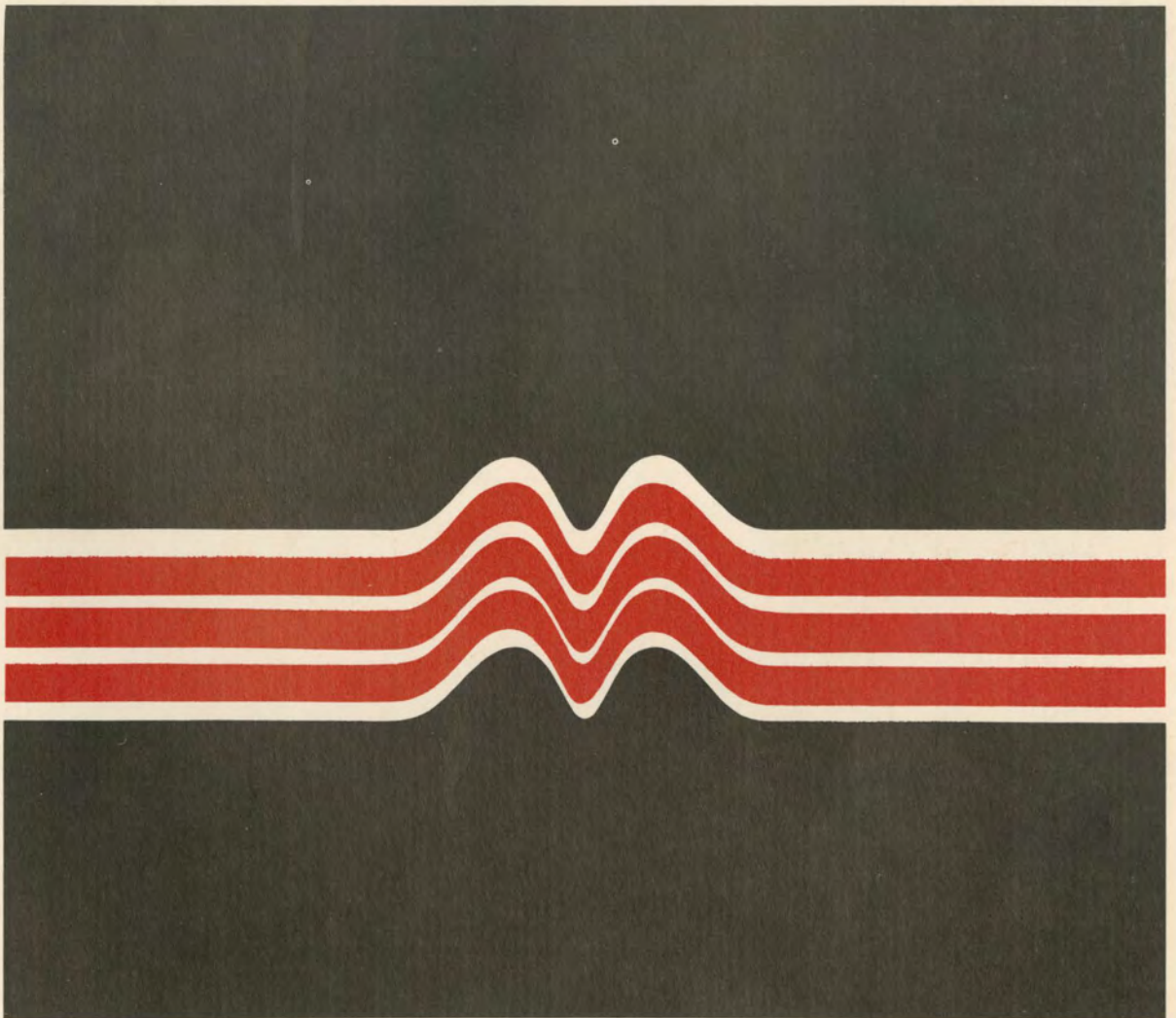


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SANDY LUNGERSHAUSEN

FRONT COVER: At the University of Florida, Kenneth Kerslake is printing on paper, metal plates of stars, hearts and parts of girls. The result is an image of the American male—a child of the computer.

motive

OCTOBER 1969

Volume XXX, Number 1

ROBERT MAURER (strategy and planning), **JAMES STENTZEL** (substance and production), **DENNIS AKIN** (art and design; Carlisle, Pa.), **JOANNE COOKE** (culture and community), **SHARON CONNELLY** (communications and celebrations), **ALAN D. AUSTIN** (poetry and ideas; on sabbatical, Washington, D.C.), **MARIE MOOREFIELD** (circulation and marketing).

