound feeling of loss as it spread through academic and church circles around the world.

MY intention in what follows is not to deal with the development of Michalson's thought, interesting as this would be, but to focus briefly upon some significant aspects of the understanding of Christian faith that came to expression in his mature theology. What actually emerged conceptually from the caldron in which his intensive studies were brewed and fermented with life-experience? What, in the final analysis, is the message which he leaves as a legacy to the church and to the world? We will begin by attempting to understand what he means by theology.

Theology is a thinking of faith within the horizon of history alone. For Michalson the reality of faith is fully historical, and thus the rationality of faith must be historical as well. The term "history" he defines as reality insofar as it involves the question of *meaning for man*, and to this he juxtaposes the term "nature," which denotes not another kind of reality but a different structure of reality, namely, that which is exterior to and silent about man. The immediate salutary effect of doing theology as history, according to Michalson, is the elimination of a great deal of meaningless theological discourse involving the "brute things" of the physical world in such topics as creation, providence, miracle, and sacrament, as well as the "things-in-themselves" of the metaphysical world, such as "acts of

THE LEGACY OF CARL MICHALSON

God" which are not personally related to man, the being of God-in-himself, the nature of man, the nature of the church, the pre-existent nature of Christ, and so forth. Michalson did not intend to eliminate the doctrines, of course, but to confine theological discussion to the historical intention which they embrace.

The advantage accruing to theology from historical thinking is not simply economy of effort; more important by far are the enhanced prospects for the understanding and communication of Christian faith. Michalson was a missionary who had learned from Kierkegaard that "subjectivity is truth" and that therefore the questions of man can be answered meaningfully only in the medium in which they arise, namely, history. History is a world of meaning, a specifically human world in which there are no isolated objects or isolated subjects, but only objects-for-subjects and subjects-for-objects. Michalson calls it an "interworld" or "*Lebenswelt*" in which the intentionality of a historical subject merges with the constancy of a historical object. In this world questions concerning factuality and objectivity must be subordinated to those of meaning and authenticity. Michalson admits, to be sure, that there is some fact for every meaning, but he insists that the meaning never derives its validity from the fact. For example, in Christian faith the cross derives its meaning not from a geological formation called Golgotha but from Jesus' obedience to the word of God. Or again, it is not the raw factuality of the man Jesus of Nazareth that causes the rise of the apostolic faith, but rather the event of Jesus interpreting his acts through his words.

To his book, *The Hinge of History*, Michalson appended the sub-title, "An Existential Approach to the Christian Faith." Many people jumped to the conclusion that he was advocating an "existential theology," completely oblivious to the fact that for him such a thing would be utter nonsense, involving a contradiction in terms. Existentialism is the expression of the fundamental meaninglessness of existence, whereas Christian faith is the revelation of fundamental meaning. Because both are concerned with the question of meaning in human life and thus with history, Michalson believed that existentialism could profitably be used in a theology of correlation founded on historiography rather than ontology. To employ Michalson's termi-

nological differentiation of "dimensions" in history, one might say that *existential* history refers to man's experience of the paratactic gaps or disconnectedness in *world* history, whereas *biblical* history refers to the paradigmatic events that are capable of filling the gaps and supplying coherence and meaning to life. Biblical history, however, is reduced for the Christian from the plurality of paradigmatic events attested by the Old Testament (*Heilsgeschichte*) to a single event (a *Heilsgeschehen*) which occurs with finality, summing up and suspending holy history. This is the event of God's action in Jesus Christ, which he calls *eschatological* history. This event is for Michalson the ultimate paradigm, the hinge by which all history hangs together.

In an article entitled, "The Task of Systematic Theology Today" (*The Centennial Review*, Spring 1964), Michalson asserted that doing theology as history involves two methodological resolutions: first, to make no statements about reality which do not involve the question of the meaning of man's existence; and second, to import no criteria into the interpretation of the biblical faith which the Bible does not itself supply or confirm, that is, to read the Bible as history. From these resolutions he drew two consequences. On the one hand, in theology as history there are no norms or authorities but only a frame of reference, this being the Bible and the history of its interpretation. Only when treated as a frame of reference can the Bible manifest its own authority, as history anywhere must do. On the other hand, proof and explanation in theology must give way to clarification and illumination. "The logic of a historical faith must be thoroughly historical," he says, "and the rationality of history inheres in its capacity to illuminate life with meaning." (p. 192)

WHEN Michalson theologized on the basis of these methodological decisions, what is the result? Perhaps the clearest answer emerges when one examines his understanding of Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ is the hinge of history who inaugurates eschatological existence. In Michalson's later writings, at least, there is rarely any adulation of the *person* of Jesus Christ. This is intentional, for in theology as history the accent falls not on Christology but on soteri-

ology. That is, the importance of Jesus Christ resides primarily in his function or "work" rather than in his person. It is Michalson's conviction that direct claims about Christ, such as the orthodox doctrine of his divine nature, have no essential capacity to evoke a living faith, for such claims deal with nature instead of history. Faith, however, *is* history, a structure of existence in which the world is received from God through the fully historical event of Jesus of Nazareth.

To be sure, Michalson had no intention of rending asunder the close alliance of divine and human in the holy event of God's action in Jesus of Nazareth. In an article entitled, "Jesus Christ as Word Become Flesh" (*Christian Century*, May 3, 1961), he pointed out, however, that even 17th-century Protestant theologians spoke of this puzzling alliance not as a *unio essentialis* or a *unio naturalis* but as a *unio personalis* or *unio verbalis*, that is, not in ontological or natural but in historical categories: the dialogical coalescence of two vocative words, the truly divine command and the truly human response.

In his address at the Methodist Conference at Oxford during the summer of 1965, which he called "The Finality of Christ from an Eschatological Perspective," Michalson was more specific. The identity of God, he declares, is somehow bound up with Jesus. But who is Jesus? He is the "son of God" whose office is eschatological, namely, to finish the Father's work. And what was the Father's work? To let himself be revealed as "Father." Henceforth, anyone who has seen Christ has seen the Father, anyone who has received Christ has received the Father. Anyone who has heard Christ has heard the Father. Christ and the Father are one in an *event of speech*. The significance of this "speech event," concluded Michalson, is not primarily that God is now known to be Father, but that men understand themselves as sons of God, heirs who are responsible for the world as an inheritance.

In Michalson's view, then, Christology is basically soteriology, but soteriology is primarily eschatology. In his symbolic acts and parabolic words Jesus brings an end to history in its old form and inaugurates the eschatological age. The age of obscurity and attendant anxiety is overcome, and the age of luminous responsibility for the world begins. The conditions for immaturity in history have been terminated, and the conditions for maturity are at hand. Jesus heralds the eschaton, the end of history, but "end" here refers not to some apocalyptic event anticipated in the distant future but to the end which occurs when the word of Jesus exposes the life of man to the horizon of God's imminent Kingdom, giving man a whole new world. In this context, insisted Michalson, "world" is not something man is in, but the mode of one's being-in. It is the world of faith, which has its ground in Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith.

IN thinking the faith historically, then, Michalson attempted to make sense out of the venerable church doctrines which deal with the meaning of Jesus Christ. Incarnation embraces the total life of Christ in its response to God's demands and specifies the content of Christ's obedience to God. Crucifixion is a less comprehensive term which emphasizes Christ's obedience unto death. It is not Christ's death which brings about the reconciliation between God and man, but

his obedience. What did God demand of him? Not that he die, but that he preach, and through the word of preaching call men to obedience to God. By his word, Christ brought God out of the future and made him present, thus ending man's search for God and inaugurating the age of faith, in which man's life is dependent solely on the promise in God's word and is structured in such a way that man's responsibility to God is expressed in terms of his responsibility for the world. The meaning of Incarnation, therefore, is not that Jesus is God, but that in Jesus' speaking, God's speaking is heard.

The resurrection, according to Michalson, is not some mythological account of a miraculous deliverance from death, not a divine certification of Jesus' redemptive role nor a way of overcoming the failure one might have imputed to his death. No, resurrection means the new age of faith, which is life made possible by Jesus' preaching of the advent of God's kingdom—a kingdom in which God rules as father over sons who live by trust and with responsibility. Resurrection means that Jesus' life of obedience could not be invalidated by death, indeed, that God is glorified in the death of Jesus. Resurrection is the faith that God, and not death, is in the future. The resurrection life, in Michalson's view, is a being in the world which Christ's proclamation creates, and if the content of Christ's proclamation consisted in the way, on God's behalf, he turned the world over to man as his responsibility, then the content of the resurrection life is man's assumption of responsibility for the world as a heritage from God. For those who might not appreciate this understanding of the meaning of resurrection life, Michalson relates a story of Montaigne, the sixteenth-century French essayist. Montaigne told of a man who left a legacy in which he gave to one friend the care of his aging mother and to another friend the marrying-off of his daughter. Many who heard the last will read believed it must have been a joke. But those upon whom these legacies were conferred were quite content.

The implications of Michalson's understanding of Jesus Christ are manifest in his view of the Christian life. The word of God which Jesus speaks on God's behalf is a performatory word which makes men sons of God and turns the world over to them as their responsibility. Maturity in history now becomes a possibility, for man is freed from bondage to the world and thus can be responsible for it. He now knows what creation is, namely, the matrix of relationships in which, because there is a God who is known as Father, men do not belong to the world, but the world belongs to men. Thus through the hearing of the word, man is born into an eschatological existence and set within a whole new history of responsible sonship. It is in this setting that Michalson saw the crucial importance of the church, for it is precisely the task of the church to remember and renew the eschatological speech of Jesus, the performatory word which not only liberates man to assume full and mature humanity, but also prevents him from forfeiting his heritage. Preaching, for Michalson, is of the *esse*.

THE above sketch by no means does justice to the range and richness of the theology of Carl Michalson. Perhaps it is sufficient, however, to indicate

the main direction of his thought and the courage of his commitment to a theology which is at once hermeneutical, historical and worldly. In a hermeneutical theology, faith is not the kind of reality that seeks understanding but is itself a mode of understanding. The subject-object structure of interpretation is replaced by a process of understanding in which the interpreter is himself both subject and object of interpretation, being interpreted by a text in the process of relating himself to it. In theology as history the orientation is not to past facts but to meaningful events, so that for the Christian, history is the interworld of meaning constituted by events which embrace God's word to man and man's obedient response. In a worldly theology the revelation of God in Jesus of Nazareth discloses not God but the world-as-creation, the locus of man's mature responsibility and secularity.

