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October 1967 Sixty Cents





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FRONT COVER: RICHARD P. HAYES is a graduate student at the University of Nebraska where he is studying with Tom Coleman, whose work also appears in this issue. Mr. Hayes' work recently has been purchased for the Oklahoma Art Center in Oklahoma City, and has been shown in the 33rd National Print and Drawing Exhibit in Wichita, Kansas.

motive

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R. O. HODGELL

I'm writing to let you have my new address—you see, I left Egypt rather unexpectedly. After the war and Nasser's resignation, I was one of the last 550 Americans to leave on the Carina. So I'm now in Paris and am eager to have my copies of *motive* coming to this new address.

The last note I received from Egypt says that the police are carefully guarding our little team in Akhmim, and the head of the secret police there cannot understand why I and some of the others had to leave. That is very touching, and a tribute to the respect our project had in the community, and their understanding of what the Church was trying to do. Why we were there they didn't understand too well, except that they were aware of some religious context of our work, but most of all they seemed to appreciate that we weren't there to proselytize. Part of the Moslem belief is generosity to the poor, and we fit somewhat there.

I'm now in Paris working with one of the Egyptian members of the Grail movement. We're doing research at UNESCO and trying to do some interpretive writing about Egypt.

One of the things that concerns me is the lack of a good Arab press in the West. It's not surprising when you see how limited the experience of foreigners is, even when they get to Egypt. To have had friends there such as French intellectuals, capitalist businessmen, a Coptic political organizer, a Moslem intelligence officer for the UAR, left-wing artists and poets, and the grass roots of the working class is quite a marvelous experience. These are the kind of people whom 90 percent of the country, let alone most foreigners, never see.

I wanted also to write to say how proud I was to be able to show my intellectual friends *motive*. The fact that we can criticize ourselves in America is such a wonderful thing to show, and *motive* shows it. However, I must admit that there were some back issues which I felt I couldn't really share with non-Americans. They lacked the kind of affirmation for which I felt a need overseas. There are so many people who are already convinced that America is all bad and interested only in money, and I wanted to show them something else.

The issue which contained Carl Oglesby's article [October, 1966] is a case in point. He asked some needed questions which are important for Americans to face, but it lacked any positive note.

I know that *motive* isn't edited for an overseas audience, but I think there needs to be a quality of affirmation which you sometimes lack.

But there are so many things from last year which are really memorable. For example, the Unicorn story on the back cover of your March/April issue. I still think about the story, and it encourages me in black moments to go on. It would be dreadful if there were no virgins to catch unicorns.

TRINA PAULUS
the grail movement
paris, france

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One of the unending pleasures of my ministry has been my close touch and communication with college students . . . and for ten years I have read *motive*.

Some articles are ridiculous and the poetry and art often irritate me with their nothingness. But I've learned that what I respond to is rather limited anyway. In fact, as I've grown to believe that God will be God in spite of my tastes, I'm grateful for the Holy Spirit releasing me to feel more deeply than ever for those who are helping to influence future Christians.

Students today face a world which is threatening to go through explosion because of the sudden onset of implosion. We have to "gut it out" right where we are, learning to be alert, intelligent, flexible . . . yet faithful.

And *motive* helps in facing such a world. When I really needed to understand the implications of the "God Is Dead" controversy, *motive's* tremendous article helped me. When people return from Expo '67 and report the impact of Marshall McLuhan throughout the exhibits, my research on how to understand the "media is the message" and the "message as the (theological) message," takes me to *motive*. And I am impressed that *motive* had an article calling for a full reexamination of the Kennedy assassination long before Mr. Garrison made such appear ridiculous by his personal vanity.

The artists who have appeared in *motive* have been invaluable to me, and have helped me to perceive beyond the "spoken word" which is often so inadequate.

I know that *motive* is frequently under attack, and that it faces chronic budget crises. Anytime a person, institution or publication is compelled to be not only prophetic and realistic but sometimes even sarcastic, it is inevitable that they must suffer the feedback. But the unhealthiest mistake we can commit in our day is to remove or hinder the sprinklings of yeast that are forever keeping the institutional lump fermenting.

RUDOLPH MCKINLEY
riverside park methodist church
jacksonville, florida

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It is perhaps significant that portions of your May article, "Between Verdicts—German Students View the War," so closely parallel the attitudes of us American students that one had to glance twice at the title for orientation.

While German students feel somewhat alienated from our country due to the Vietnam war, they might well profit from the realization that their questions on the war are also our questions. Their waverings are very common to ours, and perhaps they can benefit from our concerns, as we have learned from them.

M. E. GEHMAN
somerset, new jersey

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Congratulations on your editorial in the May issue, and the beautifully illustrated special feature, "Where Is Vietnam?"

FELIX POLLAK
curator of rare books
university of wisconsin

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As a Methodist and an American citizen, I feel that I must ask you for an explanation for your stand on the Vietnam problem. Is *motive* a religious publication or a left-wing scandal sheet? I refer specifically to the back cover of your May issue, "Bulldozer in the Garden," which is a direct affront to present American policy in Vietnam.

America, in fighting communism, does not always trample down the country where it fights, take Greece for example. [sic!]

I respect your right to freedom of speech, but I resent the continual leftist leaning of "our" publication. The communists are not all good guys!

ROBERT MARSHALL
rutgers university

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Thank you for the copy of the May issue of *motive*. I have read its fine articles with interest, and appreciate your taking the time to send a copy to me. It is refreshing to read a magazine of such quality.

JOSEPH S. CLARK
united states senate

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I deeply appreciate your sophisticated defense of the majority of the people in the deep South. For years we have been demanding the right to live our own life and to develop our own society without interference from Washington.

The same Eisenhower who began this ridiculous thing in Vietnam also sent troops into Arkansas and threatened the rest of us. The wisest of us submitted because we learned many years ago of the uselessness of an underdeveloped nation warring with the most powerful nation in the world.

Your defense of the KKK, our local version of the Viet Cong, has been masterly. In its intimidation of local populations, the KKK has only been concerned to defend a way of life against the corrupting influence of the Colossus of the North. It is a tragedy that our way of life has been destroyed, when all we have wanted to do for more than a century and a half is to go our own way.

Although the cause of Southern Independence was lost irretrievably more than a century ago in a war in which most of our countryside, our wealth and our young men were destroyed, there is still a great deal of hatred of Washington which still, hypocritically, claims that it wishes to make a viable modern state of the old Confederacy.

Keep up the good work.

ROY E. Le MOINE
columbus, georgia

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In many ways you probably are right in your assumption that the Vietnam war should stop. As one university student put it to me recently, "We have communism right now, and there isn't a da — — [sic] thing you parents can do about it." We haven't had a communist takeover of our government but I am certain that when the present crop of college students start voting it won't be very long. Your editorial will encourage students to join SDS groups, burn the American flag and carry the Viet Cong flag if they believe in what you say.

The students of the left (proven to be communist-inspired) are gaining in number each day. In as much [sic] as many educators, "men of the cloth" and intellectuals are behind the "Peace Movement," maybe we parents should give up.

Why should we raise our children to attend church or believe in the Bible when our country is ridiculed by the church for being a "Good Samaritan." Should we pay taxes to stop communism and feed the starving in the world when many of the churches are cramming communism down our throats? The "new left" in this country is now advocating violence for our country. People may die. Editorials such as yours will give these leftist groups great satisfaction.

ESSIE B. COOK
rochester, new york

FLIRTATION WITHOUT

COLOR INTAGLIO: GORDON YOUNG



Americans, the editors of *Réalités* once declared after a two-year study of American life, know nothing whatever of the life of the senses. Yet Christianity—the American religion—holds that the human body will rise again: the flesh is holy.

Why, then, is there no cultivation of the nude among American Christians? Why the extraordinary embarrassment of Christians about their bodies? Why do Christians hide what is precious?

Every American, it seems, has an *obligation* to have body odor and bad breath, in order to combat the manichees: soap-makers and toothpaste producers, bottlers of mouth rinses and dealers in deodorants. European visitors conclude after an evening of television that an American will never marry a partner who uses the wrong hair oil, and that more important than sharing ideas is sharing brands. As for Doris Day movies and “family entertainment,” it is shocking how American audiences delight in titillation without orgasm, flirtation without flesh. Quite possibly no more immoral entertainment has ever been produced, under the guidance and insistence of censors. “Look, but don’t touch!”

the American girl says in the backseat of the car; and Playboy bunnies chant the chorus. Yet, to Doris Day an Oscar for representing the American sickness best: “Hometown U.S.A.” doesn’t want to see real men and real women in real sexual relationships, but only well-groomed flirts who, though they hold their kisses long, never taste the sweat and smell the smells of genuine human love.

Americans try to live without their bodies and hence without affections. In a country whose most important product is progress, where every product is “new and improved,” there is little room for death or age or infirmity. People don’t encounter birth or death in America, except through glass and hygienically. Even tomatoes no longer smell of sun and earth but inwardly of chemicals and outwardly of cellophane: “Untouched by human hands.”

Much worse, human beings have forgotten how to talk and to love, and many have never known community. Even in their own homes, where they are reportedly much loved, many have never spoken what they think, and have forgotten how to feel. “She’s leaving home after living alone / for so many

FLESH

By MICHAEL NOVAK



years." Americans, having forgotten, must learn again to communicate as infants learn to walk: slowly, gropingly, unsteadily. When was the last time, in America, two human beings spontaneously and easily touched one another to the depths of the soul because humanity still flickered in their hearts? American civilization is at war with humanity in human hearts: *stamp out sensitivity.*

Compete. Play records for pregnant mothers, hang mobiles over infants, rush children into reading. Behave in kindergarten, learn good habits in grammar school, be popular and study hard in high school, get into college, win acceptance from graduate school, outdistance others for fellowships, begin high at a young age in a promising corporation: *live up to normality.*

No stray emotions. No vagrant thoughts. No dalliance. *We mean business.* It's a mean business.

Don't ever ever ever read a dirty book. (What's a dirty book?) Watch family television, instead. Tuesday night: six murders, seventeen fist fights, three crooked business deals, seven lies in the name of national security in the game of cold war intrigue:

something for every member of the family. Not a single breast is caressed, the human body alive with the suppleness of spirit is never unveiled, and grown men and women never even suggest that families originate in loving tumbles on a double bed: *you can steal the atom bomb but sex is still a secret we don't even tell ourselves.*

Madness! Americans can't touch one another, men and women, casually, to comfort and caress. The sense of touch has been electrified like a prison wall with helpless humans locked inside.

Why don't males ever cry? Are there emotions it is illegitimate to feel? What do men do with them, then? (They fight.) If a man wants to tell someone that he is lonely, that he aches, that he simply wants to *talk* to someone seriously, must he shoot someone to attract attention? *Doesn't anyone around here listen to human beings?* If the Martians ever get here, they'll discover Americans built this country for machines. Serious discourse is the humming of air conditioners, clocks and factories. Husbands and wives speak together, on the average, seventeen minutes a day.



To solve political or social problems, the only thing we know is to pour in money or to call out the National Guard. No one knows how to talk to other human beings in other neighborhoods. (What would we say? What would they think?)

Twenty-one years old and you've never told anyone who you are? You've never said it like it is? *You qualify, nothing un-American about this fellow. He's as clear as glass. A little colorless.*

Where has everybody gone, to the loony-bin? Jet planes are more important than quiet at the family table. But, then, no one's at the family table: P.-T.A. meeting, late business at the office, band practice, scout meeting, and a pajama party at Caroline's. Pray together? You must be kidding. We don't even eat together.

School friend: someone who makes me feel liked, and several of whom win me the highest praise, "popular." (*From high school on, Americans want so much to be liked.*) "We tell one another everything!" But we never think outside the local categories so there's not really very much to say and three weeks from now, when we stop speaking, we'll never miss one another.

At Christmas in our family we mail out mimeographed letters because we have such good friends in the other towns we used to live in, who need to be brought up to date on births and acquired pets; a mere card wouldn't suffice. But we have too many friends to write each of them a letter. The average

American friendship lasts two and a half years. Even one single person who knows another person through the entire trajectory of his life—in America such knowledge is extremely rare. And even then confined to surfaces: "Oh, he was a very nice man. A real gentleman. I never once heard him raise his voice in all those years. Everybody liked him."

Where did all the character go? Today it's called kookiness. (For kookiness? You too? That makes two of us. Don't tell; they watch out for us, you know.)

The formula for a happy American: *Whatever happens, smile. When in doubt, offer to pay for it.*

Dollars and cents are a model of efficiency. Cost accounting. All those extra decimal points! (Wars are won by body count.) . . . But how do you count black skin? Or desperation? Helping the poor in America means paying them money to become middle class, which means they won't feel poverty any more. They'll be underprivileged like the rest of us and at the last they'll feel nothing at all. Except how lucky we are to be Americans. Without, any longer, even the happiness of pursuit.

Rekindle the revolution? Lean over and touch the person next to you. Let him get through to you—let him get inside. Even with the population explosion, you've got plenty of room in there.

Without social, political, and economic action, sensitivity is not enough. Without sensitivity, action is not enough. The revolution is human or not at all.

RITE

OF

PASSAGE

Our son and daughter
shall see there is no rose in the choir
of virgins now, no spark
of gold but in the fish's eye; there is no fire
sprung from the dark
hair of holy men, no feet on the water

but gulls' now. An osprey shall come, and stir the water
with her wings, and they shall know they are the marsh hawks' daughter
of gold, and silver son. Till then in this dark
church we two shall be their choir
and pass through fire
again with them. A spark

shall leap from under a stone, the spark
be tongues of flame. Then innocent water
shall call us by name, our fingers fill with fire,
and the nurses of God shall sing. The daughter
of the queen of bees shall hear the white choir
praise her now, and the cave of dark

thunder shall burn. Now in the ritual dark
the sturgeon's spark
of gold swims armored in our eyes, the double choir
of the harriers' wings opens over the water
of tears, son and daughter
sing the unbearable fire

of the blood-making bone. Look, the light of Christ, the fire
itself is struck from a stone, and the dark
trees long in the grave of the ground, and the daughter
of the lion's body. See, the seed, the spark
in the bowl of iron sows the strong womb of the water
with children, and candles the choir.

This is the light that shall open the song sparrows' daybreaking choir
and the kestrel's eye. This is the fire
in the firegold fish that shall leap from the water
at dawn. This flame shall undo the dark
corolla of the rose and kindle the spark
of anemone deep in the woods. This sun shall draw the daughter

from the daughter cell, and the protein choir in the dark
heavens of the flesh shall sing to this father and fire. This spark,
this star in the water, has fallen on us and our son and our daughter.

—SUZANNE GROSS



Grooving on the trees:

A DOCUMENTARY

The following conversation was recorded in a park near the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco in early summer. John is a sixteen year old who left Milford High School in his Middle West home to live in Haight-Ashbury. Ed is his father, a college professor, who arrived in San Francisco the evening before this conversation. Mike and Destiny are two hippies who befriended John soon after his arrival in San Francisco.

ED: O.K., O.K. Why was home such a bad thing, John?

JOHN: Well, for one thing, I control time here, time doesn't control me. Like, anytime I want to go to the park, you know, I can just go to the park. It's funny how much freedom . . . You know, I live as I want to. I do things when I want to.

DESTINY: Yeah, I was wondering if in Milford you could ever have had the experience of going with a friend in the middle of the night through the park down to the

ocean, and winding up at sunrise riding on somebody's Honda over the sand? That's what he did right before last.

JOHN: That may not seem too important (laughs). But I think it is. I really had a good communications thing going with them, you know.

DESTINY: Yeah, like with that kid from Stockton. He's about sixteen, too. I found him on the street in front of the Digger's free shop and he said, "Do you know where I can find a place to sleep?" So I spent like the whole night with him walking up and down looking for a place, but all the communals had been closed down. So I let him sack out on my floor, and that's how John got to know him.

ED: How did he get here? Why did he come?

DESTINY: Oh, it was a complicated thing. He was . . . running away.

ED: O.K., so John, you too were a runaway. Except all I did was smile and say, "I'll pack a lunch for you."

JOHN: Yeah, I think part of it is probably the drug thing.

ED: What drug thing?

DESTINY: Does that mean that it was drugs that attracted you out here?

JOHN: No, but it was an important part of it, I think.

DESTINY: Yeah, but the straight world just doesn't shoot off on the word "drug." They just don't dig what that means. It's the mind thing.

JOHN: Yeah, well, Dad, you know the effect . . .

ED: No. You seem to know, but I don't know at all. Are you saying that getting high . . .

DESTINY: Yeah, getting high is an essential way of life.

ED: Why?

MIKE: Well, it expands the senses—at least marijuana does. It makes you aware of things that you probably wouldn't see otherwise. This doesn't apply to everybody, of

course. I mean, some people just see it all anyway. But I think for the majority of us, it's a tool. I mean, why this park is so nice is partly because we come here high occasionally. Quite a bit . . . (laughter)

DESTINY: Yeah, and if you put yourself in a beautiful scene when you're high, then after awhile you will associate the scene with being high. So you can walk in straight and see it just like you saw it when you were high, with expanded senses, expanded awareness.

ED: You make it sound all terribly good, but you know . . .

JOHN: Well, so what?

ED: Somewhere I heard that you hit Haight-Ashbury, John, and it was simply paradise all at once. What happened? How did you eat? Where did you sleep?

JOHN: It was no problem.

ED: What do you mean it was no problem?

JOHN: You just ask people if they have a place where you can sleep and you can usually find a place real easily that way. You can survive as far as food goes, just by what people give you as you walk down the street.



POSTER: WES WILSON

MIKE: Yeah, I've walked from the park, say from here six blocks down Haight Street and on the way I've been offered a head of cabbage, a loaf of bread, candy, just by people gratuitously giving it.

DESTINY: Yeah, we almost get a full dinner as we walk up and down Haight Street. An apple here, a leg of turkey there. You never have to . . .

ED: How's the sleeping?

MIKE: I just ask somebody on the street.

JOHN: Yeah. People are much friendlier, too. It's warmer.

DESTINY: That's the thing here where you don't have to worry about a roof and food. The quality of the food and the roof may be different, but you don't worry about that. But when 200,000 kids come here later this summer . . .

ED: Then what happens?

DESTINY: Well, there's just not enough room.

ED: Who has the floors? The food? And then what happens? What are they looking for? A big kick?

JOHN: No! I didn't come here looking for a big kick.

ED: No?

JOHN: No. Among other things, I came here to get away from you and Mother and the family and from the stupid relationships I had with people, and just the whole senseless way I was living . . . like a vegetable. I didn't like that. I don't really enjoy vegetating, you know. I don't consider it fun. I came here and right away I started thinking again and writing and reading.

ED: That description sounds very . . .

