

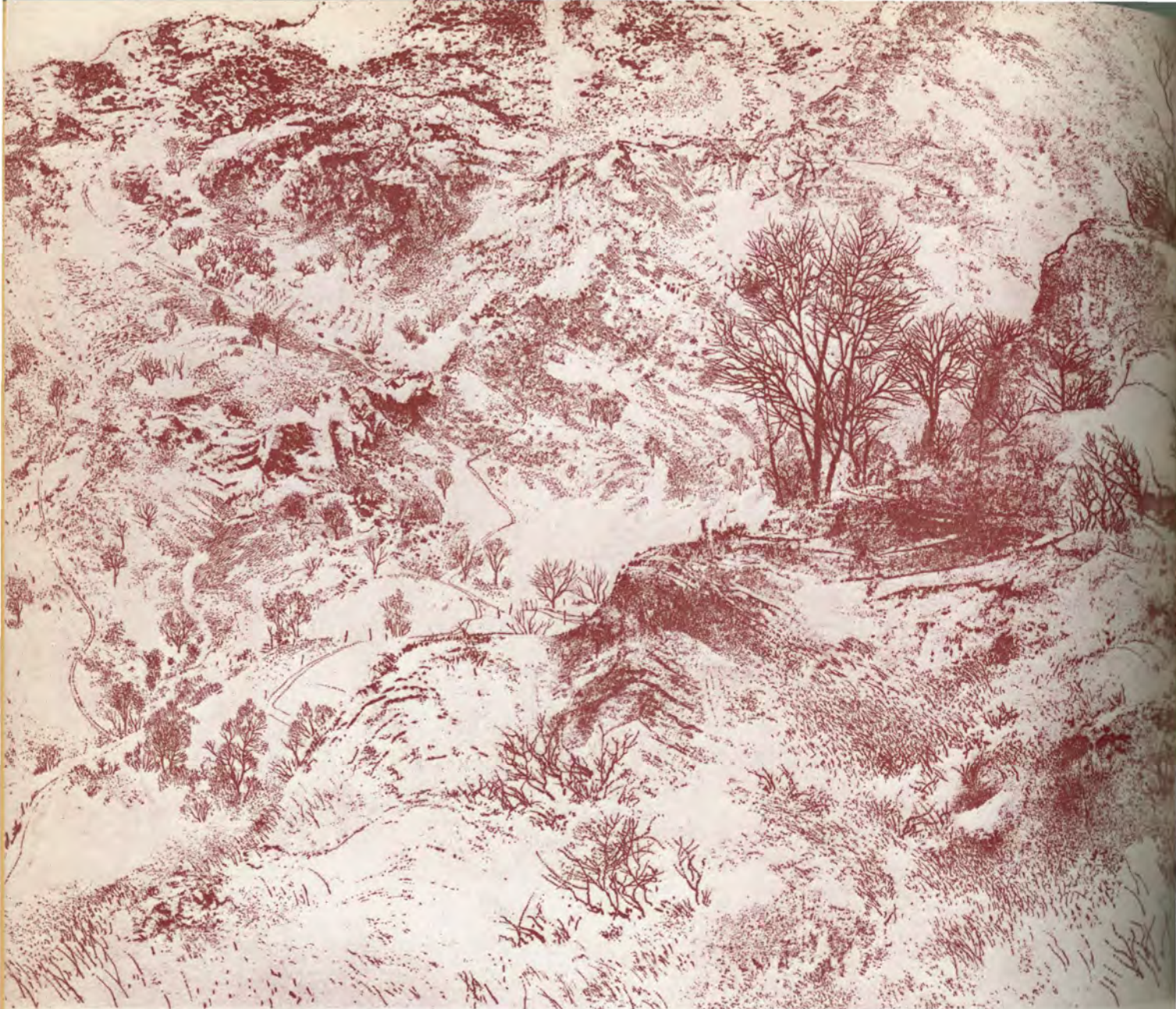
MOTIVE

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ETCHING: BRUEGHELSCAPE NUMBER ONE

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s

- 2 THE PICKET LINE
- 4 EDITORIAL B. J. STILES
- 6 GOD IS ALIVE IN DUBUQUE—MAYBE ANDREW KEY
- 12 THE PROBLEM OF GOD *poem*, JOHN L'HEUREUX
- 14 RADICAL THEOLOGY—WHICH WAY NOW? THOMAS C. ODEN
- 18 3 REALITY SANDWICHES, AND PLEASE GO EASY ON THE REALITY *poems*,
ROBERT BURLINGAME, RICHARD FRICKS, PETER MEINKE
- 20 ON DRAWING LOGICAL AND ONTOLOGICAL CONCLUSIONS LARRY L. ROSE
- 24 ON THE BORDER *poem*, HARRY MacCORMACK
- 28 HISTORY AS PRIVATE ENTERPRISE HOWARD ZINN
- 36 HERE LIES *poem*, GORDON CURZON



PETER W. MILTON

38 WITH SYMPATHY AND THANKSGIVING WILLIAM BLOOM

43 3 VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN MALE *films*, AL CARMINES

45 GROKING THE CHURCH OF A.D. 2000 *short trips*, CLIFFORD W. EDWARDS

48 CONTRIBUTORS

COVER 3: RENAISSANCE DREAMER *etching*, NOYES CAPEHART LONG

COVER 4: THE FABLE OF THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE *fable*, JEROME W. BERRYMAN

FRONT COVER: The riot wreath collage, depicting the human anguish and wanton destruction of the cities, symbolizes the frustration and fear existing today between the black and white worlds. The photograph, by WALLOWITCH, New York freelance photographer, vibrates with the innocent enthusiasm for life manifest by those not yet destroyed by racism. The collage was designed by DENNIS AKIN, *motive's* art editor.

motive

DECEMBER 1967
VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 3

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In the coming weeks and months, the college campuses may well explode. A global war escalating out of control is the root. The American people are awakening slowly to the fact that their government is lost in world crisis and does not know how to regain the national security. This is a moment when hysteria or a destructive irrational storm can explode.

Campus leaders and editors may be doing civilization a disfavor by merely fanning the ferment, bringing on the irrational spasm, instead of providing leadership—or vision—which the rising generation needs.

In our capacities as parents, citizens, and professionals (Harriet is an ordained minister of the United Church and I am a former Lt. Col. in the Air Force), we have devoted twenty years to a positive, constructive program to inject the missing element into U.S. foreign policy: namely, a compassionate concern for the future safety and well-being of mankind.

We have had continuous rejection from the Establishment within church organizations, social action centers, and the international affairs centers. Through the years, we've been rejected by the military-industrial-financial power community which tends to dominate international strategy, even within the churches. But our concerns are being picked up by the underground church which is emerging among people of all faiths.

We, therefore, hope that you and your readership will read the June 1967 issue of *Renewal* magazine which presents in detail our concerns and proposals. We know that the desks of students and campus ministers are now loaded with appeals and deadlines, but we hope many will pay some attention to the article, "Global Compassionate Power."

We would be delighted to hear immediately from readers of *motive* who would be interested in joining our concerns.

HOWARD G. & HARRIET B. KURTZ
war control planners, inc., box 35
chappaqua, new york 10514

Your October issue raises the question: How will the "church left" respond to the hippie movement? It is a question worth speculating about, for its answer prescribes how the church will be able to relate to an increasingly influential group.

Peripherally, young Christians will respond as all young Americans must. Much of the hip left's enormous creative energy has been channeled into mass media in the form of *Frisco nouveau art*, "in" slogans, and rock music. The block letter in poster art, for example, has been replaced widely by "head" letters which require the reader's complete attention to be deciphered. Straight people find themselves using expressions like "turning on" and "turning off" in everyday speech. And in music, "psychedelic rock" has supplanted the misnamed "folk-rock" period. To be into the college music scene four years ago was to be that much into the civil rights movement. To be into the college music scene today is to be that much into the hip thing.

Probably the church leftists will not turn on to hip drugs very much; there is still too much dissension over whether or not the pleasures of tobacco and alcohol—both legal—are morally

wrong or not. But the hip act of dropping out poses anew one of the oldest questions for the disenchanted: Do you change the system most effectively by working from within it, or from outside? Christian and non-Christian radicals alike should realize that a fair answer to this question can only be a personal one, and they should have tolerance enough to accept the answers of those who choose the alternative path. And it should also be understood by people considering the use of psychedelics that the drugs may change one's answer to the question.

Finally, it will be helpful for Christian leftists to look with optimism on the hip phenomenon. If political activists view the hip left as a sickness in itself, they will only frustrate themselves further in these already frustrating times. Rather they should see hippies as their contemporaries and comrades under the skin, responding to the same sicknesses in American life that they, the activists, are protesting. If the hippies are sinking more human and monetary resources into psychedelics than into the peace movement, at least they are active at dodging the draft and are solidly opposed to the war. If the hippies aren't organizing the dispossessed to usher in a new society, at least they are experimenting with new forms and new values which that society may choose to adopt someday. The idea of a life worthy of the name human is big enough to be shared among leftists of all hues—hip or straight, political and non-political, atheist or Christian. And if the ideal is ever achieved, it will be within a social order great enough to include all of these as brothers.

DON MITCHELL
swarthmore college

In closing, I'd like to thank *motive* for continuing with the high level of journalism that has been in such evidence over the years.

RICHARD L. DEATS
assoc. prof. of social ethics
union. theological seminary
manila, philippines

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Today I received still another copy of your magazine. I have no idea who submitted my name for a subscription, but I wish that they hadn't. I do not object violently to your magazine, but I do not like what is printed. I would like to expand on this further.

First, I am happy to see that my church (if one can say that I am actually part of an Established church) has provided a magazine for its youth. It shows that the Establishment within The Methodist Church realizes the fact that there are youth, that these youth are to be future Establishment. I am pleased to see that they are liberal-minded enough to produce something which is exclusively for us. I can say this because I went to a private school where children (all boys) were to be vessels to be filled with the Bible and other related crap. The result has been that I have developed a religion of my own, consisting of me and my God. I cannot stomach "that old time religion," and it *literally* warms my heart to see a denomination that is aware of and attuned to the younger generation.

Second, I wish to have my subscription cancelled because I cannot agree with the basic subject matter of the publication. The editorial policy is too far out and too liberal for me. It is appealing to semi-hippies (hippies I don't feel would be likely to read *motive*), and I am not a part of their ranks. I have no sympathy with them. I can appreciate their desire for self-expression, freedom of speech, press, and assembly; etc., but I cannot and do not understand, appreciate or condone their methods exercising these American rights. You can easily label me as one of America's youth with built-in middle age, but I happen to like it. I come from a good, stable family. I was disciplined as a child and youth. I have been given a good education. And through this all I feel that the basic tenets of the Establishment (non-governmental, that is) are just fine.

Of course, I do see a need for change, and I can see it coming; there is always some change as a new generation assumes control. And I see many reasons why the coming change will be more radical than previous changes. My generation is one of nuclear power, constant military conflict, a fantastically high and ever-rising standard of living, a rapidly growing economy due to technology and science, and myriad other factors heretofore not present.

Yes, I do recognize that the present "generation gap" is somewhat larger and more complex than before. I do not on the other hand, feel that the methods employed and advocated by the more "liberal" of my generation are the ones which will be victorious. I hope to live to see these people, a definite minority so far, grow more mature and to see them settle down somewhat. They are now a spotlighted, outspoken, publicized minority. Their ranks may possibly grow much bigger. But I fear the day that they represent more than one-half of the young set; I fear the day when they are so powerful as to strongly influence the leaders of our government and the power groups which influence the government.

Third, and finally, I do want to close with two compliments. In your October issue, I did enjoy the article by Edgar Friedenberg, "The Draft and the Generation Gap," and the poem "Skydiver" by Adrienne Marcus. It is Friedenberg's article which has prompted me to write this letter. In Miss Marcus' poem, I found a peaceful and somewhat cosmic self-expression. It is a feeling of some object or movement which revives one's spirit and makes me glad to be alive. It is the feeling I have when standing on a cliff near my house (Long Island) during a windy storm.

FRANKLIN L. SCHMIDT
marietta college
marietta, ohio

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Ross Terrill's "Between Substance and Shadow" (Nov., '67) is a perceptive and valuable article for those seeking to understand the forces at work in Southeast Asia, especially in the Philippines. Despite many achievements in this vigorous republic, the similarity between the Philippines and pre-Castro Cuba is sobering.

After eight years in these islands, I have begun to hear for the first time from responsible journalists and national leaders serious concern over the possibility of revolution. As Terrill rightly points out, however, Marcos is *not* another Batista and the conditions are not as grave perhaps as the doctrinaire Marxists would have us believe. There are possibilities of evolutionary political and economic progress which may yet prevent a violent revolution from breaking out.

I would, however, like to take exception to Terrill on two points. While he puts his finger on one of the burning issues in the archipelago—the heavy dominance of the United States in both the internal and external affairs of the Philippines—I feel he overstates his case. Granted that the Philippines is semi-colonial, one should not ignore genuine American contributions in the islands (e.g., rice research, labor education, various programs of AID, the Peace Corps, etc.). Nor should it be made to appear that the U.S. is the chief source of the nation's ills (though most of Terrill's arguments are well taken). Even if American influence were to disappear overnight, corrupt politicians, greedy landlords and reactionary churchmen would still dominate much of the national scene. I feel that too often the Filipino hyper-nationalists minimize this fact by making the U.S. the scapegoat for whatever goes wrong in the islands.

I also believe it is unrealistic for Terrill to propose that the Philippines counterbalance U.S. power in the islands by turning more toward mainland China. However sound this may appear from the standpoint of a theoretical balance of power, I just do not see it as a possibility. And this is not simply due to American stupidity in her China policy. The Philippines—again regardless of American influence—has been extremely rigid in her relations with communist countries. Even today she has no diplomatic relations with any communist country; local prejudice against the Chinese adds to the unlikelihood of cordial relations with a regime both Chinese and militantly communist. The Marcos administration has allowed some journalists and others into the mainland of China and there was recently a mission to Moscow to explore trade possibilities. But this is still a long way from any development of close relationships with communist countries.

EDITORIAL

Revive An Old Word

Reconciliation is a dead word. And for many, it is a bankrupt concept.

Once a dogma: "Be ye reconciled," then a requirement: confession before sacraments, then an institution: such as the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the term is now relegated by most to a place on the shelf of tradition.

But there is a new mood in America which is profoundly disturbing, and which suggests that we must dust off the word and its root ideas. The anger and bitterness which are now surfacing mock the rhetoric of reconciliation which lingers from the past.

This anguish, prevalent in the Left as well as in the Right, young and old, rich and poor, black and white, now appears to be a fundamental condition affecting almost every problem. Casual interpersonal conflicts, massive urban alarm, and international volleys—all are supercharged with arrogant impatience and destructive hatred.

Wherever you are, you seem to be swimming against the tide of violence and fear. I have watched countless parents wrench anxiously as their offspring initiate the onslaught of independence. And gatherings of the offspring exude similar distrust, fear and estrangement.

I have not taken a single trip in recent months in which three out of four conversations didn't eventually turn to a condemnation of the "niggers" and the destruction which "they" have caused in our cities. There is an ugliness in these conversations which is frightening. There are hints that many in our nation would now like to destroy the Negro (and vice-versa) as the Germans did the Jews.

The mood today seems increasingly to be an eye-for-an-eye and bomb-for-bomb temper, whether the context is a domestic quarrel or the "containment" of China.

In this holocaust of verbal vindictiveness, we are almost stunned by a genuine act of caring. We have allowed ourselves to be programmed into ridiculous caricatures of concern—greeting cards for all emotions, welfare for every need, a welcome wagon for each traveler, and a credit card to cover it all—and we seldom give or receive straightforward acts of love.

But it is easy to lament. What can we do?

I believe that we must return to some solid understanding of the validity of reconciliation itself. For all practical purposes, modern Christians have abdicated reconciliation, and would gladly deed the whole territory to the psychiatrists, lawyers, policemen, or barring all other alternatives, even the U.N.

Professional religionists are enthralled at rediscovering the pluralism, anonymity and secularism of the world, but too frequently we fail to correlate this discovery with a suffering servant theology. Unless our power politics and social reconstruction can be mitigated by some compassion which transcends secular history, then rebuilding the City of Man will be futile and illusionary. The dynamics of social change can be as easily vitiated by demonic mankind as 19th century social gospel utopianism was by 20th century technology.

The question of power is crucial, obviously, to solving the urgent problems of our day. And it is at this point that the church appears to be crippled in fulfilling its potential role as reconciler. That the church is preoccupied with protecting its institutional largesse is already adequately documented and criticized. But what is seldom explored is the very opportunity which is now given the church—as institution—to use these resources to bring people into harmony. In an era when indecent housing is a chronic problem for a significant majority of America's poor, how many churches are willing



to use their funds and their structures to alter housing patterns in their community? How many churches do you know that are underwriting non-profit housing developments? How many laymen in your circle of friends are spending as much time on inner city rehabilitation as they are on church re-decorating?

Reconciliation is a matter of actions, not homiletics. Perhaps part of the alienation which is so pervasive is that we feed on rhetoric rather than being nourished by the actual experience of social change. Just as "I'm sorry" is the threshold to personal rapprochement, so "Here am I" is a start toward affecting social harmony.

"Whitey" and "Nigger" are now guns apart in our lives. And how few of us there are who are willing to duplicate symbolically or actually the gesture depicted on the cover of this issue! I am under no illusion that false or innocent embraces will stymie hate or compensate for decades of injustices. But neither will radical isolation produce

enduring racial harmony. "Separate but equal" is a doctrine we have been long in overcoming, and we cannot afford the luxury now of deluding ourselves that black or white can resolve injustices apart. Black Power has many significant contributions to make to America, but only when it can be harnessed with Love Power will the contribution be more than self-serving.

Len Chandler has a moving ballad now popular about "Lovin' People." What Len sings should be heard as though it were a trumpet call to a new life. To love is not to gloss over differences, but is to act as though differences must be harnessed toward the larger goal: peace in our time for all men.

Advent is upon us, and we set about in our usual ways to acknowledge the Incarnation. Perhaps our most authentic act of celebration would be to lay our bodies on the altar of events as testimony to our radical hope that man can yet live in harmony.

—B. J. STILES

God In

R. O. HODGELL



WOODCUT: CRUCIFIED

Is Alive Dubuque — maybe

By ANDREW KEY

The death of God came as something of a shock to many Midwesterners of my student generation (early postwar to the mid-fifties). To just as many of the current student generation the deity's demise was greeted with a response ranging from a bemused smile to a smug "I told you so." Our colleges may well be remembered by future historians for spawning the world's first mass produced humanists.