Michalson's place in the spectrum of contemporary theology is not so easy to determine. It is obvious that his work must be set within the broad context of a theology of the Word of God, with its emphasis upon the uniqueness of God's revelatory event in Jesus Christ and upon the centrality of the ministry of proclamation. His insistence on the full historicity of revelation, together with his definition of history, brought him closer to Bultmann's existentialist interpretation of faith than to Barth's dogmatic interpretation, which he felt was still too dependent on a positivistic supernaturalism. Beyond Bultmann, however, he sided with Gogarten's theology of secularity (not secularism!) and Ebeling's hermeneutical theology, with its insistence on the new quest for the historical Jesus. In my judgment, however, he does not adopt the characteristically Lutheran framework of law and gospel within which both Gogarten and Ebeling set their work.

It is easier to contrast Michalson's theology with some of the other options on the contemporary scene. Process theology, with its metaphysical claims for the reality of God within a philosophy of becoming, is in his opinion deficient in history and cannot do justice to the uniqueness of Christ. The secular theology of Paul van Buren, which attempts to confine meaning to an empirical reference, excludes for Michalson too much of life that is existentially meaningful yet incapable of empirical certification. Moreover, the empirical claim seems inconsistent with van Buren's rejection of the new quest of the historical Jesus. Dialogical theology, which bases itself on Martin Buber's category of the "I-thou relation," is important for Michalson, but he questioned whether it has sufficiently thought through the problem of the "I" in this structure, his conviction being that the I in the I-thou relation is not the same as the I in the I-it relation. Theologies of history such as the holy-history view of Oscar Cullmann and the universal-history view of Wolfhart Pannenberg were unacceptable to Michalson because of the radically different understanding of history; in his judgment both are too influenced by an apocalyptic view of history that puts the Christian in a stance of waiting for a future consummation and thus cuts the nerve of salvation as present. Finally, the "death of God" theology was considered by Michalson to point to a genuine problem but to offer little help in its solution. Indeed, he once said that he shuddered to think what would happen when the death-of-God theologians discover Heidegger!

MY appreciation for the thought of Carl Michalson is almost unbounded, for his thinking combined a deep sense of responsibility to the traditional doctrines of the church with a keen awareness of the temper and spiritual needs of our day. His thinking was firmly grounded yet open-ended, and it always tingled with the excitement that goes with being on the cutting edge. Having said this, however, I would be less than honest if I did not admit also to some serious reservations concerning his attempt to do theology as history. Has he not elevated his own definition of history as meaning into an epistemological principle that not only transposes theology into a different key but threatens to turn it into a new composition? I am sure this was not his intention, but I become concerned when meaning-for-me becomes so important that facticity seems utterly secondary. Does this understanding of history not involve a radical reduction of reality that is unwarranted by Scripture, so that, for instance, the *being* of God in his revelation is omitted or at least drastically curtailed?

Questions also arise in respect of Michalson's soteriology and Christology. I do not see how one can do justice to the doctrine of Incarnation if Christ's person is not given theological priority over his function or "work." If in his person we are not dealing somehow with God himself, on what are we to base our assurance of salvation? Does Michalson's talk of Jesus as the man who, in his speaking, presents God to us suffice, or must we not say with Luther, "This man is God"? Furthermore, even if meaninglessness does seem to present the chief problem for our age, can evangelical theology afford to minimize the problem of guilt and the doctrine of the atonement which answers to it? Michalson is quite willing to speak of Jesus' death as the result of his obedience to his mission, which is certainly right, but is there no necessity for the atonement from the side of God? I, for one, am not yet ready to forego wrestling with this question.

Finally, it seems to me that the social dimensions of Christian faith do not receive adequate attention in Michalson's theology. Could it be that his concentration on preaching and his existentialism retarded his development, first, of a comprehensive doctrine of the church, and, second, of a social ethic that dealt with such things as the concrete structures of power in society? In my opinion, the former would have shown the communal character of revelation, and the latter would have shown what a "worldly theology" actually entails. In many respects, does not Michalson remain too individualistic in his thinking?

I conclude with a word of warning. It would be wrong I think, to consider Carl Michalson's theology as a completed whole. Although he had reached a certain level of maturity in his thinking, he was never satisfied with any present attainment. Let me illustrate both these points by relating two things that happened on the afternoon of his death. As he and his wife lingered over their coffee after a late lunch, he said to her: "You know, we've already said everything we have to say—me in my writings and you in your paintings." A premonition of death? No, I do not think so. Just before he left for the plane, he hastily scribbled a note to himself and left it on his desk. It read as follows:

Take no dates from now on.
Stay at desk and think.

BOOKS

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*. Random House (1965), 343 pp., \$5.95.

"I kill four people, and you're going to produce a work of art."

—PERRY EDWARD SMITH

Truman Capote's now famous 'non-fiction novel'—if it is non-fiction and if it is a novel—addresses itself minutely to the most urgent problem of our time: the furiously accelerating spiral of wanton violence of which all of us are, one way and another, victims. He has chosen for his attention a grotesque example of the power of death in this so-called technological age, and, for a brief and chilling moment, he has arrested that power in its seemingly uncontrolled proliferation. He looks death squarely in the eye, and what he compels us to see there is not reassuring.

On November 15, 1959, in Holcomb, Kansas, two—until then—petty criminals, Perry Edward Smith and Richard Hickock, aimlessly and absurdly murdered four members of a prosperous and ordinary American family. Killed were Herbert and Bonnie Clutter, their son Kenyon and their daughter Nancy. On April 14, 1965, Perry Smith, 36, and Richard Hickock, 33, were hanged on a gallows in a shed at Kansas State Penitentiary. Not long before this latter retribution, Perry, who had cut Mr. Clutter's throat and shot all four Clutters at close range with a shotgun, said: "You can't go through life without ever getting anything you want, ever." He was to prove himself in this, as in so many other things, dead wrong.

Mr. Capote chose to devote himself exhaustively over a period of some five years to a minute examination of these events and of the persons and the community implicated in them. He began with a trip to Holcomb shortly after the murders and ended as a witness to the shabby executions that concluded interminable litigation and delay of due process. Having had it in mind for some time to undertake such a project, Mr. Capote, an improba-

ble fellow in many ways, had equipped himself elaborately for the rigors of the assignment. For a year and a half, for example, he had spent two hours a day having things read to him which he would then attempt to transcribe verbatim from memory, an exercise at which he claims to have achieved 95 per cent accuracy. Thus equipped, during countless interviews with all the principals in the Clutter case he never took a note, because, he has said, taking notes or taping interviews tend to diminish verisimilitude. By the end of his five-year orgy of accumulation Mr. Capote had amassed a roomful of documents made up of his own transcripts, legal papers, newspaper clippings, and a considerable correspondence with the two murderers. He has estimated that had he used all this documentation his book might have run to some 10,000 pages.

Mr. Capote insists that he has not written a documentary novel—the sort of enhanced journalism of which Rebecca West, John Hershey, and Lillian Ross are acknowledged masters. Such works are, in his opinion, examples of "imagination run riot over the facts." He set out, he has said, to develop a "serious new art form" by which, in his words, "journalism, reportage, could be forced to yield the non-fiction novel." He proceeded from the assumption that "journalism is the most underestimated, the least explored of literary mediums." He has, one is forced to concede, proved that not even *The New York Times* actually prints all the news that is fit to print. *The Times* did, indeed, cover the Clutter murders, but from their account one learns little more than that the events did take place in Holcomb, Kansas, and that Mr. Clutter had served on the Farm Credit Board during the Eisenhower administration. (Mr. Clutter had, it is interesting to note, 'made' the *Times* once before, having been featured in the May 1, 1954, Sunday magazine as a "typical successful Kansas farmer.")

What, then, is a 'non-fiction novel'? It certainly is not the sort of novel that includes every possible detail in order to impart an aura of realism to a situation. Mr. Capote gathered vast detail about the Clutters, the murderers, the litigations and the executions, but he used less than 20 per cent of the detail available to him. A non-fiction novel, apparently, adheres strictly to the facts but it is even more strict in its selection of the facts that are relevant. This, it seems to me, implies a heavy emphasis upon artistry. Mr. Capote has, in fact, operated in a way that is inconsistent with an ordinary understanding of journalistic objectivity. He has not sought to spread before us all the relevant information, leaving it to us to draw our own conclusions. He has, instead, meticulously selected the facts we are permitted to know in order that we shall draw the conclusions he wishes us to draw. That he has done so with consummate skill does not alter the fact that what he has done is a work of fiction. The word 'fiction' means, after all, something that is shaped. Few novels have ever been written that are more exactly shaped than *In Cold Blood*. Mr. Capote, whatever he may think, has written a *fiction* novel, based, to be sure, upon actual happenings and persons, masterfully shaped, to be sure, to resemble an exercise in journalism, but a work of fiction all the same, more fictitious, in my judgment, than most frankly 'fictional' novels of our time. He has himself described the book as "something reduced to a seed." And one suspects that he also meant that the seed should be planted in the reader's mind in order that it would grow up into precisely the plant Mr. Capote considered to be appropriate to the circumstances.

Mr. Capote, in other words, has been sly. He has shaped together a novel that masquerades as a sort of journalism-in-depth in order to secure our consent, a suspension of our disbelief. Not content with that, he has proclaimed his novel to be a new art form—the 'non-fiction novel.' This device of Mr. Capote seems to me an astute maneuver to overcome the competition novels of the traditional variety increasingly encounter from popular fiction based upon historical events and personages. I applaud his ingenuity even though I suspect it is a gesture that will not prevail. The novel as an art form is dead. People no longer have time or inclination for it. Real life is more interesting. Journalism is triumphant. Mr. Capote has merely won a reprieve for his own novel. His shrewdness in doing so is equalled only by the skill with which he has put his novel together.

The novel as an art form is dead. It is appropriate, therefore, that this latter-day novel should treat of the power of death. Consider Perry, by far the more engaging of the two villains, and the one who did the dreadful deeds. He was, on the face of it, sensitive, imaginative, poetic, and compassionate. How then could he perpetrate the awful horrors he did upon persons he had never met, and, in fact, rather liked at the time? A dream of his that he was later to describe to Mr. Capote may be instructive about this:

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... the parrot, which had first flown into his dreams when he was seven-years-old, a hated, hating half-breed child living in a California orphanage run by nuns—shrouded disciplinarians who whipped him for wetting his bed. It was after one of these beatings, one he could never forget ("She woke me up. She had a flashlight, and she hit me with it. Hit me and hit me. And when the flashlight broke, she went on hitting me in the dark."), that the parrot appeared, arrived while he slept, a bird "taller than Jesus, yellow like a sunflower," a warrior-angel who blinded the nuns with its beak, fed upon their eyes, slaughtered them as they "pleaded for mercy," then so gently lifted him, enfolded him, winged him away to "paradise."