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CORRECTION: The credit line on Cynthia Ozick's article, **THE DEMISE OF THE DANCING DOG** (pp. 7-16 of the March/April issue), was inadvertently omitted. We sincerely apologize to both Miss Ozick and Condé Nast Publications. The credit line should read: Copyright © 1968 by Condé Nast Publications, Inc.

ADDITION: The May issue cover, sent to subscribers in July, was done by A. I. Orr, a faculty member at Peabody College in Nashville. He writes that his paintings are objects "created in order to gain self-realization." As a sign of his experience, the May cover allowed us to rap with him.



Frankly I'm not surprised that some people are enraged at *motive*: it has been so very rebellious and impolite! It has dared to claim that blacks and poor whites and women and Vietnamese are oppressed by God-fearing, profit-making, patriotic and sex-hating Americans. It has attacked napalm and mace as indecent, but has not got excited about beards and four-letter words. It has even been so heretical as to suggest that religion ought to concern itself with the economic and social and ecclesiastical structures which perpetuate racism and militarism. So the "Establishmentarians," who have a lot at stake in the status quo, will, as a matter of course, eventually attempt to silence a magazine such as yours; prophets (and prophetic publications) have never had an easy time of it.

NORMAN REED CARY
dayton, ohio

If the printing of "four-letter" words has become an issue with you, why don't you list them all on a cover some month? Then you will have it out of your system, and you can turn your full attention to more important things.

HOWARD C. LERNING
temple terrace, florida

We in Berkeley know something about controversy as individuals and as a divided community. Do hope you'll find an enlightened publisher!

P. SEAWELL
berkeley, california

I subscribe to and read several religious journals, but I get almost nothing spiritually elevating out of *motive*. Some incisive analysis, yes. But even the devil can do this. What the world needs is not more incisive analysis, but hope. This is what Jesus offered. *motive* is the most depressing thing that comes around. I have to get out my Bible and read it as an antidote.

MAX GORDON PHILLIPS
mountain view, california

motive has played a valid part in the awakening process now going on in the world of Southern Methodism. Its issues are provocative and thought-provoking. The language is of the real world—not the language of the Sunday Schools where dust gathers six days a week. If the voice of *motive* is stilled or muffled, then we will probably return to prayer meetings and box suppers and forget that Christ died on a cross between two thieves while soldiers gambled, harlots plied their trade, and human beings wept.

CHARLES EASTLAND
hopkinsville, kentucky

□
□

I, too, disagree with the decision to cancel the May, 1969, issue of *motive*. I also disagree with your letter of July 7. *motive* does not live. It was killed. I cannot imagine what could be so bad that a faint-hearted editorial board would refuse to print an issue.

No doubt under your editorial leadership there will be a good magazine called *motive*. But you do not have a free press. That has been demonstrated adequately. The leg-irons have been forged and you know that you are now limited in what you can talk about. How tragic!

If curiosity overcomes me, I shall seek out a copy of *motive* in the library. Meanwhile, please cancel the remainder of my subscription. Regretfully,

REV. RALPH J. DIXON
billings, montana

□
□

I am prompted to register my appreciation for a magazine that is not only produced for college students, but read by them—no small matter in light of the wealth of drivel flowing from the Nashville presses.

CLIFTON G. DAVIS
bangor theological seminary
bangor, maine

□
□

I am presently coming to new realizations about myself in relation to myself, society and God. For three years the Navy (and 22 years the status quo) has more or less held me in the shackles of alienation. If it is possible for an individual to experience a personal renaissance then, I feel, this most closely approximates what I am going through.

I have read several issues of your wonderful magazine, and finally I have come around to subscribing. I am, religiously, still searching. I do not claim to be a Christian, but Thomas Merton has truly touched me. I found his article on Camus (Feb.) especially fine.

JIM EVERHARD
uss wright
fpo, new york, new york

□
□

Excrement is excrement whether it is spelled with nine letters or four. Please do not let what has traditionally been an upper-class hangup on word usage turn off an oasis in an almost totally otherwise desert of church publications. The church needs *motive*. Please let us have it.