Let me hasten to add a few qualifications to this statement:

1) The colleges, at least those in the Midwest with which I am most familiar, are not turning out such students consciously, nor do they even desire to do so. The metamorphosis in campus religious attitudes is occurring "over the dead body" of many a college administrator and faculty member.

2) The students who make up the new breed are not, in most cases, the majority. The new breed is at least a minority in the Midwest and this is probably the case in the more civilized parts of the country (or in the hotbeds of sin and iniquity—to give you your pick of provincialisms). The old adage that the *avant-garde* of one generation end up being the

conservatives of the next may well be true. The majority of students, at least those with whom I have come in contact, look remarkably like the fossil remains of the ones who were considered "way out" when I was a student.

3) Yet, I am equally convinced that while we are dealing with a minority, it is (for good or ill) a growing minority. It is also my opinion (backed by no statistical data whatsoever) that it is a minority composed primarily of the "better students" (whatever that means). If this generalization is true, then it behooves the older generation to give ear to what these students are saying.

4) I do not consider the new student attitudes an unmitigated evil. I am enough of a cultural relativist that I would at least like to suspend judgment. The new breed is not better or worse; it is simply different.

When I was an undergraduate, God was not yet dead; he was only slightly sick. Granted, every college had its village atheist, but he was regarded in much the same way that still earlier generations viewed the village idiot. He was generally an object of pity which one patronizingly tried to "help."

Whatever response he elicited, he was seldom taken seriously. The overwhelming majority of "thinking people" were religious to their very core. But it was a religion of a strange (one might almost say warped) variety.

We all mouthed the platitudes of Christian doctrine. But, even then, I don't think we really believed them—at least not with the same gut response which we were told earlier generations of Christians got from believing them. We had in fact demythologized religion long before any of us had even heard the term. We talked a lot about things such as God's acting in history and even about his existence. This was, however, really little more than an intellectual exercise.

Looking back on the "experience of the presence of God" which we claimed to feel, we are inclined to think more in terms of Scrooge's explanation of Marley's Ghost—it was a "fragment of an underdone potato," or in our case, overdone and inhibited adolescent drives. While in our religious exercises we spoke of God's acting in history, we actually responded to the stream of history with words and thoughts culled from the classroom. We knew the meaning of terms like "power," "sovereignty," "national interests," etc., and we knew these in our guts.

We were, in a real sense, religious schizophrenics. We were in a constant state of tension trying to relate in some meaningful way what we knew to be true on the one hand and what we believed (or thought we ought to believe) on the other. Our solution was generally to identify the two. Our interests were God's interests; our ambitions were actually the prompting of a divine providence. We almost out-Calvined Calvin. If the kingdom of God was not just around the corner we could at least hope for it, sure in the conviction that when it came it would be built squarely upon the rocks of security and success. Church attendance was beginning its postwar upsurge, business was booming, and we were all a part of this glorious state of affairs. College was a part of the divine plan since it paved the way to the tranquil, easy life of success and security. This time the world—for Christ, the American Way and indoor toilets! The excesses of McCarthyism were accepted by all too many good Christians. In the Midwest at least, the "good" news that God was dead would have been greeted (during the fifties) only by a laugh. Events since then have shown that this laugh was only a poorly concealed nervous giggle.

Precisely what happened and just why it happened is hard to say. The "whys" of history are always something of a sticky wicket. It may have been the Berlin wall, Dien Bien Phu, Israeli-Arab troubles, Poland, Hungary, Sputniks, inflation, racial trouble, the population explosion, the Cuban fiasco

or any other of a long list of problems which seemed to multiply in Malthusian proportions in the fifties and early sixties. It may have been that the postwar scientific revolution which held out the promise of conquering even the age old nemesis of death simply made religion superfluous. Some would say that religion has always been meaningless and that we have simply entered another of those ages when large numbers recognize the fact. I only know that sometime around the turn of the decade a transformation took place on the Midwestern college campus. The "thinking student" used to be amazed by disbelief; he is now increasingly amazed by belief.

The current student generation is, in effect, proclaiming the death of God in silence. The burning theological questions of previous years are not only not burning, they are not even being asked. Who cares where (or what) heaven might be or how modern man can find meaning in the concept of the Trinity? I haven't heard students seriously argue the possibility of miracles for years. Perhaps this generation is simply more honest than we were. We watered down religious terms until there was little of the original substance left in order to be able to retain them in our jargon. We felt that we had to hang on to at least the terminology of the faith if not the faith itself. This need seems no longer to be felt. By ceasing to speak of the "supernatural" this generation has at least achieved a certain consistency in their day-to-day lives that always eluded us. We were hung up on the problem of trying to make a theistic faith relative to human problems. They have ignored the dilemma by cutting off one of the horns.

This is not to say that the new breed of students has suddenly become militant atheists or religious iconoclasts. Some of them have a great curiosity about what others believe. They make, in fact, excellent students in college courses in religion. Many are much more knowledgeable about the doctrines of particular denominations than many who profess the faith. And, it must be pointed out, this is not a missionary movement. They are not trying to "educate" the believers. They don't "knock" the beliefs of others; these beliefs are simply not for them.

Many commentators on the new breed, particularly those found within the framework of religious denominations, argue that their real complaint is not with faith itself but with the presumed inadequacy of institutional religion. "If we can make the institution relevant (I think the going phrase is 'revitalize the Church'), we may yet see a mass return to the faith." There is no question that today's students are concerned with the shortcomings of the institution; most of them do, after all, come from churchgoing families and have seen these shortcomings firsthand. They are unhappy with the failure of the denominations to address themselves to ques-

tions of importance; they *do* believe (rightly or wrongly) that the church defends the *status quo* to the point that it is a reactionary agent in our society; they *do* feel that the creedal positions of the denominations are silly distinctions in Christianity and not worth the time spent in argument.

But the problem goes deeper than this. Institutional reform may restore a dynamic quality to the denominations; it cannot recapture their lost sense of the presence of the Holy. Here again the students may be more honest than the churches themselves. They rightly see that a church without theism and without a sense of the presence of God in history is no church at all, at least in the traditional sense. They do not want the church to abandon its historic role just so it will be able to woo them back with assurances of "liberalism," "social concern," etc. Too often they see the church (usually the minister) trying to interest them with the appeal: "Granted, we have some old biddies in the congregation who get all concerned over matters of belief, but we also have a great 'Kum Dubbles class' which is really swinging—birth control, anti-Vietnam, civil rights, the whole bit. . . ." (There is some integrity in not wishing an institution to cheapen itself just to attract new members—even if one of the new members to be attracted is yourself.)

So the new breed find themselves and the Church at an impasse. They know what the Church stands for (or should stand for) and believe that the Church should remain true to itself; but so must they. Many have already severed the ties (enough so that many religious parents are uneasy about allowing their children to go to a college where they will become contaminated with unbelief). Many more will remain on the Church rolls but very seldom encounter its presence.

But then what? For most people in our society who concern themselves with any issues of greater import than earning a buck, providing for the future, or deciding what to watch on the idiot box, the Church has provided in the past a convenient outlet of expression. A person with real social consciousness who feels the need for like-minded individuals with whom he can share his concerns and attempt to bring them to fruition may still seek the Church. It is difficult in our society to "go it alone." In an earlier and more masochistic era he might have found his social identity in some beatnik pad, picking his psychological sores and damning the Establishment. Now there is the quasi-religious dream of a redeemed mankind proffered by the hippie set.

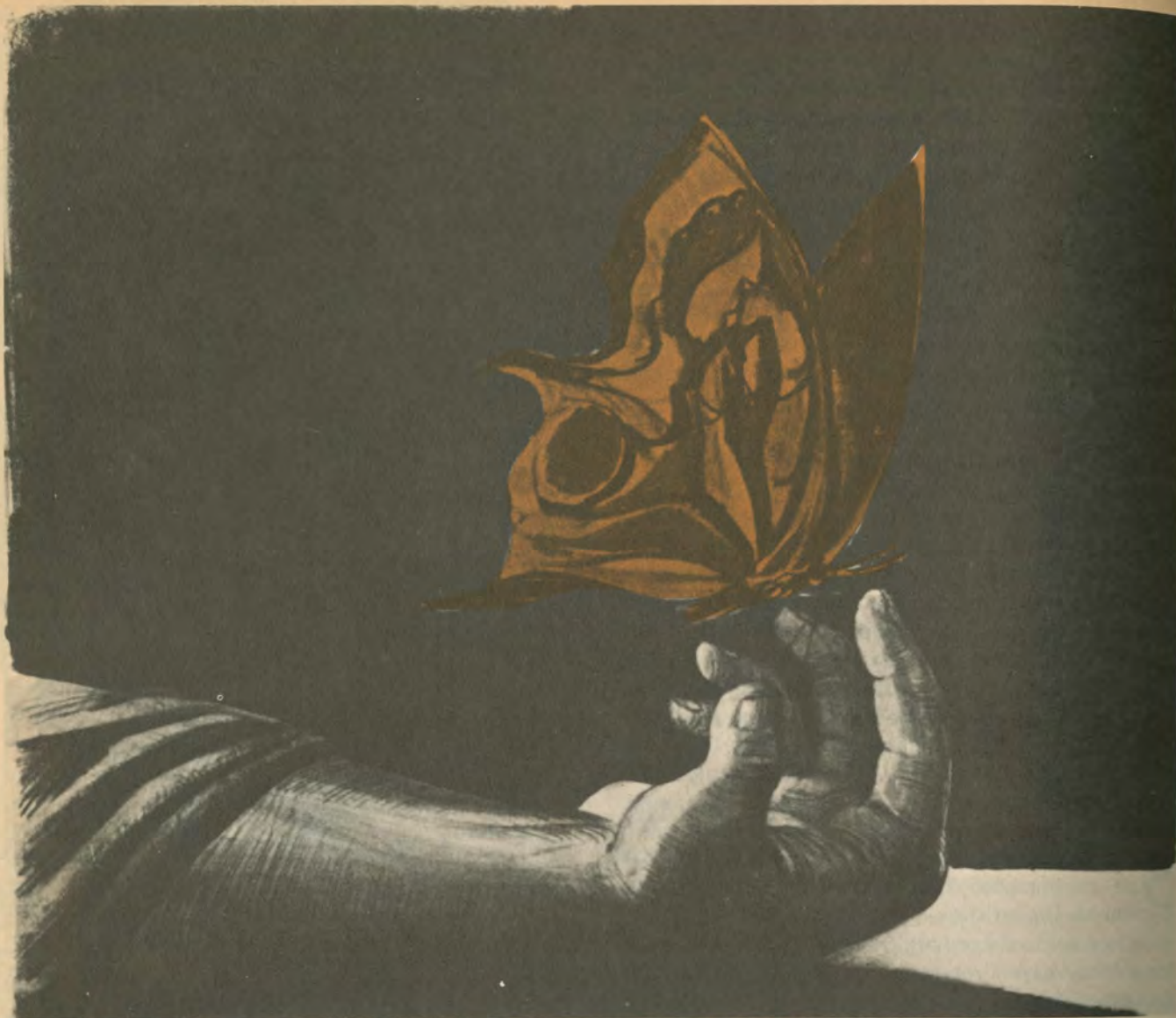
But what of the majority (at least I think it is a majority) who don't dig pot, who don't seek esoteric answers to the problems of the species, who want to stay in the Midwest and raise families? These people are rapidly finding nowhere to go in our society. Where are they to find a meaningful sense



WOODCUT: MY GOD, MY GOD

W. R. LIDH

of "community" in our culture? William Hamilton, in "The Death of God" (*Playboy*, August 1966), states the situation succinctly: "If by God you mean the means by which forgiveness is mediated, or consolation in time of sorrow or despair, or judge of my arrogance and my idolatry—then we say that these functions, as central for us as they ever were in classical Christianity, must be taken over by the human community." And "If these things cannot now be done by the human communities in the world, then these communities must be altered until they can perform these tasks and whatever others, once ascribed to God, that need to be done in this new context. In this sense the death of God leads to politics, to social change, and even to the foolishness of utopias."



DRAWING: DEAD SOLDIER'S HAND

DALE BARNHART

I agree with Hamilton wholeheartedly in this matter. What is to happen to a "death of God'er" when he leaves the college campus? Is his only community outlet to be found in the Rotarians or the Elks? Without knocking these groups we can safely say that they are no substitute for the sense of communion once found within the confines of the Church. Can the new breed survive their expulsion from the ivory tower? The Peace Corps may provide a temporary haven, a sense of participation in life and its important situations; but eventually one must leave even this for the loneliness and intellectual stagnation of suburbia. Where then does he go? Like it or not the "human community" has not yet provided the outlets of which Hamilton speaks.

An even more interesting question, and one even less open to glib answers, is that of the duty of the Church when and if it ever really faces up to the death of God movement. Of course, there is an entirely real possibility that the Church may never take

the movement seriously. I hear a distressingly large number of laymen and ministers who think of the whole business as little more than another young people's fad—of about the same proportions as goldfish eating, "free-speechism," or seeing how many bodies can be crammed into a telephone booth. I don't think, however, that we are dealing here with simply another fad; the absence of the experience of God is not going to go away just because we close our eyes to it.

This leaves the Church with three real alternatives. It might, as I have suggested earlier, attempt to join the movement, to turn itself into some sort of non-theistic, cultural betterment group. If so, however, it remains the Church in name only. If God does not allow himself to be experienced by at least some within the Church, then the Church should close its doors and go out of business. But if he is still a vital force in the lives of people within the Church, as many of them at least claim that he is, then the Church can never yield at this point.

The second alternative is for the Church to turn its back on the new ranks of the unbelievers, damn the movement as the work of the Devil, and, if it cannot win back the lost souls, to declare them anathema both now and in the hereafter. This tack would at least find precedent in the history of the tradition. In our day, however, the measure would seem only slightly ludicrous. To what purpose does one declare that a person has been rejected by God when that person doesn't believe in him? We are no longer living in the Middle Ages when there was an overarching belief in supernatural powers held by all in the society. This is what one has to have if he is to declare deviate opinion as heresy. To take such a step in this case would serve only to convince the God-is-dead'ers that the Church is filled with maniacs, and they are about half sure of this already. Such a move would do one further thing; it would serve to make the average church member even more self-righteous. He would now have institutional support in his prejudices.

I am not suggesting that in the ranks of Protestantism the movement will ever be "officially" condemned (although I might be wrong even here). But the "official" pronouncements of Protestant churches have very little influence in determining the attitudes of laymen anyway. No, the rejection of the God-is-dead'ers will come about more subtly; it will be done almost entirely at the grass-roots level. Actually, and maybe I here reflect only my own pessimism about the Church, this reaction is already *fait accompli* with many of the laity. There seems to be a magic quality to the phrase "God is dead," at least in Midwestern America. It represents to many good church-goers simply the ultimate battle call of the forces of "corruption and moral stagnation." It is a slogan of deviants all of whom are assumed to have loose morals, probably practice free love, and most of whom must be for communism and against "our American Christian heritage."

The bitterness which the phrase "God is dead" elicits is almost staggering in its intensity. Perhaps this stems simply from the unwillingness of a committed person to think that others could throw away the faith in favor of something else. I think that religion in general and Christianity in particular has traditionally been less charitable to the apostate than to the untouched "heathen." (Perhaps the rejection of the faith carries by implication a rejection of the holders of the faith—this could be ego destroying.) To cite simply one historical example, note the bitterness of the passage in II Peter 2:21-22: "For it would have been better for them never to have known the way of righteousness than after knowing it to turn back from the holy commandment delivered to them. It has happened to them according to the true proverb; the dog turns back to his own vomit,

and the sow is washed only to wallow in the mire." If this is still the prevalent attitude of Christians, and I see little evidence to the contrary—at least at the grass-roots level—then all that can be said has been said. The Church will go its way and those who have "lost the faith" will go theirs. God help the Church if this happens, for the Church isn't where the action is.


It may be, however, that the dichotomy is not so absolute as I have suggested. Perhaps there is a third alternative, a middle ground, between the two groups which can be meaningfully explored by adventurers from both sides. I have many committed Christian friends who claim this is at least possible. If there is some ground of mutual concern which can draw the two groups together, then I would suggest that it may well be a simple interest in humanity, *qua* humanity. The starting point of the two groups may be different. The God is dead advocate works from the assumption that humanity is really all there is (at least all of which we know). Hence it behooves humans to try their damndest to solve human problems. The believing Christian starts instead with the assumption that all are children of one God and that this God desires all people to share in the blessings of the earth.

Both groups ultimately end up at the same place, but for entirely different reasons. Both are ultimately (or at least should be) interested in solving human problems and building a more stable human society. Can we not be pragmatic enough to accept help in a common cause whatever its source? If such a situation is to come about (and I still have my doubts) each side has to give a little. The new breed must do some serious rethinking about believers—not everyone who is a professing believer is automatically a nut or an unenlightened medievalist. And the Church must drop its assumption (official or otherwise) that it is the sole repository of values in human society. Christians must be able to say, "I do this for a different reason than you do it—but let us both do it for our own reasons."