Small wonder there was murder in the young half-breed heart. "... taller than Jesus, yellow like a sunflower..."—what a poet Perry might have been! If the Clutters were more or less a typical prosperous American family, Perry Smith was typical of something America prefers to ignore. He was typical of the awful human wreckage that has been the price we have consented to pay for our prosperity. The explosion of hate in the Clutter home that desolate November night in Holcomb, Kansas, is not unrelated to the explosion of Watts, nor is it unrelated to collapse of moral standards on the campuses of the nation. Perry Smith was by no means atypical. There is murder in more than one heart in this affluent and barren land. Let no one lightly imagine that he harbors no murder in his own heart. As Mr. Capote has said: "Perry was such a little moralist after all."

A Holcomb school teacher, asked to comment on the reaction of that brutally assaulted community, had this to say:

Feeling wouldn't run half so high if this had happened to anyone except the Clutters. Anyone less admired. Prosperous. Secure. But that family represented everything people hereabouts really value and respect, and that such a thing could happen to them—well, it's like being told there is no God. It makes life seem pointless. I don't think people are so much frightened as they are deeply depressed.

"... it's like being told there is no God." That, in cold blood, is precisely what Mr. Capote's book is telling us all. The god we have invented to preside over our prosperous emptiness just plain does not exist. It does not avail that we invoke him in the churches of Christ. That god does not exist. That god is dead. Perry Smith cut his throat. What does exist is that bird, that "warrior-angel" who is "taller than Jesus, yellow like a sunflower." Perry Smith, in spite of himself, has become a poet, gently lifted, enfolded, winged away to "paradise."

The late Conrad Knickerbocker, a critic, has said of *In Cold Blood*: "Mr. Capote has restored dignity to the event." Indeed he has, and he also has restored dignity to Perry Smith, no mean achievement. One day, on an improbable yacht off Acapulco, prior to his apprehension for murder, Perry Smith, who was fond of the guitar, played and sang, for the benefit of his companion in crime and two unlikely decadent acquaintances, a song of the Smoky Mountains, and it went like this:

In this world today while we're living
Some folks say the worst of us they can,
But when we're dead and in our caskets,
They always slip some lilies in our hand.
Won't you give me flowers while I'm living. . . .

No, Perry Smith, we will not. But after you're dead and in your casket we will produce a work of art.

—TONY TOWNE

James A. Pike, *Teen-Agers and Sex: A Guide for Parents*. Prentice-Hall (1965).

Norman Vincent Peale, *Sin, Sex and Self-Control*. Doubleday (1965).

D. M. MacKinnon, H. E. Root, H. W. Montefiore, John Burnaby, *God, Sex and War*. Westminster (1965).

Sex and religion have as much drawing power as subjects for collegiate "bull sessions" as they had when this reviewer was an undergraduate, more than half a century ago. Today, probably, the young are less inhibited and talk a great deal more openly about matters that vaguely were hinted at before the First World War. Of the making of books about them, there is no end. Now three volumes, coming from writers, in the case of the Americans, whose names need no introduction to the reading public, and a

What would you do—if

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Like Kierkegaard, Peter Taylor Forsyth is only now gaining recognition as a great religious leader. Born in Aberdeen, Scotland, 1848, he studied at the University of Aberdeen, University of Gottingen, and New College, Hampstead, London. The center of his theology is the Cross, and he sees it as the center of history, of the moral universe, and of God Himself.

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volume of lectures before members of the University of Cambridge by Anglican divines of unquestioned reputation, seek to throw light upon what is taking place in what has come to be called the sexual revolution.

Bishop Pike is a Renaissance man. According to the dust jacket of his book, he is "one of the most respected and controversial church leaders of today . . . a familiar figure on the current scene, speaking, writing and participating in issues ranging from race relations to planned parenthood." Having once been a member of the Roman Church, he is familiar with the voice of authority with which its prelates speak. This is illustrated by the use of a cross before his signature to the book's foreword, perhaps for those who need to realize that *vox episcopi vox Dei*.

The book is the work of an organization man, by an organization man and for the organization man. Its appeal is primarily to middle class America. Although designed as a guide for perplexed parents, it is also written to meet the need of "many others professionally involved in communicating to and counseling of young people in this area, e.g., priests, ministers, rabbis and physicians, school counselors and teachers; guidance officers, and others." Its form is that which American textbooks use to capture the fleeting attention of students: the subject matter is broken up into neat sections. Its manner will be quite acceptable to the priests and levites of the managerial establishment—the psychologists and social workers who know what is good for us.

The Bishop realizes that the authoritarian teaching of Church and State in regard to sexual behavior unquestioningly is no longer accepted. One doubts if a great deal of lip service is paid to it nowadays. He sympathizes with the plight of parents who have surrendered the reins of authority, lest they appear "dated." What is there to do? Bishop Pike deplors the loss of the educative function of the home. To restore it, he has charted a course whereby in gradual steps, parents may guide their children to the knowledge of what are facetiously called "the facts of life." This is not going to be easy. He insists, however, that it is incumbent upon parents to find their way in the maze of conflicting opinions that go the rounds, as we may or may not be engaged in the making of a new morality.

The book has much to say, and the Bishop says it with considerable cogency. Unfortunately its message seems meaningful only to parents who have a fair share of this world's goods. Its applicability toward helping youngsters find their way through the dark streets of an urban slum is questionable. On the other hand, one supposes that those who live in blighted areas may be suffering from an overdose of interest in their welfare. How much comes out of the interest is another matter. After all, the well-to-do are people. Besides, there are those who feel that the sexual adventures and misadventures of street Arabs are of little importance.

Dr. Peale's further contribution to the art of positive thinking can be highly recommended to young people who want to get on in the world. Although it does not promise fame and fortune to those who follow his precepts, the implication seems obvious that prosperity attends the efforts of the righteous. Smoking is bad, drink is worse. These can be destructive of physical fitness, which can be restored, however, by exercise. The reader can get hold of the Canadian booklet which shows how to do graded gymnastics, and, by faithful attention to the rules, attain the *corpus sanum* which will automatically give him the desirable *mens sanam*. Those whose examples of conduct Dr. Peale holds up for emulation seem to be denizens of the world of big business, sports, Hollywood, and places hoped-for but unattainable by most Americans. The book can be described as a guide to successful living; with worldly success heavily accented. There is little doubt that the author is in whole-hearted agreement with the Psalmist who had never seen the righteous go hungry nor the seed of the righteous begging bread. The book is an exhibition of the Protestant ethic that equates goodness and prosperity. These are attained through self-control. "Discipline is the price you pay for freedom."

Dr. Peale deplors the disappearance of the moral policemen who used to keep us in order. Employees steal their employers' time; and petty pilfering that can, in the aggregate, make a staggering figure, is condoned by those who should know better. He is unhappy about the increase in the crime and the divorce rates. As to youthful sexual experimentation . . . And so on, and so on. The sins of society are to be overcome, apparently, by its individual members taking stock of themselves and reforming the world by their example. Dr. Peale's is essentially an ethic of self-improvement. No doubt all of us need to work at bettering our moral estate. Whether it goes to the heart of the matter. . . .

There are those who think that the times are out of joint, and we are living in a day when many, if not all, of our ethical values are called into question. It is doubtful, however, that the answer is to be found on Madison Avenue.

"The series of lectures contained in this volume (*God, Sex and War*) was delivered in Cambridge in the Easter Term of 1962, under the auspices of the Faculty Board of Divinity." Why the book editors of *motive* chose to bracket the lecturers with what were apparently to be regarded as their American opposite numbers is one of the seven sacred mysteries. Sex, like politics, makes strange bedfellows.

Space permits nothing like an adequate summary of what was said by Mr. McKinnon on the Ethical Problems of Nuclear Warfare, by Canon Montefiore on Personal Relations before Marriage, or what John Burnaby thinks about Conduct and Faith. The little room that is left must be devoted to the consideration of the Root lecture.

According to Howard Root, we do well to start from the premise that the whole business of sex is highly controversial; and he who undertakes to discuss its ethical aspects will do well to beware the pitfall of dragging in matters sociological, psychological or physiological. Man is more than a sexual animal. There is much more to this aspect of human nature and conduct than the mere satisfaction of an appetite. How are we to look at man's sexuality? The Christian ethical approach in past ages might well be described as regarding it as a necessary evil. Jesus was more concerned, it would seem, with the intolerance that caused the self-righteous to want to stone the woman taken in adultery (and "living in sin," in the Anglo-Saxon world, usually contemplated some sort of sexual irregularity) than her shortcomings with respect to the law's prohibitions.

Sexuality is basic to the human personality. In homely language, it is to be used, not abused. The rules the church made for sexual behavior were based on the need of large numbers of people. There was a time when they may have been necessary. Their applicability may not be quite as universal as it was once thought; but that is no reason "to throw out the baby with the bath water." We have learned, albeit painfully, that the whole duty of man is more than to keep the law. The law is promotive of public order. Always exceptions to its provisions must be allowed. And some fundamental assumptions need to be examined. Is the Western notion of continence applicable at all times and in all places? Mr. Root suggests we might do well, for instance, to take another look before we condemn out of hand the Mohammedan allowance of polygamy.

Although impermissible according to the current Anglo-Saxon standards, what about "other sexual unions between persons of opposite or the same sex, which are founded on deep personal relationship, sincere affection, and responsible understanding"? Here we tread on delicate ground. One must be cautious about what is called "the problem of homosexuality," which the lecturer, like the Chancellor of Wells Cathedral, puts in inverted commas. Is it not better for us to consider the situation of those individuals who have found themselves under the necessity of dealing with it? The judgmental attitudes of the Western world (again echoing D. S. Bailey) have made the homosexual into a moral scapegoat.

Let us not be too concerned with condemnation. By and large, the moral theologians seem to have been legalists. Rules have their place; but perhaps we would do well to recall St. Paul's suggestion that the law is a schoolmaster. What has happened is that the people expected little short of excommunication when they took their sexual problems to the clergy; and previous generations of parsons have lived up to the popular expectation. We are asked:

How is the individual to achieve his proper end? How is his sexual nature to contribute to, rather than detract from, his understanding of his true self? Christians have no easy answers. Neither have the advocates of "free love." Neither have the "legalists." Everyone must find his way between the counterfeit and the real. But perhaps Christians and non-Christians can agree on this much: the ethical problems of sex cannot be dealt with in isolation. They test our whole nature. They confront us with the complexity of our human decisions.