REV. DAVID W. BOUTON
ouaquaga, new york

□
□

I am requesting that you take M*r*a F*o*e*s and R*I*h F*o*e*s off your mailing list now. The reason: I think your magazine (*motive*) is lower than any snake that crawls the earth. If this request is not granted I will turn it over to my attorney. P.S. Do not reply. I don't want to hear anymore from you.

G*O*G* D. F*O*E*S
nappanee, indiana

WOODCUT



MARKY

Response to our March-April issue on women was overwhelming. At first it seemed to reveal a great split among our readers, but on closer examination we saw as much similarity as difference.

Everyone who wrote, whether they had burned the issue or bronzed it, believed they did so as an affirmation of the same basic values: belief in and respect for human dignity, belief in individual responsibility for actions and mutual responsibility for and to one's brothers and sisters, belief in the right (and duty) to "vote" and to make one's voice heard, belief in the right (and duty) of individuals to join together to organize and to coordinate their efforts to achieve a common goal, and rejection of the Playboy Philosophy as an attitudinal and behavioral guide.

Curiously, almost all the letters were addressed, "Dear Sir" or "Gentlemen," in spite of the fact that the issue was written and edited by women. Response ran about 60-40 in our favor, but only 24% of our supporters and 11% of our detractors were subscribers. Sixty percent of those responding favorably were women, while sixty percent of those responding negatively were men.

—JOANNE COOKE

♀

I, as you, have the youthful illusion that I can succeed in "making something of myself," and it was quite pleasant to find someone has retained the faith, however—

What is this complete equality you speak of? Who among those of you "WOMEN writers" would shoulder your guns on the front line of Viet Nam? Surely we can not expect the harvest of equality without the chaff?

Fair or unfair, that is equality.

DENISE BARTLES
saint joseph, missouri

♂

Women are invading Yale next year, and the conference for Freshmen which is conducted by the Chaplain's Office and the university church will focus on all things new (at least to the guys here). We want and need copies of the last issue, probably as many as 200, at least 150. Can we get a good rate on those?

Let us know so we can make plans. Congratulations on a damn good issue. It was no surprise to any of us.

TOM LEATHERWOOD
assistant chaplain
yale university
new haven, connecticut

♀

In regard to your *motive* issue of March and April, I disagree with your attitude. I am 20 years old and I dearly love my womanhood. I am entering my senior year at Franklin College this fall. I have, at present, a 3.02 accumulative aver-

age. I am a member of both of the women's honoraries based on scholarship, leadership and service. I am a member of the Theatrical Honorary. I am majoring in Theatre Arts-Acting. I consider myself an intelligent and logically minded woman.

I love my femininity and womanliness and I am proud of my sex. I like to have men open doors for me, hold my chair, help me with my coat.

Sure, I am frustrated at times when my opinion is not valued as highly as those of the men around me just because I am a woman. This doesn't happen very often, though. I find that any woman who has a valid opinion about pertinent issues will find acceptance if her opinions are, in fact, valid.

I am of Baptist affiliation. My mother is a Baptist minister. I consider myself a Christian and I'm proud of that title.

My point in writing this letter is that I wish you all to look into the future and see what will happen if you achieve your goals in liberating the women of this country. Our children will no longer look to us as their ever-loving mothers but rather another bread-winner. Our husbands will no longer look at us adoringly as feminine, lovely, loving women but rather a fellow-worker.

I look forward to the day when I can put a Mrs. in front of my name; to the day when a small child will look at me adoringly and say, "Mommy, I love you."

Please, in your quest, remember those of us who love our womanhood. Don't ruin it for us. If you don't want to get married and have children, don't. If you feel it is a burden to be a wife and a mother, then you haven't the right to be either. But don't speak for all of us in your campaign because some of us cherish the love we will give and receive with our future families.

JESSICA L. POWERS
glenside, pennsylvania



As a student at one of our nation's most liberal and (I think) advanced universities, I have long been outraged by the way women are treated, by men and by women. The Double Standard runs rampant, abortions are relegated to dirty back rooms, and women's salaries lag. Moreover, people justify all this by naming as God's Law what is really only man's.