JOHN: And I was also a hell of a lot happier . . .

ED: But I think most of what you describe here as a way of life comes awfully close to the vegetable level.

JOHN: No. No, certainly not.

DESTINY: Getting high isn't just grooving on the trees. It's a learning experience in every way. You learn to expand your senses in order to groove the trees when you're straight. But you also have learning relationships about your learning relationships, about your own psyche and your relations with other people and with your environment and the society at large.

ED: That sounds terribly sweet but it also sounds terribly passive, terribly inert.

DESTINY: But it isn't.

JOHN: Once you learn to look at . . . well, within Haight-Ashbury, the people, you know . . . Love people, I guess. They've come very close to accomplishing their ideologies. Is that passive?

ED: That's a big term you use—love. And you use it all the time. All three of you use love all the time—almost like a club.

JOHN: No.

DESTINY: You've just read the hippies use love like a club. You've never heard me use it that way.

JOHN: I don't use it that much—or that way.

ED: But don't we love you? Aren't there all kinds of loving relationships at home? Isn't there any love in Milford?

JOHN: No, no. Not really.

DESTINY: See, love there is an obligation.

ED: No, love is a risk.

MIKE: Not the way it works here.

ED: Then how does it work here?

MIKE: Merely by accepting everyone else on their humanity alone and saying, "Well, we all share this, why not get together and expand it? Why not build relationships at all levels?" And that's why I was able to find a place and a meal the first day I was in town.

ED: Is that what happened to you, John?

JOHN: Yes.

ED: And are you finding love here that you didn't find at home?

JOHN: Look. Look. No, no . . . in Milford, like my relationship with chicks was really very senseless, you know. My relationships with my friends were senseless and stupid and gamey. You're full of roles and responses, you know. That kind of thing. Like I do this for a response and he does that. And things like that. Just senseless. Like you, for example, and

your relation with other people. Even you admitted to me that your image as a sociologist is different from your image as a father. And you're involved, you know, in putting out images to other people for a reason. Whereas people here don't have to put up this image, you know. They're not concerned with petty things like that.

PHOTO: BOB FITCH



- ED: Are they just hung up on one image? And that gives you the illusion of being the real one? Is it really something fundamental to you? Do you feel much realer than you . . .
- DESTINY: There always has to be a certain amount of games played, as I said before, just in communication. But I don't think he's saying that the relationships here . . .
- ED: But it could be just as real and good and just as full of love . . .
- DESTINY: See, when you say to us, "You're being evasive," and we know we aren't, we know that you're really very far from where we are. To us that's saying, "put out more energy," and you only do that for someone you love, see. But I love the humanity in you, and so does Mike, and so we'll probably put out more energy to try to bring you closer to where we are, and that's what we mean by love relation. If you see someone without food and a roof, you bring them to your roof and your house is kind of a love thing on a very low level. Because you see, that's where they're at and they're hungry and they're cold, and so you bring them in and fulfill their needs. And there's all kinds of relationships that way. People who are screwed up. Young kids who are paranoid. You go to that level. It's the level of paranoia, and you, in a love way, put out energy and try to bring them to the place where you're at. And it usually comes through bringing them into a turned on way of life, getting them to relax first of all, and to trust so that there's no paranoia.
- ED: Does that work for you, John?
- JOHN: Which means what? (laughs)
- ED: Don't go on a giggle trip for me. Answer it.
- JOHN: Would you repeat the whole thing again? (laughs)
- ED: The whole thing—is it really just a big put-on for you, John?
- JOHN: No, it's not a game for me.
- ED: Why not?
- JOHN: You'd just like to think it is. Because you'd like to think you're right. No, now you see. You know that if you put me in a position where I have to admit I'm playing games and roles, then you're doing that to put yourself in a position to say, "Well, I was right after all." I mean, I know I'm not playing games.
- ED: You mean you're going to stay hung up on this for a long, long while?
- JOHN: Yeah.
- DESTINY: I'm sure he can be very easily talked out of it if you really want to. Because he has just begun to participate and feel how it is. But he'll be back. And I'm not saying like in three months or six months. He'll remember that there was something good here and he'll be back, in a year, or two years or maybe three. Or maybe at home he'll find that there's a little hippie farm somewhere and he'll start visiting them and he'll feel the same thing again. And he'll become a beautiful person, too, with the same turned on way of life and give to other people.
- ED: To come on square right now, he looks pretty grubby to me.
- DESTINY: (laughs) He took a bath this morning.
- JOHN: What do you mean I look pretty grubby?
- ED: Isn't some of this needless . . . the bare foot on the cold pavement of Haight Street?
- JOHN: In the daytime it's nice not to wear shoes.
- ED: Why?
- DESTINY: See, I don't have any shoes except these boots and heels. I wear the heels to work, and the boots are falling apart and really clumsy and heavy on my feet. I'd rather not have my feet cold. But today it isn't cold. Sometimes at night it is.
- ED: Destiny, you and Mike are both older than John. How old are you, Destiny?
- DESTINY: Twenty-three.
- ED: You're twenty-three. Does five years from now look very much the same as it looks right now? What are the big changes?

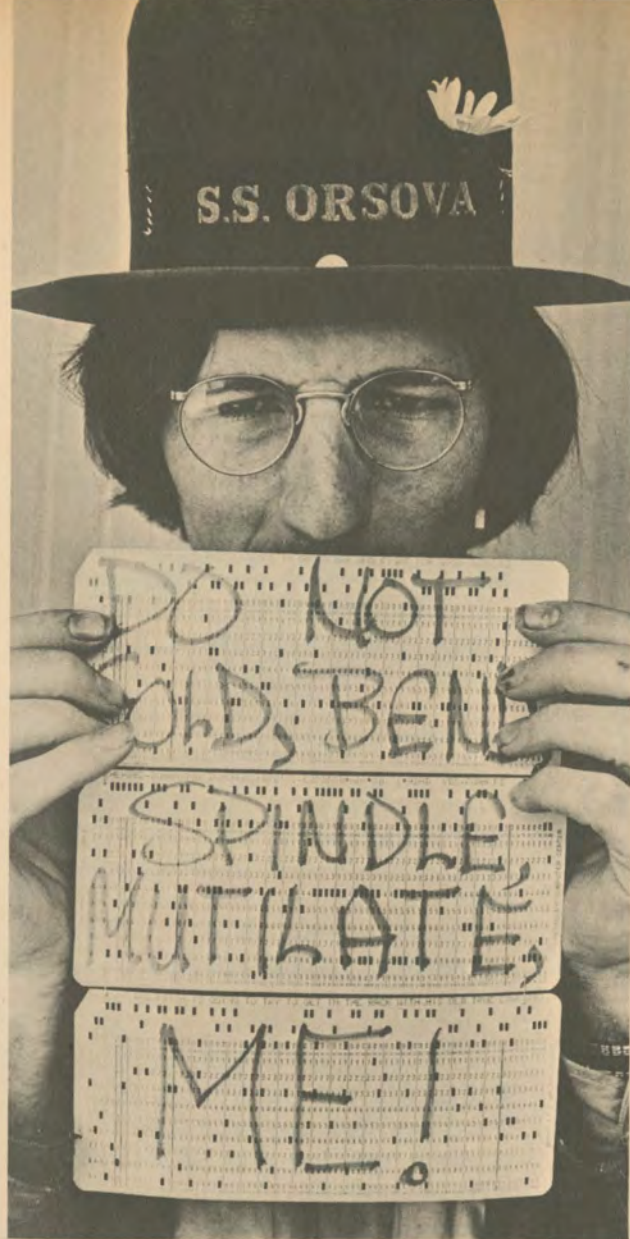


PHOTO: BOB FITCH

DESTINY: Growing. Growing. Always growing. There're always changes.

ED: What's the imagery of growth? Is it a kind of blind luck lucking in? Or do you really have a sense of what the future looks like? Does the future exist for you significantly as time?

DESTINY: Only when the future comes is it going to be a very real present, because I'm so much in now that now is going to be such a bigger now as I get bigger from living here so fully.

ED: Will you be doing anything different from what you're doing right now?

DESTINY: Undoubtedly. Because I'll be growing. I'll be doing something different.

ED: Why are you so damn sure?

DESTINY: (laughs) Because everything changes.

MIKE: Everything. Always.

DESTINY: And everything is the same. (laughs)

MIKE: And never repeated over again in the same way. I'm looking forward to all the changes that I have coming . . . things I'd like to do and perhaps I don't know exactly what they are or how to do them yet. But I know when the time comes to do them I'll know because of the spontaneity of the situation here.

DESTINY: Because you're doing things now.

MIKE: Definitely. It's a long continuum from birth, and it's been implemented by various institutions and one of the biggest ones is Haight-Ashbury.

DESTINY: And like Dylan said, "He who's not busy being born, is busy dying."

ED: Sounds clever. But I'm not sure what it really means. (laughs) Is that how you feel about things, John? As you see the future?

JOHN: Well, I . . . you know. O.K. I'm not saying Haight-Ashbury is forever, but I'm saying that the things I learn from it will be forever and just grow their own ways.

ED: Let's get terribly, terribly practical here. You dropped out of school a couple of months ago, right?

JOHN: Right.

ED: Are you going back?

JOHN: I don't know.

ED: Then it depends? Is it important to you?

JOHN: School's a needless little game. I really don't need it. You never did give me a really practical reason why I needed algebra. You know, games.

ED: But I could find one.

DESTINY: But physics, I would have liked to have had a lot more . . .

ED: Chemistry . . .

MIKE: I'm smarter than half the teachers.

ED: Except something Destiny said the other night—like it wasn't until she really turned on that she had a sense of what Einstein meant by relativity, and it was the strange sense of discovery. And it was a good feeling. Can't you get relativity through algebra as well?

DESTINY: Oh no, you can't.

ED: You can't?

DESTINY: You can't really understand relativity until you discover it again like Einstein had to discover it the first time.

MIKE: It's the experience of the actual phenomenon. And these phenomena can't be verbalized; you can't read about it. It has to happen to you.

DESTINY: Yet, you say this non-verbally, what is happening and then you try to put in words what is happening and when the words finally come out, it's something like an existential premise or Einstein's theory of relativity, or how they discovered light breaks up and goes into a surface.

MIKE: It seems like when a person gets high he can find almost all the answers and he can experience all the answers and it's through education that he finds out what questions he wants to ask.

DESTINY: Yes, right. (laughs)

ED: Maybe I'm the great square of all times, but it seems that the words are becoming so terribly abstract—never converted into images of people doing things. You're really talking about states of being without activity. And this is, I think, what hangs me up.

MIKE: What do you mean by activity? Being is an activity. Do you mean producing something, and then putting it before society as one's ego trip and saying, "This is what I can do"?

ED: Maybe John can answer that. He says he's a poet, but you try and tell John that poetic lines just thought aren't poetry. They've got to hit paper and they've got to run a risk.



PHOTO: BOB FITCH



DRAWING: AKIN

DESTINY: But every sixteen year old thinks he's a poet.

ED: O.K. I don't mind the hangup on poetry, though.

JOHN: I never said I was a poet. I said I write poetry.

ED: O.K. Fine. I was just saying you didn't write poetry because thinking pretty lines doesn't make a poem. You've got to put it down, and you've got to say it out loud to somebody else, or it's got to be on a printed page so somebody else can say it out loud. Which is a kind of risk of being foolish, or the risk of writing a bad poem. As you sit here turned on thinking the world's most beautiful thoughts, you run no risks at all. You're really committed to a life without testing.

DESTINY: You don't think the world's most beautiful poetry. People do things as they're growing.

ED: Like what? Give me images of life or activity. I get an image of everybody sitting there staring at each other like we did last night. It struck me as a bad thing.

MIKE: There are things happening, from a seed in the ground to the growth of an oak tree. Each one of these things, each one

of these changes, is significant, for the time when it's happening. I mean it's not going to bud; it sprouts from the ground. Acorns aren't going to form. They come in the process, but all these other things are necessary.

ED: Isn't this motion? It's not action. It happens blindly, it happens so carelessly.

MIKE:
DESTINY: NO!
JOHN:

ED: It's a careless gift.

MIKE: No, it doesn't at all.

ED: No? The tree doesn't have to act. The tree doesn't have to decide. The tree doesn't have to run risks. I think we're asking, "Are you people going to run risks?"

MIKE: We're trees, essentially. We're beings with our place on earth. We're a part of it, you know. We're not separate from it although Western technology has tried to make us separate. We know we're surrounded by plastic and we get out with the trees and essentially we are trees and we get back to it . . . back to nature. Back in touch with the scheme of things. And there's a definite scheme of things . . .



THE BEATLES

Troubadours of the New Kingdom

By AL CARMINES

There is something absurd, I suppose, in a thirty-one-year-old Methodist minister being a raving Beatles fan. But, indeed, I am more than a fan. I am a wonder-struck admirer of their music and their existence. They seem to me a gift of grace in a world where commercial music seems the antithesis of freshness and originality and candor.

There is no art that has been more corrupted, more dehumanized, than that of popular music. Until the Beatles the popular song—even the most authentic rock-'n'-roll—was drenched in sentimentality, triviality and banality. The music was simple and “catchy,” the words bland and dishonestly simple-minded.

The Beatles were, and are, the harbingers of hope in the midst of a revolution in morality, art, and life-

style—a revolution which is shaking the world of the young immediately, and all of us eventually.

It is instructive to consider the direction which the Beatles' music has taken with each succeeding album. Each new album adds strokes in an outline of harsh brilliance that reveals a maturing process unequaled in any other modern entertainers. The Beatles began simply as the most authentic voice of the adolescent experience. Sociologist Gail Williams has said that the Beatles were the first pop music group whose songs were not simply adult love songs appropriated by the young, but rather songs which actually mirrored and voiced the aspirations, the poignancy, and the realism of youthful romance and loneliness.



PHOTO: CHICKIRIS

The sentiment of the early Beatles songs was deliciously romantic, but it was romanticism with a clear edge of realism. The tentative brashness of "I Want to Hold Your Hand" is a more authentic expression of young love than the soupy, quasi-religiousness of "Maria," for instance. "Help, I Need Somebody" is a far more honest and audacious sentiment than "On the Street Where You Live." And even in the earliest Beatles songs there are hints of complexity, musically speaking, that carry them beyond the reworking of folk songs and the simple rhythm-dependence of Elvis Presley-type rock-'n'-roll.

Their brilliant film, *A Hard Day's Night*, substantiated the promise of their songs. It combined the joy of the Marx Brothers with the clarity and simple visual beauty of some of the Italian filmmakers. The sheer delight of that film will linger in our minds for a long, long time.

The film plus the early records immediately established certain styles of existence and attitudes which have been enormously influential on the young society. The insouciance of their attitude toward the

adult establishment paved the way for the unangry rebellion of the hippies. They dealt with a mechanical and boring adult world, not through the introspective rebellion of the middle-fifties beatniks, but rather through a personal inventiveness which simply ignored the establishment.

The Beatles mobilized the tendency toward sullenness and boring morbidity in young rebels in a new direction—a direction which combined coolness and joy in almost equal measure. The joyful and loving way in which they thumbed their noses at establishment values took hipsterism in a new direction. They are the prime example of those who "do their thing" in the face of a society which they not so much hate as ignore.

In their three latest albums, *Rubber Soul*, *Revolver* and *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, their music has assumed a complexity and a profundity which takes it far beyond the cynical realism of their early songs. They have created a gallery of unforgettable characters—a prerogative usually left to novelists. And now they celebrate not simply the beating of their own hearts but rather

they construct paeans to the lonely, the unloved, the marginal people, the unsung of the great society all over the world.

Their music, too, has broadened and deepened. The simple twists on regular rhythms and melodic lines which characterized the early music have given way to a more dense sound. They have incorporated the angular lushness of Eastern instruments and tempi. John Cage-like sounds infuse some songs and there is an inventiveness that is all theirs, and which grows more and more unusual and striking.

The Beatles have never been willing to simply take the tried and true formula and do it again and again. Each new album has been a pioneering exploration into new poetic and musical territory. Their latest album *Sergeant Pepper* is an example of new sounds and influences coming to fruition. *Revolver*, the album just previous to *Sergeant Pepper*, revealed certain themes which were brilliant but which did not seem to me to be aesthetically integrated into the beauty which has always been a mark of Beatles music. In *Sergeant Pepper*, however, content meets style in a marriage of breathtaking power and gorgeous sound. Also, for the first time, one single metaphor almost works as a theme for the entire album.

Indeed, I expect them to soon put out an album which will consist of one long oratorio-type piece. "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"—the lead song and the repeated theme near the end of the album—forms the metaphorical structure for the entire record. The lonely and eccentric oddballs of the world are celebrated throughout the record. They are celebrated—not condescended to or pitied. The musical roster is various and rich: there is Rita, a meter maid; there is an aging girl leaving home;

there is someone who "gets by with a little help" from his friends; there is the man who will be 64 some day, wondering pleasantly whether he will still be loved; there is the person on the "trip" of orange and yellow fantasy; there is the man who says good morning in the face of the mundane rubble of existence; there are the traveling circus performers. There are others.

The most profound song of all is the last one—"A Day in the Life." Sung by a voice that must laugh at what others cry about, it is a wail of seductive power that wants to turn you on to the quality in life which makes fantasy a necessity and not just a luxury.

The most striking feature of late Beatles songs is their perfect combination of sophistication and ecstasy. It is a rare combination and one which the church, for instance, should ponder long and hard. (Is it enough for the church to be "relevant" if it does not offer the possibility of ecstasy also?) There had been and is pop music that is simply ecstatic—The Supremes, The Temptations, etc. There was some that was sophisticated—some of Frank Sinatra. But only the Beatles—or at least only the Beatles in the beginning—seemed to find that point where insight meets rapture. One is never intellectually embarrassed by being moved emotionally by them. Their joy has a peculiar clear-eyed quality; their irony never overcomes their delight. That is why they have retained the respect and the enjoyment of the young. That is why they are the kings of hippiedom. That is why I—an over-thirty—am not afraid of the takeover by the under-thirties.

Even so, come quickly, Prince Beatles. Teach us to rejoice without being sloppy. Teach us to drop out without being cop-outs. Amen.

PHOTO: CHICKIRIS





The Draft and the Generation Gap



The "generation gap" has become an extremely fashionable topic among adults concerned with the management of youth. When they hold meetings, they often invite a speaker to address them on this topic; and in my comparatively extensive experience, there are two points that they like to have covered. First, they like to be reassured that the present, obvious conflict between the generations is similar in kind, though naturally about different issues, to the conflict that always occurs between generations; and that the difficulties presented by the conflict therefore resemble those that were worked out a generation earlier between themselves and their own parents. Second, since they feel that experts should suggest helpful techniques for solving their problems, they want to be told how to bridge the gap. "Bridging the Gap," in fact, is the title usually proposed for the talk they hope to hear.

By EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

The first proposition, in my judgment, is false; the present intergenerational conflict is very different in quality—not just in content—from those which have preceded it for the last five generations, though similar conflicts probably did occur just after the War Between the States in this country and during the mid-nineteenth century revolutions that swept most of Europe. And the second demand seems to me morally dubious. The “generation gap” may be a gap to the adults; but to youth it is often a moat both too shallow and too narrow, yet which affords them what little protection they have from intrusive social agencies. To bridge this moat is to breach their defensive system, which is already too meager to afford any substantial protection from the social forces directed against their poorly established position.

The adults who wish to bridge the gap do not usually see this as a moral issue at all: the actions youth regard as intrusive they regard as a part of their responsibility to socialize youth, to instill correct standards of values, behavior and appropriate loyalties to the national state and its policies. The reason they want to bridge the gap is so that they may socialize youth more effectively, with less resistance and conflict. It does not occur to them, and they cannot be convinced, that there is a real conflict of interest between youth and themselves, not only as individuals but as members of opposing social groups. Yet from the point of view of many—certainly the most sensitive and brightest—young people today, what adults want is not just to socialize them, but to make use of them, and in such a way that they are quite likely to be destroyed in the process.

These feelings have been gathering for years, and as the war in Vietnam has increased in intensity and horror, they have clearly become more realistic. Before this happened, many of the most perceptive youngsters had already come to feel that they were violated by school routines that constituted a kind of “pacification” program directed against their sexuality, their capacity for emotional vividness, and, especially, at their ability to conceive of and desire alternatives to the standard patterns of the American way of life. And they resented this especially because they knew that the American way of life indeed *had* more to offer by way of freedom and variety than the constrictive agencies to which they were subject—ambitious parents, schools, youth squads, the lot—would permit them to enjoy. But the conflict was muted and ambiguous. Even youth who felt alienated from the society and its goals, like the “beat” youngsters of the 1950’s, seldom questioned the good faith of their parents in wanting them to have the only kind of good life the parents could imagine. They didn’t have much in common with their parents, and communication between them was imperfect; but basic good will,

or at least reasonably effective routines of accommodation, existed between such youth and their parents or school officials.

But the reactivation of the draft as a threat to life has changed all that. It is, I think, a thoroughly objectionable instrument whose military—though not its social—function could be better served by an adequately paid volunteer army. But no serious objection was raised to it as long as nobody was getting killed or having to kill anybody else, and as long as the principal burden of it fell on the lower status members of society who themselves seemed mostly to perceive it as economic opportunity rather than as coercion. As Paul Goodman noted in *Growing Up Absurd*—but in 1960—“the Army is the poor boy’s IBM.” It is not to the credit of middle-class youth that it did not much mind the draft as long as it rested primarily on working-class backs. To most adults, unconcerned with and unsympathetic to youth, it probably made little difference whether the effect of the draft was to put young men in the army—or, as with the middle class, to force them to stay in college—so long as it kept them off the job market and out of competition with themselves.

Politically, then, the peacetime draft functioned as an unstated compromise among conflicting interest groups who were thereby spared the socially divisive necessity of recognizing that their interests did conflict. The working-class youth who were the people chiefly drafted got some economic security, some useful job training, and—especially if they were Negro—better access to the opportunity structure of the society and often even a higher standard of living than they could otherwise have obtained at the time. Comparatively few were sufficiently abstract-minded to note that middle-class youth might escape the draft entirely by a canny use of their student deferment and a selection of a field of study that the Selective Service System held to be in the national interest, thereby advancing their career and gaining a far greater economic lead over the working class. And comparatively few working-class youth had experienced enough freedom and respect at home or in school to feel that military life intolerably abridged their freedom. The American working class doesn’t have a very enthusiastic civil-liberties record; nor, on the whole, does it expect the boss to be nice. It does expect a clearly-structured set of job demands—fringe benefits, and technologically elaborate working conditions and equipment—and these the military provides.

Middle-class youth, of course, gained from the draft precisely the advantage provided by educational deferments, which limited their range of occupational choice and thus, in our society, the development of their entire identities as human beings. But they were permitted—indeed required—to advance toward their not-quite-freely-chosen careers while military service delayed able youth with

poorer academic records or less stable academic interests from advancing *theirs*. It took a while to notice that the educative process was being corrupted and that the freedom of occupational choice (which has been one of our proudest points of superiority over the communist system) was being eroded substantially. And finally, the Selective Service System itself, in the service of the economy, was quietly boasting of this erosion of free choice as its major contribution to the functioning of American society, in this passage from its official orientation kit—now much quoted by the System's critics, though it attracted little enough attention when it first appeared:

Throughout his career as a student, the pressure—the threat of loss of deferment—continues. It continues with equal intensity after graduation. His local board requires periodic reports to find what he is up to. He is impelled to pursue his skill rather than embark upon some less important enterprise. The loss of deferred status is the consequence for the individual who does not use his skill or uses it in a non-essential activity.

The psychology of granting wide choice under pressure to take action is the American or indirect way of achieving what is done by direction in foreign countries where choice is not permitted.

Thus, the draft has continued to function to the satisfaction of Selective Service officials, and apparently that of the political and educational leadership of the country, to deprive American youth of fundamental choice about how its life was to be spent. It seems to me obvious that this was not done maliciously or conspiratorially. It was merely a result of the domination of political leadership in our society by aging potentates, so accustomed to assume that youth should willingly serve the needs of society's existing institutions, including those of private corporate enterprise, that it never occurred to them that the coercive structure they had erected was controversial. And even though coercive, it had (as I have indicated) something in it for each social class and enough flexibility that no major confrontation with its reluctant clientele occurred until the present time. But now the draft sends people to kill and be killed, and it is no longer possible to deny that by its very existence it creates an extremely serious conflict of interest between the young and the middle-aged. Moreover, current draft policy—if it proceeds, as seems indicated, to draft the youngest registrants first—will exacerbate the conflict still further.

There may be sound military reasons for drafting nineteen-year-olds in preference to their elders, based on the higher physical stamina of youth in its prime, although most men in the Army—as in industry—do relatively mechanized if still hazardous tasks. But these are not the reasons most prominently advanced. Instead, the argument is usually based on what the military call the greater "malleability" of late adolescents, compared to young adults: they



PHOTO: JOHN MAST

are easier to discipline, and less likely to have developed the ego-strength required for sustained resistance to authority. To a military procurement officer whose purpose is to get boys he can use, this makes sense. But to the prospective draftee this means even more certainly that the adults who run things in the country propose to use him as an expendable object. Not only are they contemptuous of *his* purposes, they mean to make use of him before he is old enough to have firmly set his values and learned how to assert and defend them. The only value they attribute to him is the value he may possess in serving *their* purposes, which they assume to be the National Purpose.

To say that young men have a vital interest in avoiding such usage seems almost to make a pun in bad taste; the thing speaks for itself. Most of the young men who have come to feel that the draft makes the state their mortal enemy are not pacifists and would willingly defend this country in any legitimate conflict. But there are many reasons, too familiar to require recapitulation here, for regarding our presence—let alone our actions—in Southeast Asia as illegitimate and as an expression of the same lust for world domination, economic and political, that we attribute to the Soviet Union and China.

To Americans of my generation, even this is not too shocking a possibility, because we have become so accustomed to regarding ourselves as the defenders of freedom and national autonomy that we regard our hegemony as obviously in the best interests of those whose governments we support. The difficulty is that our case against communism, although irrefutably strong in my judgment, has come to apply very strongly to the agencies of our own government as well. Fill in the blank in the statement: "The _____ is ruthless, conspiratorial, and dedicated to the subversion of nominally friendly governments abroad and their overthrow by force and violence; which it accomplishes by infiltration and covert support of local organiza-

tions." Whether you write "Communist Party" or "CIA" is largely a matter of personal preference. This, it appears, is the way major powers violate each other; and if young people hope to lead decent, loving lives they must manage to hang loose, do their own thing, and avoid being caught up and consumed in any National Purpose.

There is not the least chance that any significant number of dissident American youth will find communism on either the present Soviet or Chinese model attractive. The first is much too square; the second is too puritanical; both are too repressive. Dissident American youth is warm, hippy, and above all expressive. Compare the depth—and the irony—of current folk-rock music with the dreariness of the more ideological protest songs of even a decade ago. Nobody who has dug Dylan will ever get much joy out of singing "Joe Hill" again, or even "The Universal Soldier." Both songs are moving, but they move along only one dimension. The Jefferson Airplane loves you, and moves in three. This is a major technological advance.

But there is a considerable chance that a very large proportion of the most imaginative, courageous, and intelligent youth in America will find themselves confirmed in their growing conviction that in any mass, technically advanced society—capitalist or communist—they will be harassed, manipulated, and used by hordes of up-tight little men, each intent on protecting his own position in his particular hierarchy: in the high school, or the police, or the Selective Service System—or the Komsomol, for that matter, if we had that here. And, indeed, they may be right, and therefore wise, in seeking such refuge as they can find in the Haight-Ashbury or the lower East Side. The fact that capitalist and communist societies agree, at least, that functionaries should be given their jobs on the basis of competitive achievement, measured by impersonal criteria applied and interpreted by their immediate superiors, means that both systems will be manned by much the same kind of bureaucrat. But to many of our generation, it nevertheless seems strange and reprehensible that our most articulate young people should not be more impressed by the degree to which our system has lived up to its promise. What will happen to our economy if they refuse to develop marketable skills, and choose to live together in poverty? And why are they not more grateful for the freedom they do enjoy here, which, despite the admitted deficiencies of our system, is so much greater than they could hope to have under communism?

The answer to the first question, it seems to me, is that under any system the economy exists—or should exist—for the benefit of the people, instead of the people for the system. To the second, I would say that the comparison is a red herring, because our young people do not dig communism at all,

and hence make no comparison. We elders, on the other hand, make the wrong comparison. The question is not whether I, as a middle-aged occasional contributor to the *New York Times* or *Commentary* have more freedom than a writer for *Pravda*. No doubt I do—but the point is that I also have so much more than any young American is permitted that it is absurd to expect him to share my awareness that American society is relatively free.

Freedom, indeed, constitutes the moral basis on which we ultimately count our lives superior to the life we might expect under communism. Yet during the past year, high school students have repeatedly been punished, in every part of the country, for publishing underground newspapers, or wearing political buttons, or growing a beard or long hair. They cannot select the speakers they wish to hear and invite them to speak to their club—or even form the club—without the permission of school authorities. They cannot collect money for a cause they deem worthy without risking its confiscation. And they are aware, through early but bitter experience, that what the school authorities permit them to do will be determined primarily by the effect those authorities imagine such actions will have on their own status within the community. Since, in fact, the kids are usually put down, they know that the people who run the schools believe it would be dangerous to them to allow students freedom to express themselves. And if this is so, it is obviously false to pretend that American society is devoted to freedom of expression. "Young people speaking their mind are getting so much resistance from behind," as the Buffalo Springfield sing, in a song ironically titled "For What It's Worth."

American youth has typically experienced the denial of the very freedoms we insist are every American's birthright: freedom of speech and of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom from arbitrary search and seizure. Only recently has the Supreme Court decreed that minors are entitled to due process of law in defending themselves in court. With the draft—especially if 19-year-olds are taken first—and with the school-leaving age being raised to 18 in many states, American young men experience no freedom of movement until discharged from military service. Those who are killed in service will die never having experienced substantially greater personal freedom than they would have had in any police state. This they know: and knowing it, they do not find it easy to justify the risk of that death as taken in defense of a free society. Those who force that risk upon them, indeed, are advancing other interests.

This will be so, and must justly be accepted as so, until young people are in fact allowed to experience for themselves the freedom we demand that they defend.

SKYDIVER

Pulling the door shut, closing
Out the world of sensible gravity,
Only the immense sound of an engine
Pulls and then another motion.
The ground shrinks into Sunday traffic
Intense with destination
A thin road rolling towards perfection.
As the plane levels out I look
Over the wing to see the total sky
Continually growing.
Deep in the afternoon I sit, burdened
With straps waiting for the instant
The door releases and I release
My body into the air drop down from
That shadow fall away
Further out my legs spread
Over the valley. I am flying
I am flying alone hooked
On air The sun to follow my arms
Or my right hand that is frozen extended.
In my lungs the air no one
Has dared to breathe. Slowly
The earth tilts
Beneath my face the sky closes.
Feeling my back arc as it pulls
Against gravity for the last instant
Before an unbelievable heaven
Of nylon opens.

—ADRIANNE MARCUS



STON



Moore Galleries Presents: Kalley, Stanley Mouse, Vic Moscoso, Wes Wilson and Rick Griffin. 536 Sutter Street, San Francisco, July 17, 1967.

THE LIMITS OF

F L O W E R P O W E R

By LAWRENCE SWAIM

About a decade ago, I read a collection of rather self-consciously snobbish little essays by some ivy-league upperclassmen, one of whom referred to himself, in the hopeful manner of the English majors in the fifties (when literary "generations" were still a part of the oral tradition) as belonging to the "generation of the third eye." There is a line from Bob Dylan which demonstrates how far we have traveled from that time. It goes: ". . . when he wants a third eye, he just grows one!"

We are now resolutely chemical in our relations to our senses, and possess rubber souls, but the fate of being plastic people has lost its unhappy connotations. Clearly, one of the main thrusts of a major social movement of middle-class youth—the hippie movement—is the idea that an absurdist world or situation can be rather groovy, and their rhetoric reflects this idea. To be sure, some of the hippie rhetoric reflects, and attempts to hide, deep fears of an absurdist universe; there is also a tendency to be a little sentimental about the whole corny world situation people have created, much in the spirit of the tolerant interest and amusement we usually reserve for the intrigues of very small children. For the most part, hippie youth's reaction to a crazy world is, well, contact high off those crazy people; leave them to themselves.

There is a whole new group of young people growing up who basically are not alarmed by hypocrisy. They are aware of it, they avoid it when they're not in the mood for it, but they expect it as a basic semantic principle. "You know they're just talking symbolically," is almost an exact quote from an idea expressed regularly by kids in their late teens. "If you know politicians lie, why should it bug you?" After thinking it over, I finally concluded romantically that the memory of Harry Truman, and his uncompromising, unimaginative version of official and unofficial candor has left me with a life-long residual hankering for honesty in politicians. I was just old enough to be able to remember my father's shock, and then gratification, and the general satisfaction in the entire country it seemed, when Truman told the music critics to all go to hell. The younger kids cannot remember any similarly honest leader, and they don't miss it.

A lot of hippies now are completely apolitical and are as quietly cynical about protest as they are about national policy in Southeast Asia. They frequently express the idea that somehow things never seem to stay changed very long, at least in this country. They seem rather sure of their inability to change them. Another thing I sense in their dialogue is an uncannily perceptive evaluation of the sacrifices necessary for basic social change, an attitude which neatly underscores their overwhelmingly middle-class origins as well as their insight. Also, I believe that a lot of the younger and less sophisticated hippies probably associate the entire range of political and social thought, from militant Marxist to conservative, as being somehow the same as the liberal rhetoric which probably prevailed in their upper middle-class homes, and therefore a part of the whole uptight, unhip thing which they are trying to put down.

At a party recently I found myself talking to a forty-five year old professional (an ex-communist) most of the evening. Individuals nearer my own age were getting down to the conversational realities of the latest nitty-gritty rock station, electric jug bands, STP and so-and-so's bad grass. One's drug trips, freaky hangups, and Mothers of Invention are in; protest, politics, and social change—or the lack of it—are going out.

Hippies are not patriotic, and are not yet antagonistic to those who put down the government (if that's your bag, baby), and they are basically disaffectionate towards power structures, federal or civic. But significant numbers of them have bought completely the lower middle-class dictum that politics stink, you can't beat city hall, so you might as well forget about it. Some hippies are vehement

about this, to the extent of socially avoiding people with political opinions.

Another change observable in the younger hippies arriving on the scene, at least those who are ex-college people, is a dislike for existentialism and related literary, artistic, and social styles, which they associate with the fifties, or at least the past. They regard the internalized grief, quiet desperation, and attenuated despair of that period as very funny, and the tendency to ennoble it in literature as a lost cause. Their response to problems is to blow some grass, put down their books, and dig the cracks in the windowpane.

It is possible, the hippie claims, to "... put your agony on the shelf, and leave it there." The agent of change now is not intellectual or even emotional but frankly sensual, as in the drug experience or the music. Since the basic ceremony of bohemian experience has shifted from sex to drugs, reality is more chemical, more private, more Pavlovian.

The hippie believes that "Existentialism is immature. They thought because God was dead they had to sit around and worry about it. Now we know that God is dead and we don't have to go through all those bad changes." Occasionally, a hippie will tell you that God does exist, that he saw Him sitting in a tree, and the idea is that when God exists He is there as popular humorous folklore to be enjoyed or sentimentalized.

To encounter a distinct treatment of this new mood one should read theologian William Hamilton's essay, "The New Optimism—From Prufrock to Ringo" (in *Radical Theology And The Death of God*). Probably written for an older audience, this ambitious, no-nonsense, non-theological view tells it like it is, with that quiet other-directed realism which seems to accompany each new attack on an older humanism.

There are some major emphases in Hamilton's essay which have gained immense popularity among the young, and are so distinct and indigenous that everyone who would talk to urban middle-class youth simply must read it.

First, there is the reference to the Beatles. *A Hard Day's Night* was indeed a new world. It was rambling, witty, unpretentious—delightfully gauche in spots—capable of the most enjoyable sort of mock heroics, cool but swinging, tender and fun. These were lower middle-class or working-class kids who were happily non-upwardly-mobile, but making it in spite of themselves—the kind of blunt but non-revolutionary satirization of capitalism which makes for folk legend. Everybody left the theater after a Beatles movie feeling that the sixties couldn't be all bad.

Secondly, Hamilton espouses the mood of acceptance which is a dogma for the hippie movement. The mood is: stop struggling and enjoy. Have



POSTER: WES WILSON



fun with what's at hand. If you remark, Yossarian-like, that there are some things hard to accept, like fascism, cancer, or strep throat, the hippie replies—sometimes with a certain hostility—that you are just creating irrelevant dualisms and causing unnecessary trouble for yourself. Hamilton's doctrine of optimistic acceptance can become, of course, a humorous fatalism, which in extreme form becomes a post-Bogart, tender-tough caricature of reality.

Thirdly, Hamilton's essay anticipates the hippies' staggering ignorance of politics, and perfectly expresses the tendency in Americans in general, but particularly American bohemians I think, to regard social movements like the civil rights movement as being interesting as long as they are enjoyable and lots of fun. But hippies are generally fed up now with the civil rights movement since it has become a Black Power movement; it's



too serious, too somber, too real, and there are no longer any of those exciting trips down to the local settlement house in dirty jeans with the copy of James Baldwin in the back pocket.