MARTHA HAYDEN

DRAWING

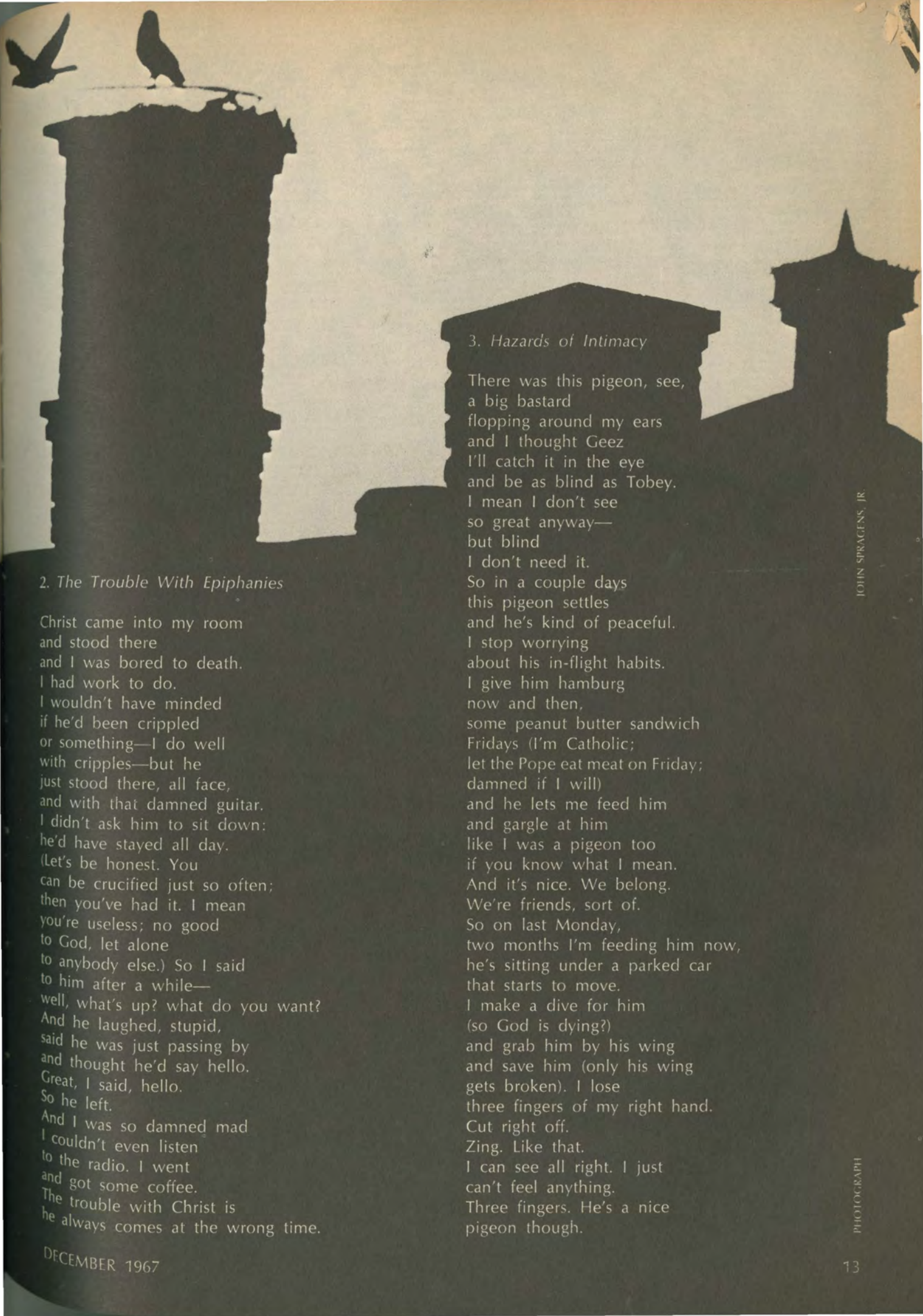
The top half of the page features a minimalist illustration of two buildings in silhouette against a light, gradient sky. The building on the left is taller and has a stepped, blocky appearance. The building on the right is shorter and has a more traditional gabled roof. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

THE PROBLEM OF GOD

JOHN L'HEUREUX

1. *The Streetcleaner*

The sky is falling!
The sky is falling!
Relax, it's always falling.
Thirty-two years I'm sweeping
blue glass. I know
it's falling. My back,
see, I can't straighten it
I've been sweeping sky so long.
Some old eyes
a sneer
an unused idea
a broken chihuahua
one day a piece of God—
scared the hell out of me—
you find anything.
Now if you'll move please,
Mister, you're standing
on a piece of sky.
So would you, Mister.
All right, the sky is falling!
So tell God.
So get a lawyer.

The background of the page features dark silhouettes of various architectural structures, including a tall, textured tower on the left, a smaller building with a gabled roof in the center, and a building with a pointed roof on the right. Two birds are silhouetted in flight at the top left, one perched on the top of the tall tower. The overall aesthetic is that of a high-contrast photograph or graphic design.

2. *The Trouble With Epiphanies*

Christ came into my room
and stood there
and I was bored to death.
I had work to do.
I wouldn't have minded
if he'd been crippled
or something—I do well
with cripples—but he
just stood there, all face,
and with that damned guitar.
I didn't ask him to sit down:
he'd have stayed all day.
(Let's be honest. You
can be crucified just so often;
then you've had it. I mean
you're useless; no good
to God, let alone
to anybody else.) So I said
to him after a while—
well, what's up? what do you want?
And he laughed, stupid,
said he was just passing by
and thought he'd say hello.
Great, I said, hello.
So he left.
And I was so damned mad
I couldn't even listen
to the radio. I went
and got some coffee.
The trouble with Christ is
he always comes at the wrong time.

3. *Hazards of Intimacy*

There was this pigeon, see,
a big bastard
flopping around my ears
and I thought Geez
I'll catch it in the eye
and be as blind as Tobey.
I mean I don't see
so great anyway—
but blind
I don't need it.
So in a couple days
this pigeon settles
and he's kind of peaceful.
I stop worrying
about his in-flight habits.
I give him hamburg
now and then,
some peanut butter sandwich
Fridays (I'm Catholic;
let the Pope eat meat on Friday;
damned if I will)
and he lets me feed him
and gargle at him
like I was a pigeon too
if you know what I mean.
And it's nice. We belong.
We're friends, sort of.
So on last Monday,
two months I'm feeding him now,
he's sitting under a parked car
that starts to move.
I make a dive for him
(so God is dying?)
and grab him by his wing
and save him (only his wing
gets broken). I lose
three fingers of my right hand.
Cut right off.
Zing. Like that.
I can see all right. I just
can't feel anything.
Three fingers. He's a nice
pigeon though.



INTAGLIO: FLIGHT

R. M. ASH

Radical Theology— Which Way Now?

Of all the years to take a sabbatical leave in Europe, I picked the one when the "death of God" thing hit the fan. The theological scene has been comparatively placid in Europe recently and when you mention the "death of God" there, you immediately reminisce about that strident era of nineteenth century leftwing Hegelianism which reached its nemesis with Nietzsche. But in the States, there has been plenty of action, or at least plenty of tabloidish headlining. As Schubert Ogden reassuringly said to me during his visit to Germany, "It has been a good year to be away!" Returning to the American scene, however, it is interesting to assess the mutations of one year, and ask whether they are as morbid or great as they are being claimed.

However innocuous and non-revolutionary the "death of God" movement might look in relation to a genuinely radical theology, today we are being required to ask, where do we go from here? Whatever ambiguities may characterize the new theological mood, we must now ask the more substantive question: What is the special opportunity being offered contemporary theology in the ensuing decade, in the aftermath of the "death of God" episode? Whence radical theology? What special gifts, opportunities and challenges are being freighted to us by this rather complex and ambiguous situation?

In the era *post mortem dei*, we are in a different ball game in American theology. Not only is the game different, but the rules of the game have changed. The theological species to which I returned is a strangely mutated one. It is my growing conviction, however, that theology in just this context is being given a new opportunity to speak in a more profound, penetrating way than it had been speaking in the previous decade. Although many of us might have preferred to have gone blandly along in the paths of the theological currents of the decade prior to the "Christian atheists," we must now confess that we are being called by their initiatives to a tougher task, deeper reflection, clearer communication and to more basic issues. We can rejoice that we have been stung and shocked out of our drowsiness and complacency by the God of history. Theology has taken a sharp, unexpected, yet hopeful turn.

The last decade has been preoccupied theologically with the question of communication: Speaking in a secular fashion to modern man, trying to make demythologizing work, translating the kerygma into contemporary language, etc.—this has been the overriding issue of the Bultmannian era. In our concern to communicate the gospel to the contemporary mind, the growing emphasis has been upon the contemporary mind.

In our new situation, in the light of the new initiatives of the a-theologians, we are now being forced into much more primal theological territory. We are being confronted with the much more profound question of *the reality of God*. How are we to speak the name "God" in our time? This is the nub of the question that faced the people of Israel at one primitive point in their history: Who is the One who meets us concretely in history? We dare not give him a name. Perhaps we must only use some sort of cryptic symbol in our time, as the Hebrews resorted to the verbal sign YHWH. The point is, we are being forced to that primitive level of theological accountability.

What does it mean to say "God" or YHWH? This is not merely the question of our attempt to talk about God or demonstrate his existence, or discover language that communicates with modern man—these are all wholly secondary issues to the primordial question of the reality of God himself. This is what we are learning in this new era of theological history. The new situation is forcing us back into that embryonic, molar level of theology itself. To the student of contemporary theology, we have come full circle back to the earliest stage of twentieth century radical theology, the Barthian substructure upon which the Bultmannian, Tillichian, Niebuhrian and Bonhoefferian structures have been dependent.

In order for radical theology to become radical, it must deal again with the question of the reality of God, and thus, with the very character of reality itself. This is the non-evadable issue on our agenda. This is why we are caught up in an exciting era theologically—we are being challenged to be accountable not just to our talk about God, but to God's own speech about himself in history, God's own encounter with us in and through reality. This is why process theology, which has long been struggling with this issue, is coming more forcefully to our attention as a promising alternative.

We must talk about the deepening of the crisis of theology today, if only because we must talk about the deepening of the human crisis. The human crisis, of course, is the scandal of God's own encounter with us and in our particular time. That crisis appears in its most ironic form in God's address of modern man through the alien voice of atheism. Nowhere is the divine self-presentation confronting us more surprisingly than in the mode of an a-theology, which would boldly attempt to proceed without "God" as a working hypothesis, as a means of forcing us to face up to the issue of the reality which we confront on the far side of the death of all our self-hewn, naturalistic ideas and analogies of God.



MONOPRINT

KIT HIRSHBERG

Many persons now question the reality of God in an utterly fresh way because of the indirect ministry of this curious movement. The same sort of irony is found in the Old Testament in the prophetic view that God works through alien means, even through the most overt enemies of the people of Israel in order to awaken them to repentance, faith, and obedience. So it is that contemporary theology is being awakened to the deeper question of the divine reality and the divine self-communication in an era in which the prevailing question has been diluted to one of mere human intercommunication.

What I want to articulate somehow is the fresh excitement of doing theology in the era in which the question of the *reality of God* is vitally alive. This focus is far more significant than pursuing the subsidiary, secondary, derivative and dependent question of how do we communicate to each other. The question has suddenly become for us: Who is God that he has communicated to us, not merely who are we that we must communicate to one another? That is the difference, that is the new shift in the-

ology. In many ways it seems analogous to the shift that took place in the era between 1915-20, between the waning liberal era and the beginning of the Barthian era, but with the decisive difference of increasingly revolutionary secularization.

Some of us perhaps would have liked to continue just doing theology in the Bultmannian, Bonhoefferian mode. I would. And I think we must renew and nurture that tradition in a fresh way, but not as simple repetition. Admittedly it might have been nice if the "death of God" intrusion had not come upon us. But some of us are convinced that this is God's own intrusion upon us and not merely clever news management (although it was certainly that). We are living in a new era in which the rules of the game have changed, and however we may not wish it to be so, it simply is so that we find on our hands ordinary people who are questioning the reality of God in all seriousness. Some of those questioning minds have been theologically dormant during the past decade.

From one point of view this looks like a disastrous situation. To be asked to prove the existence of God is a question which sounds as if we have been set back at least fifty years in Protestant theology. From one point of view it appears to be a tremendous regression, a giant step backwards in which we are going to have to go back over and rehearse again all that we have been doing, repeating our labors of the past century, starting again with the ABC's, explaining that the biblical witness does not begin with an attempt at proving the existence of God, but with our own existence being placed in question by God.

From another perspective however the very naiveté, the candid fundamentality of that question is itself one of the most promising things about the theological situation today. We are being given an opportunity to deal with inadequate conceptions of God and to account for the reality to which we know ourselves to be concretely accountable in history.

When we ask what we mean when we use the verbal symbol "G-o-d," the focus now must not be subjectively upon what we mean, but ontologically upon what *is* that reality to which our language merely attempts to respond. Heidegger's philosophy of language as our answer to the self-disclosure of being can stand contemporary theology in good stead in this situation. We no longer can afford to waste time bolstering a defensive position of attempting to prove the existence of God (as if whether or not we prove his existence had anything at all to do with his existence). We must not take too seriously our own theism or atheism, our own attempts either to argue for or against God. The important question is no longer our communication about God, but God's own reality to which our speech is being called to exist in response.

So, despite its ostentatiousness and limited radicality, we can celebrate the "death of God" movement

as the call for the renewal of a genuinely radical theology. We can be grateful to those who have enabled this turn in theological history.

To affirm the positive potentialities of our new situation, however, is not to ignore the limitations which have fallen upon us. In some ways the "death of God" movement has made our work much tougher, particularly in many areas of the country where the pietistic introversion is strong. Many people—especially those in the Bible belt and particularly conservatives but also some liberals—are already suspicious of all forms of theology anyway. To them theology has always meant at worst a dangerous threat to the truth of the gospel or at best an ivory tower irrelevance. Both of these camps have every reason to seize upon any available opportunity to lambaste, embarrass and dismiss theology as such, and especially a genuinely missional theology which has long challenged both fundamentalism and liberalism.

Many of us have been struggling in the context of pietistic liberalism for a good while now, but we have begun at last in the past decade to get beyond the limited stance of having continually to defend theology as a servant of the church. In fact we were beginning to move into a decisively offensive thrust in which theology was beginning to be taken seriously by a renewing laity. We were beginning to watch all around us small disciplined groups emerging which were committed to lucid study of the biblical witness and the historic tradition, relevant dialogue with the world, the renewal of the liturgy, and the development of ordered communities of mission in the world. This was happening both within and without the ordinary residential parish structures, and it was happening under the aegis of what you might call a latent theological consensus. That consensus has been captured by certain ecumenical documents and by such writers as Bill Webber. An emerging theology of renewal was beginning to take grass roots vitality. Theology was for the first time in a long dry century beginning to be taken seriously in the American frontier pietistic context. This was generally the era between 1955 and 1965. During that one decade of rather inconspicuous academic theology in America, we witnessed the beginning of a profound theological renewal within the laity, and an intensive search for missionary structures for the congregation.

It was into just this context that the "death of God" movement entered as an embarrassing, disturbing, unwelcome intrusion, an upsetting of the consensus, a crippling blow to the burgeoning movement of church renewal. It has made our work on the popular level a great deal harder because it has given countless persons the easy opportunity to dismiss out of hand all serious theologizing. They now can knowingly assert, with some credibility among their in-group, that theology is after all the enemy

of the church, and that is even openly linked with the atheistic forces which stand boldly against the church.

The difference between the decade before 1965 and the present, as I view it, is the difference between a consensus missional theology and the premature explosion of that consensus. Perhaps the consensus was tenuous anyway. Some of us are determined to rebuild it more sturdily. But it is unquestionable that the real powder keg was set off by the "death of God" initiative. This new Rousseauist, anti-institutional "radical theology" has sent that consensus splintering off into a million parts, and now, to put it mildly, contemporary theology is up for grabs. Nobody knows where it is going. There are no solidified schools. There are only loose ends lying around. We feel as if we have been bombed.

It is precisely within this context that I wish to propose a redefined understanding of authentic radical theology. Let us claim that term and press it to its depth, hoping to re-engage theology in the kind of radical human questioning under which theology in an earlier period of this century understood itself to be placed, centering in our attempt to grasp our human condition as having been grasped by God himself. I am convinced that there are some in our generation who are capable, determined and willing to reassert and renew that tradition of genuine radical theology in which the radical element unapologetically is the tension between the revelation of God and the secularizing world.



LITHOGRAPH

GARY RICHMAN



REALITY SANDWICHES

AND PLEASE GO EASY ON THE REALITY

OLD GOETHE

I don't exactly know.
I've sat here all day thinking
of that leg—
a girl's—
Goethe once held in the warmth
of his palm.

I want to feel
too
I suppose. Or is it
some dream?

The dimples in that
leg
smile and say—
why not?
why not?

But old Goethe
cries NO.
He takes the leg
and binds it
in splints.

It's broken—
he says.
And weeps.
It's broken—
he says.
And laughs.

They dance off

—ROBERT BURLINGAME

motive

the women regents of the old men's home at haarlem by franz hals

the black and white old virgins
stood still and rich

one breathed
and looked down the hall

"the floors are waxed
and be careful of the stair"

they were early and out of breath
puffy eyes and heaving breasts

one forgot her comb
and dared not answer nay

"what a lovely shine
do you know the wax?"

hals was late and rushed about
placing hands and straightening folds

he saw the dark corridors
and watched the men stare past

"ladies come here
no time to waste"

he posed them again

and then began to paint

the linseed oil and turpentine
the ten little eyes

"time is fast
be still!"

hals forgot his part
shot the women in the head

and finished his canvas at home.

—RICHARD FRICKS

J. J. NORTLE

J. J. Nortle waited each day
for the mail
for the acceptance of poems
he never wrote
and never sent
(he always meant to write
and send them), consequently
he was especially nervous
the chance being so small.

He knew there was almost
no chance at all
but would wait, perspiring
slightly, an hour before
the postman came
and would run out
through snow and rain
(it was always the same—
through snow and rain)
to receive the usual prose
addressed to occupant
and each day he would burn
for the mail, hoping
for the word
on his poem to return.

At last it came.

The postman waltzed it right
to the door
whistling through sunshine as if
he had done it before.

J. J. read: Congratulations
on your poem The Lover
which we will feature
on our Easter cover.
Check to follow.

Weeping,
J. J. Nortle took the
letter to bed where they
found him two weeks later,
the postman said.

—PETER MEINKE

On Drawing Ontological

ENGRAVING: ST. JEROME AND HIS LION

DAVID F. DRIESBACH



Logical and Conclusions

By LARRY L. ROSE

There has been, of late, a good deal of fuss about whether Christianity will survive in a modern world, but it is comforting to be able to report that the toilers in the theological vineyards are very much on top of the problem. After a number of years and many, many volumes of systematic theological disdain for modernity (the Church, as one will remember, had no porch), a new spirit has arisen in the ranks of the young theological brights, a spirit that says: "Let us meet the issue frontally; the time for renewal is here; we shall conduct what our beloved John Dulles called 'an agonizing reappraisal.'" (Interested bystanders have been encouraged to refrain from comparing the results of the two reappraisals.)