I am sure you will receive a great deal of criticism on this issue. But I have found that no matter how justified or humane I may be, whenever I say what people are not used to hearing I can expect to be criticized. The fact that people oppose you means only that they cannot ignore what you are saying.

There is nothing unfeminine about me, either in appearance or in instincts. But I fail to see anything funny—or "cute"—about my wanting to get a Ph.D., and not at night after changing diapers all day. If people feel threatened by my asserting myself as an individual and as an intellectual, then maybe they had better ask themselves why.

JACKIE HYMAN '71
brandeis university
waltham, massachusetts



Your latest hot issue on the Freed Woman might lead some unsuspecting young women astray (as happened to Miss Cooke at the conference for women's rights.) It's a hell of a world when a woman is made to feel guilty about enjoying the role of housewife, homemaker, and mother! True, there are women who are happier out working. Let them have equal rights and equal pay because they work just as hard as do men—this is something to fight for. But for some lucky women, fulfillment can be found at home doing the same kinds of things Grandma did—making the home the center of warmth, love and nurture.

In this crazy world of computers, wars, and crass commercialism, it is up to the women to put human values first. It is the wife's job to meet her husband morning and evening, to share some things in common, and to provide beauty and comfort in herself and in the home. It is the job of the mother to be home when her children are there—not as a slave to their needs—but as someone who cares and has time to listen, one who can help them grow up with understanding and love. If Mrs. works at being woman of the world all day, her life is aimed for the job, the others, the self outside the home. She rushes out early, giving everyone in the family a do-it-yourself job. When she comes home after a day in the world outside—unlike Mr. who can relax from his job—she goes into high gear to tackle the T.V. dinners and household requirements. Unless they both take on the home chores, something has to give—what?

Time for relationships, time to listen, time to make a real pie. It is no coincidence that the divorce and delinquency rates are directly proportional to the freedom of the "liberated" working wife. The home becomes only a clearing house for busy people—all going their own way. The family as we know it becomes obsolete. Satisfying human relationships have to be sought elsewhere. I am not advocating that women just stay home to slave and serve. In this day of housework convenience, a woman has time to develop herself as an individual and it is essential that she does this. It is a wise woman who educates herself and her daughters for a specific vocation, not only for her own self realization but for the necessity or desire to work at some stage in her life when it can be conveniently fitted into the family schedule. It is an even wiser woman who realizes that her role in the home is the first and most important job—the cultivating of human relationships in an atmosphere of love.

A. J. GUNTHER
dynnryne, hobart
tasmania



The March-April double issue on Women's Liberation is truly superb. Such an issue has been long overdue as has the awakening among women all over the country with regard to their own oppression and need for liberation. My interest in the WLM stems primarily from an existential realization and joy over the fact that it isn't merely a reformist or an anti-male or a "let's be men" movement, but one deeply concerned about and moving toward radically new life styles and humane attitudes. The liberation of women is also the liberation of men.

I do question Mr. B. J. Stiles' "last words" of wisdom (?) along this line; for he, it seems to me, could spend his time worrying about male liberation (cf. white racism) rather than whether the women are anti-male.

Just as blacks have had to learn, let women also learn to shout again and again, "Say it out loud—I'm woman and proud!"

CLAUDIA JOHNSON
director, isu ywca
ames, iowa



In the middle of the night, I secreted myself in a dark shower stall with penlight in hand to read the editorials and articles on the pitiful plight of the girls. Deep, dark forebodings beset me as to what might happen if my Rebecca got hold of the issue; poor lass—four kids, 100% female, and swears she wouldn't trade me as a playmate for the best lesbian in town. Just doesn't understand the situation, I guess.

It is apparent that your writers, at least, are prepared to accept socially all sorts of deviates without a trace of stigma. If they aren't careful, they may become so permissive that they accept "normal people," or worse, even conservatives! Perish the thought!

My honest reaction to such hogwash is that your gals who write it have spent too much time contemplating their navel.

HAROLD O. HARRIGER
lubbock, texas

♂

My compliments on an exceedingly beautiful and provocative issue (March-April) of *motive* . I think that only one who has been an editor can truly appreciate the tremendous amount of work involved in creating such an issue. I hope that the kudos you receive will be many and generous.

ALFRED P. KLAUSLER
executive secretary
associated church press
chicago, illinois

♂

In *motive* , March-April 1969, page 49 you have an article by Marilyn Salzman Webb that begins with the sentence, "Take her off the stage and fuck her."