Here, then, are three men's ways of looking at a persistent and perplexing problem of modern society. Wherein does the truth lie? That is for each of us to settle, in his own way, and with such intellectual insights and illumination of conscience as he is able to call to his aid.

—ALFRED A. GROSS

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Charles Frankel, *The Neglected Aspect of Foreign Affairs; American Educational and Cultural Policy Abroad.* Brookings Institution (1965).

There are few good books on educational and cultural exchange. This is owing in part to the haziness of the concept, in part to the soggy sentiment which informs the effort. It has been observed rightly that cultural exchange and related attempts to promote international good will are the heirs of prewar pacifism and all similar movements that would abrogate evil either by a single millennial leap or by pretending that it does not exist. The curse of our postwar programs, public and private, to foster direct communication among peoples for the sake of better understanding has undoubtedly been the soft-headedness with which good has sought to conquer evil.

Such harsh words may suggest a full-scale attack on the notion of international cultural and educational exchange. That is not the intent at all. But they should brighten the welcome that we extend to a book that treats the subject honestly and with no comforting illusions. Except for a bit of double-talk about UNESCO, Frankel does not obscure, he clarifies; he is not a visionary, he is, as they say, a realist. His study is so refreshing amidst the drivel that is usually poured over the subject that one might have proposed his name as Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs—which is exactly what he became after completing his study.

The heart of the matter—and of this book—lies in two chapters called "A Tangle of Purposes" and "A Restatement of Purposes." Unraveling the tangle, Frankel distinguishes four purposes and names their respective main proponents: promoting international good will, advocated by those engaged in exchange-of-persons programs; advancing U.S. foreign policy objectives, associated with USIA viewpoints; providing economic and technical assistance, pressed by AID personnel; and furthering scholarship and education, propounded by universities and learned societies. His ensuing analysis shows that he is wary of the first, regarding international good will as a by-product "of activities in which men work together for other reasons that seem to them good and sufficient in themselves." And he is concerned that technical assistance breeds viewpoints too narrow to serve a national cultural policy effectively. He clearly is sympathetic to scholarly objectives, and he believes that cultural exchange is a proper adjunct of foreign policy, even if USIA is too concerned with immediate results to perform adequately in the arena of cultural relations.

Happily, instead of resting with these categories as given, he goes on to restate, on what strikes me as a higher intellectual plane, five purposes of official education and cultural activities abroad: "(1) the lacing together of educational systems; (2) the improvement of the context of communication; (3) the disciplining and extending of international intellectual discourse; (4) international educational development; (5) the furthering of educational and cultural relations as ends in themselves." Here again there is something for everybody, but Frankel has produced a more coherent set of objectives to go with his suggestions for reform of the machinery, e.g., improving the status of cultural officers and of the whole enterprise within the Department of State.

It is at this point that a note of disappointment must be registered. Despite his forthrightness and realism in advocating a public program of cultural relations, the author fails to show with full clarity the inevitable elements of incompatibility between objectives relating primarily to our foreign policy of the moment and objectives of a more academic or scholarly sort. His awareness of the issue is shown by his admission that international educational and cultural programs might be viewed entirely as ends in themselves, in which case they would be part of the effort to strengthen our own academic enterprise. There is already a fund of experience that indicates the greater objectivity of overseas programs so conducted, and there is no doubt that our own educational efforts dealing with foreign areas need to be fortified if we are to develop the basic academic scaffolding on which more effective foreign relations can be built. Yet there would be a serious loss if we did not continue to regard cultural relations as a part of our foreign policy.

Thus, the dilemma remains unanswered. Meanwhile, the author has at all events allowed a fresh breeze to waft through the arena in which these things are debated. His perceptive consideration of such problems as the role of the cultural affairs officer and the maintenance of cultural relations with the Soviet Union form a valuable contribution that can only be mentioned in passing. We may hope that his tenure as Assistant Secretary of State will be marked by some of the improvements which he has proposed in this book.

—LYMAN H. LEGTERS

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW has just returned from a visit to Southeast Asia. His candid article reflects the striking similarities of the dehumanizing forces at work in Viet Nam and the U.S. Mr. Stringfellow is a prominent Episcopal layman and lawyer from New York City who also serves as one of *motive's* book review editors.

MIKE THELWELL teaches English at the University of Massachusetts. His "Notes" are excerpted from an article which appeared in the April issue of the *Massachusetts Review*.

GUY B. HAMMOND is associate professor of philosophy and religion at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He has degrees from Washington and Lee, Yale and Vanderbilt. His book, *Man in Estrangement: A Comparison of the Thought of Paul Tillich and Erich Fromm*, was published in 1965.

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WILL INMAN teaches a "poetry, politics and personal commitment" course in the Free University of New York.

POETS for May: **NEAL ELLIS** lives and writes in Memphis. His work most recently appeared in *Trace*. **ADRIANNE MARCUS** divides her time between poetry and motherhood in San Francisco. **HARLAND RISTAU's** poems have appeared in magazines too numerous to mention; he lives in Milwaukee. **JOHN HAAG**, whose article in our March issue attracted wide comment, teaches at Penn State. **WILLIAM SAYRES'** second novel, *Do Good*, will be published by Holt in July. **RALPH ROBIN** teaches writing at American University in Washington. He, too, will have a new novel appearing shortly; his short fiction has been frequently anthologized.

ARTISTS in this issue include: **JIM CRANE**, whose cartoons have permeated *motive* for almost two decades; **MIKE CHICKIRIS**, a photography major at Kent State University in Ohio; **C. R. MARTIN**, a free-lance photographer from Bradfordwoods, Pennsylvania; **DON STURKEY**, who works for the *Charlotte Observer* in North Carolina. **ROHN ENGH**, a free-lance photographer from Lake Elmo, Minnesota; **ERIK SCOTT**, a student at the University of South Florida; and **BEN MAHMOUD**, assistant professor of art at Northern Illinois University.

BOOK REVIEWERS include **ALFRED A. GROSS**, director of the George Henry Foundation in New York; **LYMAN H. LEGTERS** is on the faculty of The Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C.; and **ANTHONY TOWNE**, free-lance writer, whose satire on the "God is Dead in Georgia" in our February issue has now been reprinted in French, Spanish and Japanese and republished in more sources than we can enumerate.

BACK COVER: The fable and illustration have been reprinted by permission from *Twelve Fables of Aesop* published by the Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1954. The linoleum block print is by Antonio Frasconi and the narration by Glenway Wescott.

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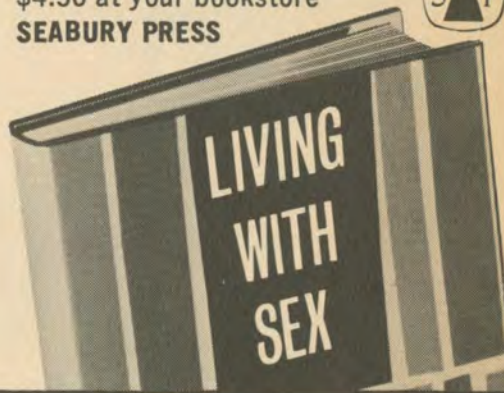
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a



Pollard, Ann Carter
Three Men Died Beneath the Mississippi Moon Oct., 40
 Potter, Ted
Dictator Jan., 40
 Rigg, Margaret
Flaming Youth Oct., cvr.
see also Art Features
 Rogers, Richard Harrell, *see Art Features*
 Roth, Sylvia
Africa Today Jan., 44
 Saunders, Boyd
Faulkner's Wilderness Jan., 39
 Scott, Erik
Pierrot Nov., 50
 Thompson, K. K.
Catcher in the Rye Feb., 68
Homage to John Lennon Mar., 40
Homage to Paul McCartney Mar., 43
On the Stand Mar., 45
 Wenger, Suzanne
Dance #3 Jan., 48
 Atkins, Anselm
Exodus (poem) Nov., 28

b



Batrick, William
Flint and Steel (poem) Jan., 1
 Beatles: Aesthetic of the Absurd, The, by Bobbie Mason Mar., 42
 Bender, Richard N.
The Hungarian Revolution Revisited Nov., 38
 Berrigan, Daniel
Cluny Museum (poem) Oct., 47
 Beyond Beatle-ese, by Robert F. Palmer, Jr. Mar., 39
 Beyond the Great Consensus: The Politics of Poverty, by Mike Thelwell Apr., 6
 Boat Rockers, The, by Andy Davenport Oct., 33
 Bond, Julian
Impetus and Impact: Students and the Civil Rights Movement Oct., 41

BOOKS REVIEWED

Abbott, Anthony S., *Shaw and Christianity*, rv. by Harry E. Smith Mar., 51
 American Friends Service Committee, *A New China Policy*, rv. by Mitchell Cohen Jan., 51
 Armstrong, Roger D., *Peace Corps and Christian Mission*, rv. by G. Donald Peabody Jan., 57
 Auden, W. H., *About the House*, rv. by John Updike Nov., 50
 Baxter, Kay M., *Contemporary Theatre and the Christian Faith*, rv. by Woodrow A. Geier Dec., 55
 Berton, Pierre, *The Comfortable Pew*, rv. by James Sellers Dec., 51
 Boyd, Malcolm, *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*, rv. by Anthony Towne Dec., 53
 Capote, Truman, *In Cold Blood*, rv. by Anthony Towne May, 38
 Casserley, I. V. Langmead, *Toward a Theology of History*, rv. by Robert N. Peters Nov., 54
 Ch'en, Jerome, *Mao and the Chinese Revolution*, rv. by Mitchell Cohen Jan., 51
 Cox, Harvey, *The Secular City*, rv. by Roger Shinn Oct., 48
 Elbrecht, Paul G., *The Christian Encounters*, rv. by George Peabody Mar., 53
 Fanon, Frantz, *The Wretched of the Earth*, rv. by Dennis Hale Jan., 52
 Frankel, Charles, *The Neglected Aspect of Foreign Affairs*, rv. by Lyman H. Letgers May, 42
 Golden, Harry, *A Little Girl Is Dead*, rv. by Alfred A. Gross Apr., 36
 Habel, Norman C., *Wait a Minute*, rv. by Egon Gerdes Dec., 51
 Habgood, John, *Truths in Tension*, rv. by John J. Compton Oct., 55
 Halberstam, David, *The Making of a Quagmire*, rv. by Ray Karras Jan., 58
 Hedgeman, Anna Arnold, *The Trumpet Sounds*, rv. by Howard N. Meyer Nov., 53
 Hentoff, Nat, *The New Equality*, rv. by George McClain Mar., 49