Have recent events affected Hamilton's view of this new optimism? Does he still see ". . . a gaiety, an absence of alienation, a vigorous and contagious hope at the center of this movement . . ."? Or, like the hippies, is he disenchanted now that the Negro organizations have stopped being a source of optimistic enjoyment and are, instead, fighting for black political power? There is little gaiety or optimism amongst Negro leaders who only yesterday were receiving honorary doctorates and Keys to the City. Now they use aliases as they travel to avoid getting busted by every cop who sees them. (An associate national director of CORE was beaten recently for simply talking to Negro leaders; Cleveland police listed his occupation as "rabble rouser.") Negroes once more are back where they started—fighting alone—and most of the new young bohemia are not at all anxious to begin the tedious work of white organizing which civil rights people now demand of white activists. How does this new mood of fun and optimism acclimate itself to riots, violence, and destruction?

Hamilton's latest feelings about civil rights are not on record, as far as I know, but he does give a hint of his view of political reality by quoting in his essay from an LBJ speech. Hamilton writes:

Prufrock, the typist, the hollow man, never really connected with the real world; 'In short, I (Prufrock) was afraid.' . . . on the night of Eliot's death, President Johnson invited his fellow countrymen not only to enter the world of the twentieth century but to accept the possibility of revolutionary changes in that world. Johnson's speech was just political rhetoric, one can say, and he would be correct. But it was somehow unlike political rhetoric of other eras, it was believable.

This weariness, this burning desire to stop disbelieving, to stop fighting, to get off the political and emotional limb, is central to the new bohemia. To leave behind the old lonely, critical, existentialist postures and accept, finally, the lies and half-truths as part of a new humorous folk story. In place of dissent and rebellion a new tradition has arisen. This is a new tradition of interested passivity, sentimentality, and humor towards absurdist political leaders and politics. It includes an antagonism to what is essentially critical, and the possibility of a new aesthetic classicism based on the stupid and sincere. While the pop artists contend that unimportant and ordinary things constitute an aesthetic reality of their own, the new bohemia seems to feel likewise that stupid and ordinary people do a perfectly credible job of satirizing themselves. Hippies have long since stopped worrying about the death of God, and their fathers apparently were not really authentic enough to rebel against, so they're not very interested in fighting authority figures at all.

Finally, Hamilton's essay anticipates another aspect of popular philosophy in the hippie movement, a profound disgust with dialecticism, dualisms, and relativisms, which the hippies seem to associate (in part, correctly) with psychological and interpersonal stress and conflict. One does not have to travel very far from the theological garden to realize that Hamilton's automatic and naive assumption of an undialectical secular world is unreal. Most hippies, for instance, having lived in a Godless world perhaps longer than Hamilton has, know only too well that the secular city is only too dialectical—as evidenced by their frequent retreats into a pseudo-mysticism. Hamilton's mistake of assuming an undialectical secular world is comparable to the hippies' attempt to experience undialectical Love.

Yet both are united in their weariness towards the either-or approach of Western logic in its classical systems, and the conflict which plays such a major part in that same Western tradition. The young are convinced that it is possible, probably necessary, to shuck off the dualisms associated with intelligence, personality, strong emotions, and beliefs. This is the emotional underpinning for the hippies' incredible Love rhetoric, with its dogma of uncritical acceptance. The new bohemians seem to have decided—almost as a body—that the world would be a better place if people would just stop worrying about things. They seem convinced, with all the confidence of a bourgeois child, that someone has got to figure out a way of laughing without having first been made to cry, and the new bohemian community is their workshop and laboratory.

ALL THOSE INCREDIBLE PEOPLE

All those incredible people dancing with themselves
Dancing, denying all the while that dancing can make you a person.
Was it their binary truths out of asbestos minds
Or asbestos truths out of binary minds?
Once I thought that people would eventually be people, given
time and patience
That was three weeks ago (how long will this take?).
In case you cared, people
(please don't be incredible now, people,
please not incredible now)

it may be we can do nothing
now
but dance.

Hey I want to hope, after all,
That there can be truths and minds
Apart from the binary system and asbestos.
Dance please, people, pull out the stops—
Let us be one in dance.

—DONALD MITCHELL

DROPPING OUT

I will gather at your bedside, Father
Land of lying senators, hold flowers
At your stretched and dying mouth: I'll watch
Your tongue for you when it is out,
Beyond the reach of your cracking nerves:

I shall bring you a loaf of sorrow
I shall bring you a silver memory
Why I will sing you a lovely dream
That has been lost before morning:

There will be so much tending to do!
My fingers will be nervous on their hands,
Running in circles to make sure that you
Will be comfortable:
I'll preheat your bed and cushion your head,
I shall bring you warm milk in a cup:
My voice, softened beyond its rasp,
Will respect your brittle ears and speak
Low for you: I will respond to your final bidding.
*But I will not breathe my own polluted air
Into your throat, to clear it of its rattle*

—GEOF HEWITT



An Interview With Thomas

By THOMAS P. McDONNELL

McDONNELL: Let's start with *The Seven Storey Mountain*, Father Louis. Because in a sense one has to get the *Mountain* out of the way. Many readers of the autobiography of your early years were in fact one-shot readers only. Actually, if you'll forgive the bad pun, this was just the beginning of the story, not the end. Is this a fair point of departure?

MERTON: Yes, I'll accept *The Seven Storey Mountain* as a point of departure, and I'll be glad if we can depart from it and keep moving. I left the book behind many years ago. Certainly, it was a book I had to write, and it says a great deal of what I

have to say; but if I had to write it over again, it would be handled in a very different way, and in a different idiom. It is a youthful book, too simple, in many ways, too crude. Everything is laid out in black and white. I had been in the monastery only about five years when I wrote it. I still did not understand the real problems of the monastic life, or even of the Christian life either. And I was still dealing in a crude theology that I had learned as a novice: a clean-cut division between the natural and supernatural, God and the world, sacred and secular, with boundary lines that were supposed to be quite evident. Since those days I have acquired a little experience, I think, and have read a few



Merton

things, tried to help other people with their problems—life is not as simple as it once looked in *The Seven Storey Mountain*. Unfortunately, the book was a best-seller, and has become a kind of edifying legend or something. That is a dreadful fate. I am doing my best to live it down. But that apparently is not a matter of much interest to anyone. The legend is stronger than I am. Nevertheless, I rebel against it and maintain my basic human right *not* to be turned into a Catholic myth for children in parochial schools.

McDONNELL: For some reason or other, there are people who have an imaginative—perhaps a theatri-

cal—notion of the young man who fled the world to end up in a Trappist monastery in Kentucky. In fact, you made a joke in *Mountain* that you half feared that Hollywood would make a movie of your life, starring Gary Cooper—would you now believe Steve McQueen?—and so, maybe, some people are still waiting for the ultimate dramatic flair to develop in the continuing Tom Merton story. Do you feel flairish these days?

MERTON: That is just another aspect of the legend. I have no flair for Trappist melodrama. This happy or unhappy ending is part of another scenario—the same oversimplification pushed to its logical conclusion. Since I am supposed to have made an extreme and absolute renunciation (which I haven't really), people imagine that I am living in a state of inhuman desperation and will sooner or later have to give up. They assume I am seeking spiritual perfection—and that is a kind of lust. They are still waiting for me to break out and plunge wildly into matrimony. I am not going to make any furious protestations about this. I'm just not the marrying kind. The life I am living at present may not be totally simple in every respect, but it is not complicated. It is peaceful. It is not inhumanly hard. I am not an ascetic. Sometimes I am pretty lonely. I am not wallowing in complacency and contentment, but I have learned to accept the limitations of this life along with its advantages; and I guess I can function without too much unhappiness—I am no more unhappy than anybody else. Certainly I know that things are not ideal where I am. I have often thought of looking for a less arbitrary monastic setup. It has never worked out. I can't go into the reasons here, naturally. Maybe I am just in the place where I am supposed to be. I assume I am, and leave it at that. Besides, home is not a place. To be really at home you have to stop looking for a place called home and accept the "no-place" where you are as home.

McDONNELL: Someone in the so-called Catholic Establishment once said that you are "thought to be too isolated, too shrill, too unwilling to abandon the dated rhetoric of former struggles," and so on. As some stale comedian might ask, "What about that?"

MERTON: Well, of course, I *am* isolated. That very fact is enough to show that I cannot possibly be a member of the Catholic Establishment, as I *once* was thought to have been by a columnist. Some may think I am professionally defending the monastic idea, asceticism, renunciation of the world, the contemplative life, and all that. I am not. Like many other writers and theologians, I am trying to formu-

late a few of the basic *questions* about monasticism and monastic renewal. I am trying to rethink what the contemplative life might possibly mean in a radically new situation for the Church. But I am not getting into any fights about this.

My most unpopular opinions have been those in which I have come out against the Bomb, the Vietnam war, and in fact our whole social system. I am supposed to be "anti-modern" and "opposed to technology" because I happen to disagree with the myth that technology, all by itself, is solving all man's problems. It is implicated in all his most tragic problems and has done nothing to solve them. I think the main trouble (from the point of view of the Catholic Establishment) is that I don't follow the current fashions. I don't conform. I have a few tastes and ideas of my own, and if I want to go in the opposite direction to everybody else, I am likely to do it, without asking permission. I don't see what is wrong with that. We are supposed to have accepted ourselves as part of a pluralist culture. I assume that in our pluralist culture there is room for me, even though I haven't read *The Secular City* (and may conceivably not do so until ten years from now, when no one else is reading it). In a word, I don't get too excited about climbing on every bandwagon, because where I am the bandwagons never come around. I am too far off the state highway.

Teilhardian Vision

McDONNELL: Some years ago you wrote an essay on "Poetry and the Contemplative Life," which, for its moment in time, was the kind of statement that Catholic poets (now a questionable, if not an opprobrious, term in itself) nevertheless much needed. In the recently published *Raids on the Unspeakable*, you have issued a perhaps freer and more open "Message to Poets." But do you still put Alexander Pope down as the sort of poet that Catholic-Christian poets oughtn't to emulate, because he wrote like a deist? Isn't there the hint of a Teilhardian vision in Pope's *Essay on Man*?

MERTON: Look, you're going back on our original agreement. If we are leaving behind *The Seven Storey Mountain*, then I think we ought also to leave behind that early essay on "Poetry and the Contemplative Life," which had all the same defects. It is true, I tried to rewrite it with different conclusions a few years ago. What about Pope and Teilhard? Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is man"—and that is, in a way, what everybody is saying in all kinds of different ways today. But I am not so sure that the enlightened classical rationalism of Pope represents the same kind of humanistic temper we find in Teilhard, which is more mystical. The great popularity of Teilhard is due,

surely, to the fact that he has been able to unite a fervent religious vision with a cosmic and scientific mystique in one big celebration that really corresponds to the requirements of a modern consciousness and a modern sensibility. The consciousness and sensibility of Alexander Pope were quite different, I believe, from those of Teilhard. Can you imagine Alexander Pope sitting in the middle of the deserts of Outer Mongolia, composing something like Teilhard de Chardin's splendid "Mass Over the World"? I can't.

McDONNELL: In your message to the new Latin American and Mexican poets, you say that "No one can enter the (Heraklitean) river wearing the garments of public and collective ideas. He must feel the water on his skin. He must know that immediacy is for naked minds only, and for the innocent." How do you square this—if it has to be squared—with pre-eminently public poets like Ginsberg and Yevtushenko? Isn't the current interest in Yevtushenko somewhat more political than poetic?

MERTON: Well, Ginsberg and Yevtushenko are certainly "public," and they have a hearing. I seriously question whether they are simply wearing "public and collective ideas." They are not *merely* feeding people the propaganda of this or that Establishment, though they may play ball with the Establishment. If Yevtushenko were *merely* an agitator, he would not be listened to as he is. The youth of the West, at least, is tired of agitators. That is why Yevtushenko and Ginsberg are "public." They express, to some extent, what is going on in the hearts of people. They express a real need by protesting against the abstractness and arbitrariness of a highly organized existence and calling for a real and spontaneous community between people everywhere, no matter how they may be divided politically. Yevtushenko, of course, does have to meet certain dogmatic requirements, and that is no surprise. One can tolerate that, I imagine. Where he has surprised people, no doubt, has been in his repeatedly successful breakthroughs and refusals simply to parrot a dictated message. I think that he sincerely and consistently desires to place existential human values above abstract political dogma, and this is what has earned him so much of a hearing, even though he is committed to an official position and has to confess it in periodic rituals.

I can have a lot of sympathy for Yevtushenko's position, because mine is similar in many ways. He is committed to Marxism as I am committed to the Christian faith: but we are both human beings, and our humanity takes precedence, as an existential and irreversible fact, over any willed commitment.

When one comes into existence as a human being, then prior to every other obligation is the obligation to be what one is: a human being. Any form of perfectionism that tries to take us beyond our human reality or to put us outside it (to make us gods) will only cheat us of our own humanity. That is the temptation of any absolute belief, whether Christian, Marxist, or other: it may seem to entice us to go beyond our human condition, to be "as gods," and to use our supposed infallibility to destroy other people. In other words, our commitments are good insofar as they help us to fulfill our primary vocation: to be men. If they make us less human, then there is something wrong somewhere. The commitments themselves have gone wrong. I think Yevtushenko understands that if Marxism is merely "logical" and "scientific" and not authentically human, it already is a lost cause. And to my mind, if Marxism starts getting human, then it is already halfway to being Christian. It may even be more Christian already, in such a case, than an inhuman and fanatical Christianity, like racist fundamentalism in Mississippi or in South Africa.

Ginsberg seeks to be a kind of prophet of authentic human communion and openness. In order to say what he has to say, he has adopted a kind of charismatic vulnerability: he is exposed, perhaps indecently, and admits all kinds of things that other people would take care to hide. This may involve him in an exhibitionism that is distasteful and even perhaps phony, but I am in no position to judge that—and also it may be, commercially, a very profitable venture. Yet I would say that both Ginsberg and Yevtushenko are totally different from the sort of intellectual hireling who merely consoles the Establishment, holds the President's hand, and thinks up scientific reasons why it is proper to escalate the Vietnam war until it becomes a war with China. *Totally* different, even though Yevtushenko gets a lot of free trips on the Soviet Government.

Existential Awareness

McDONNELL: Tell us something about your present interest in William Faulkner—and how, possibly, you think that Flannery O'Connor compares with him as a writer of the Southern myth in a Christian context.

MERTON: I suppose in some way my work on Faulkner is an act partly of reparation for the way I slighted him in *The Seven Storey Mountain*. It involves a recognition that in many ways his theology was better and closer to the bone than mine because less abstract, much deeper in the existential awareness of the mystery of evil, especially in American history and culture. Faulkner

asks some terrible questions about the relevance of traditional Christianity in the America that is divided by racial conflict and injustice. Questions too deep to be answered even by the appearance of nuns on picket lines. As a matter of fact, I have been giving some talks on Faulkner at the monastery. I am supposed to be helping the monks to catch up with modern ideas, literature, and so on. So I have been giving talks on Faulkner insofar as he may be relevant to the monastic life. For example, the "novitiate" training and formation given to Ike McCaslin by Sam Fathers in "The Bear." Or Dilsey as one of Faulkner's saints. And so on. I love that Easter sermon in *The Sound and the Fury*. Real sacred poetry.

I think that Flannery O'Connor's achievement compares very well with Faulkner's, although it is more spare and more restricted. She did not have time to get very far. But she has more nerve, more sass, a sharper irony, and she is less inclined to bog down in gloom. She has her Catholicism to sustain her in being outrageous without a glimmer of compunction. Faulkner has to exorcise his devils and his guilt. She just goes merrily along—and incidentally her first novel, *Wise Blood*, spelled out a few of the conclusions of the God-is-dead theology ten years before it happened. A very funny book.

McDONNELL: You have said of Flannery O'Connor's "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" that there is more of an evil streak in the foolish old grandmother than there is in The Misfit who murders her. But isn't The Misfit's a clear and conscious evil, and thus infinitely more culpable in a theological sense than the grandmother's lifetime accretions of human confusion in the sum and folly of life itself? And isn't it possible to see some kind of redemption, some kind of penultimate Southern "satori" in her last-moment recognition of The Misfit as one of her children—one of humanity's children?

MERTON: I think there was a basic innocence in Flannery O'Connor that made it impossible for her to shape up a full-scale evil character that stood on its own feet and went around operating on its own in pure meanness. Perhaps her most convincing *mean* characters are in the story about the kids who set fire to the woman's woods in *Everything That Rises Must Converge*. You make a kind of moral case out of "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." Well, I think the evil in that is to be seen as a kind of tragic drive to doom, a blind force which operates unerringly to get all those people murdered. But this force operates through the grandmother. I don't care whether she makes an act of love at the end—they're all dead anyhow. And The Misfit is an instrument, quite apart from what a confessor might have to say about his sins. For Flannery O'Connor, I feel, evil is treated more as something

infecting a whole community rather than as a matter of personal guilt that can be weighed, measured, and settled for the individual.

McDONNELL: In "Day of a Stranger" (*Hudson Review*, Summer, 1967), you refreshingly say: "All monks, as is well known, are unmarried; and hermits more unmarried than the rest of them. Not that I have anything against women. I see no reason why a man can't love God and a woman at the same time. If God was going to regard women with a jealous eye, why did he go and make them in the first place?" But doesn't this come edgily close to regarding women as "temptation" objects only? The question is not—is it?—whether a man

can love God and a woman too, but whether a man can love God in the human person involved in the sacrament and community of Christian marriage. Is monasticism today still so disturbed by the spectre of Woman?

MERTON: First, I would like to say this about celibacy and solitude. To regard them and to undertake them in a spirit of perfectionism is a blasphemous waste of time. That is why it makes so much sense for many priests today to prefer a serious married life to a futile perfectionism in celibacy. For those of us who have taken celibacy as a completely serious option, I think the seriousness of it can be stated in the terms of Camus'

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Myth of Sisyphus. The celibate life is a life of radical absurdity. Man without woman is absurd. He experiences in himself the fact of his incompleteness. If he is honest, he will realize his creaturely limitations in all their poignancy. It is not merely a matter of "interpersonal relations." I certainly agree that the real point of marriage is not just sexual fulfillment but a communion of persons. But the communion of persons in marriage cannot merely bypass the fact that the two persons in communion are man and woman, and that as man and woman they complete one another to make "one," as Christ and the Church are one—a basic unity which is quite different from the interpersonal relationship between a man and another man, however deep their friendship may be. Man and Woman in love add up to one complete human being.