Most of us are so hypocritical that we try to cover up our sins by over piousness; therefore, we find objection to such print.

Too, I suspect it is quite true that 80 or 90 percent of college women have had sexual intercourse.

One of Little Rock University's girls carried the *motive* home. Her father was reading the article. Later, he voiced his opinion to his pastor, who phoned me as regards the article.

Do you think it is nice for church publications to carry such language?

JAMES R. SEWELL
campus minister
wesley foundation
little rock, arkansas

♀

I have just read in the June 4 issue of *The National Catholic Reporter* that the May issue of *motive* has had its publication postponed. I was sorry to read of this event. Certainly the "four-letter words" used in the March-April issue were not out of place, especially with the excellent explanation given for their use on page five in the editorial. Of course I do not know all the facts, but if the postponement has to do with the use of "four-letter words" in the manner of the March-April issue or is in some way connected with the content of that issue, then I must protest!

Certainly The Methodist Church and its officials have more important things to do than hassle over "four-letter words," especially when male chauvinism is so rampant in The Methodist Church itself. When our denomination has been ordaining women since 1956, how can it still make recruiting films called "It Takes a Man"? Why do most of the official forms still ask for 'wife's name' instead of 'spouse's name'; and why does the Discipline continually refer to 'the minister and his wife' rather than 'the minister and spouse'? Why is no recruiting for the parish ministry done among women? I did not even know that it was possible for a woman to be a parish minister until I got to seminary. However, seminaries are no exception, for it is my seminary experience so far that has convinced me of just how deep the prejudice against women is. The March-April issue of *motive* is a ray of light.

If the May issue is anything near the quality of the March-April issue, then the ban must be lifted.

SUSAN WHITLEDGE NEVIUS (MRS.)
president

boston university theological students association
boston, massachusetts

□

□

Stop sending this Garbage to the students in our Colleges. Good for outhouses in the mountain country.

A TAX PAYER AND LOYAL AMERICAN

♀

Your March-April issue of *motive* magazine has just been called to our attention to read the "Liberation of Women" and the other vulgar language printed in it. We are shocked and ashamed of the language found in your magazine for the Division of Higher Education of the United Methodist Church. We believe in God, Jesus Christ His Son and The Bible and The Ten Commandments as taught by God. The members of our Church do not approve of your advocating unmarried state of living together and the use of vulgar words put in print for our youth and adults. What's wrong with the Church today? Read Matt. Chap. 5 Verse 19. Jesus said: "Whosoever therefore shall break one of the least Commandments and Shall Teach Men So he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven, but whosoever shall do and Teach Them the same shall be Great in the Kingdom of Heaven." Our resources can be withheld from the United Methodist Church, and given directly to Missionaries, if this un-Christlike, un-Christian Literature continues to be published by you as representing the Methodist Church.

MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIETY OF
CHRISTIAN SERVICE OF THE ST. MARK'S
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
(14 names)
crewe, virginia

♂

As most "red-blooded" American males I should respond to the March-April issue of *motive* with resentment and indignation. However, good sense does on an occasion win over the emotion of male pride, and superior journalism deserves to be recognized. So, I wish to be among those "old men" who commend *motive* for its excellence in publishing the "female issue" of March-April.

I assume, as a "blue-blooded" Methodist, that many letters have come to your desk condemning the content of the issue, and perhaps more vehemently, some of the language. I trust however that those in responsible positions of leadership, such as those on the *motive* editorial board, are theologically quick enough to distinguish between profanity and the language of the real world. Surely the most profane and demeaning phrase of our time when speaking of women is "her place is in the kitchen," which, compared to "bitch" and like words, is far more scurrilous.

Thank the girls for a job well done, and I continue to look forward to each issue as usual.

KEITH I. POHL
chaplain-director, wesley foundation
michigan state university
east lansing, michigan

(to be continued)

notes toward

Algiers

Stand at the rail of the Balcons St. Raphael, the highest promontory in Algiers, and gaze upon this city of staircases spread below. The communion in this American observer's mind between the political history of this former part of metropolitan France and the turbulence in his own homeland provides a symbolism rich in comparisons.