Hero, Alfred O., Jr., *The Southerner and World Affairs*, rv. by Frank E. Smith Nov., 52
 Jacob, Philip E. & James V. Toscano, editors, *The Integration of Political Communities*, rv. by Ed Schwartz Jan., 56
 Kerr, Clark, *The Uses of the University*, rv. by Roger Shinn Oct., 48
 Kitagawa, Da'suke, *The Pastor and the Race Issue*, rv. by Anthony Towne Oct., 54
 Klineberg, Otto, *The Human Dimension in International Relations*, rv. by Tracy B. Strong Jan., 53
 Le Bret, L. J., *The Last Revolution*, rv. by G. Donald Peabody Jan., 56
 MacKinnon, D. M., et al., *God, Sex, and War*, rv. by Alfred A. Gross May, 37
 Melman, Seymour, *Our Depleted Society*, rv. by Howard G. Kurtz Oct., 54
 Peale, Norman Vincent, *Sin, Sex, and Self-Control*, rv. by Alfred A. Gross May, 37
 Pike, James A., *Teenagers and Sex*, rv. by Alfred A. Gross May, 37
 Pike, James A., *What is this Treasure?*, rv. by William Stringfellow Mar., 49
 Posey, Walter Brownlow, *Religious Strife on the Southern Frontier*, rv. by J. Isaac Copeland Oct., 55
 Rose, Stephen C., ed., *Who's Killing the Church?*, rv. by Franklin Littell Apr., 38
 Sauer, Chuck, *Heading for the Center of the Universe*, rv. by Egon Gerdes Dec., 51
 Spike, Robert W., *The Freedom Revolution and the Churches*, rv. by William Stringfellow Dec., 54
 Stern, Helen and Philip, *Oh Say Can You See?—A Bifocal Tour of Washington*, rv. by William Fitts Ryan Apr., 37
 Templin, Ralph R., *Democracy and Nonviolence*, rv. by Jonathan Eisen Mar., 48
 Theobald, Robert (editor), *Campus Dialogue*, rv. by B. J. Stiles Mar., 54
 Williams, Charles, *Shadows of Ecstasy*, rv. by Mary McDermott Shideler Apr., 40
 Boyd, Malcolm
A Drama Within the Drama, A Play Outside the Play Dec., 47
 Bradley, Sam
Like Mayans, Lords of Time (poem) Dec., 50
 Bringing Pathos Into Focus, by Preston T. Roberts, Jr. Feb., 24
 Brzezinski, Zbigniew
Reassessing Communism Jan., 34
 Bridston, Keith
The Student Generation and The Ecumenical Movement Oct., 25
 Brownfield, Allan C.
Has the Conservative Revolt Mellowed? Oct., 34
 Bucher, Francois
Storm the Museums Nov., 41

c



Can America Rejoin Her Own Revolution?, by Arend T. Van Leeuwen Jan., 18
 Chaos in Science, by Amitai Etzioni Dec., 43
 Church College and the Secular City, The, by Robert Friedrichs Apr., 32
CHURCH RENEWAL
 God's No to False Community, by Thomas C. Oden Feb., 31
 On Separating Myths from Illusions, by Van A. Harvey Nov., 4
 Renewal in the Church, by John Deschner Feb., 50
 Sound of Brass and Well-Toned Cymbals, by Lorenz Schultz Mar., 33
 A Student Manifesto: a model for revolutionary mission, by the National Council of the Methodist Student Movement Oct., 30
 The Student Generation and the Ecumenical Movement, by Keith Bridston Oct., 24

AFRICA
 Parable from Another Country, by Taban Lo Liyong Mar., 58
 Problems in American Policy toward Africa, by I. William Zartman Jan., 48
 The Voices of Africa, by Absalom L. Vilakazi Jan., 45

Allen, Joseph L.
 Ethics and the Image of Strategy Jan., 28
 American Foreign Policy: Old Myths and New Realities, by J. William Fulbright Jan., 6

ART
 Art is a Matter of Guts (editorial), by B. J. Stiles Dec., 2
 Bringing Pathos into Focus, by Preston T. Roberts, Jr. Feb., 24
 Facing the Cultural Crisis, by Philippe Maury Feb., 15
 A Few Poet-to-Parson Overtures, by John Haag Mar., 6
 Storm the Museums! The Arts in U.S. Education, by Francois Bucher Nov., 41

ART FEATURES
 Doxology (poem by Anthony Towne, Graphics by Elizabeth Korn) Apr., 11
motiveartist: Margaret Rigg, by Roger E. Ortmyer Feb., 54
 Observations on Chilean Painting, by Margaret Rigg and Nemeclio Nuñez Mar., 17
 Richard Harrell Rogers: Sculptor, by Margaret Rigg May, 12
 Sheila Hicks: Weaving, by Junius Bird and Margaret Rigg Nov., 21
 Sister Mary Corita, I.H.M., by Margaret Rigg Dec., 21

Art is a Matter of Guts (editorial), by B. J. Stiles Dec., 2

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS

Alderfer, Joe
Pelican Pieta Jan., 61
 Barroso, Derli
Behold the Star! Dec., cvr.
 Blade, T. T.
Thirty Pieces of Silver Apr., 18
 Brown, Robert Charles
Cosmic Cross Feb., 33
Evergreens Feb., 9
 Carter, Bruce
The Martyr May, cvr.
 Corita, Sister Mary, *see Art Features*
 Crane, Jim
The Institution Feb., 20
2-D and Me Mar., 57
 Hammond, Thomas
The End is Near Feb., 73
The Ravens Feb., 45
Vision Dec., 57
 Hicks, Sheila, *see Art Features*
 Hodgell, Robert O.
In Review Jan., 18
Superpowers Jan., 8
The Musicians Mar., 37
Washing His Feet Apr., 41
We Shall Not Be Moved Feb., 41
 Huband, Otis
Diogenes Jan., 25
Dreamer Nov., 45
Girl with Harmonica Nov., 48
Phantom Mar., 1
 Korn, Elizabeth, *see Art Features*
 McGovern, R. F.
Cosmos Nov., 1
Protest! Oct., 5
 McLean, James
Variation on the Nimbus Oct., 20
 Mahmoud, Ben
Blue Crucifixion Apr., cvr.
 Matta Escharen, Roberto
Let's Phosphoresce! Mar., cvr.
 Orłowski, Hans
Angel Before Aureole Mar., 11
Angel Sounding a Trumpet Mar., 6
Sitting Angel Mar., 9
 Osborn, Robert
Unclear Uncle Sam Jan., cvr.

CIVIL RIGHTS, see Integration, Politics
 Clayton, John
 James Bond: America's New Hero Jan., 26
 College Humorless Magazine, The, by
 Herbert Hackett Feb., 21
 Computing the Future: Automation and
 Economic Development, by Robert
 Theobald Jan., 12

CONSERVATISM, see Politics, Social
 Criticism
 Corrington, John William
 Dr. Aorta (fiction) Nov., 12
 Cox, Harvey, and Hugh Hefner
 Sex: Myths and Realities Nov., 7

d

d'Auria, Gemma
 A Friday Seed (poem) Apr., 5
 Davenport, Andy
 The Boat Rockers Oct., 33
 Deschner, John
 Renewal in the Church Feb., 50
 Dr. Aorta (fiction), by John William
 Corrington Nov., 12

DOCUMENTARIES

A Drama Within the Drama, A Play
 Outside the Play, by Malcolm Boyd
 Dec., 47
 From a Lunch-Counter Stool, by James
 M. Lawson, Jr. Feb., 41
 The Time My Father Died, by Joseph
 Wesley Mathews Feb., 45
 Dominican Republic, The: The Result
 of Forty Years of Bungling, by Buddy
 R. Salyer Dec., 39
 Down with Diploma Factories, by Arnold
 Graf Oct., 33
 Drama Within the Drama, A Play Out-
 side the Play, by Malcolm Boyd Dec., 47

e

EDITORIALS

Art is a Matter of Guts, by B. J. Stiles
 Dec., 2
 How to Celebrate Tomorrow's Yester-
 day Now, or, Happy Birthday
 motive, by B. J. Stiles Feb., 2
 motive, by Harold Ehrensperger Feb., 5
 "This Issue" (foreign policy), by B. J.
 Stiles Jan., 5
 The War in Viet Nam, by Ron Hender-
 son Mar., 5

Ehrensperger, Harold
 motive Feb., 5
 Ellis, Neal
 The Old Men With Bright Eyes (poem)
 May, 24

ETHICS

Ethics and the Image of Strategy, by
 Joseph L. Allen Jan., 28
 Freedom and the University, by Stephen
 Weissman and Doug Tuthill Oct., 4
 The Gift of Chaos, by Anna Arnold
 Hedgeman Dec., 12
 God's No to False Community, by
 Thomas C. Oden Feb., 31
 Living in a World that Won't Stand
 Still, by Roger L. Shinn Oct., 48
 Peace and Race: A Plenary Lamenta-
 tion, by William Stringfellow May, 6
 Revolt without Dogma, by Jack New-
 field Oct., 20
 Sex: Myths and Realities, a dialogue
 between Hugh Hefner and Harvey
 Cox Nov., 7
 The University: from consensus to di-
 alogue, by Franklin H. Littell Oct., 15

Ethics and the Image of Strategy, by
 Joseph L. Allen Jan., 28
 Etzioni, Amital
 Chaos in Science Dec., 43

f

FABLES

The Forward is Backwards, by Roger
 E. Ortmyer Apr., 42
 Heavenly Peace, by Roger E. Ortmyer
 Jan., 62
 He Paints a Bull That is Almost a
 Dragon, by Roger E. Ortmyer Dec., 58

Innocence, by Roger E. Ortmyer Oct., 58
 Parable from Another Country, by
 Taban Lo Liyong Mar., 58
 The Real Story of Cinderella, by Jim
 Magnuson Nov., 58
 Facing the Cultural Crisis, by Philippe
 Maury Feb., 15
 Faith Situation, The, by Joseph Sittler,
 Jr. Apr., 36
 Few Poet-To-Parson Overtures, A, by
 John Haag Mar., 6