To be sure, not all have been in agreement. Some of especially biblical bent think that the answer to apparent bankruptcy is not to declare it but to divert attention from it with sallies to the right and to the left. And to that end they have produced an endlessly varied and always exciting discussion based on that massive challenge to traditional Christian belief (labeled with characteristic German simplicity), "demythologization." Thus the old quest was superseded by a new, old quest, which has since been succeeded, to be sure, by a new, new quest of the historical "what's his name." Various "circles" have been formed, some by those of other geometrical shapes; and, by these means, not only have the critics been thrown off balance, but also many interesting discoveries have been brought to the attention of a breathless world—e.g., the fact that for years "her-

meneutics" had been spelled wrong and should never, never have had the "s" on it; the fact that words like "event" are simply pregnant with significance, still-born though that significance may have been in the past; the discovery that Christians, like Africans, have a history (so long as they remember to spell it, "*geschichte*"); and, of course the startling assertion that we are on the verge of demonstration that the resurrection is most probably a historical happening after all and is not to be confused with those "happenings" of more modern character. This last came, as the reader will imagine, as a great relief to us all.

Part of the success of this rather extensive holding operation has been due to the yeomanship and public-service instinct of certain scholars who have brought us, each day as it falls from the press, every jot and tittle of the German discussion. (The uninitiated are assured that, despite first "blik" gained in charging into this exciting material, it has been translated.) Credit must be also given to those who have been content to rewrite, reassemble, edit and rephrase prior contributions to this ongoing discussion. These who have so unselfishly renounced the pains of creative originality in their dedication to the art of the rehash have perhaps discovered that the real key to the continuance of the post-post-post debate is complexity. So, for example, are young seminarians, having missed *Questing* 201-202, kept from realizing that the issues discussed in *Questing* 301-302 are the same as those they analyzed at great length in *Questing* 101-102.

Nonetheless, it is clear that simplification is for the simple, and some indication of what would be the disastrous implications of stating the issues plainly is gleaned from a sample of one of the latest polls: 15% of the county-chairman queried thought they would prefer it if the words in the New Testament were indeed Jesus' words; 15% thought they preferred the converse; 5% did not know; and a resounding 65% indicated that so far as they could tell it did not matter.

Now one must be fair. Not all of the credit for obfuscation can be given to the German and German-American Bible-bugs. A perusal of recent journals turns up such scintillating articles as "Paul, Galatians, and Jerusalem" and "Schleiermacher's Interpretation of Christmas"; and such new books as *Theology of the Pain of God, An Introduction to the Lord's Prayer, and Baptism Today and Tomorrow*. But not all have been content to let the world go by, and it is to their valiant efforts to save the Christian message, in and out of translation, that we must now turn.

What, these up and coming, how-I-am-making-up-my-mind, young theologians asked themselves, are we to do about Christianity? Shall we buffer it, color it, coat it, powder it, or what? Let us turn, they said, to that patron saint of the German camps (note that they, like some others, persist in facing East) in hope of finding a jeweled aphorism to lead us out from this thicket. Find they did a slogan—"religionless Christianity"—and perplexed they were as to employing it; for, like good "disciples," they had insisted for years that Christianity was not a "religion." A bit sticky then to turn around and pretend now to strip Christianity of its religiousness. (But, that is the cost of discipleship.)

Much discussion ensued. How about "Profane Christianity," someone suggested. But it was generally agreed that the Faith is far too sacred to be profane. After several grueling sessions in incense-filled rooms, our leaders decided, having briefed the press on how to spell it, on "secular Christianity." It had a very nice ring to it, it was bound to put the critics on the defensive, and it clearly indicated that the process of secularization, so much written of in recent times, had turned out all right after all.

Of course, certain distinctions would have to be made very clearly. For example, it must be absolutely clear that there is a profound difference between *secularity* and *secularism*. The former is living in the world but being willing to look beyond it, while the latter is living in the world and really liking it. Certain puzzled onlookers asked, however, just what the difference is between beyond-looking secular Christians and plain, garden-variety, beyond-looking, secular non-Christians. (If the language of theology is to be political, some said, why not just go into politics!)

Once that question was raised, the fat was in the fire, so to speak, and it was immediately clear that some answer would have to be given, blunt and unsophisticated though the question was. It was also clear that that answer would have to have something to do with the word, "god." Indeed something would have to be done with "God;" obviously he had been around too long just to be ignored. Some suggested that we simply say he died. This ploy has not been found to be overwhelmingly successful, however; for if he is not, then he never was, and if the metaphor connotes lack of belief, or the wrong God-concept, then it is too strong and bound to be misleading, and if one really means "absent," then why not say so? (And the seminarians kept stamping and pouting and saying, "But where has he gone, where has he gone?!")

In all, not everyone was surprised when the discussion of God's demise delivered itself of lots of heat but little light; neither was it surprising that voluminous commentaries on the incident were good for much journal mileage, given the difficulty of finding good theological humor these days. But one suspects, finally, that wariness about this manner of handling the issue again related to the obvious danger of stating the facts too frankly and too openly. It was clear that some method of marking Christians as different from other men would have to be found, vague and temporizing though it might be. One might note here that these days seminaries are more and more frequently counseling their students toward Equivocation 104-105 and 204-205. (The senior year is freed of a requirement in this area as it is assumed that equivocating will be part of every seminar.)

The most promising route out of the difficulty appeared to be a marriage with those philosophers who write about religious language and classify it as functional rather than ontological. By this means, our leaders declared, we can continue to use the word "G-o-d" without meaning anything by it; for it can either be given a wholly subjective reference, or, if objective, it becomes merely a religious word for what the scientist means by "nature" or the philosopher by "reality." Those of linguistic persuasion found this to be a simply "super" solution to the problem; hence they hardly could be expected to have mentioned a quite minor drawback, the fact that it is, as a solution, both practically and intellectually inadequate.

Those who are enamored of the study of religious language must of course realize that no practicing Christian worth his salt would accept the conclusions of this school and continue to practice Christianity. He might, of course, mount it on some corkboard along with other rare but extinct species he has collected—but practice it, no. Further, it should be painfully clear that the examination of religious utterances cannot in itself tell us anything, since lin-

guistic meanings are really determined by prior ontological commitments. Hence these devotees of religious language are still in the woods, up against the tree. That they authorize the continuing use of a unique language that no longer has any unique significance is evidence, surely not of duplicity, but of monumental naivete.

At this point one might think that that layman with his question about the distinctiveness of being a secular Christian had backed our young brights into some kind of intellectual corner. Not so. Rather, they have been backed into that familiar retreat from all theological problems, that warm, wombly panacea, "Christian Existentialism." Clearing their collective throats, our leaders first note that all religious language is, of course, symbolic, and (another condescending "of course" meant to put the questioner on the defensive and to point out rather clearly the naiveté of his question) that symbol-systems are to some extent interchangeable—but that they are, above all, *highly personal*. Hence all a Christian needs to do in order to distinguish himself from his secular friend is to say that the Christian story has a particularly telling effect on him. It sends him, it's groovy—and, to fight the after-shave commercials with a little traditional rhetoric, it makes a "new man" of him!

Any port in a storm I say, and it is, finally, by this very effective existentialist technique of thoroughly personalizing the Christian message that

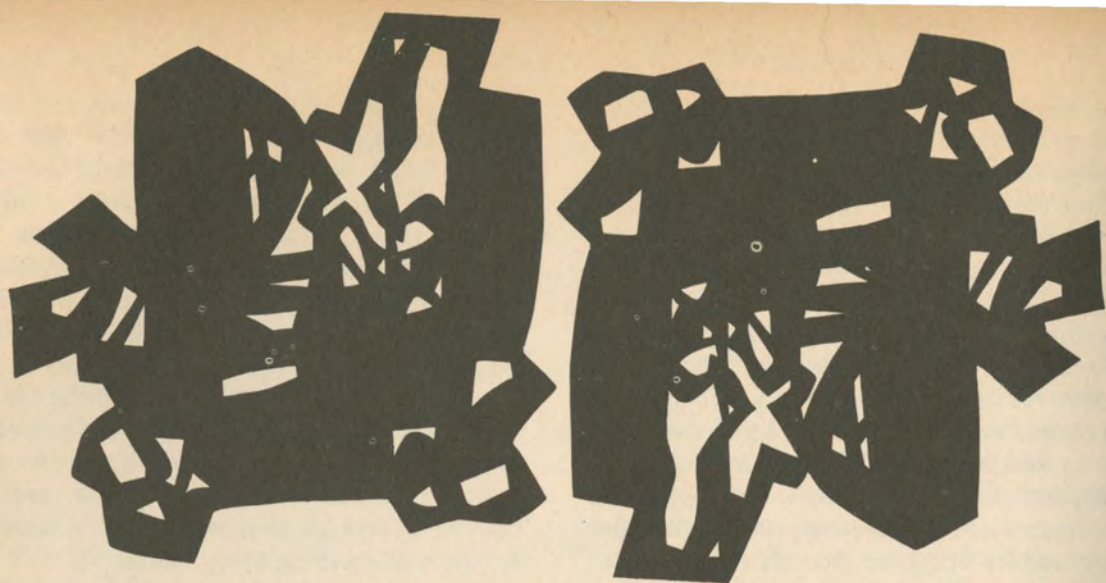
one avoids admitting in plain, everyday English that to call oneself a "Christian" in the 20th century is not to affirm anything singular or unique about the universe, but to make a statement about oneself. That the stony, old universe is the same for the Christian as it is for stony, old Bertrand Russell, logically and ontologically justifiable though that may be, is apparently an unacceptable conclusion—at least it may not, indeed it must not, be stated so baldly as that. (What would Aunt Mary think?!) Far better to use the language as though it meant something very important, and to preach a word that is just a word, but to capitalize it and fuss over it, until one has convinced himself it is more than a word. Ah, the wonders of contemporary theology!

But are we not being unnecessarily harsh? What, pray tell, would all of these talented young theologians, so exquisitely trained, do for a living if the real truth were told? Or, more to the point, should one expect psychological ties to stated views to be dissolved just because intellect has outrun them? After all, what is there behind commitment but commitment? And how much better for our young brights to be struggling under the guise of secular Christianity than to be hiding under the tent of an unmoving traditionalism and orthodoxy. If it was silly and oversimple to ask, "Would you rather be Red than dead?", then it is obviously out of the question to ask, "Would you rather be honest than Christian?"

PHOTOGRAPH

JOHN MAST





ON THE BORDER

1

There are many who sit
On barbed wire.

Their red bellies try to hug
The rusted line
Between posts.

The wire doesn't feel their toes.
It can't fear.

2

His mind is the char
Of solar nights.

He sees himself smolder
On the border
Dividing him.

Both frontiers are monsters
Which strangle him.

3

His steps weren't his own.
He didn't bring himself here.

Voices reach across the fence
And move him.

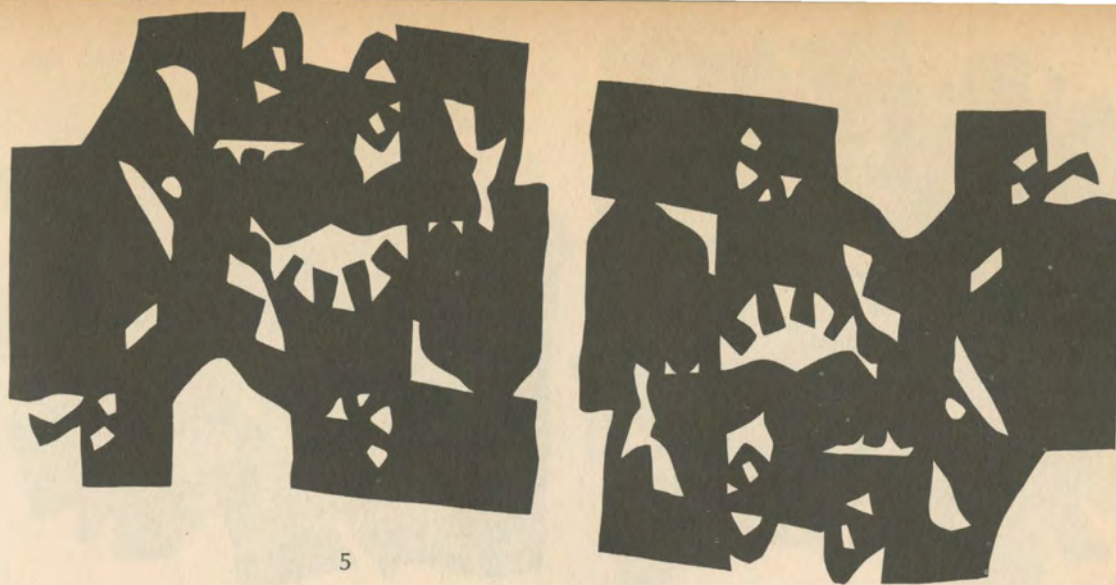
He imbibes the nutrients
Of two opposing worlds,

Tasting the good of enemies
As they fight for him.

4

He has ripped his tissue.
He mends it in one direction,

Although he goes nowhere.



5

He sees as from
A guard station.

Gold and lavender tyrants
Weigh him down.

Almost every color on both sides
Is in him.

All sun.

The sun rules in grain
And mountain flowers.

6

The morning glories
Cling to each other.

Their hearts are leaves and vines
Green like him.

Lavender, pink, and white.
The praise each new day.

Their beauty is
The weddings and funerals
Of forests.

They shape themselves into funnels
And pluck rays of life
For the dirt.

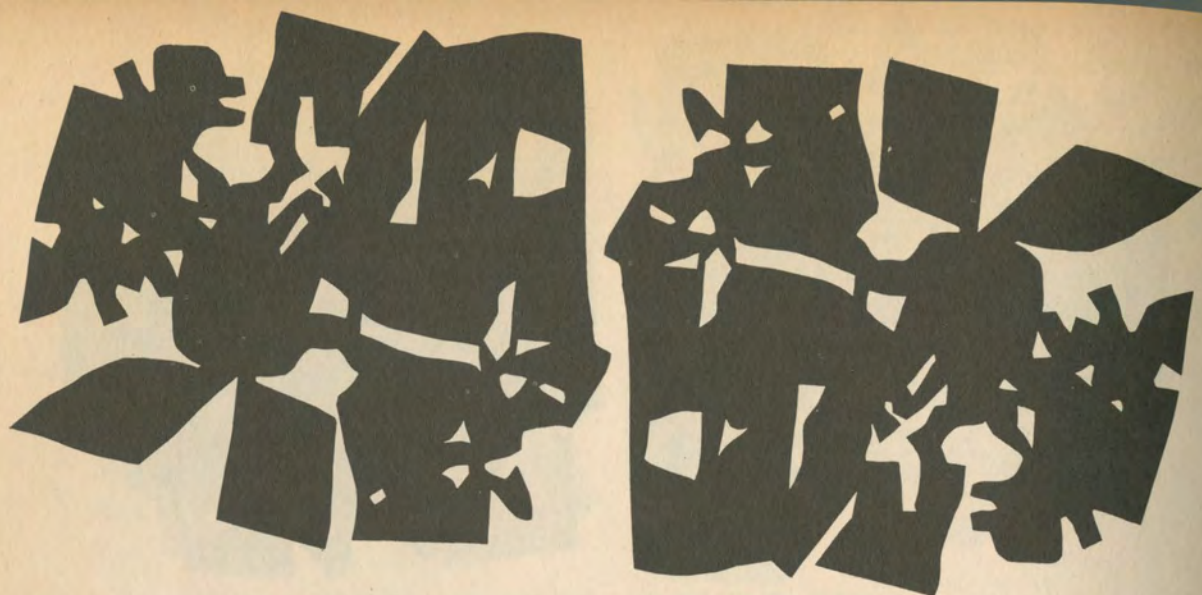
Each petal opens to close
Like the muscle of a star.

7

He is half the funnel,
Morning glory.

He thinks he should be
A petal.

Although he says he's had enough
Of their diamond celebrations.



8

The water on the border
Is buried very deep.

The roots are blacker
And longer
Than the plants.

His thirst is not a plant's.
But that of arms
Reaching on a dark stair.

9

The fields of grain in him
Are stooped backs

And raised fists
With rifles slung on their shoulders.

They are the third world
Opposing the second.

He is neither,
And all three.

10

The new moon joins with the sun.
He sees all eyes as sickles
Swung beneath him.

He is a green weed
Hiding.

11

On his border the barbed wire
Shimmers.

It is not the blind middle
Of the wrinkled and uncommitted.



For him lavender and gold
Balance.

He eats all colors,
Not forms with names.

12

It isn't that he can't be
The flower or the grain.

It's that both of them
Are him.

And there are seasons
For hate and love.

But he doesn't bloom.
He is green.

13

There was a flame in him.
It burned the funnel and the germ.
It erected the fence.

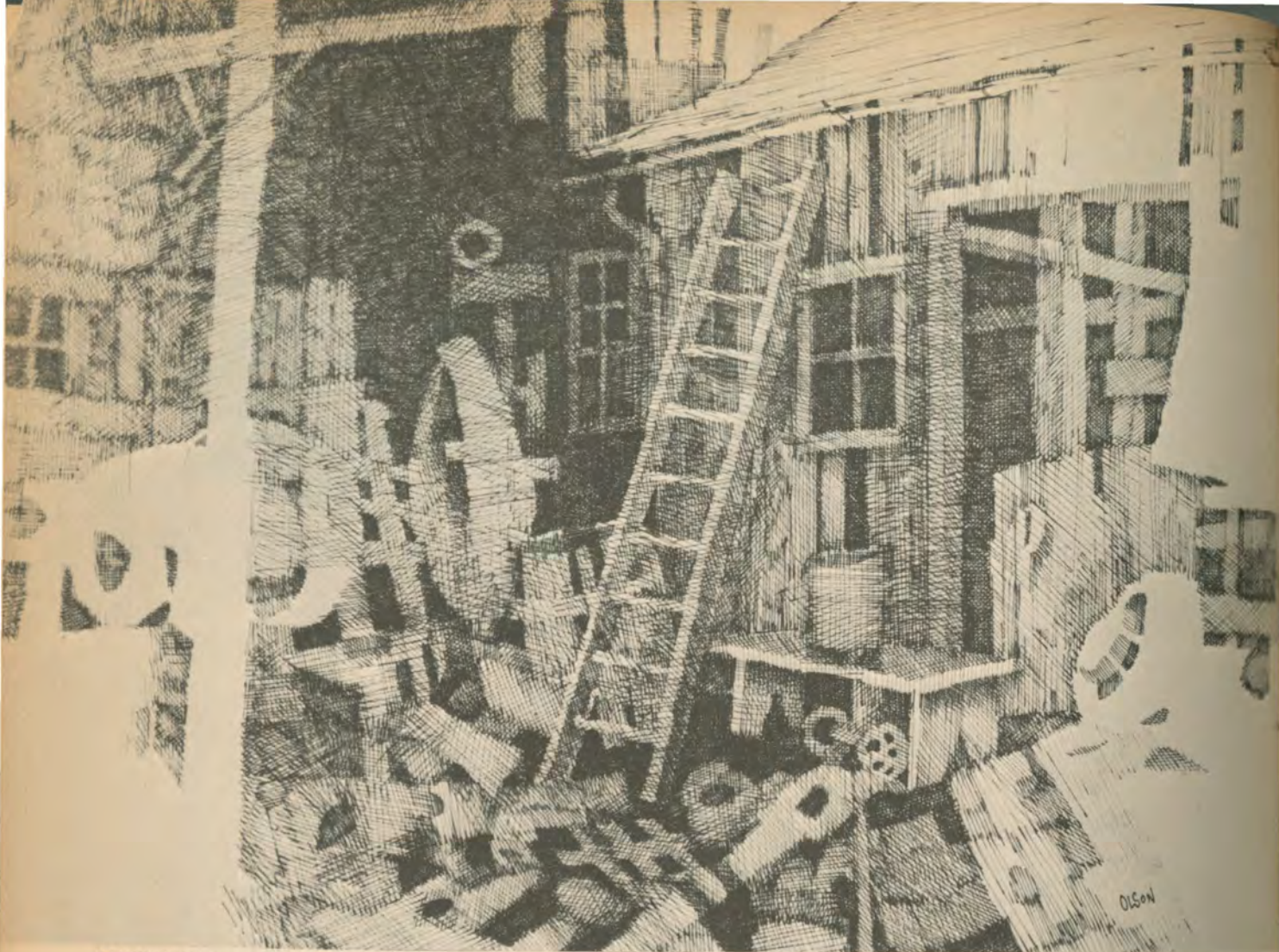
The fence is tugging on itself
Like an echo.