I think I can say I have experienced levels of loneliness that most people do not allow themselves consciously to admit. From a certain point of view I can say bluntly that to exist as a man without relating to one particular woman-and-person who is "my love," is quite simply a kind of death. But I have enough experience of human love to realize, too, that even *within* the best of relationships between man and woman this loneliness and death are also terribly present. There are moments in human love in which loneliness is completely transcended, but these are brief and deceptive, and they can point only to the further and more difficult place where, ultimately, two lonely and helpless persons elect to save one another from absurdity by being absurd together—and for life. This implies, of course, a fantastic amount of honesty and courage, and a readiness to admit all that is humiliating, unpleasant, small, petty, undesirable, even nasty in each other—and to learn in a very hard way that freedom and acceptance of human limitations are more important than captivity to the need to seek someone else, somewhere else, or something else, some other condition, some impossible perfection.

In other words, agape is better than eros. It is only by freely accepting a pathetically limited condition that we can rise above ourselves and be fully human. To reject our limitations in a quest for some imaginary godlikeness or some sublime fulfillment (in which there would be no limitation and no problem), simply is to lie to ourselves. The celibate condition, in the course of time, has become en-crusted with pious lies which hide its real meaning, its real tragedy, and its real nobility: the nobility of its damn foolishness. This is not a masochistic answer, because the peculiar level of acceptance I speak of is not a matter of human ingenuity but of grace. It is God's mercy and gift. That is where the absurdity becomes a center of peace and finally makes a little sense: there and there only.

McDONNELL: In several of your recent fugitive pieces that I have seen, both published and unpublished, you clearly indicate that you are hip to the terms and concerns of the new media crisis, so to speak, wherein you see the hermit life as "cool" and as a life of "low definition," etc. How do you relate the concept and practice of Cistercian silence—as possibly a kind of the-medium-is-the-message mode of existence—how might you relate this to McLuhanism? Too, Marshall McLuhan does not see the "threat" to the world that, say, Jacques Ellul perceives in the hyper-technology and standardization of civilized life today. What is your view of this problem, all in all, and how does it affect the life and health of the monastery?

Both Medium and Message

MERTON: I believe the understanding of media is a matter of crucial importance for monasticism, no matter which way it hopes to develop. Medieval monasticism with its characteristic forms of *meditatio*, *lectio*, and so on, presupposes a cloister with a library of one or two-hundred illuminated manuscript books at the most. Monasticism after the Council of Trent was renewed with printed books and clocks. In scholarly monasticism, the printed books were critical editions of ancient texts. In professionally ascetic monasticism, the printed books were lives of desert saints or monastic polemics (like *De Rancé*). Whether we like it or not, we are now out of the age of the book. A monasticism that attempts to be modern, and yet simply remains obsessed with cloister walls and print on paper, is doomed—except as an antiquarian project. Ordinary people will no longer join it. Yet, at the same time, the monastery owes the world some hope of refuge from the torrent of commercials, soap operas, and other inanities with which it tends to be flooded.

Here, I think, is where the art of Sister Mary Corita is opening up new perspectives: instead of a dogged resistance, a static and brutish refusal, she has taken over the themes of advertising and has used them as matter for a free improvisation which is very simple, charming and alive. And she has a lot to say, really. This is the true "monastic" approach: not just to despise worldly vulgarity and thus deny it all, but to "save" it by a superior freedom, the ability to take it seriously and not-seriously at the same time. After all, the old monastic business of pulling your hood down over your face and refusing to admit that there's a six-pack of Budweiser out there simply shows that you are hung up on a super-serious and basically stupid evaluation of the contrast between yourself and everything else in sight.

There is the Zen story of two monks who meet a girl by a river. One of the monks picks her up and carries her over the water and sets her down on

the other side. The monks walk on for a few miles, and then the second one says with great seriousness: "You should not have picked up that girl and carried her over the water." The other monk replies: "I put her down back at the creek, but you are still carrying her." So with modern media. What is the point of shouting: "We Trappists never watch TV"? What matters in this and in every other "problem" of the use of "worldly" things is the ability to use them freely and competently for one's own chosen ends, and if this involves a very sparing use, that's fine. But the absolute, a *priori* rejection of TV just because it is TV simply is stupid. Obviously, there are "dangers"—but let's grow up. There are even greater dangers in the illusion of a totally protected, perfectly insulated, one-hundred percent pure ghetto existence. Monastic silence is a very real, very authentic value: it must not be allowed to get lost in a torrent of stupid gossip. But it must be entirely rethought in the context of modern media; and, as you suggest, it is itself both medium and message. In this connection, I recommend Max Picard's *World of Silence*.

Impasse at Roncevalles?

McDONNELL: Thich Nhat Hanh, the Vietnamese Buddhist monk and poet-scholar, visited you at Gethsemani. I no doubt load the question to say that he and you clearly see the tragedy of the Vietnamese people as victims in the struggle between Gog and Magog. But many Americans—and among these some very hawklike Catholic chaplains in Vietnam—are severely nationalistic about our presence and activity there. Are we, as Christians, still caught in the impasse at Roncevalles?

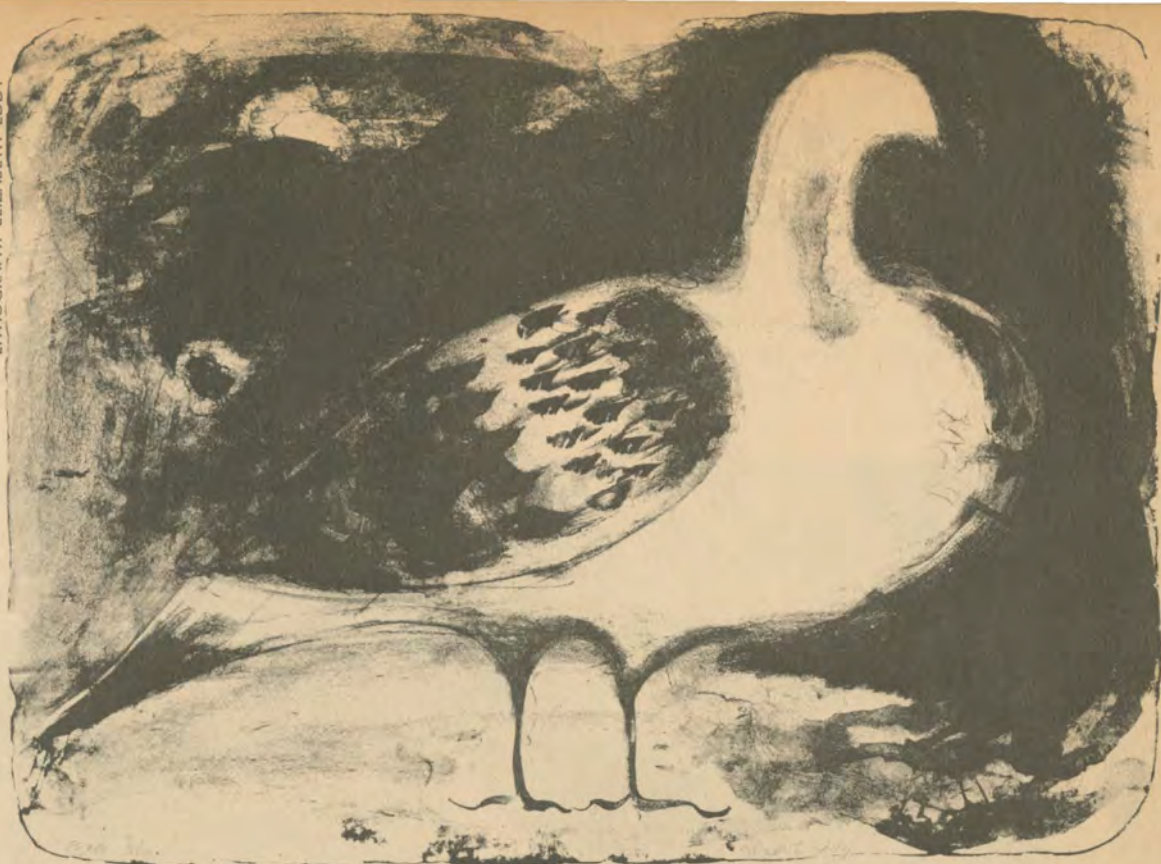
MERTON: This is a difficult and important question—a question of perspective and of understanding which is just as crucial as the clash of views between conservative churchmen and Galileo on the structure of the solar system. We are living in a world that is radically different from that of the late Middle Ages and Renaissance. But if we fail to see the fact we will, in all good faith, continue to believe that we have imperative reasons for killing each other off and escalating wars until we obtain complete surrender of every enemy on our own unconditional terms. We will do this just so long as we continue to believe that the nation-state is the center of everything and can take its own interests as absolute, do business exclusively on its own terms and impose those terms by force, without regard for consequences, on anyone who resists. To be convinced of this is just like being convinced that the sun revolves around the earth. Any other world-view sounds crazy. Yet, morally speaking, this is no better than gangsterism.

Evidently, some of our American churchmen

are completely incapable of really viewing the Vietnam war from any other standpoint. They really think that America is being threatened and attacked in Vietnam, and they are really persuaded that the ideal of democracy is seriously endangered there by communism. As long as they are convinced of this, no moral argument has any weight with them because they are, without knowing it, obsessed and morally blind—just as the people who opposed and condemned Galileo were, in terms of the new physics, scientific illiterates. What is at stake in Vietnam is not freedom and humanity but American wealth and American power: not that these are in any way seriously threatened. But Vietnam is currently the scene where these two massive forces are consolidating a firm grip on part of Asia and securing bases from which to fight China, if necessary. This is costing us rather heavily, not only in planes and weaponry but, above all, in American lives. It is not easy for someone personally involved in such tragedy to admit that lives are being lost merely to bolster up the power of politicians and the wealth of the big corporations. In other words, it is not easy to admit that all this effort, involving truly heroic sacrifice on the part of sons, brothers, and husbands, is tragically useless. It seems to me that the most tragic thing about it is the escalating moral insensibility: the incapacity of so many people to understand that the useless killing of Vietnamese non-combatants, women and children, is not only real but even criminal. This is a terribly serious matter.

McDONNELL: How has Zen poetry, so to speak, influenced your thinking and your rhetoric as a thinking and writing "Western" monk? There is a sense, isn't there, in which Zen is not so much a putting one on as a turning the inquisitor off? There was a "hippie" maxim on the cover of a recent issue of *Ramparts*: "May the Baby Jesus Open Your Mind and Shut Your Mouth." Is this a kind of Christian Zen?

MERTON: Zen cannot be imported, of course. It is not a cultural commodity. The only Zen possible for a Christian is the Zen that is already radically present in Christianity itself. To superimpose Japanese Zen upon it might be as legitimate—and as irrelevant—as a Trappist monk sitting around in a Japanese kimono. On the other hand, it is possible to discover affinities and resonances which awaken one to the fact that the Chinese and Japanese Zen Masters are pointing where you need to look. They are pointing not at some secret answer: they are pointing at you. And you realize that the *you* they are pointing at is not there as a visible object to yourself. That's the beginning. A curious sort of dialogue is then possible, but not a dialogue about



ideas. I have no Zen ideas. There are none to be had.

Let us make distinctions: there is a kind of romantic simplicity which is not yet Zen, but pre-Zen. In Wordsworth, for example. It is too easy to pick up this sort of thing in English poetry and say it is Zen, as Blyth did. You do not realize that with these questions you are trying to trick me into saying that I am hip to Zen. But to be hip is not Zen. The maxim from *Ramparts* is all very well. Zen certainly demands an "open mind." But is that maxim open-minded? It is in fact a very aggressive piece of moralizing—a sermon. Zen does not preach sermons, telling you to "do this, not that." This particular sermon, in effect, says: "You would be a lot better off if you had an open mind, like me, and shut your mouth and stopped arguing with me. In other words, allow me to shut you up and be a winner, you heretic Christian, who believes in Baby Jesus." It may be progress, but is it Zen?

Mysticism of LSD

McDONNELL: Well, Father Louis, if you think that the questions on Zen were attempting to trick you into saying something unzenlike about Zen, then try this one for some kind of ghoulish trick-or-treat inquiry. What do you make of the so-called Instant Mysticism of LSD today? Are the new drug cults related in any way to authentic religious experience?

MERTON: Naturally, I very much hesitate to pass judgment on the craze for psychedelics. All I know

is what I have read about them, and what I have read is confusing. Without judging one way or another about the drugs themselves, I would say that the craze for them, as social phenomenon, including the creation and exploitation of a powerful new appetite, is not reassuring. On the other hand, maybe popular religion is itself partly to blame. If we insist on presenting religion as a happiness pill, as something that makes life oh-so-meaningful and solves all problems, then if a real happiness pill comes along, people will naturally turn to it for the promised awakening. What is called into question is the whole idea of the quest for personal religious experience, the heightening of the religious consciousness, and so on. Theologically, however, I would say that the notion of a charismatic drug is a contradiction in terms. But, on the other hand, we need to examine whether or not we Christians have been dispensing the sacraments as magic pills ourselves.

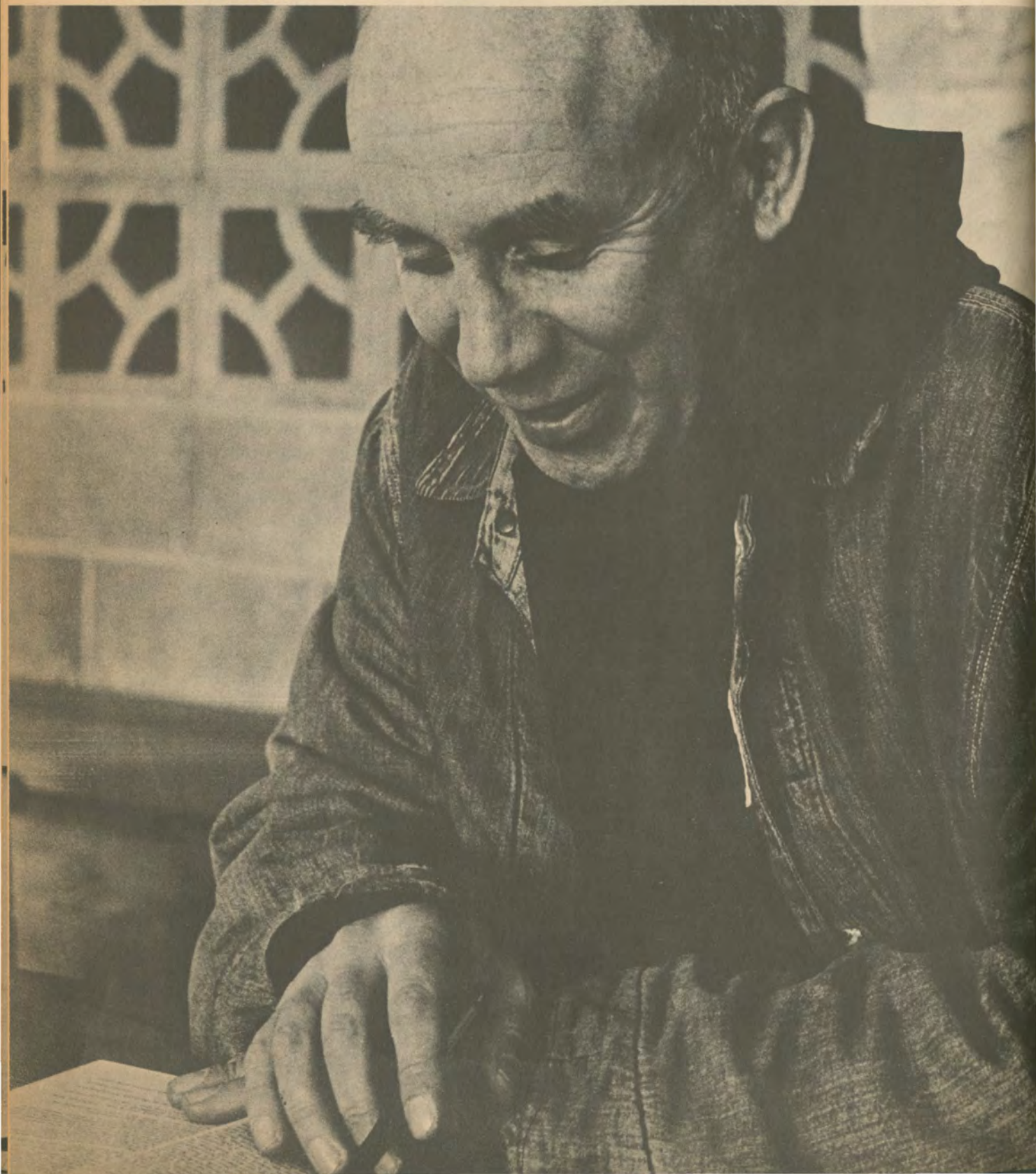
McDONNELL: Is it possible to say, in the teleological sense, that all the great erupting issues which have become the ABCD hot copy of Catholic journalism these days—Abortion, Birth Control, Celibacy, Divorce, etc.—that all this really couldn't matter less? Is it possible, again, that the scruples of the intellectuals could end up stifling the authentic élan of Christian life itself?

MERTON: I don't want to carp at the intellectuals. I am one myself, unfortunately. Where the trouble lies is with publicity which reduces everything to a common level of banal irrelevancy. I think the

progressive Catholic lay intellectuals in this country are saying very many important things and are manifesting a vitality and concern which we have been long desiring. I think the radical Catholics in England are even more important. Now that American Catholicism has come alive intellectually, it surely would be picayune to complain that the intellectuals tend to be in-groupish, adolescent, and intolerant. That is part of the growing-up process.

The great questions that are also hot copy basically are all one: *life*. Is the human race going to exterminate itself with the greatest barbarity, or can it find a reasonable way to continue in existence without pushing surplus millions off the planet into space? In other words, we are (as far as we know) the first species that has come to the point of possible extinction and which has, at that point, been given a *choice* and a hope of working out a way

PHOTO: JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN



to survive. Man has a chance to use his great capacities for re-creation and not for self-obliteration. We are dinosaurs who are being told: "Look, fellows, the warm jungle swamp is going to change into a climate you are too big for. Can you manage with less bulk?" I am not talking merely in terms of quantity (population control, etc.), but of quality. With us, the dinosaur is in and of the mind. It is our technology, for example, that threatens us with dinosaurism and self-destruction. Can we slim it down so that it serves us, instead of obsessing and enslaving us? I would say that perhaps our Catholic intellectuals are still too hung up on a few partial and parochial aspects of the one big question. And, of course, publicity confuses the issue by the vulgarity, the triviality, the lack of perspective and the ultimate deadening mediocrity by which it turns everything it touches into dust and ashes.