FICTION

Dr. Aorta, by John William Corrington
 Nov., 12
 The Guest House, by John Kuehl Dec., 16
 Four Meanings of 'the Death of God,'
 by Fred M. Hudson Apr., 28
 Freedom and the University, by Stephen
 Weissman and Doug Tuthill Oct., 4
 Friedrichs, Robert
 The Church College and the Secular
 City Apr., 32
 From A Lunch Counter Stool, by James
 M. Lawson, Jr. Feb., 41
 Fulbright, J. William
 American Foreign Policy: Old Myths
 and New Realities Jan., 6

g

Gift of Chaos, The, by Anna Arnold
 Hedgeman Dec., 12
 God is Dead in Georgia (satire), by An-
 thony Towne Feb., 74
 Godsey, John B.
 Thinking the Faith Historically: The
 Legacy of Carl Michalson May, 34
 God's No to False Community, by Thomas
 C. Oden Feb., 31
 Goeritz, Mathias
 In Response to Margaret Rigg Mar., 4
 Graf, Arnold
 Down with Diploma Factories Oct., 33
 Grant, Donald
 The United States and the United Na-
 tions Jan., 8
 Gross, Suzanne
 Quintet for Alarm Clocks (poem)
 Nov., 33
 Guest House, The, (fiction), by John
 Kuehl Dec., 16

h

Haag, John
 A Few Poet-To-Poet Overtures Mar., 6
 Phosphor Tenebrous (poem) May, 23
 Hackett, Herbert
 The College Humorless Magazine Feb., 21
 Hamill, Robert H.
 The Skeptic's Corner Feb., 6
 Hammond, Guy B.
 Paul Tillich's Impact on American Life
 May, 26
 Harvey, Van A.
 On Separating Hopes from Illusions
 Nov., 4
 Has the Conservative Revolt Mellowed?
 by Allan C. Brownfield Oct., 34
 Hearst, James
 The Meeting (poem) Jan., 38
 Heavenly Peace (fable), by Roger Or-
 tmyer Jan., 62
 Hedgeman, Anna Arnold
 The Gift of Chaos Dec., 12
 Hefner, Hugh and Harvey Cox
 Sex: Myths and Realities Nov., 7
 Henderson, Ron
 The War in Viet Nam (editorial) Mar., 5
 He Paints a Bull That is Almost a Dragon,
 by Roger Ortmyer Dec., 58
 Hiner, James
 Buildings (poem) Feb., 72
 Howard, Ben
 Hitchhiking on Iowa Thirty (poem)
 Oct., 1
 Scherzo for Trumpet and Accordion
 (poem) Dec., 11
 How to Celebrate Tomorrow's Yester-
 day Now, Or, Happy Birthday
 motive, by B. J. Stiles Feb., 2
 Hudson, Fred M.
 Four Meanings of the 'Death of God'
 Apr., 20
 Hungarian Revolution Revisited, The, by
 Richard N. Bender Nov., 38

i

Impetus and Impact: Students and the
 Civil Rights Movement, by Julian Bond
 Oct., 41
 Inman, Will
 #13 (poem) Mar., 32
 Who Shall Carry the Worms?—A Mel-
 ancholy Ode for Martin Buber
 (poem) May, 31
 Innocence (fable), by Roger Ortmyer
 Oct., 58
 In Response to Margaret Rigg, by Mathias
 Goeritz Mar., 4

INTEGRATION

Beyond the Great Consensus: The
 Politics of Poverty, by Mike Thelwell
 Apr., 6
 A Drama Within the Drama, A Play
 Outside the Play, by Malcolm Boyd
 Dec., 47
 Education for a Reconstructed America,
 by George D. McClain Oct., 45
 Impetus and Impact: Students and the
 Civil Rights Movement, by Julian
 Bond Oct., 41
 Peace and Race: A Plenary Lamenta-
 tion, by William Stringfellow May, 6
 Revolt without Dogma, by Jack New-
 field Oct., 20
 SSOC: Bridging the Gap Between
 Bureaucracy and Anarchy, by Jack
 Newfield Mar., 13
 Why All the Controversy About Mr.
 Moynihan's Paper?, by Arthur E.
 Walmsley Apr., 25

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Beyond the Great Consensus: The Poli-
 tics of Poverty, by Mike Thelwell
 Apr., 6
 The Dominican Republic: The Result
 of Forty Years of Bungling, by Buddy
 R. Salyer Dec., 39
 The Hungarian Revolution Revisited,
 by Richard N. Bender Nov., 38
 Peace and Race: A Plenary Lamenta-
 tion, by William Stringfellow May, 6
 Vietnam: Our Common Mask, by El-
 mira Kendricks Oct., 36
 The War in Viet Nam (editorial), by
 Ron Henderson Mar., 5
 see January 1966 issue, *passim*
 see also regional headings; e.g., Latin
 America, Africa

j

James Bond: America's New Hero, by
 John Clayton Jan., 26
 Jazz (the little art), by Tupper Saussy
 Mar., 36
 Jellema, Rod H.
 In Imagio Dei: Fiat Lux (poem) Dec., 55
 Jorstad, Erling
 The Remodeled Right Nov., 29

k

Kendricks, Elmira
 Vietnam: Our Common Mask Oct., 36
 Kuehl, John
 The Guest House (fiction) Dec., 16

l

LANGUAGE

Beyond Beatle-ese, by Robert F.
 Palmer, Jr. Mar., 39
 The Faith Situation, by Joseph Sittler,
 Jr. Feb., 36
 A Few Poet-to-Parson Overtures, by
 John Haag Mar., 6
 Four Meanings of 'the Death of God,'
 by Fred M. Hudson Apr., 20
 Some Reflections on Beatle-ese, by
 Robert L. White Nov., 34

LATIN AMERICA

The Dominican Republic: The Result
 of Forty Years of Bungling, by Buddy
 R. Salyer Dec., 39
 Latin American Reactions, by Brady
 Tyson Jan., 40

Lawson, James M., Jr.
 From A Lunch Counter Stool Feb., 41

LIBERALISM, see Politics, Marxism, So-
 cial Criticism

LITERARY CRITICISM

A Few Poet-to-Parson Overtures, by John Haag	Mar., 6
Bringing Pathos into Focus, by Preston T. Roberts, Jr.	Feb., 24
The College Humorless Magazine, by Herbert Hackett	Feb., 21
Facing the Cultural Crisis, by Phillippe Maury	Feb., 15
The World of Ralph Ellison: Beyond Abstraction, Imagination, by Bardwell Leith Smith	Apr., 29
see also Books, Satire, Social Criticism	

Littell, Franklin H. The University: from consensus to dialogue	Oct., 15
Living in a World That Won't Stand Still, by Roger L. Shinn	Oct., 49
Liyong, Taban lo Parable From Another Country	Mar., 58
Locke, Duane The Furnace for the Steel Boys and Girls (poem)	Oct., 39
Two Rituals (poem)	Dec., 46
Locklin, Gerald Porgy Agonistes (poem)	Apr., 1

m

Magnuson, Jim The Real Story of Cinderella	Nov., 58
Marcus, Adrienne She Calls From Shore (poem)	May, 22

MARXISM

American Foreign Policy: Old Myths and New Realities, by J. William Fulbright	Dec., 6
Freedom and the University, by Stephen Weissman and Doug Tuthill	Oct., 4
Reassessing Communism, by Zbigniew Brzezinski	Jan., 34
The Student Generation and the Ecumenical Movement, by Keith Bridston	Oct., 24
Mason, Bobbie The Beatles: Aesthetic of the Absurd	Mar., 42
Mathews, Joseph W. The Time My Father Died	Feb., 45
Maury, Phillippe Facing the Cultural Crisis	Feb., 15
Meinke, J. Peter To a Daughter with Artistic Talent (poem)	Feb., 67
Merton, Thomas The Time of the End is the Time of No Room	Dec., 4

MINISTRY

motive, by Harold Ehrensperger	Feb., 5
On Separating Hopes from Illusions, by Van A. Harvey	Nov., 4
Renewal in the Church, by John Deschner	Feb., 50
motive, by Harold Ehrensperger	Feb., 5
motiveartist: Margaret Rigg (art feature), by Roger Ortmyer	Feb., 54
Murray, Michele Song (poem)	Nov., 48

MUSIC

The Beatles: Aesthetic of the Absurd, by Bobbie Mason	Mar., 42
Beyond Beatle-ese, by Robert F. Palmer, Jr.	Mar., 39
Jazz: the little art, by Tupper Saussy	Mar., 36
Some Reflections on Beatle-ese, by Robert L. White	Nov., 34
Sound of Brass and Well-Toned Cymbals, by Lorenz Schultz	Mar., 33

n

Nature and Existence of God, The, by H. Richard Niebuhr	Feb., 7
Newfield, Jack Revolt Without Dogma	Oct., 20
SSOC: Bridging the Gap Between Bureaucracy and Anarchy	Mar., 13
Neylon, James M. Osiris, God of Corn (poem)	Nov., 20
Niebuhr, H. Richard The Nature and Existence of God	Feb., 7
NONVIOLENCE, see Ethics, Revolution	

NOSTALGIA

In Response to Margaret Rigg, by Mathias Goeritz	Mar., 4
Paul Tillich's Impact on American Life, by Guy B. Hammond	May, 26
Thinking the Faith Historically: the Legacy of Carl Michalson, by John Godsey	May, 34
Who Shall Carry the Worms?—a melancholy ode for Martin Buber (poem), by Will Inman	May, 31
see February, 1966 issue, <i>passim</i>	

o

Oden, Thomas C. God's No to False Community	Feb., 31
On Separating Hopes From Illusions, by Van A. Harvey	Nov., 4
Orlovitz, Gil Art of the Sonnet: 230 (poem)	Mar., 32
Ortmayer, Roger E. The Forward is Backwards	Apr., 42
Heavenly Peace	Jan., 62
He Paints A Bull That Is Almost A Dragon	Dec., 58
Innocence	Oct., 58
motiveartist: Margaret Rigg	Feb., 54

p

Palmer, Robert F., Jr. Beyond Beatle-ese	Mar., 39
Parable From Another Country (fable), by Taban lo Liyong	Mar., 58
Paul Tillich's Impact on American Life, by Guy B. Hammond	May, 26
Peace and Race: A Plenary Lamentation, by William Stringfellow	May, 6
Pebworth, Ted-Larry Comfort (poem)	Oct., 37
The Third Day (poem)	Apr., 19

POEMS

And When In Scenes Of Glory, by Miller Williams	Nov., 46
Art Of The Sonnet: 230, by Gil Orlovitz	Mar., 32
Buildings, by James Hiner	Feb., 72
Colloquy on Love, by Sidney Sulkin	Apr., 19
Comfort, by Ted-Larry Pebworth	Oct., 37
Cluny Museum, by Daniel Berrigan	Oct., 47
Doxology, by Anthony Towne	Apr., 11
Drawing all the Venetian Blinds, by Ralph Robin	May, 20
Exodus, by Anselm Atkins	Nov., 28
Flint and Steel, by William Battrick	Jan., 1
Freshman Guidance, by R. L. Tyler	Feb., 66