If it falls
There will be a cavity,
Not a border.

14

The mind of the world
Destroys itself.

—Harry MacCormack



DRAWING: WAKEFIELD'S ALLEY

GEORGE OLSON

History As Private Enterprise

FOR A LONG time, the historian has been embarrassed by his own humanity. Touched by the sight of poverty, horrified by war, revolted by racism, indignant at the strangling dissent, he has nevertheless tried his best to keep his tie straight, his voice unruffled, and his emotions to himself. True, he has often slyly attuned his research to his feelings, but so slyly, and with such scholarly skill, that only close friends and investigators for congressional committees might suspect him of compassion.

Historians worry that a deep concern with current affairs may lead to twisting the truth about the past. And indeed it may, under conditions which I will discuss below. But non-concern results in another kind of distortion, in which the ore of history is beaten neither into a ploughshare nor a sword, but is melted down and sold. For the historian is a specialist who makes his living by writing and teaching, and Rousseau foresaw the problem of professional specialization: "We have physicists, geometricians, chemists, astronomers, poets, musicians, and painters in plenty, but we have no longer a citizen among us."

The Secret Liberal

The tension between human drivers and professional mores leads many to a schizophrenic separation of scholarly work from other activities; thus, research on Carolingian foreign policy is interrupted momentarily to sign a petition on civil rights. Sometimes the separation is harder to maintain, and so the specialist on Asia scrupulously stays away from teach-ins on Vietnam, and seeks to keep his work unsullied by application to the current situation. One overall result is that common American phenomenon—the secret liberal.

There is more than a fifty-fifty chance that the academic historian will lose what vital organs of social

concern he has in the process of acquiring a doctorate, where the primary requirement of finding an untouched decade or person or topic almost assures that several years of intense labor will end in some monstrous irrelevancy. And after that, the considerations of rank, tenure, and salary, while not absolutely excluding either personal activism or socially pertinent scholarship, tend to discourage either.

We find, of course, oddities of academic behavior: Henry Steele Commager writing letters to the *Times* defending communists; Martin Duberman putting the nation's shame on stage; Staughton Lynd flying to Hanoi. And to the rule of scholarly caution, the exceptions have been glorious:

Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* was muckraking history, not because it splattered mud on past heroes, but because it made several generations of readers worry about the working of economic interest in the politics of their own time. The senior Arthur Schlesinger, in an essay in *New Viewpoints in American History*, so flattened pretensions of "states' rights" that no reader could hear that phrase again without smiling. DuBois' *Black Reconstruction* was as close as a scholar could get to a demonstration, in the deepest sense of that term, puncturing a long and destructive innocence. Matthew Josephson's *The Robber Barons* and Henry David's *History of the Haymarket Affair* were unabashed in their sympathies. Walter Millis' *The Road to War* was a deliberate and effective counter to romantic nonsense about the first World War. Arthur Weinberg's *Manifest Destiny* quietly exposed the hypocrisy of both conservatives and liberals in the idealization of American expansion. Richard Hofstadter's *The American Political Tradition* made us wonder about now, by brilliantly deflating the liberal heroes—Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, the two Roosevelts. And C. Vann Woodward gently re-

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This essay is part of a remarkable new book published this month by Beacon Press, *The Critical Spirit, Essays in Honor of Herbert Marcuse*. A startling compendium of the central issues facing social thought now, the volume was edited by Barrington Moore, Jr., and Kurt H. Wolff. Contributors to the book include Stanley Diamond, Richard H. Popkin, John R. Seeley, Herbert Read, Gabriel Kolko, and others.

Howard Zinn's own most recent book is *Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal*, also published by Beacon.

minded the nation, in *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*, that racism might be deeply embedded, yet it could change its ways in remarkably short time. There are many others.

But with all this, the dominant mood in historical writing in the United States (look at the pages of the historical reviews) avoids direct confrontation of contemporary problems, apologizes for any sign of departure from "objectivity," spurns a liaison with social action. Introducing a recent collection of writings on *American History and the Social Sciences*, historian Edward N. Saveth asserts that the social science approach to history "was confused" by "the teleology of presentism." In the space of three pages, Saveth uses three variations of the word "confusion" to discuss the effect of presentism.)

What is presentism? It was defined by Carl Becker in 1912 as "the imperative command that knowledge shall serve purpose, and learning be applied to the solution of the problem of human life." Saveth, speaking for so many of his colleagues, shakes his head: "The fires surrounding the issues of reform and relativism had to be banked before the relationship between history and social science could come under objective scrutiny."

'Objective' Trivial

They were not really fires, but only devilishly persistent sparks, struck by Charles Beard, James Harvey Robinson (in *The New History*) and Carl Becker. There was no need to "bank" them, only to smother them under thousands of volumes of "objective" trivia, which became the trade mark of academic history, revealed to fellow members of the profession in papers delivered at meetings, doctoral dissertations, and articles in professional journals.

In *Knowledge for What?*, Robert S. Lynd questioned the relevance of a detailed analysis of "The Shield Signal at Marathon" which

appeared in the *American Historical Review* in 1937. He wondered if it was a "warranted expenditure of scientific energy." Twenty-six years later (in the issue of July, 1965), the lead article in the *American Historical Review* is "William of Malmesbury's Robert of Gloucester: a Reevaluation of the *Historia Novella*." In 1959, we find historians at a meeting of the Southern Historical Association (the same meeting which tabled a resolution asking an immediate end to the practice of holding sessions at hotels that barred Negroes) presenting long papers on "British Men of War in Southern Waters, 1793-1802," "Textiles: A Period of Sturm und Drang," and "Bampson of Bampson's Raiders."

As Professor Lynd put it long ago: "History, thus voyaging forth with no pole star except the objective recovery of the past, becomes a vast, wandering enterprise." And in its essence, I would add, it is private enterprise. This is not to deny that there are many excellent historical studies only one or two degrees removed from immediate applicability to crucial social problems. The problem is in the proportion.

There is immense intellectual energy in the United States devoted to inspecting the past, but only a tiny amount of this is deliberately directed to the solution of vital problems: racism, poverty, war, repression, loneliness, alienation, imprisonment. Where historical research has been useful, it has often been by chance rather than by design, in accord with a kind of trickle-down theory which holds that if only you fill the libraries to bursting with enough processed pulpwood, something useful will eventually reach a society desperate for understanding.

While scholars do have a vague, general desire to serve a social purpose, the production of historical works is largely motivated by profit (promotion, prestige, and even a bit of money) rather than by use. Although this does not mean that use-values are not pro-

duced (or that what is produced is not of excellent quality in its own terms, as our society constructs excellent office buildings while people live in slums), it does mean that their production is incidental, more often than not. In a rich economy, not in some significant degree directed towards social reform, waste is bound to be huge, measured in lost opportunities and misdirected effort.

True, the writing of history is really a mixed economy, but an inspection of the mixture shows that the social sector is only a small portion of the mass. What I am suggesting is not a totalistic direction of scholarship but (leaving complete freedom to all who want to analyze The Shield Signal at Marathon or Bampson of Bampson's Raiders) an enlargement of the social sector by encouragement, persuasion, and demonstration.

I am not directing my criticism against these few works labeled "history" which are really works of art, which make no claim to illuminate a social problem, but instead capture the mood, the color, the reality of an age, an incident, or an individual, conveying pleasure and the warmth of genuine emotion. This needs no justification, for it is, after all, the ultimate purpose of social change to enlarge human happiness.

Too much work in history is neither art nor science. It is sometimes defended as "pure research" like that of the mathematician, whose formulas have no knowable immediate use. However, the pure scientist is working on data which opens towards infinity in its possible future uses. This is not true of the historian working on a dead battle or an obscure figure. Also, the proportion of scientists working on "pure research" is quite small. The historian's situation is the reverse; the proportion working on applied data is tiny. Only one other way will the historian be able justly to complain that pure research is being crowded out.

motive

Subjective Demands

Enlarging the social sector of historiography requires, as a start, removing the shame from "subjectivity." Benedetto Croce undertook this, as far back as 1920, reacting against the strict claims of "scientific history": what von Ranke called history "as it actually was," and what Bury called "simply a science, no less and no more." Croce openly avowed that what he chose to investigate in the past was determined by "an interest in the life of the present" and that the past facts must answer "to a present interest." In America, James Harvey Robinson said: "The present has hitherto been the willing victim of the past; the time has now come when it should turn on the past and exploit it in the interests of advance."

But this confession of concern for current problems made other scholars uneasy. Philosopher Arthur O. Lovejoy, for instance, said the aims of the historian must not be confused with those of the "social reformer," and that the more a historian based his research on problems of "the period in which he writes" then "the worse historian he is likely to be." The job of the historian, he declared (this was in the era of the Memorial Day Massacre, Guernica, and the Nuremberg Laws) is "to know whether . . . certain events, or sequences of events, happened at certain past times, and what . . . the characters of those events were." When philosophers suggest this is not the first business of a historian, Lovejoy said, "they merely tend to undermine his morals as a historian."

At the bottom of the fear of engagement, it seems to me, is a confusion between ultimate values and instrumental ones. To start historical enquiry with frank adherence to a small set of ultimate values—that war, poverty, race hatred, prisons should be abolished; that mankind constitutes a single species; that affection and cooperation

should replace violence and hostility—such a set of commitments places no pressure on its advocates to tamper with the truth. The claim of Hume and his successors among the logical positivists, that no moral *should* can be proved by what *is*, has its useful side, for neither can the moral absolute be disproved by any factual discovery.

For an American historian with an ultimate commitment to racial equality there is no compulsion to ignore the facts that many slaveholders did not use whips on their slaves, that most slaves did not revolt, that some Negro officeholders in the Reconstruction period were corrupt, or that the homicide rate has been higher among Negroes than whites. But with such a commitment, and more concerned to shape the future than to recount the past for its own sake, the historian would be driven to point out what slavery meant for the "well-treated" slave; to explain how corruption was bi-racial in the 1870's as in all periods; to discuss Uncle Tomism along with the passivity of Jews in the concentration camp and the inertia of thirty million poor in an affluent America; to discuss the relationship between poverty and crime of a certain sort.

Instrumental Gods

Unyielding dedication to certain *instrumental* values, on the other hand—to specific nations, organizations, leaders, social systems, religions, or techniques, all of which claim their own efficacy in advancing the ultimate values—creates powerful pressures for hiding or distorting historical events. A relentless commitment to his own country may cause an American to glide over the elements of brutality in American "diplomatic history" (the term itself manufactures a certain aura of gentility). Compare, for instance, James Reston's pious column for Easter Sunday, 1965, on the loftiness of American behavior towards other countries, with Edmund Wilson's

harsh, accurate summary of American expansionism in his introduction to *Patriotic Gore*.

It was rigid devotion to Stalin, rather than to the ultimate concerns of humane Marxism, that led to fabrication of history in the Soviet Union about the purges and other things. After 1956, a shift in instrumental gods led to counter-fabrication. With the advent of the cold war the United States began to match the Soviet Union in the large-scale development of government-supported social science research which took an instrumental value—the nation's foreign policy—and *assumed* this was identical with peace and freedom.

Thus, teams of social scientists under contract to the armed forces took without question the U.S. government's premise that the Soviet Union planned to invade Western Europe, and from this worked out all sorts of deductions for policy. Now it turns out (and we are told this by the same analysts) that that premise was incorrect. This is replaced not by the overthrow of dogma itself, but by substituting a new assumption—that Communist China intends to take over all of Asia and eventually the world—and so the computers have begun to click out policy again. The absolutization of an instrumental value—in this case, current U.S. foreign policy; in other cases, Soviet policy or Ghanaian policy or whatever—distorts the results of research from the beginning.

Knowing that commitments to instrumental values distort the facts often leads scholars to avoid commitment of any kind. Boyd Schafer, reporting for the American Historical Association on the international congress of historians held in Vienna in the summer of 1965, notes an attempt at one session to introduce the question of Vietnam. The executive body of the Congress "firmly opposed the introduction of any current political question," saying the organization "had been and could only be devoted to scientific historical

studies." Here were 2,400 historians from forty nations, presumably an enormous assembly of data and insights from all branches of history; if this body could not throw any light on the problem of Vietnam, what claim can anyone make that history is studied to help us understand the present?

It testifies to the professionalization, and therefore the dehumanization, of the scholar that, while tens of thousands of them gather annually in the United States alone, to hear hundreds of papers on scattered topics of varying significance, there has been no move to select a problem—poverty, race prejudice, the war in Vietnam, alternative methods of social change—for concentrated attention by some one conference.

But if a set of "ultimate values"—peace, racial equality, economic security, freedom of expression—are to guide our questioning, without distorting our answers, what is the source of these values? Can we prove their validity?

It is only when "proof" is identified with academic research that we are at a loss to justify our values. The experiences of millions of lives over centuries of time, relived by each of us in those aspects common to all men, *prove* to us that love is preferable to hate, peace to war, brotherhood to enmity, joy to sorrow, health to sickness, nourishment to hunger, life to death. And enough people recognize these values (in all countries, and inside all social systems) so that further academic disputation is only a stumbling block to action. What we see and feel (is not human emotion often a crystallized, ineffable rationality?) is more formally stated as a fact of social psychology in Freud's Eros, and in Erik Erikson's idea of "the more inclusive identity."

How should all this affect the actual work of the historian? For one thing, it calls for an emphasis on those historical facts which have hitherto been obscured, and

whose recall would serve to enhance justice and brotherhood. It is by now a truism that all historical writing involves a selection of facts out of those which are available. But what standards should govern this selection?

Selective Standards

Harvard philosopher Morton White (in *Social Thought in America*), anxious to defend "historical objectivity" against "the hurried flight to relativism," says that the "ideal purpose of history" is "to tell the whole truth." But since it is impossible to have historical accounts list all that has taken place, White says, the historian's job is to give a shorter, "representative" list. White values "impersonal standards" and "a neutral standpoint." The crux of his argument is based on the notion that the fundamental aim of the historian is to tell as much of the story of the past as he can.

Even if it were possible to list *all* the events of a given historical period, would this really capture the human reality of this period? Can starvation, war, suffering, joy be given their due, even in the most complete historical recounting? Is not the *quality* of events more important than their quantity? Is there not something inherent in setting the past on paper which robs human encounter of its meaning? Does not the attention to either completeness or representativeness of "the facts" only guarantee that the cool jelly of neutrality will spread over it all, and that the reader will be left in the mood of the writer—that is, the mood of detached scholarship? And if this is so, does not the historian, concerned with the quality of an era or an event because he wants to affect the quality of his own time, need to work on the list in such a way as to try to restore its human content?

In a world where justice is maldistributed, historically and now, there is no such thing as a "neutral" or "representative" recapitulation of the facts, any more than

one is dealing "equally" with a starving beggar and a millionaire by giving each a piece of bread. The condition of the recipient is crucial in determining whether the distribution is just.

Our best historians, whether or not they acknowledge it, take this into account. Beard's story of the making of the Constitution was hardly a representative list of the events connected with the Philadelphia Convention. He singled out the economic and political backgrounds of the Founding Fathers to illustrate the force of economic interest in political affairs, and he did it because (as he put it later) "this realistic view of the Constitution had been largely submerged in abstract discussion of states' rights and national sovereignty and in formal, logical, and discriminative analyses of judicial opinions."

When C. Vann Woodward wrote *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* he chose instances of equal treatment for Southern Negroes in public facilities, voting, transportation, in the 1880's. These were certainly not "representative." But he chose to emphasize them because he was writing in a time (1954) when much of the American nation, North and South, seemed to believe that segregation was so long and deeply entrenched in the South that it could not be changed. Woodward's intent was "to indicate that things have not always been the same in the South."

Similarly, the "Freedom Primer," now being used in the deep South by the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, carefully selects from the mass of facts about the Negro in America those stories of heroism and rebellion which would give a Mississippi Negro child a sense of pride and worth, precisely because those are the feelings which everything around him tries to crush. (Yet I would not hesitate to point out, to a Negro child who developed the

motive

notion that Negroes could do no wrong, that history also showed some unheroic Negroes.)

The examples I have given are not "neutral" or "representative," but they are true to the ideal of man's oneness and to the reality of his separateness. Truth only in relation to what is or was is one-dimensional. Historical writing is most true when it is appropriate simultaneously to what was in the past, to the condition of the present, and to what should be in the future.