McDONNELL: As far as the *life*, then, of the Church is concerned, there is something which very much holds the attention of the intellectuals and/or the faithful at all levels—and this, of course, involves the problem of authority and freedom in the Church itself. Isn't the problem, really, that we too often mistake power for authority, and this is where power itself frequently is the abuse of authority? Oughtn't true authority to derive from a theology of love rather than from a theology of power and legalism?

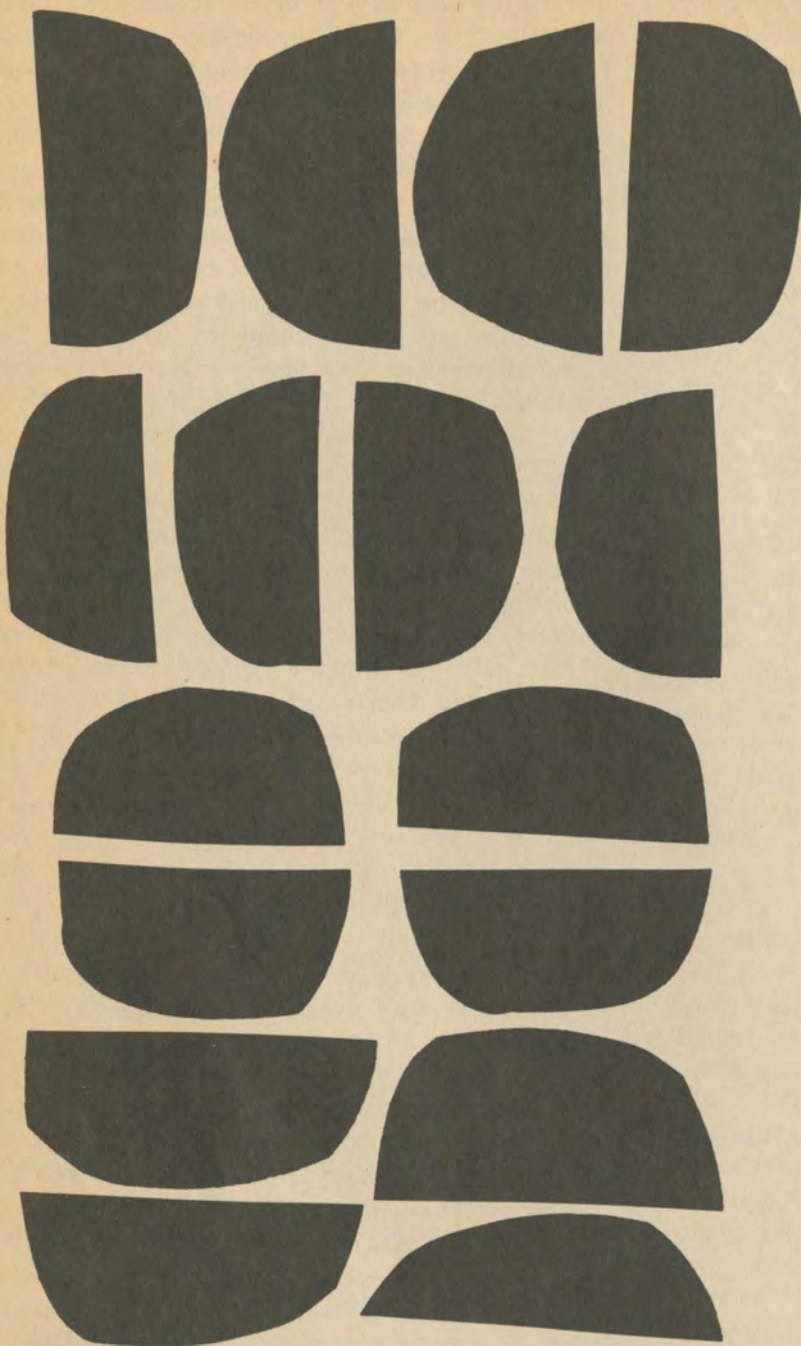
MERTON: There can be no question that the great crisis in the Church today is the crisis of authority brought on by the fact that the Church, as institution and organization, has in practice usurped the place of the Church as a community of persons united in love and in Christ. On the one hand, love is announced and "instilled"; but, on the other, it is equated with obedience and conformity within the framework of an impersonal corporation. This means too often that in practice love is overshadowed by intolerance, suspicion and fear. Authority becomes calculating and anxious, and discredits itself by nervously suppressing an imagined opposition before the opposition really takes shape. In so doing, it creates opposition. The Church is preached as a communion, but is run in fact as a collectivity, and even as a totalitarian collectivity. Hence its proneness to ally itself with dictatorships and to demand that its members obey these dictatorships as God himself. To go to war for them is to go to war for God. This situation is really apocalyptic, but few Christians can see it. Wait a little. It may mean the complete destruction of the Church as a powerful institution.

McDONNELL: Destruction and apocalypse require outlandish concepts. Let me end with this one, and then turn it into the form of a question. The doctrine of the Trinity does not seem to me a static

dogma, settled once and for all, but the very dynamic of an evolving consciousness in the universe, extending not only through time and space and human history but, in a sense, outside them as well. In the Father is the aeon of the patristic creation of matter and man; in the Son is the aeon of the Incarnation of modern history and of the world as sacrament; in the Holy Spirit is that aeon, I think, which we are just now on the edge of entering and which necessarily is undefinable in any other terms, I suppose, than the fruition of love and of a universal consciousness. The Trinity, therefore, is simultaneous though distinct in its aeons of continuing (not static) dimension. Question: is this a completely mad view of it all?

MERTON: Your doctrine of a Trinitarian dynamism in history may be wild, but it is not new. The idea of the three ages appropriated to the three Divine Persons, the idea of the new aeon of the Spirit, was in fact very influential in the late Middle Ages, and probably the reason why it still persists subliminally is that it had a formative effect on the modern consciousness. This was the big idea of Joachim of Flora, a Cistercian prophet of the 13th century, and his theory was taken up by the radical leftwing of the Franciscans, who threatened really to revolutionize the religious life and the Church, and were condemned. They passed their ideas on to other offbeat sects, and finally through them to the Protestant reformation.

And now—rather ironically—the Joachimist hope of a new "aeon of the Spirit" is very influential in the mythology of progressive Christians. It is a lively concept and, I think it might even be found to be very active in Teilhard de Chardin. But the ironic thing about it is that Joachim thought that the era of the Spirit would be an era of *monks*. For him, the era of the layman had ended long ago with the Old Testament. Curious, isn't it? Let me hasten to add, however, that I don't buy Joachim's application of theology to history. But I do think we are entering a time of deep upheaval and renewal in the Spirit. One might even say that the "aeon of the Spirit" would naturally be one in which people would think that "God is dead," since the Spirit is not known to us as object. In other words, the era of the Spirit might be said to be one in which the Father and the Son have vanished and the Spirit works in complete invisibility from within us, without our clear awareness. But one may add that wherever the Spirit is, there are the Father and the Son also. And they are *One*. If we obey the Word of God, we are in that Oneness without knowing anything about it—only realizing our own need, our own lostness, and the impervious demands of love.



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INSURGENT NEWSPAPERS:

A New Journalistic Sensitivity

By LEON HOWELL

A "new press" is emerging on campuses all across the United States. Students at dozens of schools, unhappy for many reasons with the official campus newspaper, are printing newsletters, booklets, and newspapers in direct competition with the approved paper.

These come in diverse sorts, sizes, and shapes. Some are printed and represent considerable financial investment. Others are offset, multilithed, or mimeographed and cost almost nothing. Descriptive, sometimes presumptuous, their names identify them: *The Bourbon & Tobacco Gazette*, *The Rag*, *Teski Zeiti*, *The Feeling*, and *The Left Heel*. A few have endured well enough to have Vol. II or III in their masthead; others bloom for a few issues and fade before even bothering to count the issues.

But as diversely as they come on, as divergent as they are in emphasis, they seem related by at least one common mark: they are a product of the peculiar ferment of this generation of students and its determination to get at problems in its own way, to "tell it like it is." There have been attempts to do this in the past, but never before have so many fallen upon such fertile soil.

No one knows how many insurgent papers exist on how many different campuses, although it is rather easy to account for at least two hundred. It is almost impossible to define the province of such a paper. For purposes of this review those efforts will be discussed which attempt to be an unencumbered press to a total campus. Thus, publications which refer to one interest alone—be it philately or pot or psychedelics—will be excluded. The genre could be labeled opposition, or underground, or rebel; for clarity and from personal choice, insurgent is my choice. Insurgency suggests rebelling against the *status quo*, and this obviously describes the conditions which produced many of the new papers.

Jacob Brackman, writing on the Underground Press in the August *Playboy*, says: "Given a new youth, a new bohemia, a new iconoclastic humor, a new sexuality, a new sound, a new turn-on, a new abolitionism, a new left, a new hope and a new cynicism, a new press was inevitable."

Brackman is talking particularly about the Underground Press Syndicate which now includes almost forty papers in loose corporation and focuses primarily on the "hippie" scene. But his words are apropos to our topic also.

Students want a new form of press, a more incisive style of reporting, and they generally are unhappy with the restricted offerings of the official campus newspapers. Thus, those who wish to raise local, national, and international issues in ways that their own newspaper will not, feel they have little choice but to start their own publication.

Those who have taken this step debate the reasons for the inadequacy of the regular campus press. One insurgent paper, *The Catalyst* of Tennessee Tech, put it bluntly: "The so-called student press is always controlled, either directly through administration supervision or indirectly through a tight rein on the purse strings by school authorities." Many would agree with this analysis, feeling that always there are administration controls on the student press, that the administration and often the student government want a public relations piece, not a true newspaper capable of raising embarrassing issues. One student, who made a study of censorship of student papers, concluded: "Many papers seem to have great freedom but the moment you get a staff that pushes into really sensitive areas, the pressure increases directly."

The Real World, which flourished at Duke University in 1966, felt that "no academic community can hope to achieve its stated goal of a broad and comprehensive education unless it allows and encourages a lively discussion and criticism of the relevant issues that concern students and scholars—issues that pertain both to the university and to the larger, more complicated world. *The Real World* is to serve . . . as a journal of opinion, reflecting a belief that the existent campus publications, by their nature and organization, cannot or will not meet this responsibility."

Others argue that a lot more can be done with the regular newspapers than is attempted. "Too many editors are afraid to do something different; they just are not free themselves," according to Marshall Bloom, General Secretary of the Student Press Association.

Many believe that when the "professional-ink" boys control the campus paper, they, by nature, are more interested in learning a trade than in exploring ideas. Joan Buffington, who worked both on a regular newspaper and an insurgent newsletter, has followed the underground developments closely



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this year while working as a civil rights' editor for the National Student Association. She says: "I just assume that newspapers dominated by journalism school types are bad; these are test-tube things, put out so that the students can practice."

There is another and perhaps more profound reason for the growth of radical efforts and it has to do with the demand for a new style of journalism. Rick Kean, an educational guru who outlined his views in *motive* (March/April, 1967), feels that such papers have a unique possibility. "The when, the why, and the how have become more important items of communication than the who and the what. The problem is that the very phonetics of the majority of contemporary news media are set, by professional tradition, to emphasize the who and the what. Until an alternative is offered, a great deal of significant understanding will be foregone."

Joseph Barbato, a newswriter as well as a graduate student in New York, points helpfully toward the source of campus discontent with its own publications in his blistering indictment of the whole press in the Spring, 1967, *Activist*: "We are caught up in a revolutionary time; yet, for most of us, news of this daily change is filtered through a tradition-bound, conservative Colossus—The Press. Those who went to Selma, those who stood and listened to Savio, those who have stayed and endured in Harlem and Watts, know the distance that separates reality from the neatly set type of their local newspapers. . . . There is social change in the streets, in the courts, in the classrooms, in virtually every major social institution of our nation. For the press, the most drastic innovation of the last twenty-five years was probably the recent dropping of the period from the front-page logo of *The New York Times*."

For such reasons, and for many others, enterprising people start insurgent newspapers. Some, while hardly receiving a royal welcome from the administration, occasionally gain official recognition. Others must wage sticky battles with bureaucratic red tape. The staff of *The Columbia (Mo.) Free Press* was prevented by the police from selling copies of the paper either in the university or on the sidewalks. In its battle with the administration and the city (Tom Wellman, a student at the School of Journalism and a co-editor of the *Free Press*, reports), the staff received wide-ranging support extending from newspaper editorials to statements of the local A.A.U.P., the YAF, and SDS. "Today," he writes, "the *Free Press* lives as an incorporated, not-for-profit journal. . . . one small element of a movement towards relevancy on the college campuses of midwestern America."

Wellman's experiences with the *Free Press* also point to another part of the journalistic problem. *The Columbia Missourian*, edited primarily by students at the famed School of Journalism, did not

cover the story, even with his urging, until it had appeared in several commercial papers.

"Controversial university issues never find a strong editorial echo at the *Missourian*. . . . The School of Journalism lumbers along, satisfying the demands of employers by turning out more and more graduates every year. While it never 'rocks any boat' its position of prominence permits a certain arrogance that forces faculty, administrators, and students to follow isolated and restricted goals."

Perhaps the most famous of the insurgent publications is *The Paper* of Michigan State. An original member of the Underground Press Syndicate, *The Paper*, edited by Michael Kindman, has given its East Lansing and national readership lively fare. Obviously influenced by its relationship to such "hippie" printing wonders as the *East Village Other* and the *San Francisco Oracle*, *The Paper* has moved toward more esoteric concerns with the psychedelic this year. Last fall, Kindman remarked upon his own battles with the administration: "And so it went through six or seven months, until the Powers-That-Be tired of frowning and tired of siccing (*sic*) various dragons and witches and things on us and decided to change the Laws of the Land and let us sell on campus."

It is difficult to stand in the psychedelic camp and still raise issues of university politics, but at least one campus sheet does it rather well. This is *The Rag*, of the University of Texas, which sometimes looks like a smaller version of *The East Village Other* while reading like *New Left Notes*, the SDS national paper.

But one expects special ferment on large campuses such as Michigan State and Texas. Interesting for different reasons is *The Free Statesman*, published on the campus of St. Cloud, Minnesota, for a three-school area: St. Cloud State College, St. Johns University, and St. Benedicts College. Begun on a shoestring, bought with the savings of a few students, *The Free Statesman* was typed and then offset in newspaper format at a cost of less than \$200 for 5,000 copies. The first issues were given away, with advertising making up some of the costs. As the first vital editorial voice on any of the campuses, the 5,000 copies were grabbed up within a few hours. By the end of the year, *The Free Statesman* was being sold, and it not only paid for itself, but returned the original costs to those who had risked their money.

Typical of the response it received is a letter from a student on another Minnesota campus: "*The Free Statesman* is not just a regional paper. Many of the articles surpass this stage. Thus, although I am a student at another school, I would like to subscribe to your paper. . . . A question: how did *The Free Statesman* move from the 'idea of' into actuality?"

There was a time when one of the problems facing the local newspaper was the difficulty of receiv-

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ing first-rate material of general campus interest. Those feature syndicates which served the campus were most often stale reprints of safe items, seldom related to issues. Fortunately for many campuses, within the past few years the Collegiate Press Service (of the United States Student Press Association) has provided far better coverage of controversial topics than in the past. As an example, CPS did an excellent job of reporting the CIA-NSA entanglement even though CPS was housed in the same building with NSA until this past summer.

But CPS is confronted with certain limitations. The papers most likely to use CPS on such topics as civil rights and Vietnam often need it least and those papers which most need a broader perspective are least likely to reprint from CPS.

It is in part this kind of stricture upon the campus news that seems to create a greater concentration of insurgent writing in the South than in other parts of the country. One of the best examples is *The Virginia Weekly*, printed and professional in appearance. Howard Romaine, a graduate student at the University of Virginia, published the paper near Charlottesville for about \$250 per issue with a circulation of slightly more than 2,000. Most of the cost was recovered by advertising and sales; a grant from the student activities fund at the university made up his deficit.

The *Weekly* found wide readership at the university, especially among faculty and graduate students. One conservative group got upset over the grant from the student fund, and university hackles were raised when the *Weekly* attacked Henry J. Taylor, the conservative writer who is a prominent alumnus of Virginia. Romaine said several phone calls frightened his printer, "but, even though he was very conservative and disagreed with most everything he set in type, he had a helpful attachment to freedom of the press. So he kept printing for us, even though he was under some pressure and we owed him money."

Last December, a number of the insurgent editors got together in Atlanta to exchange ideas, to share problems brought about by shoestring budgets, and to explore ways of encouraging the spread of insurgent press on campuses where it was needed but did not already exist.

One observer raised the question of audience. "This is too often neglected. A paper put out by campus activists to reach campus activists is hardly worth the effort. An insurgent newsletter must be both politically and journalistically aware. If it is, its voice can speak with integrity on vital issues but is capable of reaching a larger audience than the small core already convinced."

The question of goals for insurgent papers is interrelated with audience. One might be to push the regular campus news organ into a more effective record of campus needs and reality. It is practically

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a truism that any opposition paper with life will bring about changes for the better in the traditional paper; competition almost always improves news coverage.

There are some excellent campus newspapers, in spite of the generally pessimistic comments in this article. The *BU News* of Boston University has become the focus of a great deal of change in that rambling urban university; under the editorship of Raymond Mungo this past year, it was always a provocative, exciting newspaper. But such a paper is an exception rather than a very likely possibility.

And so we are going to have the insurgent press with us for some time to come, especially since it is spreading rapidly to high school campuses around the country. Robb Burlage, of the Institute for Policy Studies, who once had the honor of being fired as editor of the *Daily Texan* believes that campus activists are not as likely as they once were to work up through the slow processes of newspaper politics. "They aren't going to wait four years to write about their concerns. Five or ten years ago, the newspaper was the gathering place of the campus rebels, but that seems to have changed in the past few years. Now they start their own paper."

Whether the insurgent paper finally shoves the campus paper toward maturity or becomes solvent enough to continue indefinitely as gadfly, it has a very rich possibility before it: the chance to practice a style of journalism which displays subjective intelligence rather than objective banality.