A Friday Seed, by Gemma d'Auria	Apr., 5
The Furnace for the Steel Boys and Girls, by Duane Locke	Oct., 39
God to Noah, by Gibbons Ruark	Feb., 68
Handkerchief, by J. E. Simmons	Mar., 47
Hitchhiking on Iowa 30, by Ben Howard	Oct., 1
Infant Exile, The (excerpt), by Stan Steiner	Dec., 38
In Imagio Dei: Fiat Lux, by Rod H. Jellema	Dec., 55
Julius M. Tully, by William Sayres	May, 1
Like Mayans, Lords of Time, by Sam Bradley	Dec., 50
The Meeting, by James Hearst	Jan., 38
Mirrors, by Jay Claude Summers	Mar., 47
My Salty Bride, by Joan White	Mar., 46
A Note to God Concerning a Point From An Earlier Communication, by Miller Williams	Jan., 58
Old Man Alone, by Thomas Webner	Feb., 1
The Old Man with Bright Eyes, by Neal Ellis	May, 24
Osiris, God of Corn, by James M. Neylon	Nov., 20
Phosphor Tenebrous, by John Haag	May, 23
Porgy Agonistes, by Gerald Locklin	Apr., 1
Quintet for Alarm Clocks, by Suzanne Gross	Nov., 33
Raising all the Venetian Blinds, by Ralph Robin	May, 20
Scherzo for Trumpet and Accordion, by Ben Howard	Dec., 11

The Sea is a Rotten Lie, by Harland Ristau	May, 21
The Seven-thirty Roller Coaster, by Ronn Spargur	Nov., 1
She Calls From Shore, by Adrienne Marcus	May, 22
Skin Deep, by James Worley	Mar., 1
Song, by Michele Murray	Nov., 48
The Statue of the Angel of Death over Mendocino, California, by James Schevill	Oct., 19
Talking Through Chaucer's Hat, by J. Edgar Simmons	Dec., 56
The Third Day, by Ted-Larry Pebworth	Apr., 19
To a Daughter with Artistic Talent, by J. Peter Meinke	Feb., 67
Two Rituals, by Duane Locke	Dec., 46
Untitled, by David Sandberg	Jan., 25
Who Shall Carry the Worms? by Will Inman	May, 31
Yes, a long story, by John Tagliabue	Oct., 18
#13, by Will Inman	Mar., 32

POLITICS

Beyond the Great Consensus: The Politics of Poverty, by Mike Thelwell	Apr., 6
Can America Rejoin Her Own Revolution?, by Arend T. Van Leeuwen	Jan., 18
Chaos in Science, by Amital Etzioni	Dec., 43
Ethics and the Image of Strategy, by Joseph L. Allen	Jan., 28
Freedom and the University, by Stephen Weissman and Doug Tuthill	Oct., 5
From a Lunch-Counter Stool, by James M. Lawson, Jr.	Feb., 41
Has the Conservative Revolt Mellowed, by Allan C. Brownfeld	Oct., 34
Impetus and Impact: Students and the Civil Rights Movement, by Julian Bond	Oct., 41
Living in a World that Won't Stand Still, by Roger L. Shinn	Oct., 48
Peace and Race: A Plenary Lamentation, by William Stringfellow	May, 6
Reassessing Communism, by Zbigniew Brzezinski	Jan., 34
The Remodeled Right: Schwartz and Stormer on Campus, by Erling Jorstad	Nov., 29
Revolt Without Dogma, by Jack Newfield	Oct., 20
Why All the Controversy About Mr. Moynihan's Paper?, by Arthur M. Walmstey	Apr., 25
see Jan., 1966 issue (U.S. foreign policy), <i>passim</i> .	
see also Books, International Affairs	

Problems in American Policy Toward Africa, by I. William Zartman	Jan., 48
--	----------

r

Real Story Of Cinderella, The (fable), by Jim Magnuson	Nov., 58
Reassessing Communism, by Zbigniew Brzezinski	Jan., 34
Remodeled Right, The, by Erling Jorstad	Nov., 29
Renewal In The Church, by John Deschner	Feb., 50
Revolt Without Dogma, by Jack Newfield	Oct., 20

REVOLUTION

Can America Rejoin Her Own Revolution?, by Arend T. Van Leeuwen	Jan., 18
The Dominican Republic: The Result of Forty Years of Bungling, by Buddy R. Salyer	Dec., 39
The Hungarian Revolution Revisited, by Richard N. Bender	Nov., 38
SSOC: Bridging the Gap between Bureaucracy and Anarchy, by Jack Newfield	Mar., 13
see October 1965 issue, <i>passim</i>	
see also Books, Social Criticism	
Richard Harrell Rogers: Sculptor (art feature), by Margaret Rigg	May, 12
Rigg, Margaret The Artists of Chile	Mar., 17
Richard Harrell Rogers: Sculptor	May, 12
Sheila Hicks: Weaving	Nov., 21
Sister Mary Corita, I.H.M.	Dec., 21
Ristau, Harland The Sea is a Rotten Lie (poem)	May, 22
Roberts, Preston T., Jr. Bringing Pathos Into Focus	Feb., 24

Robin, Ralph	
<i>Drawing All the Venetian Blinds</i>	May, 20
(poem)	
<i>Raising All the Venetian Blinds</i>	May, 20
(poem)	
Ruark, Gibbons	
<i>God To Noah</i> (poem)	Feb., 68

S

Salyer, Buddy R.	
<i>The Dominican Republic: The Result of Forty Years of Bungling</i>	Dec., 39
Sandberg, David	
Untitled (poem)	Jan., 25

SATIRE

<i>God is Dead in Georgia</i> , by Anthony Towne	Feb., 74
<i>Heavenly Peace</i> , by Roger E. Ortmyer	Dec., 62
James Bond: America's New Hero, by John Clayton	Jan., 26

Saussy, Tupper	
<i>Jazz</i> (the little art)	Mar., 36
Sayres, William	
<i>Julius M. Tully</i> (poem)	May, 1
Schevill, James	
<i>The Statue Of The Angel Of Death Over Mendocino, California</i> (poem)	Oct., 19

Schultz, Lorenz	
<i>Sound Of Brass And Well Toned Cymbals</i>	Mar., 33

SCIENCE

<i>Chaos in Science</i> , by Amitai Etzioni	Dec., 43
<i>Computing the Future: Automation and Economic Development</i> , by Robert Theobald	Jan., 12

SEX

<i>The College Humorless Magazine</i> , by Herbert Hackett	Feb., 21
James Bond: America's New Hero, by John Clayton	Jan., 26
Sex: Myths and Realities, a dialogue between Hugh Hefner and Harvey Cox	Nov., 7
<i>see also Books, Social Criticism</i>	

Sex: Myths & Realities, by Hugh Hefner and Harvey Cox	Nov., 7
---	---------

Sheila Hicks: Weaving (art feature), by Margaret Rigg	Nov., 21
Shinn, Roger	
<i>Living In A World That Won't Stand Still</i>	Oct., 49

Simmons, J. Edgars	
<i>Handkerchief</i> (poem)	Mar., 47
<i>Talking Through Chaucer's Hat</i> (poem)	Dec., 56

Sister Mary Corita, I.H.M., by Margaret Rigg	Dec., 21
--	----------

Sittler, Joseph, Jr.	
<i>The Faith Situation</i>	Feb., 36

Smith, Bardwell Leith	
<i>The World Of Ralph Ellison: Beyond Abstraction, Imagination</i>	Apr., 28

SOCIAL CRITICISM

<i>The Beatles: Aesthetic of the Absurd</i> , by Bobbie Mason	Mar., 42
<i>Beyond Beatle-ese</i> , by Robert F. Palmer, Jr.	Mar., 39
<i>Beyond the Great Consensus: The Politics of Poverty</i> , by Mike Thelwell	Apr., 6

<i>Can America Rejoin Her Own Revolution?</i> , by Arend T. Van Leeuwen	Jan., 18
---	----------

<i>The Church College and the Secular City</i> , by Robert Friedrichs	Apr., 32
---	----------

<i>Facing the Cultural Crisis</i> , by Phillippe Maury	Feb., 15
--	----------

James Bond: America's New Hero, by John Clayton	Jan., 26
---	----------

<i>Peace and Race: A Plenary Lamentation</i> , by William Stringfellow	May, 6
--	--------

Sex: Myths and Realities, a dialogue between Hugh Hefner and Harvey Cox	Nov., 7
---	---------

<i>Some Reflections on Beatle-ese</i> , by Robert White	Nov., 34
---	----------

SSOC: Bridging the Gap Between Bureaucracy and Anarchy, by Jack Newfield	Mar., 13
--	----------

<i>Storm the Museums! the arts in U.S. Education</i> , by Francois Bucher	Nov., 41
<i>The University: from consensus to dialogue</i> , by Franklin H. Littell	Oct., 15

<i>Vietnam: Our Common Mask</i> , by Elmira Kendrick	Oct., 36
<i>see October 1965 issue, passim</i>	
<i>Some Reflections On Beatle-ese</i> , by Robert L. White	Nov., 34
<i>Sound Of Brass And Well Toned Cymbals</i> , by Lorenz Schultz	Mar., 33

THE SOUTH (U.S.) AND SOUTHERN ATTITUDES

<i>A Drama Within the Drama, A Play Outside the Play</i> , by Malcolm Boyd	Dec., 47
--	----------

<i>From a Lunch Counter Stool</i> , by James M. Lawson, Jr.	Feb., 41
---	----------

SSOC: Bridging the Gap Between Bureaucracy and Anarchy, by Jack Newfield	Mar., 13
--	----------

Spargur, Ronn	
<i>The Seven-thirty Roller Coaster</i> (poem)	Nov., 1

SSOC: Bridging The Gap Between Bureaucracy And Anarchy, by Jack Newfield	Mar., 13
--	----------

Steiner, Stan	
<i>The Infant Exile</i> (poem)	Dec., 38

Stiles, B. J.	
<i>Art Is A Matter Of Guts</i>	Dec., 2
<i>How To Celebrate Tomorrow's Yesterday Now Or, Happy Birthday</i> <i>motive</i>	Feb., 2

<i>This Issue</i>	Jan., 5
<i>Storm The Museums</i> , by Francois Bucher	Nov., 41

Stringfellow, William	
<i>Peace and Race: A Plenary Lamentation</i>	May, 6

<i>Student Generation & The Ecumenical Movement, The</i> , by Keith Bridston	Oct., 25
--	----------