In the midst of downtown Algiers stands a Catholic cathedral. Its modern architectural lines have blended the Gothic steeple and the Islamic minaret. Consequently, in the same religious space, the creative eye has fashioned a representative form to encompass two distinct, and sometimes warring religious traditions. Algiers is also host, only for a brief period, to another expression of symbolic co-existence. Posters advertise the *Festival Culture Panafricaine* while pride underscores this expression of black African unity, with significant participation by black Americans. (White-ruled southern African areas have been purposely excluded.)

But the symbols of co-existence are vulnerable. The realities of traditional jealousies and potential conflicts show their divisive heads. Even as I look at the cathedral, I recall that the end of the bloody clash between Catholic France and Islamic Algeria was only seven years ago. In restaurants the fragile nature of co-existence is again and again torn by Algerian waiters who never let us forget our imperialistic adventures in Vietnam—like Algeria, a traditionally non-Christian country. We return home better human beings for our immersion in Algiers.

In the United States the fragile nature of the co-existence of differing societal sectors has been exposed by the Johnson years. The body politic has become increasingly fragmented. While there may not be any direct correlation to the decreasing fragmentation of the body of Christ, the peace movement, one of the church's ecumenically supported efforts, requires a closer look.

The peace movement is already struggling to enter a second major phase resulting from its own momentum. There will be a new focus, the "military-industrial-academic" complex, and the churches will continue to pay the bill (partially) for the peace movement's already established quasi-institutions. But my fear lies in this very inertia—namely, the movement will simply carry on with its own business as *usual*. Without a critical review and careful self-examination, this momentum may be a factor in creating the climate for governmental imposition of strictly regulated "law and order."

I fear that the peace movement, while maintaining an integrity of purpose concerning Vietnam, may have forgotten its *raison d'être*, namely, peace. Whom have we alienated as the demonstrations of our own alienation have repeatedly occurred? What divisive head have we raised to tear an already fragile American society? What groups have we moved nearer to the edge of violence while protesting officially sanctioned violence in Vietnam?

a civil future

These are not merely rhetorical questions for dramatic impact if we recall that our thrust has been aimed at the majority's very image of America. The parents whose sons were killed in Vietnam hear our protesting leaders say it was all in vain. With regard to long-term political fall-out, the effect of our persistent testing of the government's credibility will have bred a distrust which has dangerous, as well as potentially hopeful, possibilities. It is up to this second phase of the peace movement to decide which way the wind will blow. For the moment, however, the crossroads are marked by this religious question: What kind of judgment will befall a nation whose dissenters have been as self-righteous as its leaders?

These are weighty but proper questions for a movement of the formally educated whose courage challenged nothing less than the basic tenets of American foreign policy and its Constitutional sanction. We agree with the necessity for this operation, but now is the time to examine the needed medicines for post-operative recovery.

Such recovery (not to be regarded as returning to the *status quo ante*, for all major operations leave the patient in a changed condition) should proceed along two levels. The first and easiest step is a thorough-going, systematic and honest public exposure of the nature of the disease. The various findings should be widely promulgated by interested groups.

The second is more difficult. It might be roughly summarized as follows: don't allow the majority to find scapegoats for the banal policy of a handful of men and the arrogant mythology of a whole nation. The peace movement should organize major overtures to sectors of American society previously outside its influence, even antagonistic to its aims. Small shop owners, recently arrived suburbanites, southern white collegians, airline stewardesses, rural businessmen, returning soldiers recruited by large corporations—these are a few groups for which the peace movement needs to interpret its understanding of America, lest the patriotism of these groups provide a soft cushion for imposition of stronger "law and order." This interpretation must be part of a sustained program which also seeks to understand the particular doubts and pains these groups have experienced during the Johnson years. In capsule, should this effort change the image of America in the minds of some of those parents whose sons were killed in Vietnam, then their new understanding of America would be a force for life arising from their experience of death.

Just as the students led the way in forming the peace movement, let us hope that the proposed moratorium on classes will provide the opportunity for students again to lead the way. This time the effort must be bi-focal, with one emphasis upon military excess and private complicity. The other emphasis, equally important, should be upon turning the alienation generated by the growth of the peace movement into conditions for new coalitions.