How can a historian portray the Twenties? It was a time of glittering "prosperity," with several million unemployed. There were floods of new consumer goods in the stores, with poverty on the farm. There was a new class of millionaires, while people in city slums struggled to pay the rent and gas bills. The two hundred largest corporations were doubling their assets, but Congressman Fiorello LaGuardia, representing a working-class district in East Harlem, wrote in 1928:

It is true that Mr. Mellon, Mr. Ford, Mr. Rosenwald, Mr. Schwab, Mr. Morgan and a great many others not only manage to keep their enormous fortunes intact, but increase their fortunes every year. . . . But can any one of them improve on the financial genius of Mrs. Maria Esposito or Mrs. Rebecca Epstein or Mrs. Maggie Flynn who is keeping house in a New York tenement raising five or six children on a weekly envelope of thirty dollars . . . ?

A "comprehensive" picture of the Twenties, the kind most often found in American history textbooks, emphasizes the prosperity, along with amusing instances of governmental corruption, a summary of foreign policy, a dash of literature, and a bit on the K.K.K. and the Scopes Trial. This would seem to be "representative"; it leaves the reader with an unfocused mishmash, fogged over by a general aura of well-being. But wouldn't a history of the Twenties be most true to both past facts and future values if it stressed the plight of many millions of poor behind the facade of prosperity?



PHOTOGRAPH

BOB FLETCHER

Might not such an emphasis on the Twenties, if widespread, have hastened the nation's discovery (not made until the 1960's) of poverty amidst plenty?

To carry the point even further, would not an account of the New Deal which stressed the inadequacy of its measures in solving the problem of unemployment and maldistribution of wealth be more true—for the Sixties, when "poverty programs" pretend to so much—than some of the saccharine, romantic accounts of the Roosevelt years written by liberal historians? (The closest we have to such a future-oriented picture of the New Deal are two penetrating studies: William E. Leuchtenburg's *F.D.R. and the New Deal*, and James M. Burns' *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*.)

There is still another flaw in the exhortation to the historian to give a "representative" account of his subject: he is not writing in an empty field, thousands have preceded him and have weighted the story in certain directions. When the Marxist historian Herbert Aptheker wrote *American Negro Slave Revolts*, he was giving heavy

emphasis to a phenomenon in which only a small minority of slaves had participated. But he was writing in an atmosphere dominated by the writings on slavery of men like Ulrich Phillips, when textbooks spoke of the happy slave. Both southern and northern publics needed a sharp reminder of the inhumanity of the slave system. And perhaps the knowledge that such reminders are still necessary stimulated Kenneth Stampp to write *The Peculiar Institution*.

The earth has for so long been so sharply tilted on behalf of the rich, the white-skinned, the male, the powerful, that it will take enormous effort to set it right. A biography of Eugene Debs (Ray Ginger's *The Bending Cross*) is a deliberate focusing on the heroic qualities of a man who devoted his life to the idea that "while there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free." But how many biographies of the radical Debs are there, compared to biographies of John D. Rockefeller, or Theodore Roosevelt? The selection of the topic for study is

the first step in the weighting of the social scales for one value or another.

The usual distinction between "narrative" and "interpretive" history is not really pertinent to the criterion I have suggested for writing history in the public sector. It has often been assumed that narrative history, the simple description of an event or period, is "low-level" history, while the interpretation of events, periods, individuals is "high-level" and thus closer to the heart of a socially-concerned historian. But the narration of the Haymarket Affair, or the Sacco-Vanzetti Case, to someone with a rosy picture of the American court system, has far more powerful effect on the present than an interpretation of the reasons for the War of 1812. A factual recounting of the addresses of Wendell Phillips constitutes (in a time when young people have begun to be captivated by the idea of joining social movements) a far more positive action on behalf of social reform than a sophisticated "interpretation" of the abolitionists which concludes that they were motivated by psychological feelings of insecurity. So much of the newer work on "concepts" in history gives up both the forest and the trees for the stratosphere.

Problem Approach

If the historian is to approach the data of the past with a deliberate intent to further certain fundamental values in the present, then he can adopt several approaches. He may search at random in documents and publications to find material relevant to those values (this would rule out data of purely antiquarian or trivial interest). He can pursue the traditional lines of research (certain periods, people, topics: the Progressive period, Lincoln, the Bank War, the Labor Movement) with an avowed "presentist" objective. Or, as the least wasteful method, he can use a problem-centered approach to the American past. This approach,

used only occasionally in American historiography, deserves some discussion.

The starting point, it should be emphasized, is a *present* problem. Many so-called "problem approaches" in American history have been based on problems of the past. Some of these may be extended by analogy to a present problem (like Beard's concern with economic motive behind political events of the 18th century), but many of them are quite dead (the tariff debates of the 1820's; the character of the Southern Whigs; Turner's frontier thesis, which has occupied an incredible amount of attention). Not that bits of relevant wisdom cannot be extracted from these old problems, but the reward is small for the attention paid. Too often, the historian fits Tolstoy's description of him as a deaf man responding to questions no one has asked.

Teachers and writers of history almost always speak warmly (and vaguely) of how "studying history will help you understand our own time." This usually means the teacher will make the point quickly in his opening lecture, or the textbook will dispose of this in an opening sentence, after which the student is treated to an encyclopedic, chronological recapitulation of the past. In effect, he is told: "The past is useful to the present. Now you figure out how."

Barrington Moore (in *Political Power and Social Theory*), discussing the reluctance of the historian to draw upon his knowledge for suggestive explanations of the present, says: "Most frequently of all he will retreat from such pressures into literary snobbishness and pseudo-cultivation. This takes the form of airy generalizations about the way history provides 'wisdom' or 'real understanding.' . . . Anyone who wants to know how this wisdom can be effectively used, amplified, and corrected, will find that his questions usually elicit no more than irritation."

To start historical enquiry with a present concern requires ignoring

the customary chronological fracture of the American past: the Colonial Period; the Revolutionary Period; the Jacksonian Period; and so on, down to the New Deal, the War, and the Atomic Age. Instead, a problem must be followed where it leads, back and forth across the centuries if necessary.

David Potter has pointed (in his essay in the volume *Generalization in the Writing of History*) to the unconfessed theoretical assumptions of historians who claim they are not theorizing. I would carry his point further: all historians, by their writing, have some effect on the present social situation, whether they choose to be presentists or not. Therefore the real choice is not between shaping the world or not, but between doing it deliberately based on certain values, or unconsciously.

Psychology has contributed several vital ideas to our understanding of the role of the historian. In the first place, the psychologist is not recording the events of the patient's life simply to add to his files, or because they are "interesting," or because they will enable the building of complex theories. He is a therapist, devoted to the notion of curing people's problems, so that all the data he discovers are evaluated in accord with the single objective of therapy. This is the kind of commitment historians, as a group, have not yet made to society.

Second, there is Harry Stack Sullivan's notion of the psychologist as "participant." Whether the psychologist likes it or not, he is more than a listener. He has an effect on his patient. Similarly, the historian is a participant in history by his writing. Even when he claims neutrality he has an effect—if only, with his voluminous production of irrelevant data, to clog the social passages. So it is now a matter of consciously recognizing his participation, and deciding in which direction his energies will be expended.

An especially potent way of leading the historian towards a presentist, value-directed history is the binding power of social action itself. When a group of American historians in the Spring of 1965 joined the Negroes marching from Selma to Montgomery they were performing an unusual act. Social scientists sometimes speak and write on public policy; rarely do they bodily join in action to make contact with those whose motivation comes not from thought and empathy but from the direct pain of deprivation. Such contact, such engagement in action, generates an emotional attachment to the agents of social change which even long hours in the stacks can hardly injure.

Surely there is some relationship between the relative well-being of professors, their isolation in middle-class communities, their predictable patterns of sociality (the dinner party, summer at the seashore), and the tendency to remain distant, both personally and in scholarship, from the political battles of the day. The scholar does vaguely aim to serve some social purpose, but there is an un-discussed conflict between problem-solving and safety for a man earning \$10,000 a year. There is no deliberate, conscious avoidance of social issues, but some quiet gyroscopic mechanism of survival operates to steer the scholar towards research within the academic consensus.

Engagement in social action is not indispensable for a scholar to direct his scholarship towards humane concerns; it is part of the wonder of people that they can transcend their immediate circumstances by leaps of emotion and imagination. But contact with the underground of society, in addition to spurring the historian to act out his value-system, might also open him to new data: the experiences, thoughts, feelings of the invisible folk all around us. This is the kind of data so often



PHOTOGRAPH

BOB FLETCHER

missed in official histories, manuscript collections of famous personalities, diaries of the literate newspaper accounts, government documents.

I don't want to exaggerate the potency of the scholar as activist. But it may be that his role is especially important in a liberal society, where there is a smaller force available for social change, and the paralysis of the middle class is an important factor in delaying change. Fact can only buttress passion, not create it, but where passion is strained through the Madisonian constitutional sieve, it badly needs support.

The Negro revolution has taught us that indignation stays alive in the secret crannies of even the most complacent society. Niebuhr was right in chiding Dewey that intellectual persuasion was not enough of a force to create a just America. He spoke (in *Moral Man and Immoral Society*) of his hope that reason would not destroy that "sublime madness" of social passion before its work was done. Perhaps reason may even help focus this passion.

Except for a scattered, eloquent, conscience-torn few, historians in America have enjoyed a long period of luxury, corresponding to that of a nation spared war, famine, and (beyond recent memory) imperial rule. But now, those peoples who were not so spared are rising, stirring, on all sides—and even, of late, in our midst. The rioting Negro poor, the student-teacher critics on Vietnam, the silent walls around state prisons and city jails—all are reminders in this, the most luxurious of nations, that here, as well as abroad, is an exclusiveness based on race, or class, or nationality, or ideology, or monopolies of power.

In this way, we are forced apart from one another, from other people in the world, and from our freedom. To study this exclusiveness critically, and with unashamed feeling, is to act in some small way against it. And to act against it helps us to study it, with more than sharpness of eye and brain, with all that we are as total human beings.

HERE LIES

You, adam
named him
according
to his am

operating

making of
nothing a
something

such work
god knows
still has
yet to go
complete-
ly askew.

You quick
took your
ruler out
and found
the frame
of its e-
lasticity
was meant
and so we
have seen
clear, to
be around
some days
quite off

Well, now
they know
both adam
and jahwe
what they
have done

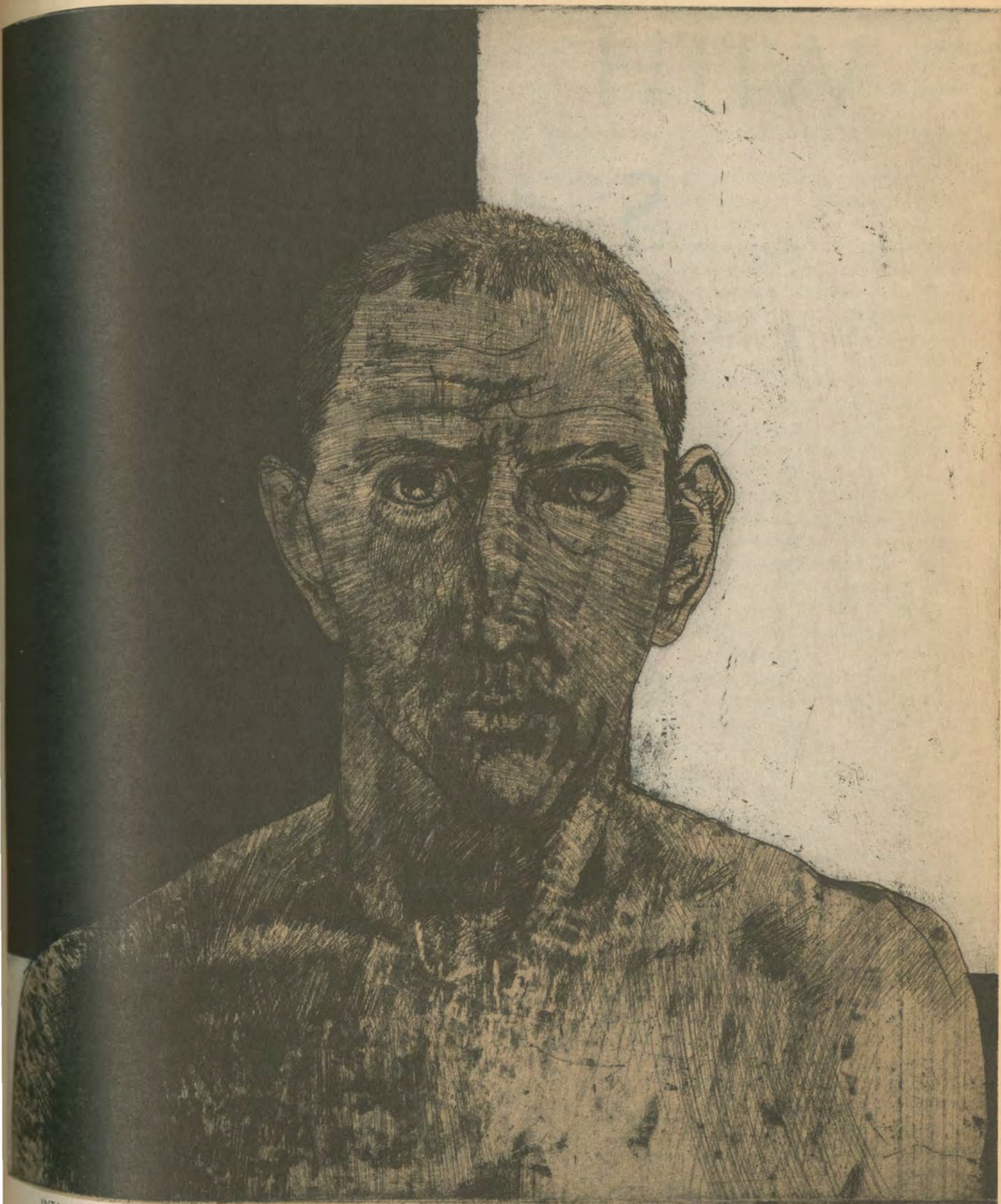
that name
fell flat

Like adam
our names
are meant
to try to
hold back
our fears
of our be-
ing alive

he goofed
we goofed
for want
of a name
that when
we summon
it always
will work
so god is
dead then

long live
god in us

—GORDON CURZON



INTAGLIO: IMPLYING MAN

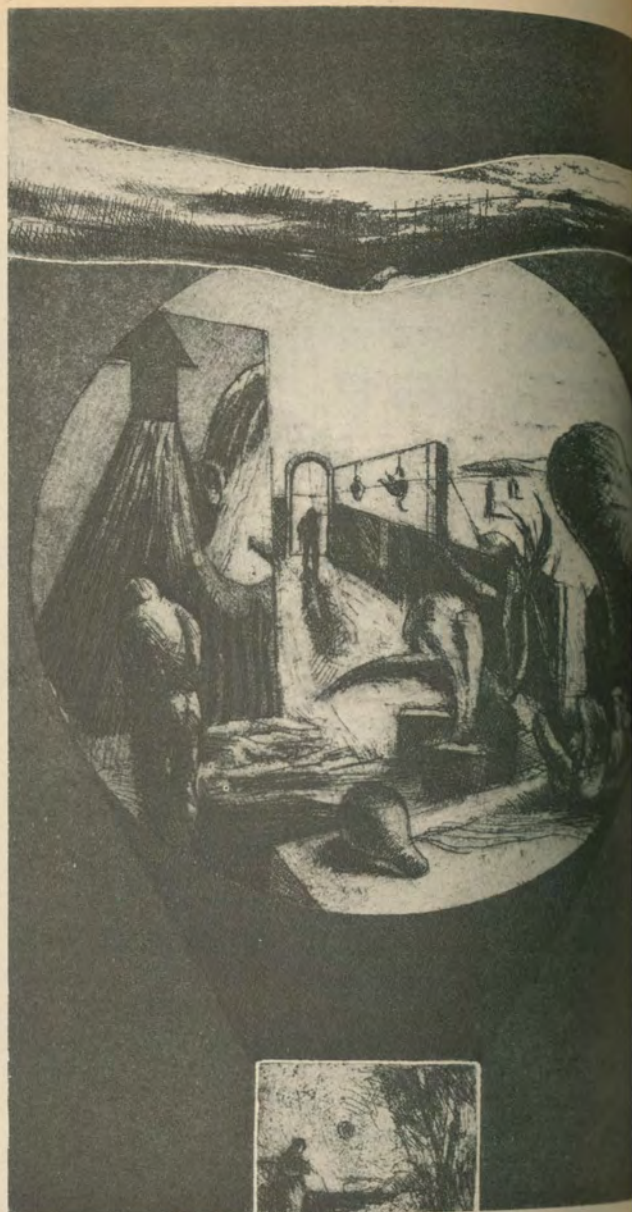
JAMES BURKE

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THANKSGIVING



ETCHING: EXPECTATION OF A MIRACLE



NOYES CAPEHART LONG

By WILLIAM BLOOM

Last December 14th the Spanish people made their first trip in thirty years to a national ballot box. But that referendum on a new constitution did not mark a major turning point in Spain's politics. The new Spanish constitution is not, nor does it pretend to be, a step into instant democracy. It does not hand the Spanish people a tool by which they may construct a government; rather it hands them a government and allows them a small voice in that government's activity. Most observers see it as full of catch phrases which are open to a wide spectrum of interpretations.

DECEMBER 1967

One group in Spain, however, which would seem to have cause to rejoice over the new constitution is the Spanish Protestant minority. But a serious examination of the constitutional section on religious liberty causes one to wonder just what it is saying and what it will permit.

One clause establishes that "the State will assume the protection of religious liberty, which will be safeguarded by an effective juridical system that, at the same time, will ensure morality and public order." For Spain, this clause is full of contradiction and conflict. In the past "morality and public order" have been used as reasons for prohibiting religious liberty. Morality was seen as a necessary element of society which in the Spanish mind was dependent on a strong Catholic leadership. Protestantism was seen as destructive of morality. Public order in Spain meant the ordering of social structures under the Catholic Church structures. So, at this point, the interpretation given such phrases in the future will be more important than the document itself. The interpretation remains to be seen.

The bill which has been drawn up to implement the clause on religious liberty at least seems to offer Protestants and other non-Catholics more freedom of movement than they have legally had before. They will be permitted—for the first time—to mark their places of worship as churches. They are to have the right to "public worship" though it would seem that this also is open to interpretation. It changes the mood of Protestant-government relationships, for henceforth freedom of worship—however defined—will not be a matter of benevolent tolerance on the part of the government but will be a stated legal right.

In the last analysis, any new government paper, even if that paper is a constitution, is not the greatest hope which Spain's Protestants can grasp for their future. Their greatest cause for joy should lie in some of the things which are happening in the Spanish Roman Catholic Church, and we cannot discuss the future of Protestantism in Spain without discussing the present of Roman Catholicism in that country.