<i>Student Manifesto: a model for revolutionary mission, from a working paper approved by NCMSM</i>	Oct., 30
---	----------

STUDENTS, <i>see University Life and Problems, Books</i>	
--	--

Sulkin, Sidney	
<i>Colloquy on Love</i> (poem)	Apr., 19

Summers, Jay Claude	
<i>Mirrors</i> (poem)	Mar., 47

t

Tagliabue, John	
<i>Yes, a long story</i> (poem)	Oct., 18

Thelwell, Mike	
<i>Beyond the Great Consensus: The Politics of Poverty</i>	Apr., 6

Theobald, Robert	
<i>Computing the Future: Automation and Economic Development</i>	Jan., 12

THEOLOGY

<i>Facing the Cultural Crisis</i> , by Phillippe Maury	Feb., 15
--	----------

<i>The Faith Situation</i> , by Joseph Sittler	Feb., 36
--	----------

<i>A Few Poet-to-Person Overtures</i> , by John Haag	Mar., 6
--	---------

<i>Four Meanings of 'the Death of God,'</i> by Fred M. Hudson	Apr., 20
---	----------

<i>God's No to False Community</i> , by Thomas C. Oden	Feb., 31
--	----------

<i>Paul Tillich's Impact on American Life</i> , by Guy B. Hammond	May, 26
---	---------

<i>Renewal in the Church</i> , by John Deschner	Feb., 50
---	----------

<i>Thinking the Faith Historically: The Legacy of Carl Michalson</i> , by John Godsey	May, 34
---	---------

<i>The Time of the End is the Time of No Room</i> , by Thomas Merton	Dec., 4
--	---------

<i>The Gift of Chaos</i> , by Anna Arnold Hedgeman	Dec., 12
--	----------

<i>The Nature And Existence of God</i> , by H. Richard Niebuhr	Feb., 7
--	---------

<i>see also Books, Worship</i>	
<i>Thinking the Faith Historically: The Legacy of Carl Michalson</i> , by John Godsey	May, 34

<i>This Issue</i> (editorial), by B. J. Stiles	Jan., 5
--	---------

<i>Time My Father Died, The</i> , by Joseph W. Mathews	Feb., 45
--	----------

<i>Time Of The End Is The Time Of No Room, The</i> , by Thomas Merton	Dec., 4
Towne, Anthony	
<i>Doxology</i> (poem/art feature)	Apr., 11
<i>God Is Dead In Georgia</i>	Feb., 74
Tyler, R. L.	
<i>Freshman Guidance</i> (poem)	Feb., 66

Tyson, Brady	
<i>Latin American Reactions</i>	Jan., 40

U

<i>United States and the United Nations, The</i> , by Donald Grant	Jan., 8
<i>University from Consensus to Dialogue, The</i> , by Franklin H. Littell	Oct., 15

UNIVERSITY LIFE & PROBLEMS

<i>The Church College and the Secular City</i> , by Robert Friedrichs	Apr., 32
---	----------

<i>Facing the Cultural Crisis</i> , by Phillippe Maury	Feb., 15
--	----------

<i>The Remodeled Right: Schwartz and Stormer on Campus</i> , by Erling Jorstad	Nov., 29
--	----------

SSOC: Bridging the Gap between Bureaucracy and Anarchy, by Jack Newfield	Mar., 13
--	----------

<i>Storm the Museums! the arts in U.S. Education</i> , by Francois Bucher	Nov., 41
<i>see October 1965 issue, passim</i>	

V

VOCATION

<i>Impetus and Impact: Students and the Civil Rights Movement</i> , by Julian Bond	Oct., 41
--	----------

<i>On Separating Hopes from Illusions</i> , by Van A. Harvey	Nov., 4
--	---------

<i>Revolt Without Dogma</i> , by Jack Newfield	Oct., 20
--	----------

<i>A Student Manifesto: a model for revolutionary mission</i> , by the National Council of the Methodist Student Movement	Oct., 30
---	----------

<i>see also Books, Ethics</i>	
Van Leeuwen, Arend T.	
<i>Can America Rejoin Her Own Revolution?</i>	Jan., 18

<i>Vietnam: Our Common Mask</i> , by Elmira Kendrick	Oct., 36
--	----------

Vilakazi, Absalom L.	
<i>The Voices Of Africa</i>	Jan., 45
<i>Voices Of Africa, The</i> , by Absalom L. Vilakazi	Jan., 45

W

Walmsley, Arthur E.	
<i>Why All The Controversy Over Mr. Moynihan's Report?</i>	Apr., 25

<i>War In Viet Nam, The</i> , (editorial), by Ron Henderson	Mar., 5
---	---------

Webner, Thomas	
<i>Old Man Alone</i> (poem)	Feb., 1

Weissman, Stephen, and Doug Tuthill	
<i>Freedom And The University</i>	Oct., 4

White, Joan	
<i>My Salty Bride</i> (poem)	Mar., 46

White, Robert L.	
<i>Some Reflections On Beatle-ese</i>	Nov., 34

<i>Why All the Controversy Over Mr. Moynihan's Report?</i> by Arthur M. Walmsley	Apr., 28
--	----------

Williams, Miller	
<i>And When In Scenes Of Glory</i> (poem)	Nov., 46

<i>A Note To God Concerning A Point From An Earlier Communication</i> (poem)	Jan., 58
--	----------

<i>World of Ralph Ellison, The: Beyond Abstraction, Imagination</i> , by Bardwell Leith Smith	Apr., 28
---	----------

Worley, James	
<i>Skin Deep</i> (poem)	Mar., 1

WORSHIP

<i>Jazz: the little art</i> , by Tupper Saussy	Mar., 36
--	----------

<i>Renewal in the Church</i> , by John Deschner	Feb., 50
---	----------

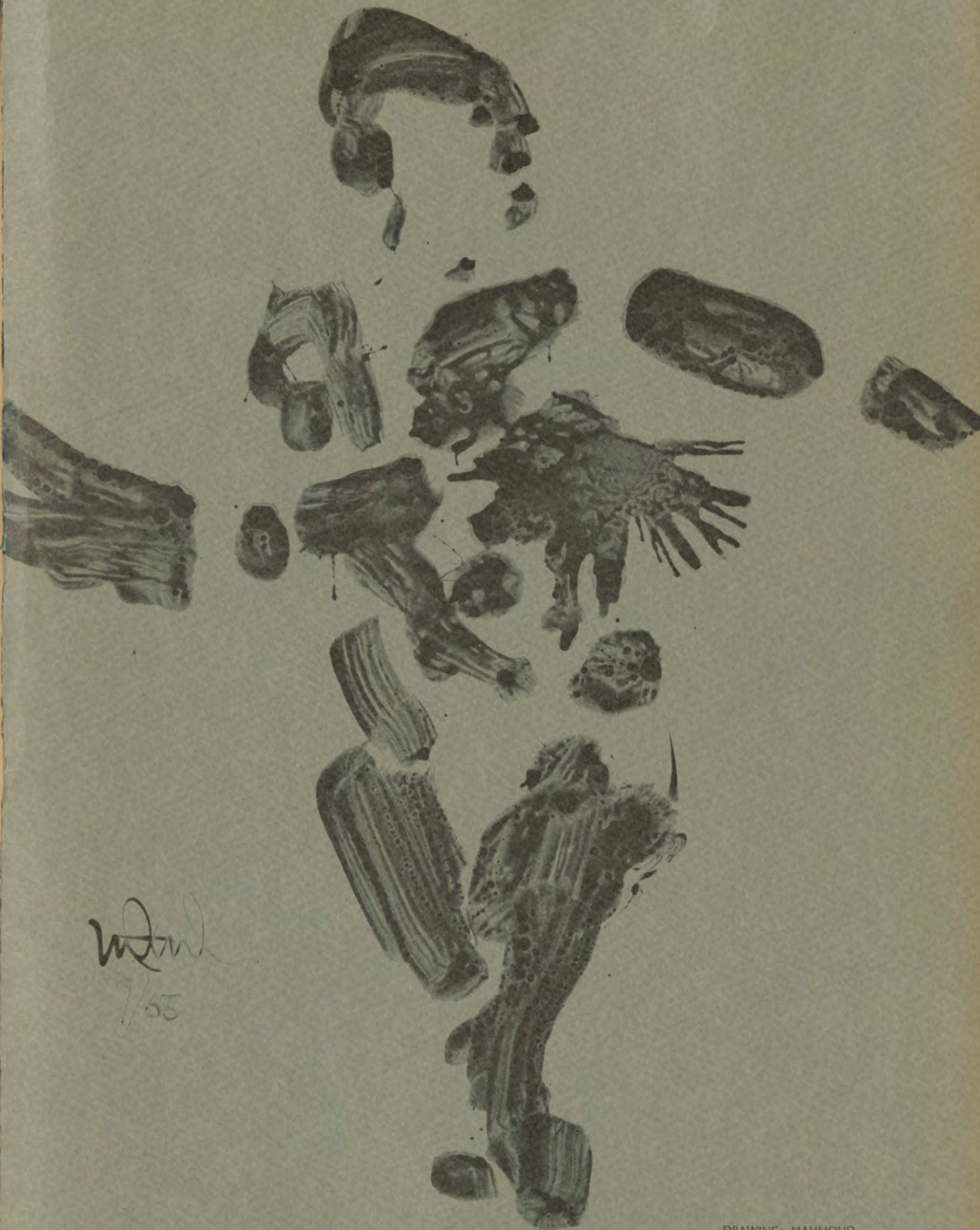
<i>Sound of Brass and Well-Toned Cymbals</i> , by Lorenz Schultz	Mar., 33
--	----------

<i>The Time My Father Died</i> , by Joseph Wesley Mathews	Feb., 45
---	----------

<i>The Time of the End is the Time of No Room</i> , by Thomas Merton	Dec., 4
<i>see also Books, Music, Theology</i>	

Z

Zartman, I. William	
<i>Problems In American Policy Toward Africa</i>	Jan., 48



W. L. L.
9/55

The Jackdaw with Eclectic Plumage

A jackdaw who was fashionable, or aspired to be, thrust himself full of hand-me-down feathers of all sorts of other birds. It made a fine effect. Even the upper avian classes, peacocks and egrets and the like, were made anxious by the upstart. Possibly, they thought, plumage they had molted last year, or year before last, had been more becoming than their present outfits. So they swooped upon him, and as each took the feather he was entitled to, pulled out every stitch of the jackdaw's own attire as well, more or less by accident. Even from his own species, when he returned home stark naked, he got a poor reception.