—R. Maurer

STATUTES OF MAN

(Permanent Institutional Act)

by Thiago de Mello

translation by Gertrude Pax

- Article i Be it decreed that now what counts is the truth,
that now what counts is life
and that hand in hand
we will all work for what life really is.
- Article ii Be it decreed that all the days of the week,
including the grayest Tuesdays,
have the right to be converted into Sunday mornings.
- Article iii Be it decreed that, from this instant on,
there will be sunflowers in all the windows,
and that the sunflowers will have the right
to open in the shade;
and that the windows must stay open the entire day,
open to the green where hope grows.
- Article iv Be it decreed that man
will never again
doubt another man.
That man will trust man
like the palm tree trusts the wind,
like the wind trusts the air,
like the air trusts the blue field of the sky.
Man will trust man
like a child trusts another child.



- Article v Be it decreed that man
shall be free from the yoke of lies.
Never more will the
shield of silence be used,
neither the armour of words.
Man will sit at the table
with a clear look
because the truth will be served
before dessert.
- Article vi Be it established during ten centuries
the practice dreamed of by the prophet Isaias:
That the wolf and the lamb will pasture together,
and the food of both will have the same taste as long ago.
- Article vii By irrevocable decree be it established—
the permanent kingdom of justice and clarity,
and joy will be the generous flag
forever unfurled in the soul of the people.
- Article viii Be it decreed that the greatest pain
always was and always will be
not to be able to give yourself in love to the one you love
and to know that it is the water
that gives to the plant the miracle of the flower.
- Article ix Be it permitted that the bread of each day
have in it from man the sign of his sweat.
But above all that it always have
the warm flavor of tenderness.
- Article x Be it permitted that any person
at any time in life
be allowed to wear party clothes.



- Article xi Be it decreed, by definition,
that man is an animal that loves
and for this reason is beautiful,
much more beautiful than the morning star.
- Article xii Be it decreed that nothing will be ordered or forbidden.
Everything will be permitted,
including playing with a rhinoceros
and walking in the afternoon
with an immense begonia in the lapel.
Only one thing is forbidden:
to love without loving.
- Article xiii Be it decreed that money
never more will be able to buy
the sun of future mornings.
Driven out by the big trunk of fear
money will be transformed into a fraternal sword,
in order to defend the right to sing
and the celebration of the day that has arrived.
- Final Article Be it prohibited: the use of the word liberty,
which will be abolished from the dictionary
and from the deceptive mires of the mouth.
From this instant on
liberty will be something alive and transparent
like a fire or a river
or like a grain of wheat,
and its home will be forever
in the heart of man.



Some people count this way--

5-4-3-2-1-0

But Students and Concerned Citizens Are Learning to Count Another Way

That's right. A way to count out the Vietnam war.

Students, faculty and concerned citizens will mark the months it takes to end the Vietnam war through a periodic moratorium on "business as usual." Beginning October 15, one day will be devoted entirely to organizing against the war. In November, two days will be devoted entirely to organizing against the war.

This process will be lengthened until the government makes a firm commitment to a definite timetable for total withdrawal or until a negotiated settlement is signed.

This periodic moratorium on "business as usual" begins on college campuses, but its aim is to spread outward, involving the larger community. "No School Today" provides the time to encourage participation from individuals and groups who have not been an active part of the anti-war movement, but now feel uncomfortable about war-related issues, like inflation, decaying

cities, rural poverty. "No School Today" means significant discussions in all sectors of society to bring new allies to the cause of peace. Door-to-door canvassing, leafletting where people gather, memorial services for the war dead, petitions and letter-writing, vigils, rallies—there are a few suggestions for activities which will bring the injustice and immorality of the war to where the people live.

Each moratorium day also means planning and building for an enlarged campaign the next month. Churches, theatres, labor unions, businesses, Rotary clubs, city councils, media—these are some areas to be included as the campaign widens.

The Vietnam moratorium provides the time to act decisively to end the war, and to re-orient America's priorities.

"with liberty and justice for all" (except, for a starter, migrants who work in fields sprayed with pesticides)

You must understand—I must make you understand—that our membership and the hopes and aspirations of the hundreds of thousands of the poor and dispossessed that have been raised on our account are above all, human beings, no better no worse than any other cross section of human society; we are not saints because we are poor but by the same measure neither are we immoral. We are men and women who have suffered and endured much and not only because of our abject poverty but because we have been kept poor. God knows that we are not beasts of burden, we are not agricultural implements or rented slaves, we are men. And mark this well, Mr. Barr, we are men locked in a death struggle against man's inhumanity to man in the industry that you

represent. And this struggle gives meaning to our life and ennobles our dying.