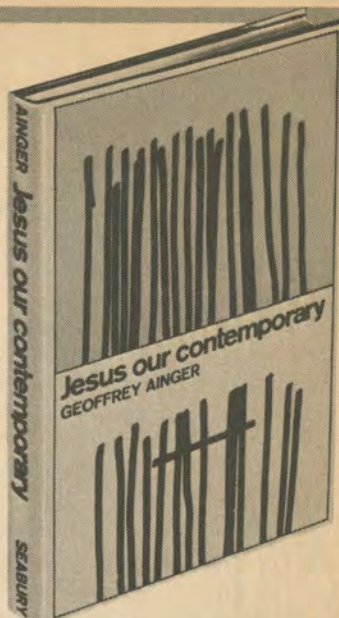


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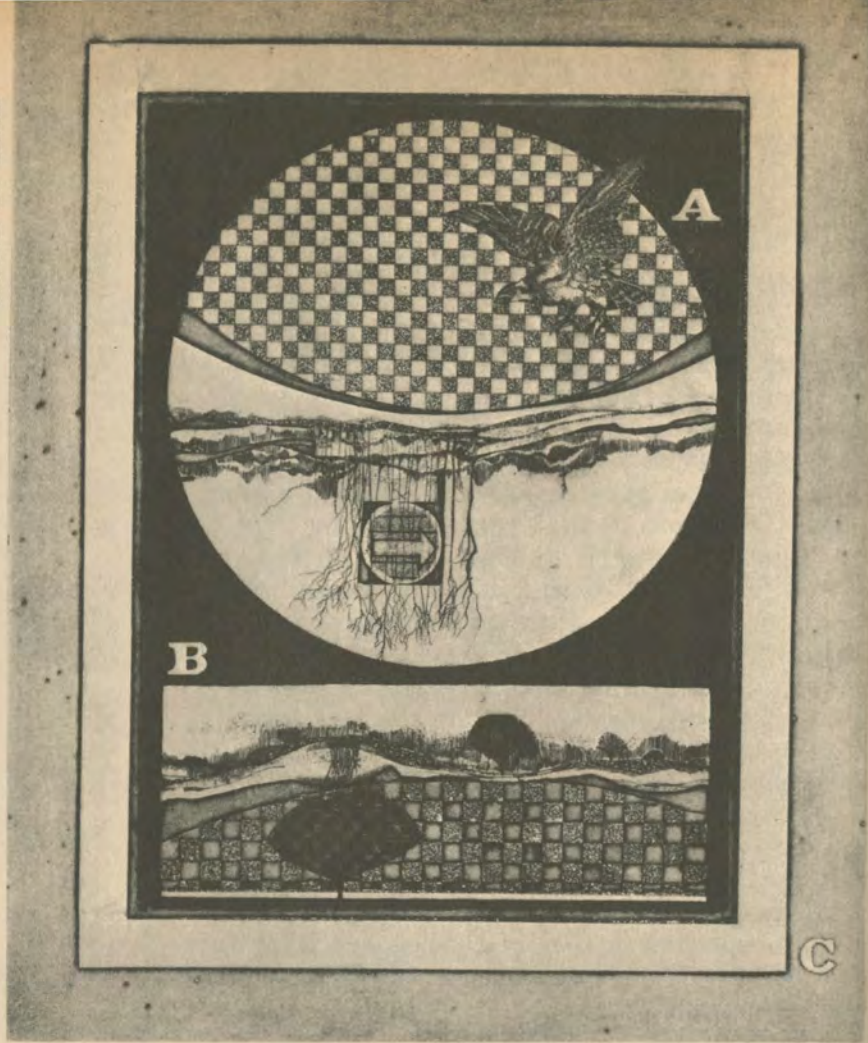
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MCLUHAN IN WONDERLAND

or,

Alice Through the Vidicon

By BETTY MONSON

Alice was beginning to get very tired of reading that silly book of her sister's. It described psychedelic trips and it had wild illustrations that almost looked like something. But the book was, after all was said and done, not the real thing. One could not very well become involved in more than one's visual sense. "And what is the use of a book that doesn't involve all my senses?"

So she was considering, in her own mind, whether the fun of taking a real trip would be worth getting up and getting the LSD out of her handbag on the couch, when suddenly a White Rabbit with bloodshot eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did

Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!"

But when the White Rabbit said, "The Medium Is the Massage," and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that this rabbit was on a wilder trip than any she had ever been on. Burning with curiosity about its contact for acid, she ran down the hall after it, and was just in time to see it pop down the laundry chute.

Down went Alice after it, never once considering that she might be starting a bad trip. Down and down she swirled until finally she landed on a soft bale of grass.

She looked around her and then she saw the White Rabbit hurrying away, all the time looking anxiously in a rear-view mirror to see if anyone could follow it. Alice hurried after it.

Soon they came to a house; she knew it must belong to the White Rabbit because the chimneys were shaped like rabbit ears. The front of the house was one huge TV screen. Alice could see that the only way to get into the house was *through* the TV screen and this struck her as a rather odd way to get into a house.

Then she noticed a table set out under a tree in front of the house. The White Rabbit and a March Hare were sitting down and drinking tea and eating mushrooms. "What an odd menu," thought Alice.

A Dormouse was sitting between them, but it was quite unlike any Dormouse that Alice had ever seen before. It had a big question mark where its nose ought to be. Alice wondered about that. The White Rabbit and the March Hare were talking to each other. They were talking over the head of the Dormouse. "Oh," said Alice to herself, "now I understand why the Dormouse has that question mark on his face. Or, at least, I think I understand. Really, this is all very strange."

"Take a seat," said the White Rabbit.

"But there is no empty seat," said the puzzled Alice.

"That is because this is a *cold* tea party. You must use your imagination," said the March Hare. Alice could see, since the March Hare looked across the Dormouse to hang onto the White Rabbit's every word, that the March Hare was a hanger-on. That thought rather startled Alice. But she decided to make the most of a rather bad situation so she spread her handkerchief on the grass and sat upon it.

The White Rabbit spoke. "Kennedy won more votes than Nixon in the debates because Kennedy was cool and Nixon was hot." "Definitely," said the March Hare. "Huh?" said the Dormouse. Alice felt a question mark on her face.

"The movie viewer is engaged in looking at the screen. The TV viewer *is* the screen," said the Rabbit. "Huh?" said Alice.

"That is because the TV image produces some three million dots per second for the viewer," said the Rabbit.

"Dots?" said Alice. "I don't remember seeing any dots on my TV."

"Don't interrupt!" screamed the March Hare.

"The mosaic of TV dots," continued the Rabbit, "makes the viewer a maker and participant. The viewer accepts a few hundred of the three million dots to make an image. The motion picture in a theatre gives several million bits more data per second, so the viewer can form an impression without reducing the number of items too drastically. In other words, the viewer of TV receives a light charge from a TV set which acts like a 'spiritual' instrument. That makes the TV viewer the screen."

Alice could see that the Dormouse was trying very hard to understand. She knew this because beads of perspiration were forming on his question mark. She wanted to say that she did not understand a word, but she decided that it might be better to hold her tongue. The March Hare said, "Very true," and nodded his head in agreement.

The White Rabbit spoke again and Alice decided that the polite thing to do was to listen until it finished.

"Because of TV, the cultist reading of storybooks has declined. Along with this goes the rise of the elephant jokes."

"Oh! I know a *good* one!" shouted Alice.

"Quiet!" said the March Hare.

"I'm sorry," said Alice.

"Notice," continued the Rabbit, "that in this kind of joke the story line is pretty well stripped off."

"Oh, I see," said Alice. "And the elephant jokes are all due to TV?"

"Exactly," said the Rabbit. "Just the way TV made storybook reading decline."

"But," said Alice, "the knock-knock jokes had no story line. And they started before there . . ."

"Stop your arguing!" yelled the March Hare.

The White Rabbit just sat serenely, with a benevolent smile on its face, then it continued. "Many of today's TV children have evolved the bad habit of 'monocular' vision. That is one-eyed vision. Glasses cannot correct it. They try pitifully to get involved more deeply in the print of the page, and they have even got to within five or six inches of the page. They can never focus both eyes on the same thing at that distance so the poor little tykes get one-eyed vision."

"But," and Alice spoke as quickly and as loudly as possible so that the March Hare could not interrupt her, "I once had monocular vision and I am not a member of the TV generation. I never saw TV until I was twelve. And besides, my eye doctor . . ." But the March Hare could not be put off any longer.

"Stop interrupting! Would you interrupt Prof. Einstein? Would you argue with Dr. Freud?"

"N-n-n-no," said Alice, "but—oh well, I'll try to listen more carefully so I can understand."

The Rabbit smiled serenely and continued. "Notice that the elephant joke tends to be two jokes at once. The same thing is true today in stories and musicals and even in that well-known advertisement for Hathaway shirts. The baron has a black patch on his eye. The principal story is just the Hathaway shirts. But the subplot is what really involves the audience. The black patch speaks of mystery, aristocracy, hidden treasure."

"Oh, I understand that very well," interrupted Alice again. "That is what Vance Packard said in *The Hidden Pers—*" . . .

"Stop it this instant!" screeched the March Hare. "I shall have to turn you over to the Red Queen who will certainly have your head!" The March Hare was red itself, but the White Rabbit was still serene, so Alice continued.

"But it seems to me that you have just this minute discovered that you have a subconscious. Is that so, Mr. White Rabbit?" Alice wished she had not said that. The March Hare jumped up and probably would have gone for the Red Queen, but the White Rabbit restrained it serenely.

It continued, "Each new mechanical or electronic development produces a whole new human environment which surrounds and contains the old environments. But it changes the old things into 'art forms'—old stoves become valuable *objets d'art*, and so do old Tiffany lamps and old uniforms. For example, Camp is merely the environment of thirty years ago after it has been turned into an art form. Just putting into the display cases the old toys, old jewelry, and Mom's old clothes from thirty

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years ago, you make them art forms. That is C-A-M-P, the strange up-to-date archetype."

"Camp is an art form?!" exclaimed Alice. "I thought it was some kind of visual humor. Acting serious about something funny. A put-on." Alice glanced at the reddening March Hare and added, "But I can see your point. It must be an archetypal art form." The Hare settled down again.

The White Rabbit continued, "Just consider what would happen if we in North America copied the French and Germans and put eight hundred lines on our TV sets instead of the four hundred fifty lines that we have?"

"Would that make any difference?" asked Alice.

It went on as if it had not heard her. "This might result in pleasing the educators very much for if the visual intensity of the TV image is raised, it might help a lot to make the change from the mechanical age to our electronic age a lot easier."

"Do you mean," asked Alice, "that we in America have had a rougher transition than the French and Germans?"

"Oh, yes," answered the Rabbit.

"But," insisted Alice as she glared defiantly at the March Hare, "English TV is just like French TV and they seem to have had a more violent transition than we have. They've got The Beatles and Mary Quant and The Rolling Stones!" The only thing that saved Alice's head that time was that the March Hare was so violently angry that it choked on the mushroom it was eating.

"The child," continued the Rabbit, "is becoming one with the adult environment and as a child is vanishing from the picture because of electric information processing."

Alice's face brightened. "I know a lot of parents of teenagers and teenyboppers who will be very happy to hear that!"

For the first time the March Hare settled back and smiled benignly at her. The shadow of a frown crossed the face of the White Rabbit. It sat forward and looked displeased with her.

It went on, "I hope that in this very generation we can learn enough about programming the environment so that we can see our way to a world without words, an intuitive world, like a technological extension of the action of consciousness."

"Huh?" said Alice. The Rabbit looked serene and relaxed again.

The Dormouse looked bright for the first time. "Do you mean that everybody will stop talking?" And he smiled such a smile that the question mark almost disappeared in the smile wrinkles.

The March Hare looked puzzled.

"Does that mean," Alice asked, "that nobody will have to learn to spell? Oh, how the children will love that. But that will make my teachers worry about their tenure and they will be more gruff than ever. Oh, dear me!"

"All the world's a sage," said the Rabbit.

"Don't you mean 'stage'?" asked Alice.

"He said 'sage' so he means 'stage!'" screeched the March Hare.

"I'm sorry. I thought . . ." The Hare turned red again so Alice decided that she should be quiet.

"We are," said the Rabbit, "experiencing tactile fashion. Girls and boys dress alike. They have to touch to tell which is which."

"Oooooooooo!" said Alice.

"Miniskirts and topless waitresses are the style now because the visual is so unimportant now that nobody objects any more to nudity."

"But," sputtered Alice, "I thought you just said that boys and girls were dressing alike. I don't understand."

The March Hare opened his mouth to scream but the Dormouse picked up another mushroom and jammed it between the Hare's teeth. The Hare turned purple and grabbed a fistful of mushrooms and started throwing them at Alice.

Since the party was getting rough, Alice decided to leave. She caught one of the mushrooms and began to nibble on it as she walked away. Looking back just once, she saw the White Rabbit and the March Hare trying to stuff the Dormouse into the house through the TV screen.

Suddenly she found herself back in the pad she shared with her sister. Her sister's voice came through to her.

"Wake up Alice, you nut! That was one horrible long trip *this* time. You gotta take it easy, gal. Many more trips like that one and . . ."

"Sis, believe it or not, I don't even remember swallowing the acid for that trip." Alice just then caught a glimpse of the TV set, scrambled to her feet, ran straight at the set and dived into the screen.

"What the hell!" said her sister, "what happened to make her take a return trip *that* soon?!" and she started to clean up the mess.



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF:

Religious Book Publishing in the Sixties

A revolution is under way in religious book publishing. According to recent tabulations appearing in the conservative *Christian Herald*, the top religious best sellers include *The Gospel of Christian Atheism*, *Radical Theology and the Death of God*, *The Secular City* and *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*—and relatively few titles such as Billy Graham's *World Aflame*.

One title hints at the reason: *God Is For Real, Man*. The title and the book are akin to the front-runner of them all, Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God*, which has sold over a million copies since it first appeared four years ago. Calling in question the traditional clichés of Victorian religiosity, Robinson said nothing that was new to anyone acquainted with the writings of Paul Tillich and Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Shortly before the book appeared, I saw Robinson's article, "Our Image of God Must Go," in the *London Observer* and thought to myself: It's good that an Anglican bishop is raising these issues in a secular paper. As managing editor of *United Church Herald*, I soon received a copy of the book for review and routinely dashed off a brief paragraph about it under "pamphlets and paperbacks." No one was more astonished than I was when *Honest to God* started breaking records and soared to prominence as the book everybody was buying and discussing.

Honest to God was very much a fact of life when I entered the world of religious book publishing the following year. Even then, however, many experienced bookmen did not know what was happening. Salesmen knew that authors like Bruce Barton, Henry Drummond, Harry Emerson Fosdick and Norman Vincent Peale had sold well. They had never heard of Malcolm Boyd or Harvey

Cox. As an editor at Holt, Rinehart and Winston I had to overcome stubborn opposition before I could obtain a contract for *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?* At lunch during a sales conference, two of the Holt salesmen virtually wrote me off as a hopeless dreamer after unsuccessfully imploring me to come up with the kind of books they knew how to sell in the Bible Belt. At that time, the outstanding newer religious book at Holt was William Stringfellow's *My People Is the Enemy*, with a sales total not much more than 10,000 copies—a respectable figure but far from a breakout. In little more than a year *Are You Running* had become a runaway best seller, reaching the 100,000 mark. The paperback edition is a good bet to reach half a million or more in the same space of time; Boyd's second Holt hardcover book, *Free to Live, Free to Die*, was published in a first printing of 50,000.

Holt's experience was not unique. Part of the massive dossier I had to compile on Boyd's behalf testified to Sheed and Ward's experience with Michel Quoist's *Prayers*, which had gone almost unnoticed by book buyers when first published, beginning its climb to bestsellerdom some six or eight months later. Back then, Quoist was only a straw in the wind. I could not have promised anybody a best seller in the Boyd book, though it looked like a fair gamble. But of one thing I was sure: nobody had done it before and it was in line with *Honest to God*. Most important, I had a gut reaction to it as a book I wanted to publish regardless of the salesmen.

At Macmillan the story was not vastly different with Harvey Cox's *The Secular City*. Clued by their success with Bonhoeffer, Macmillan's editors hoped well for *The Secular City*, but they were frankly staggered by its reception. At John Knox Press an imaginative editor named Tadashi Akaishi saw possibilities in a book that was to materialize as *The Gospel According to Peanuts*, but he never imagined it would zoom past the half-million mark in paperback within a year. The formula is being repeated with books from John Knox and Abingdon on James Bond, and a distinguished scholar wrote to me to propose *The Gospel According to Gunsmoke* as his way of capitalizing on the trend.

If "our image of God must go," can the death of God be far behind? Bobbs-Merrill was the first to enter the lists with a non-book compiled from magazine articles by Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton, and bet on it to win. *Radical Theology and the Death of God* was launched with large pre-publication printings and strong advertising, and it found a ready market. This year, anthologies on the subject are coming out—no two alike—edited by Bernard Murchland (Random House), Altizer (Harcourt, Brace), Gabriel Vahanian (McGraw-Hill), Jackson Ice and John Carey (Westminster) and myself (Delacorte). And not only anthologies, as the three-page "Suggestions for Further Reading" in my anthology *The New Christianity* indicates. As I was beginning work on this book, the subject naturally came up in conversation, and frequently intellectuals like Irving Kristol of Basic Books, formerly editor of *Encounter*, observed wryly that the issue was passé, something they went through in college twenty years ago.

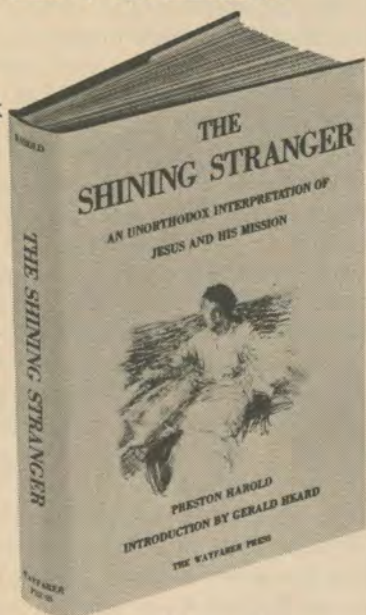
It was this that caught me off-base when *Honest to God* appeared. Having been so influenced directly by

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Tillich's thought, having seen it reach the popularity of his *Saturday Evening Post* article, "The Dimension of Depth"—what more was needed to give Tillich's ideas the widest audience one could expect for serious theology? As a book, *Honest to God* is not that good; it is choppy, uneven, equivocal by comparison with Tillich's own writing. What made it click, I think, was that an Anglican bishop rather than a German theologian was saying these things and doing so with a certain flamboyance which dramatically punctured the reading public's image of what a bishop is supposed to sound like. The title itself served notice that this was a new kind of book which set out to shuck off the tiresome piety of the past. In significance if not in meaning, it is a slang equivalent of "ultimate reality": *real*, but without priestly mumbo-jumbo.