If we consider the statements which Spanish bishops have been making—officially and unofficially—since they returned from Vatican II, it is easy to be discouraged. We can decide from these that nothing is happening at all. We can decide from such pronouncements that Spain's Church is still in the Middle Ages, that all the fresh air blowing through the Catholic world has missed Spain. The great majority of the Spanish bishops have done anything but rejoice over *aggornamento*. Spaniards hear a strange ring in Italian words, and for the bishops *aggornamento* is no exception.

Some members of the Spanish hierarchy saw Vatican II as a catastrophe. Some of them came home and interpreted it as such. During the early fall of 1965 a priest appeared on Spanish television a num-

ber of evenings each week. He talked about the Vatican Council. He had a special concern for the schema on religious liberty. He saw it as impending doom. He saw people making decisions which would affect Spain, and he was convinced that they were making their decisions without understanding the Spanish situation. I never questioned his "correctness." I questioned his faith.

But the mood of the bishops or the statements of the conservatives in the Spanish priesthood cannot be used to arrive at a full understanding of what is happening in the Spanish Catholic Church. Within Spain there are a multitude of young priests. One set of statistics says that 70 percent of Spain's priests are under 40 years of age. Many of these men are happy and excited about what happened in Vatican II. Many of them are saying and daring things which set them against their bishops and their government. A dramatic example of this is seen in the support which the students have been finding among the young priests. In Barcelona last year priests supported the students' demonstrations so openly that they were beaten by the police in the city streets. Even in the face of this police brutality the Spanish hierarchy did not take a clear stand in support of its priests.

At the same time that the priest on Madrid television was lamenting Vatican II, there was another priest, Padre Arias, who was writing articles for Madrid's daily newspaper, *Pueblo*. He had been sent to the Vatican to report each day on what was happening there, and every day's paper had a long article by him—sometimes a full page in length. I never met Padre Arias and I'm sorry. He's my brother in the faith.

Following is a translation of part of his article in *Pueblo* on September 22, 1965:

'September 21st is a date that will go down in the annals of Vatican II as the greatest historic event of the Council,' so said to me one of Cardinal Bea's collaborators this afternoon. In effect the Council press room was at one p.m. today brilliantly colorful. In no time at all every telephone line and teletype was occupied and the news went out to the four corners of the world: finally the schema on religious liberty has been accepted as a working base by 90 out of 100 of the Council Fathers. Everyone was shouting and journalists even embraced each other.

The best informed Council experts are saying this afternoon that the famous tension between conservatives and renewers has been definitely decided in favor of the latter by a majority that no one would have dared guess three years ago. 'It is one of the miracles of John XXIII,' a German said to me, 'sufficient alone for his canonization without further process.'

This vote which will be left now to history has clearly signaled the enormous transformation of the whole world to the side of the renovators' ideas. And so has been obtained a 90 per cent vote in favor of the most examined, and most delicate, and discussed, and feared point of all the Council, signifying that the horizon now can be opened up onto the great highways of the Church on the move, transforming her structures, inserting herself into the vital problems of the world.

What then is happening? Simply this: The Council Fathers in contact with their brothers of other nations which may be closer to the study of new theologies, closer to struggles in a distinctly problematic world, have stilled themselves before the breath of the Spirit, and have taken tickets on the train of this hour of the Church—which is an hour of grace. The Church, teacher, life, fountain of Grace, indispensable companion to the pilgrim traveling toward God's kingdom, has put herself at man's side with a spirit of service which she perhaps has not known in her 2000 years of history. And it seems that the world has sensed this. As a Dutch Protestant told me, never has the Catholic Church been watched by the world with such interest, with such sane curiosity, with such inquietude, with such hope, and with such love. We are then at the moment in which the simple man of the street with all his problems, with his troubles, with his hopes, with his sins, and with his great good desires, is to be finally the concern of all the Bishops of the Church.

Here is the statement of a man who is alive. He may sometimes be lonely in the Spanish Church, but he is not alone in it. For this the Protestants of Spain can give thanks.

Another example of new life in the Catholic Church in Spain is the *Centro Ecumenico Juan XXIII*. At this ecumenical center in Salamanca, under the direction of the Reverend Dr. Jose Sanchez Vaquero, conversations between Protestants and Catholics have been going on for a number of years. This community has some very close ties with such non-Spanish groups as the French Protestant Brothers of Taizé. Many of Spain's Protestant pastors have been there for conferences and conversations.

All across Spain priests and pastors—and to a lesser degree, laymen—are beginning to talk across Protestant-Catholic lines. They are beginning to get acquainted, to understand each other, and in many cases to respect and feel affection for each other.

The future of the Spanish Catholic Church no longer rests in the tired hands of the bishops. It rests in the hopes and faith of the new generation of Spain's priesthood. The Protestant future lies in the same hands.

Spain's Protestants number around thirty thousand. The national population is about thirty-one million. The small non-Catholic minority is tragically divided. Germans came baptising Lutherans. The English came with Anglicanism. Presbyterians and Baptists came from here and there. Even more tragic: Half of Spain's Protestants are what we might call fundamentalist or pentecostal sects, and a number of these can by no stretch of the imagination be legitimately called "Protestant." That is the name they get in Spain, however, because they are obviously not Roman Catholic.

Those Catholics who are interested in dialogue with Protestants are confused by the divisions. They are discouraged to learn that conversations with different facets of the non-Catholic minority demand different stances and different orientations. For many of those whom we might see as being in something called "Mainstream Protestantism," conversa-

motive



tions with the Roman Catholics are infinitely easier than conversations with other elements in the non-Roman minority.

The divided Spanish Protestantism is sad, but there is light in it. Among those denominations which belong to the World Council of Churches close cooperation and good communications have developed. Protestantism in Spain has its new generation of "priests" also, and among these younger pastors there is vision, understanding, and love which reaches across the divisions that have been handed to them by the outside world as a part of their Protestantism. A number of these pastors are not only competent preachers, teachers, and leaders; they have attained a stature that is statesmanlike and prophetic in understanding their culture and responding to it.

The foreigner in Spain usually has two first reactions to the Protestant Church there: sympathy and thanksgiving. Staying very long in the country to some degree calls into question both of these reactions. The American is prone to feel sympathy because he meets congregations that are small, poor, and struggling for survival. Almost every Protestant family can tell stories of persecution or imprisonment. You can talk with a pastor who waited two years for a marriage license. You can meet young men who had to go abroad to study because the government had closed the Protestant seminary.

But the longer you are there and the more Protestants you meet, the less sympathy you feel. You discover that their small numbers, poverty, and history of persecution are the things which contribute to their life rather than detracting from it. You find that going outside of Spain to study their theology was a godsend rather than a curse. You learn again, what you thought you knew before, that money, large numbers, and a mood of affluence and comfort such as you knew in the United States, are not necessary for the existence of the Church. Indeed, you discover how these things hinder the life of the Christian community and draw it away from its origin. Then one day you have a Spanish pastor say to you—the same one who waited two years for a marriage license—that he isn't sure the Spanish Protestant Church is strong enough yet to deal with religious liberty. You meet great saints and you realize as you come to know them that only experience such as theirs could have shaped the life and faith which is their witness.



Given the present-day situation in Spain, what, in the name of God, should a Protestant minority be doing? Our brothers in Spain will finally have to answer this for themselves, but the foreigner who observes the situation cannot help but have some convictions of his own. What should be their mission? Will they find it? Will they accept it?

These questions have to take into account—in order to find an answer which is relevant to Spain—that the Catholic Church is probably the most powerful organization in the nation. It is probably the richest. It has almost unlimited manpower. It is so much a part of Spain's history and culture that one has trouble sometimes deciding what is Spain and what is Catholicism. Even the self-styled liberal university student who loudly proclaims himself to be anti-clerical has such a passionate love for his cultural heritage and for all things Spanish, that he is necessarily drawn at points to an appreciation of the Church.

When we recall that within this Catholic Church there are the new young priests and laymen who are alive with the spirit of Vatican II, when we talk with some of them and begin to share their dreams of possibility for Spain, we start to think that here is the tool which will evangelize Spain if she is ever to be evangelized. We start to feel that here is a great dormant instrument ready to end its sleep of ages and be about the work of humanizing its society. If

such is not just wishful thinking, then the question gets clearly stated: What are the Protestants for? We begin, at least, to wonder whether they should be about the work of creating new Protestants and thereby often taking people who are doing creative thinking and questioning out of the Roman Catholic Church.

I am convinced that Spain's Protestantism should now see its mission and its reason for being as a ministry to the Spanish Catholic Church. I believe that rather than creating new structures and entrenching itself in a hope for more members or better organization, it should be taking seriously its new opportunity to become a part of the redemption which is around and outside of it in the Roman Catholic Church. I don't mean that Spain's Protestantism should go out of business. It has a peculiar and a valuable mission to perform. I do mean that there are priests who would welcome the cooperation in ministry and the unique witness which the Protestants could offer to the Roman Catholics from a perspective which the Roman Catholics are not going to find among themselves. There are priests working for social change and justice who would accept with open arms the help and cooperation which Protestant neighbors could bring to the task.

This is a larger question than Spain. It is a question about all the minority churches in the world. I

suspect that the Roman Catholic Church in the Scandinavian countries might—in terms of mission—resemble the Protestant Church of Spain. That is to say, they might find a ministry of great value by calling the Church in the majority to be what it should be. They might find a mission devoted to reminding the majority Church of other voices in other rooms.

I hope that such questions are at least being considered by denominational and interdenominational mission boards in countries like the United States and England. We are still sending Protestant missionaries to countries which have a large Catholic majority. Are we going there to help the Catholic Church come to life in that place, or are we still about the old work of fighting with the local priest and taking converts from his flock?

In our present-day predisposition to "think ecumenically" might we have finally come to the place where we do love and trust each other enough to replace our feverish competitive racing with a spirit of servanthood to each other? If this is now a live alternative for action, then the Protestants of Spain have a joyful future which no one would have thought possible fifteen years ago. If this is still not a live alternative, then everyone get busy! Keep alive the arguments and the squabbling of the Reformation and the Counter Reformation, because we are going to need some noisy justification for ourselves.

ETCHING: WASHINGTON PARK

JOHN BOTKIN



3

VIEWS
of the
AMERICAN MALE

Movies based on the portrayal of one character often are disappointing. They tend to sentimentalize the character beyond belief or interest. We are fortunate in having three movies at present, all built around the exposure of one character, which at least do not make the sentimental error of heroism. *In toto*, they also present a view of the American male which is disturbing and more than we would like to admit.

Bike Boy, the latest Warhol epic, seems the most successful of the three films. Andy Warhol continues as the most brilliant of the underground film-makers and the closest thing to a film genius America has produced in many years. He often is accused of

"doing nothing" because he simply turns the camera on his characters and lets them work out their own dialogue and blocking. No criticism could be more ridiculous. His style is absolutely consistent and his direction (albeit in its own peculiar way) is as stringent and definite as could be imagined. It is true that the dialogue comes from the minds and situations of the actors. I suppose Warhol gives them an idea of the type scene he has in mind and they take it from there. The amazing thing is the touching and fresh sound which emerges from them. His choice of actors is fool proof. They are interesting or pathetic in just the way they must be for the meaning of the film.

Bike Boy is the explication of the life of a motorcycle loner. He is first seen in a swishy men's shop buying clothes. Two very funny faggoty salesmen persuade him to buy their idea of groovy pants and shirt. We then follow him through relationships and conversations with several different, quite different, types of girls. The film ends with a long sequence of him in the shower bathing away the accumulations of the day and night.

The most satisfying feature of the film is its lack of pretensions. Simple pacing of photography creates the illumination of the action and dialogue without being intrusive, and a great clarity results. The talk between Bike Boy and his girls is funny, sad, sometimes boring, always believable. There is a section in the middle of the film which takes place in a tiny kitchenette. Bike Boy leans lazily against a cabinet and his girl, clad only from the waist down, goes into a dazzling verbal cadenza about food (salad dressing, eggs, roast beef, cakes) which evoked applause from the film audience.

Bike Boy then is the picture of a not particularly sophisticated but very sensitive and tough outsider. Sometimes he sounds like a refugee from a juvenile delinquency home and at other times like a bright young poet. I suspect that he is typical of a kind of groping loner who finds in a motorbike the combination of strength and thrill that neither women nor life in general ever afford for him. His is ultimately a sad and touching portrait but not one without hope. His strength and his sensitivity meet in a hopeful way. Warhol in his faithfulness to the "what is"—that is, to "telling it like it really is"—presents a kind of universal male loneliness. The simplicity and limpidity of the presentation are part of its power.

Portrait of Jason is a two-hour movie which consists simply of one Jason Holliday talking about his life. He is a Negro male prostitute. He is also incredibly good natured and jolly. (A third of the film consists of just laughter.) Nevertheless, even with the constant twinkle in his eyes and in his voice, the implications of the film are brutal and tragic. Jason is a brilliant raconteur. He tells the stories of his life with such verve and charm that the film is never boring. Some of the tales he acts out, others he tells sitting very quietly with the ever-present drink in his hands. The power and tragic nature of the film emerge in that space between what Jason thinks he is doing and what he is really doing.

He thinks he is giving us a true, bittersweet picture into the life of every Negro male who has cleverly hustled everyone and everything worth hustling. What we actually see, however, is a man who has been cruelly and relentlessly swindled by life. The content of the stories is either amusing, sad or touching. Straightforwardly, they charm and titillate and move, but the style of his language—the style of his life—is the real revelation. He refers continually to his acquaintances as "my very good friend," much like a politician at vote-getting time. You finally realize that "my very good friend" is a desperate way in which Jason maintains his illusion that there are such things as "very good friends"—

his hunger for love and acceptance become more tortured every time he uses the phrase. The laughter with which he punctuates the stories seems simple good humor at first, but slowly turns macabre as you realize that it is a transparent way of covering anguish, hurt and agonizing embarrassment. Embarrassment at his very existence. The final shots of his laughing are horrible. You turn away. What is he laughing at? You feel more like vomiting.

Essentially, what this movie does is to rape a man of his dignity, his illusions, and finally his charm. This does not take away from the shock or the power of the film but it makes my writing about it an accessory to the crime. It is true Jason has willfully exposed himself and I suppose the film should be seen, but one feels for him—mixed in with the admiration for his guts—one feels for him what he would blush at arousing: pity.

Shirley Clarke, who made the film, was, I suppose, lucky. She found a wounded man who wanted to exhibit his wound. On second thought, however, she may have found an albatross. I would not want to be responsible for the raw nakedness with which she exposes this man.

Don't Look Back, the documentary of Bob Dylan's London engagement, is the most disappointing of the films. It seems designed to conceal rather than reveal this talented and important singer and poet. Indeed, it comes on as a kind of low-keyed public relations gimmick, which is sad. Obviously Dylan is a fascinating and complicated man. But this film reveals a sullen young kid who leads a very public life. One doesn't mind his being sullen but what is he sullen about? The really interesting figure that appears in the film is his manager—a dumping of a man with long grey hair and dollar signs for eye balls. As the prototype of the new hip manager he is of passing interest but after all we came to the movie to see Dylan.

The paradox that this film reveals is that of an incredibly inarticulate man who can write poetry and sing like an angel but in real life is absolutely non-communicative—at least in the film.

Dylan, paradoxically, seems inarticulate except when he is on stage singing or talking. He bludgeons a *Time* Magazine reporter with a bald put down that is not so much clever as simply crude and stupid. His conversations with his friends seem like a high school parody of hip talk. Only in his performing does the charm and intensity of the man come through.

One can only conclude that Dylan is intensely, painfully aware of the camera. Whoever shot the film should take some lessons from Warhol on being unobtrusive and on having your subjects act and perform without self-consciousness. The abiding feeling of this film is the sense that Dylan is so aware of the camera that he cannot be himself. If he wants to lead a private life he should not agree to a documentary film. If he wants to be filmed he should not allow himself to come off as a junior executive who wants to present the proper image for the public. It is a betrayal of his integrity as a poet and singer and, worst of all, it is boring.

—AL CARMINES



GROKKING THE CHURCH OF A.D. 2000

By CLIFFORD W. EDWARDS

Where will the disenchanted read their "church-criticism" this year? What will be this year's most popular book for entertainment and stimulation?

According to *Esquire* "Hippest College Issue" (Sept., 1967), *The Hobbit* and the rest of Tolkien's fantasy tales (which replaced *Lord of the Flies* which replaced Salinger) have themselves been replaced this year:

Forget J. R. R. Tolkien; Frodo's dead. *Stranger in a Strange Land* is grokking to the top of the campus best seller list . . .

Esquire might well be correct that Robert A. Heinlein's science-fiction tale about the adventures on earth of Valentine Michael Smith, a human child raised on Mars by Martians, is becoming the thing to read on campus (the 75¢ Avon paperback edition is now in its seventh printing). Certainly this rambling adventure (414 pages) has a bit of everything: an imaginative leap into space and the future, a "new" approach to sex, interplanetary intrigue, and an obsession with religious questions and ecclesiastical practices.

Stranger in a Strange Land's imaginative predictions, serious and satirical, concerning church life and religious thought in the not too distant future (after World War III; a half century or so after "the founding of the first human colony on luna") may prove enlightening. Heinlein's imaginings will likely color the "church-criticism" to be heard in many a college bull session, living room encounter between generations, and church or college religion forum in the months ahead.

The Church of the New Revelation (Fosterite) is Heinlein's portrait of the popular church of the future. It was founded by Foster, a successful prophet claiming to reveal the original words of Jesus. Foster, now an archangel, still guides his church from heaven, though his body remains below on display:

. . . that's the pose he was in when he went to Heaven. He's never been moved—we built the tabernacle right around him.

The Fosterite church has learned the ways of the world. It plays power politics, runs its own political candidates, makes and breaks newspapers, and is not above hiring mobs or sending "shock troops" to discourage competition.

Visiting a Fosterite Tabernacle is quite an experience. Financial concerns apparently account for many of the innovations. The entrance hall is lined with "happy chance" slot machines (at the three-Holy-Eyes jackpot a bell tolls and a choir sings hosannas). There is a lunch-counter and bar, door prizes are given, and sanctuary furnishings include "self-adjusting seats, ash trays, and drop tables for refreshments."

The worship service involves good sales-convention techniques and lively audience participation. Spot advertisements have become a lucrative part of each worship service:

Don't let a sinner palm off on you something 'just as good.'
Our sponsors support us; they deserve your support.