Titles are not as decisive as concepts; *Situation Ethics* did not become a best seller because of a jazzy title but because it showed a Christian moralist going out to meet the world. "Explosive, as contemporary as tomorrow," said the description on the back cover, "this book will offend some, excite many, and challenge all!" If one rubric might be found to cover all the new religious best sellers, it might be that the gospel confronts the world, and the Christian who is "with it" cannot even grasp the gospel without setting it in a context provided by the world as it is, here and now. Whether the immediate focus is on the image of God, the style of prayer or myopic churchly pretensions, the reader is already out there in the world. He has to be. He has little time or inclination for books of devotion or spiritual guidance predicated on illusions which his world does not support. The man who responds to *Honest to God* hasn't taken the traditional notion of heaven seriously since childhood. But like a lost innocence, it has not evaporated. One wishes one could believe in it, if only it had some real meaning. And it is no use trying to achieve this wish-fulfillment by giving heaven a new paint job or coaxing the reader to a belief that doesn't fit the facts of life. Implicit in the new books, and sometimes explicit, is the affirmation that religion is no longer primarily about heaven and angels and blessed virgins and magical events but about basic things, about the meaning and purpose of life, about what's happening and where it's at.

Is God dead? You bet your life, gentle reader! God as *such*, as the subject or object of theology, is as *passé* as heaven and the angels; the whole bit is no more viable than Peter Pan. As Nietzsche points out, we have killed him. As Bonhoeffer said and Bishop Robinson hammered home, God is "out," edged off the map, defunct—not in hiding. God no longer works; technopolis has turned him into a trinket. To believe in God without completely redefining what this means is simply an act of bad faith. Hence being honest to God can result in *The Gospel of Christian Atheism*. Probably the most abstract and non-empirical of all the new religious books, it is also the most profoundly theological, offering an explanation not only of God's death but of a humanistic apotheosis that conserves the central message of the Incarnate Word—what it does, so to speak, is to show what remains divine and holy and sacred after the image of God as such is irretrievably gone. God is dead, but not merely this: what God was lives on, transcends God and is not only undiminished but in process of ongoing revelation. Altizer's is the most daring but not the only attempt to say

something like this. John Cobb's Whiteheadian process theology points in the same direction, responds to the same intuition, in his *Natural Theology*. Jürgen Moltmann's forthcoming *Theology of Hope* and Leslie Dewart's *The Future of Belief* are other responses, and it is not my purpose here to sift the differences of approach but to say that—whether Bolshevik or Menshevik—they represent a break with the past, a revolutionary step in the same direction. Some see God reborn to new life; others see God superseded by godless epiphanies of the divine; and still others are content to assert that both of these statements are identical or meaningless.

But the theologians' workshop has in any case been transformed from the place where airtight systems are constructed. It has become rather a laboratory. Whether the term "God" is used or not, theologians are no longer concerned with a Being but with what might be called the theological dimension of human experience. Through the tangle of vocabularies they are trying to refine and distill for modern man what by faith they discern in the biblical heritage as retaining human validity beyond the rise and fall of civilizations. For Fletcher, after he has finished paying his dues to the theological club, *Situation Ethics* rests on an interpretation of love which may or may not be illumined by the figure of Jesus Christ. The "Jesus" and "Lord" of Malcolm Boyd's incisive prayers do not require a theistic or even, in the usual sense, a theological foundation. Boyd's Jesus is self-defined within the scope of the book itself. It would afford an interesting exercise to go through all of these books and "detheologize" them, even remove the figure of Jesus or references to biblical statements except where they could just as well be from Homer or Kafka. They are independent of any form of piety; what remains with the theologizing removed still has a pragmatic kind of cogency. A comparison between Erich Fromm's avowedly non-theological interpretation of the Old Testament, *You Shall Be As Gods*, with a detheologized *Secular City* would reveal a very similar ethos and spirit, derived by different means from the same root. And both together would contrast in the same way with the artificial, unrooted humanism of a Julian Huxley or a Hugh Hefner.

But what is revolutionary about the new religious books is that their authors as religious humanists have more in common with a wide range of secular humanists than with any of the apologists for outworn religious traditions. Their concept of Jesus or of the Word has to make sense in the world or it is no good. The authors know this, and so do the readers. That is how the market for these books is formed, and to attempt to put the Humpty-Dumpty God back together again in any sense is a feat performed by and for a different set of people, those who are more at home in the womb of the Victorian church than in the arena of the world as it is.

Unmasking the devilry of Sigmund Freud, debunking Marx, lampooning McLuhan and caricaturing Darwin are enterprises of diminishing returns, although undoubtedly customers will continue to be found as long as pretechnological enclaves persist. I hesitate to suggest that people's reading or book-buying preferences are so rigorously determined, but the social sciences provide fairly reliable guesswork in correlating trends; the future is not so inscrutable. Religious book publishing is going to keep on in the direction in which it is now moving unless some economic or other catastrophe occurs. Just as war, famine



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or plague tend to produce various types and degrees of religiosity, e.g. correlating masochistic asceticism with fear of pestilence, so the joys and anxieties of an open society tend to call forth particular forms of celebration and soul-searching.

Concern for the future is not only a subject of this article; it becomes increasingly an emphasis in theology in a culture as mobile and full of unrealized potential as ours is. To put it colloquially, God only knows what will come of all the new scientific discoveries that keep on pouring out of a growing world scientific establishment. And if God only knows, or rather there is a dimension of ultimate concern aroused by these undisclosed possibilities, then the thrust of intuition and speculation will be toward the future.

The future is not the only area of emphasis, but Harvey Cox displays theological acumen in focusing attention on it and relating it to hope. If Brunner's identification of faith, love and hope with past, present and future is valid, it may well be that hope will become the fulcrum of religion which faith was in a historical epoch that was less mobile, less innovative, hence more aware of structure than of process. For us, process and renewal are constant realities. Are you *running* with me, Jesus? How does it work, what makes it go, what shall I become? These are the kinds of themes that will receive increasing attention in the religious books that are going to be read. There will be less and less religious or theological writing as such, more and more attention to literature in Christian perspective, sociological interpretations of church life and history, psychologies of faith, esthetics of worship, an interplay of know-how and believe-why, of expertise and prophetic witness and commitment. There may be a future for books like *The Power of Positive Thinking*, but it will become increasingly harder for the cleric without a firm foundation in Freud to speak with authority. Many specific forms of dialog have barely begun; the encounter between radical Christian thought and the varieties of Marxism is a case in point.

There is a tendency in book publishing as in other fields, to pursue trends far beyond their usefulness. We may expect a volume of the collected laundry tickets of Dietrich Bonhoeffer before we get the first writings of his yet-undiscovered counterpart in the present generation, and we will probably get a tendentious *Gospel According to Barbarella* as well. All that can be said with reasonable assurance is that religious book publishing is unlikely to return to its former staples. I think also that church-related publishing houses will have to become more secular or perish. There will be fewer new religion departments formed by secular publishing houses, more of a tendency to seek editors who combine religious with other fields of interest or specialization. Eventually it may come to pass that religious book publishing will cease to be a measurable entity at all, and even the category of "religious book" may vanish. Not right away; we are now at the opposite pole of that dialectic. Religious publishing is on the upswing—but because it is a new kind of religious publishing, representing religion in process of transformation toward the secular and humanistic, even atheistic in a new sense, its future is by no means assured under that name.

—WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER

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DO YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, LONDON, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A MINIMUM NUMBER OF RECORDS?	12	10	4	NONE! No obligations! No yearly "quotas"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	\$47.76 TO \$59.72	\$39.80 TO \$49.80	\$15.92 TO \$19.92	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 77% OFF—GUARANTEED never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received.

AT LAST A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

is the way YOU want it—a record club with strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their "best" labels! They make you buy up to 10 or more records a year—at full price—to fulfill your "obligation." And if you forget to return their month-card—they send you a record you don't want a bill for \$5.00 or \$6.00! In effect, you are charged almost double for your records!

But Record Club of America Ends All That! You choose any LP... on any label. Everything from Bernstein and Baez to Sinatra and the Beatles—including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no records at all if you so decide. Discounts are NEVER LESS THAN ONE THIRD, and GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 77% OFF! You never pay full price—and never pay \$1 for a record for stereo! You get best-sellers for as low as 94¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

Can We Break All The Record Club "Rules"? No! We are the only major record club NOT OWNED, NOT CONTROLLED... NOT "SUBSIDIZED" by any record manufacturer anywhere. (No other record club can make that claim!) Therefore we are never obliged by "company policy" to push one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturers. Nor are we prevented by distribution agreements, as are other major record clubs, from offering the very newest records. So we can and do—offer all records and cut prices to the people! Only Record Club of America offers records for as low as 94¢! (You can't expect "conventional" record clubs to be interested in keeping record prices low—when they are manipulated by the very manufacturers who want to keep record prices

to join, mail coupon with check or money order for \$5. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee!

Look What You Get

- Lifetime Membership Card guarantees you brand new LPs at dealer cost. Discounts up to 77%!
- Free 300-Page Schwann Catalog lists all LPs available.
- Disc®, the Club's FREE magazine, and special Club Sales Announcements which update "Schwann" and list extra discount specials.

Guaranteed Same-Day Service

The Club's own computer system, located on our premises, processes your order same day received! Every record brand new, factory fresh (never "club pressings" or "seconds")! You must be completely satisfied or every record fully returnable!

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 77%), or our selection (largest in the world!)—or even if you've simply changed your mind—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE!

Over 750,000 music lovers, schools, libraries, and other budget-wise institutions now get brand new LPs for as little as 94¢—through the only major record club not dominated by the record manufacturers! Join now and save. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America, Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only \$2.50 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings cost down to \$3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save! See coupon for your big savings.

12B

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DISCOUNTS TO 77%—PRICES AS LOW AS 94¢ PER RECORD!

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Also send _____ Gift Memberships at \$2.50 each to names on attached sheet. Alone I pay \$5; if I join with one friend and split the total, cost is only \$3.75 each; with two friends, \$3.33 each; with three friends, \$3.13 each; with four friends only \$3 each.

I ENCLOSE TOTAL OF \$_____ covering one \$5 Lifetime Membership plus any Gift Memberships at \$2.50 each.

Print Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CONTRIBUTORS

MICHAEL NOVAK, member of *motive's* editorial board, is on the faculty of the Special Program in Humanities at Stanford University. He returned last month from South Vietnam where he covered the election for a number of national publications. His most recent book (co-authored with Robert McAfee Brown and Rabbi Abraham Heschel) is *Vietnam: Crisis of Conscience*.

AL CARMINES is associate minister and director of the arts at Greenwich Village's Judson Memorial Church. He returns next month as *motive's* regular film reviewer, if we can unplug his phonograph.

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG has just joined the faculty of State University of New York, Buffalo, as professor of education and sociology. He is the author of *Coming of Age in America* and *The Vanishing Adolescent*.

LAWRENCE SWAIM is a freelance poet living in San Francisco. He is completing a volume of poetry.

THOMAS P. McDONNELL is book editor and staff writer for *The Pilot*, official (Roman Catholic) publication of the Archdiocese of Boston. **THOMAS MERTON'S** poem, "Epitaph for a Public Servant," was published in the May 1967 issue of *motive*.

LEON HOWELL is a new father. He also is Literature and Study Secretary for the University Christian Movement.

BETTY MONSON'S allusive satire on "McLuhanism" is an appropriate entry for launching a new essay section, "Short Trips," which will appear as a regular feature in *motive*. Mrs. Monson is a wife and mother who does freelance writing on the side.

WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER is the author of *Non-violence* (Schocken Books), and editor of *The New Christianity*, to be published by Delacorte.

WILLIAM S. DOXEY is a graduate student and part-time instructor at the University of North Carolina.

The "hippie conversation," which begins on page 8, was recorded originally as footage in the film, *Could You Answer My Question?* The film was produced for the Division of the Local Church of the Board of Education and the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church by the National Council of Churches.

POETS: SUZANNE GROSS, whose work most recently appeared in *motive* last February, exchanged her post as poet-in-residence for housewifery: she married musician Paul Reed in June, and has moved to Kansas.

ADRIANNE MARCUS, whose work we have also featured before, has been doing these 'combines' of poems/photography in collaboration with photographers Richard Steinheimer and Ron Turner for about a year.

GEOF HEWITT lives in Ithaca, N.Y., where he edits the new poetry magazine *Kumquat*. His poems have most recently appeared in *Epoch*, *Choice*, *Poetry Northwest*, and *New*.

DON MITCHELL is a junior philosophy major at Swarthmore. He spent his summer living and writing in the Hashbury.

ARTISTS: TOM COLEMAN is an assistant professor of printmaking at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln. His graphics have received many awards; under his guidance his students' work has achieved remarkable quality, as this issue demonstrates.

GORDON DEAN YOUNG is a recent graduate of the University of Nebraska; he will be doing graduate work this year at Tulane University.

SHARON KAY BEHREND'S, another student of Tom Coleman, recently finished work for her M.F.A. She received the Vreeland Award at Nebraska.

ROBERT WEAVER is a graduate of the Kansas City Art Institute and is presently working on an M.F.A. degree at the University of Nebraska. His work has won numerous awards.

WES WILSON is a West coast artist whose work recently achieved national attention; his work epitomizes the Frisco Nouveau style.

BOB FITCH is a freelance photographer living in Berkeley. His work has appeared widely.

DENNIS AKIN is *motive's* new art editor. He joins the staff this year after serving nine years as head of the art department at Southwestern College, Winfield, Kansas.

MIKE CHICKIRIS, a frequent contributor to *motive*, lives in Athens, Ohio.

DOUGLAS GILBERT is a newcomer to *motive*. He is a New York freelance photographer.

JOHN MAST, Brooklyn photographer, last appeared in *motive* in May 1965.

RON TURNER sends his photos from his home base in San Francisco.

The psychedelic posters, created by **MOUSE STUDIOS** and **FAMILY DOG PRODUCTIONS**, came to *motive* from the Moore Gallery in San Francisco, which is currently enjoying a highly successful "Joint Show" of five top poster artists: Stanley Mouse, Wes Wilson, Alton Kelly, Rick Griffin, and Victor Moscoso.

RALPH MEATYARD is a photographer of exceptional sensibilities from Lexington, Kentucky.

ELIZABETH EDDY is a Chicago artist who frequently contributes to *motive*.

JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN—novelist, essayist, musicologist, photographer—lives in Mansfield, Texas. He is author of the noted *Black Like Me*.

RAY GEORGE is assistant professor of art education at the University of Nebraska.



PHOTO: BOB FITCH

The Future and Dr. Love

Dr. Farraday Love, Chairman of the Religion Department, was fond of two things. One was logic, sure and definite propositions that added up to the inevitable. The other was a saying, a pattern of words which he used after erecting a logical structure and dropping its capstone conclusion in place. In those lofty moments he would hum and say, "One must conclude, as surely as night follows day, that . . ."

Neither the logic nor the saying was lost upon Professor Love's students. The former they appreciated, for it enabled them to take adequate notes in good outline form. The latter they eagerly looked forward to, for it marked the nearing conclusion of another of the Professor's lectures.

And so, on a clear, chilly October afternoon, as a small breeze rustled the red and gold leaves beyond the third floor windows of his lecture room, Professor Love hummed, looked steadily at the twenty-three students in his Problems in Contemporary Religion class, and said firmly, "One must conclude, as surely as night follows day, that the future of mankind, in view of its constant progress, can be promising." The students wrote, finished writing, and closed their books. Professor Love looked benevolently upon his charges. The students smiled and listened for the bell.

"This is a fine class," Professor Love thought. "Bright, industrious people. Good things in store for them. Yes. Why, I—"

His thoughts were shattered. A voice said, "Do you really believe in Progress and the Future of Man?"

The class swung about and eyed the questioner. Mr. Akfak, a student who assiduously rode the back row had, until this moment, said nothing more in class than "here" when the Professor mutilated his name at roll call.

Dr. Love glanced at his watch. Two minutes to the bell. His answer would be short, to the point, yet logical, undeniable. "Yes, Mr. Akfak," he said. "I do believe in Progress and I do believe in the Future

of Man. Both are terms of the same proposition, which, based upon the intelligence—both intellectual and spiritual—of man, assure that one must conclude, as surely as night follows day, that the proposition is true."

Mr. Akfak replied, "You're all wrong."

The grossest charge of atheism could not have disturbed Dr. Love more. He squinted down on Mr. Akfak like a bushwhacker taking aim. A minute and a half till the bell. "Please explain yourself, sir."

Mr. Akfak stood. The waning afternoon light slashed his body like a golden blade. He put his hands behind his back, looked at a spot just above Professor Love's head, and spoke in a frank, clear voice.

"I think you can't logically believe in Progress and in Man's Future. Briefly, I'll give you my reasons."

Dr. Love looked at his watch. One minute. He would have to be brief.

"Progress," Mr. Akfak continued, "means the moving forward of society on all fronts, political, social, scientific, et cetera. We tend to believe in Progress simply because, to now, there has been a progression, a development. For example, scientifically the world is far different from what it was fifty or even twenty-five years ago. So no one doubts that science does progress. Based upon our everyday experience, this would seem to be a truth, and since it is, we expect that it will continue to be true; that is, that science and mankind will continue to develop."

Several students nodded their approval. Dr. Love again consulted his watch. Forty seconds.

"But this is just the reason, the proof if you like, that there can be no Progress after a certain point in time, which has already been reached."

A front row student cried "What?" and wheeled about to Dr. Love for support.

Mr. Akfak went on. "Something has already happened to the world, perhaps to the universe, in the future. The proof of this lies in the fact of science's steady progress. From manpower to atomic power, from steam to electricity, from the

atomic to the quantum theory, from Newtonian to Relativity physics, from concepts of matter to those of anti-matter, science has progressed. It would seem that science is unlimited.

"Yet somewhere out there," he gestured toward the open window, "out there, in the future, the future has ended. This is a fact. Why? Because no one has come back to us from the future! This would have happened if there had been a future distant enough. For in the steady progress of science it would become a necessity that at some point in time scientists would create a machine that could conquer time, a time machine that would enable men to travel back and forth in history as easily as a jet flies between continents or a rocket between planets."

He paused, the dying sun now setting a fading swarth over his features. "Because men have not come to us from the future, it stands proven that there is no future."

Dr. Love looked at Mr. Akfak. The class looked back and forth at the two of them. Beyond the window the dead and dying red and brown leaves tumbled and fell from the towering trees. In the weak sunlight the world was pale and cool.

The bell rang. Dr. Love looked at his palms as though the answer was written there in the crossing lines. Then he closed his hands and looked at the knotted fists. One by one the students left the room until Professor Love stood all alone, a dark form in the gathering shadows. It was frightening. How would it end? Would the sun explode, the universe contract. When?

He went to the window. The world was still there, the setting sun, the wind, the leaves drifting upon the brown grass. He looked up at the clear, pale sky, and thought, "Perhaps, just perhaps they're on their way right now."

And as the night followed the day, he slipped his books and lecture notes into his briefcase, went out of the building, and slowly walked home.

—WILLIAM S. DOXEY