Each phase of the service is opportunity for a sponsor:

Our first hymn is sponsored by Mama Bakeries, makers of Angel Bread, the loaf of love . . .

Products can be even more closely allied to Fosterite interests:

Send your child to school with a bulging box of Archangel Foster cookies, each one blessed and wrapped in an appropriate text—and pray that each goodie he gives away may lead a child of sinners to the light.

The "snake dance weaving down the right aisle" of the sanctuary is hardly new, nor is the use of an ex-football hero as warm-up preacher, but perhaps few churches to date have thought to hire a show girl like Dawn Ardent who "teaches the Young Men's Happiness Class and attendance has tripled since she took over."

Fosterite preaching blasts sinners, offers happiness to the seekers, and encourages mutual patronage among the saved. Among the saved, happiness is offered at a minimal price to serve the "milder needs of the masses," while a more mystical experience is offered for a select group within a secret inner church, a Dionysian-like cult, whose secret initiation celebrates human sexuality in a manner apparently similar to certain early Gnostic groups.

How might one summarize Heinlein's "church-criticism" which points out the ills of today's church by projecting their logical outcomes into the future? The reaction of Heinlein's own mouthpiece, the agnostic doctor-lawyer-artist Jubal Harshaw, provides a summary:

The Fosterites' flatfooted claim to gnosis through a direct line to Heaven, their arrogant intolerance, their football rally and sales-convention services—these depressed him. If people must go to church, why the devil couldn't they be dignified like Catholics, Christian Scientists, or Quakers?

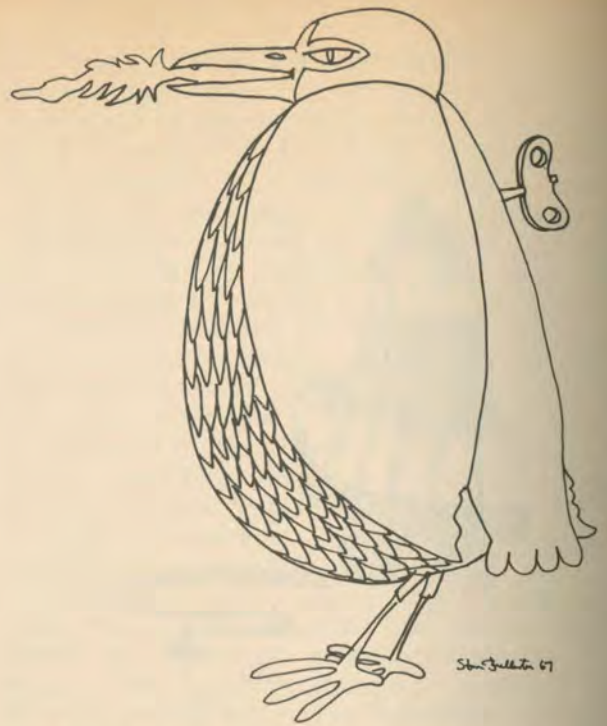
Further, Jubal is angered that the church, though up to its neck in political and financial schemes, claims some sort of holy immunity from the laws that police other big businesses:

My dear, religion is a null area in the law. A church can do anything . . .

Of course, not everything the Fosterite church has become is loathsome. Heinlein's own picture of what religion ought to be includes Fosterite elements and is as enlightening as his picture of what the church ought not be. Heinlein presents his new religion and a church for the future through the Martian-raised genius Valentine Michael Smith. Seeing earth's dilemma from a Martian viewpoint, Smith attempts to save humankind by becoming "Founder and Pastor of the Church of All Worlds, Inc.," and Jubal Harshaw, the agnostic, becomes patron saint of the new movement.

"The man from Mars" insists that the approach to life he presents to mankind is not really a "religion." As has been true of other claims to "religionless religion," Heinlein's intent is apparently to find a universal Truth beyond the provincialisms of existing religions. Interestingly, Michael Valentine Smith's doctoral dissertation was in "comparative religion," and Jubal Harshaw continuously quotes Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Hindu, and Buddhist teachings, claiming to read the Koran regularly in Arabic. The new religionless religion and its church will break through Christendom's present provincialism and general ignorance of the many other religious forms on our globe, and will offer some higher universal synthesis and fellowship.

Heinlein may well be reading the mood of the future here. Paul Tillich's last public lecture, for example, entitled "The Significance of the History of Religions for the Systematic Theologian," called for a general rewriting of Christian theology in the light of a new depth study of other world religions. Unfortunately, Heinlein's constant references to various religious traditions too often strike one as more pompous than well informed. In one episode, for example, Jubal's use of the Lot stories of Genesis shows a complete ignorance of the proper context in Near Eastern custom. Heinlein, however, as Salinger's Glass family before him, may well capture support and imagina-



tion by abandoning religious provincialism and turning to the seers and gurus of all faiths in search of a universal Truth which can both appreciate and transcend the present variety of religious practices.

The true religionless religion and church of the future will also abandon the slippery and bankrupt concept "faith" in favor of a new emphasis upon demonstrable truth: "What we offer is not faith but truth—truth they can check." "Works and discipline" will be an important element. Jubal says of Valentine Michael Smith's new church: "The discipline, that's what I like. The faith I was reared in didn't require anybody to know anything." A major part of this new discipline is learning the Martian language, for the languages of earth are inadequate for understanding and expressing the new universalism. At least one Martian word which Heinlein introduces—"Grok"—is likely to become widely used: it means "to understand so thoroughly that the observer becomes a part of the observed—." The process is McLuhanesque, rather like thinking, digging, and grooving allatonce.

Heinlein's rejection of "faith" in favor of demonstrable truth and hard discipline will strike a responsive chord for many of the new generation who have observed "faith" used as a "weasel" word to discourage all hard questions, who have been trained in scientific inquiry, and who have been disappointed that their churches have never required a real discipline. That Heinlein never defines "faith" or "demonstrable truth" will not likely detract from his criticism.

The necessity of learning Martian, of course, captures the imagination and appeals to those with academic leanings: there is a key academic "gnosis" available to the intelligent. Interestingly enough, this language key does call to mind the new emphasis of such scholars of "the new hermeneutic" as Fuchs and Ebeling who proclaim the decisive role played by language in determining what we are and will become.

At the heart of Valentine Michael Smith's new "religion" and church is the affirmation and greeting regularly used within the fellowship: "THOU ART GOD." "Thou art God, I am God, all that groks is God . . . It is the universe proclaiming its self-awareness." Heinlein's religionless religion of the future then at its heart looks suspiciously like an ancient brand of philosophic Hinduism. In fact, it is surprising that Heinlein never quotes

the equivalent of "Thou art God" which appears so prominently in the *Upanishads*: "Thou art It"—the Atman within is in fact the universal Brahman. Even Valentine Michael Smith's affirmation that "when a cat stalks a sparrow both of them are God" fits within the wider philosophic pantheism wed to the doctrine of Samsara or metempsychosis within Hinduism. Heinlein's new perspective via Mars has gone a long way to arrive back at the Indian answer to life formulated over 2500 years ago.

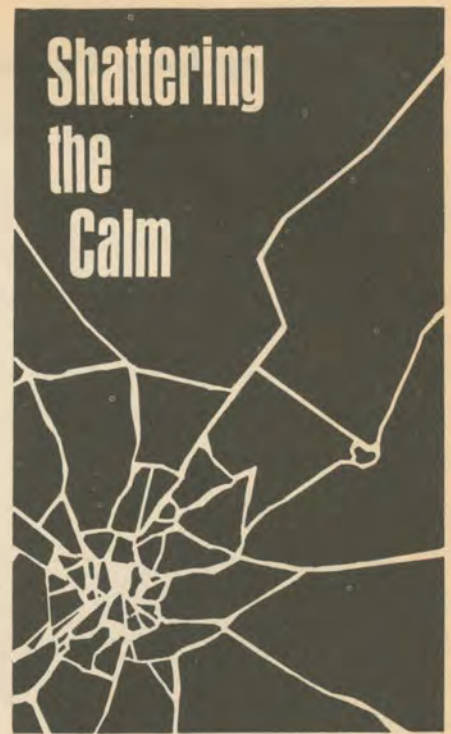
One must add, however, that the identity of God with the human self is stressed in this new religion, and is stressed as an affirmation of human responsibility for the world: "Thou art God—it's a defiance—and an unafraid unabashed assumption of personal responsibility." This emphasis upon human responsibility, the new mankind acting as God, will be as appealing to some as the similar affirmation of the Death of God theologians, and is as contemporary (and as ancient) as the theme of Archibald MacLeish's new drama *Herakles*.

One ought also take special note of Heinlein's assumption that there are definite spiritual levels to which various human beings belong, and that the final salvation of Earth is apparently in the hands of a spiritual, intellectual, and mystical elite who alone will survive. Valentine Michael Smith's church is divided into nine circles, the Inner Nest alone really understanding the new approach to life, and alone likely to survive the millenia. Here is a tendency toward the same appeal to the college community as an intellectual and intuitive elite that once made Salinger so popular: You, the elite, will save the world, you are the Inner Nest, the born geniuses, the Glasses, who are above the common herd. The crowds who attend the new church are referred to as "marks . . . skilled in . . .," and Valentine Michael Smith "spills" the many unworthy ones. "He screens thousands . . . finds a few." As Jubal advises Smith, ". . . in a matter of some generations the stupid ones will die out and those with your discipline will inherit the earth."

Has Heinlein read the future trend correctly here? Has the college generation's recent involvement with popular causes in human rights and poverty run its course, and is it about to issue in a new separation from the "masses," a new intellectual snobbery? If Eric Hoffer's essay "The Intellectual and the Masses" (in *The Ordeal of Change*) is correct, perhaps such a mood in the near future is almost inevitable.

Finally, one can hardly overlook the new and very positive role Valentine Michael Smith gives to "sex" in his new fellowship, though once again this new sexual freedom and sharing is only for the geniuses of the Inner Nest, who live together in a kind of "plural marriage" devoid of all jealousy. Certainly Heinlein's "junking" of the present "preposterous and evil" sexual code will have popular appeal for those who feel trapped between the old code written into our society and the new mood that at least in practice has often become "plural marriage."

Has Heinlein grokked the church of A.D. 2000? Whether he has or not, his critique of the church and popular Christianity in the guise of the Fosterites and his attempt at a new construction will doubtless stir the thinking and supply models for many of the disenchanting student generation. His imaginative efforts and willingness to question basic structures must be commended for going well beyond the minor repair jobs many suggest as adequate for the future. Imagination, and attack upon provincialism, and a sense of humor might well all be in Heinlein's favor, though the assumption of a spiritual elite, the rejection of the masses as "marks" to be "spilled," and a failure to recognize the Hindu-imitation his "Martian" pantheism poses might well lead one to be wary.



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B. J. STILES, Editor

CONTRIBUTORS

ANDREW KEY is associate professor of Religion at Southwestern College, Winfield, Kansas.

THOMAS C. ODEN is professor of theology and ethics at the graduate seminary, Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma.

LARRY L. ROSE is associate professor in the department of humanities and social sciences, Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Indiana.

HOWARD ZINN is professor of Government, Boston University, and the author of *LaGuardia in Congress*; *The Southern Mystique*; and *SNCC: The New Abolitionists*.

WILLIAM BLOOM, former campus minister at Southern Methodist University, currently is chaplain to international students in Paris.

AL CARMINES is director of the arts, Judson Memorial Church, New York City.

CLIFFORD W. EDWARDS is chairman of the department of philosophy and religion at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia.

JEROME W. BERRYMAN is associate chaplain, Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana.

POETS:

JOHN L'HEUREUX is the well-known Jesuit priest and author. His most recent books, *Rubrics for a Revolution* (poems) and *Picnic in Babylon* (Journal excerpts) were both published by Macmillan. We're delighted that he's discovered *motive*.

On the other hand, we're glad that *motive* has found **HARRY MacCORMACK**. An exceptionally fine poet, a former field worker for both SNCC and SDS, and a graduate of Harvard Divinity School, MacCormack is now studying writing in the Iowa Writers' Workshop. "On the Border," he says, is dedicated to Paul Tillich and the possibility of a new world.

GORDON CURZON, another widely published poet, teaches at the University of California, Riverside.

J. PETER MEINKE, a frequent contributor, teaches now at Florida Presbyterian College. His work has recently been seen in *Trace* and the *Antioch Review*.

ROBERT BURLINGAME, who understands the health of humor even better than Goethe, is at Texas Western College in El Paso.

RICHARD FRICKS is *motive's* latest part-time answer to BBD&O. He works here as promotion manager while attending Vanderbilt Divinity School.

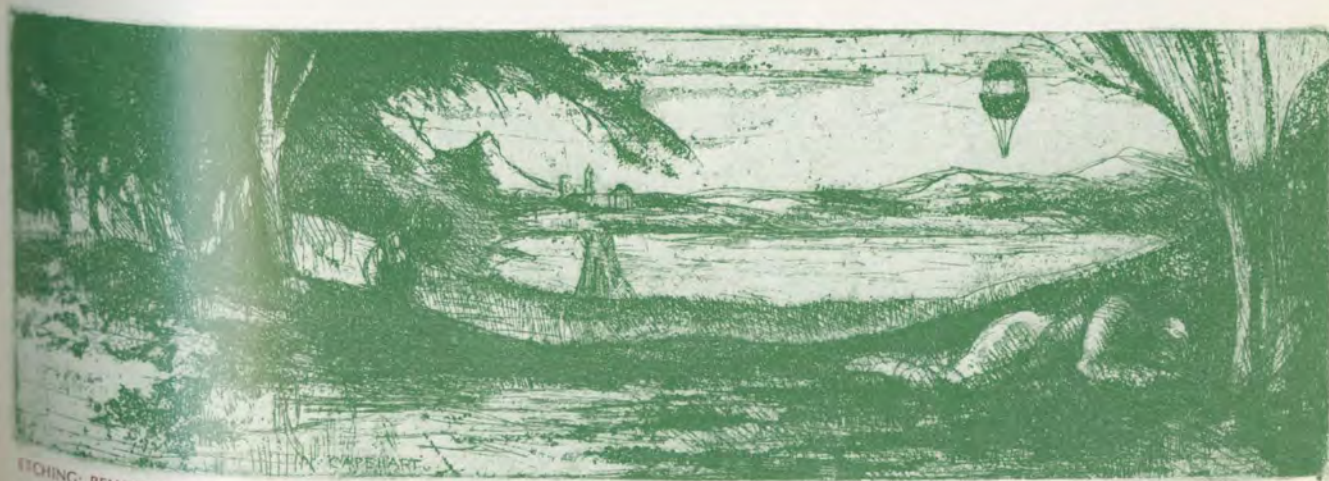
ARTISTS:

PETER W. MILTON is an artist of very keen sensitivity; he lives in Baltimore, and is making his first appearance in *motive*.

ROBERT HODGELL is on the faculty of Florida Presbyterian College, St. Petersburg. **W. R. LIDH**, a widely exhibited graphic artist and teacher, is assistant professor of art at Western Carolina College, Cullowhee, N.C. **DALE BARNHART** is a highly gifted graphic artist from Burbank, California. **MARTHA HAYDEN**, whose work is noted for its sensitive line and thoughtful content, lives in Sharon, Wisconsin. **JOHN SPRAGENS** continues his work in Vietnam with the International Voluntary Services.

RICHARD M. ASH is a graduate student at Wichita State University making his first, but not his last, appearance in the pages of *motive*. **GARY RICHMAN** is a teacher, printmaker and book designer living in Narragansett, R.I. **KIT HIRSHBERG** is a student at Florida Presbyterian College. **DAVID F. DRIESBACH** is the remarkable engraver-etcher on the faculty of Northern Illinois University. **JOHN MAST**, a frequent contributor to *motive*, lives in Brooklyn. **GEORGE OLSON**, a very fine artist especially noted for his unique use of line, is on the faculty of Wooster College.

BOB FLETCHER, a staff worker for SNCC, is a freelance photographer from Atlanta. **JAMES BURKE**, a widely shown graphic artist, is on the faculty at LSU. **NOYES CAPEHART LONG**, whose style is noted for its lyricism, teaches at the University of Mississippi. **STAN FULLERTON**, a satirical cartoonist from Santa Cruz, California, has the special gift for the wordless jab. **JOHN BOTKIN** is at LSU; he is especially talented in the graphic process of aquatint and soft-ground.



ETCHING: RENAISSANCE DREAMER

NOYES CAPEHART LONG

The Fable of the Hare and the Tortoise

By Jerome W. Berryman

There was once a very literary turtle who dreamed all day and night of winning. His favorite books were *Aesop's Fables* and *Ecclesiastes*. He read "The Hare and the Tortoise" each night before retiring and *Ecclesiastes* 9:11 upon arising. "Again I saw that under the sun the race is not always to the swift. . ." Both the morning and evening reading kept him drunk on winning. Winning was all he lived for, and these two books gave him the authority for his hope of defeating a rabbit in a race.

One day, after a restless night full of successful dreams, the turtle plodded from his house to confront the fastest of the local rabbits. He challenged him to a race. The rabbit, who had never read a book in his life, was dumbfounded. Still, when the turtle offered to award the winner a valuable prize, the rabbit accepted. He went away shaking his head and twitching his ears.

But, the turtle was deadly serious. He went immediately into training. He worked on his slow gait until it was even and sure. After several weeks he was ready. On the day of the race a great crowd gathered. They too were astounded by the turtle's odd behavior.

The two contestants approached the starting line. The tense turtle crouched under his shell to get a

better start. The rabbit was just shrugging his shoulders when the gun fired. Off they went! In an instant the rabbit was out of sight. The literary turtle only smiled to himself and kept plodding along slowly but surely. By nightfall the finish line came into sight, but something was wrong. Where was the crowd?

Finally, the turtle crossed the line and found a note. It said:

Got tired of waiting. All went home before lunch. Thanks for the prize. Let me know when you want to race again.

Rabbit

Now it was the literary turtle's turn to shake his head. What had gone wrong? All the way home along the pond he thought it over. Before his pre-dinner swim it struck him. After supper he took down his *Aesop's Fables*, as was his custom, but this time he marked out the moral after "The Hare and the Tortoise." He wrote in the margin, "Turtles should only race rabbits under water." Then, he got down his *Ecclesiastes* and moved his bookmark from chapter nine back to chapter six, the part about not "striving after the wind." After reading a while longer in chapter six about getting the times and seasons straight he turned in, and slept soundly without dreaming.