Mr. Barr, let me be painfully honest with you. You must understand these things. We advocate militant non-violence as our means for social revolution and to achieve justice for our people, but we are not blind or deaf to the desperate and moody winds of human frustration, impatience and rage that blow among us. Men are not angels and the time and tide wait for no man. Precisely because of these powerful human emotions, we have tried to involve masses of people in their own struggle. Participation and self-determination remain the best experience of freedom; and free men instinctively prefer democratic change and even protect the rights guaranteed to seek it.

This letter does not express all that is in my heart, Mr. Barr. But if it says nothing else it says that we do not hate you or rejoice to see your industry destroyed; we hate the agri-business system that seeks to keep us enslaved and we shall overcome and change it not by retaliation or bloodshed but by a determined non-violent struggle carried on by those masses of farm workers who intend to be free and human.

Portion of letter from Cesar Chavez to E. L. Barr, Jr., president of the California Grape and Tree Fruit League, Good Friday, 1969.

In four years of struggle to gain collective bargaining rights, one of the more compelling issues is the United Farm Workers' protest against the use of pesticides. The California Farm Bureau has called for a moratorium on the use of DDT in the fields. Respected medical journals have linked pesticides to major diseases. DDT poisoning is a real threat to the health of seasonal farm workers. Legal and moral pressures have not brought the growers into dialogue with the United Farm Workers on this single issue. Public response is crucial.

PHOTO: DAVID HITE
LAYOUT: ANNE McENIRY

By Rev. Riggins Earl

Who is my soul brother?



PHOTOGRAPH

BOB COMBS

Soul in the black culture is a beautiful and inexpressible thing. Its beauty is in the naturalness of the people who live it. But trying to define soul is like trying to define love—better to describe it than define it.

The black church has been the mother of soul. When the psychophysical existence of black people was all but destroyed by the diabolical forces of slavery in America, the black church served as a soul rejuvenating center. It echoed a theology in which soul was that part of one's being that slavery couldn't touch. The idea is in the lines of the old spiritual: "The river of Jordan, so chilly and cold; It chilled my body but not my soul." Their souls could "run and not be weary, walk and not faint." A theology of indestructible soul power grew out of their suffering. When the forces of life would overwhelm them, they would cry, "I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the waters." They had planted their souls in the waters of God.

No doubt the black church of slavery could see viable parallels between itself and early Israel. The Hebrew of the Old Testament saw himself as a unit of life made manifest in fleshly form. The black church appropriates this history today in the ghetto, where religion affects most facets of black life. The ghetto community reveals a major paradox: ghetto blacks, many of whom have no connection with the church, reflect religious expressions in everything from their crap games to their sex life. It's no surprise that the black church produced the queen of soul, Aretha Franklin, or influenced soul brother number one, James Brown.

But soul is also many other things. As a result of urban riots from Watts to Harlem, black businessmen hurriedly tacked up signs ("Soul Brother") in their windows. To the black

brothers who were bringing the judgment of fire upon white ghetto exploiters, the message said, "Baby, we've been exploited, too." It also said, of course, "We're black."

Some people are inclined to describe soul brother as one who hasn't been dehumanized by white, middle-class America. Ron Karenga alludes to such a person as a blood. I understand a blood to be one whose thinking apparatus hasn't been poisoned by the establishment. Skin color isn't a prerequisite for this criterion.

New black awareness has moved the black man to examine indigenous values of his culture. This examination has illuminated the worth of the black man's contribution to the American culture. Moreover, it has added new dimensions to what seems, at times, a dead culture. Examples of this are black innovations such as progressive jazz, soul food and soul force.

White America often capitalizes on such innovations. Long before white America had the Beatles, Elvis Presley or Tom Jones, we had them in black musicians. Blacks consider such stars as the Beatles and Presley to be intrusions into a black field. White musicians copy the black man's style and popularize it for their own gain. Racism and sex are the inhibitive factors that prevent black entertainers from becoming commercialized sex symbols tanta-

mount to the Beatles. White imitation of rock and roll is considered a poor imitation of black genius by the soul brothers of the ghetto.

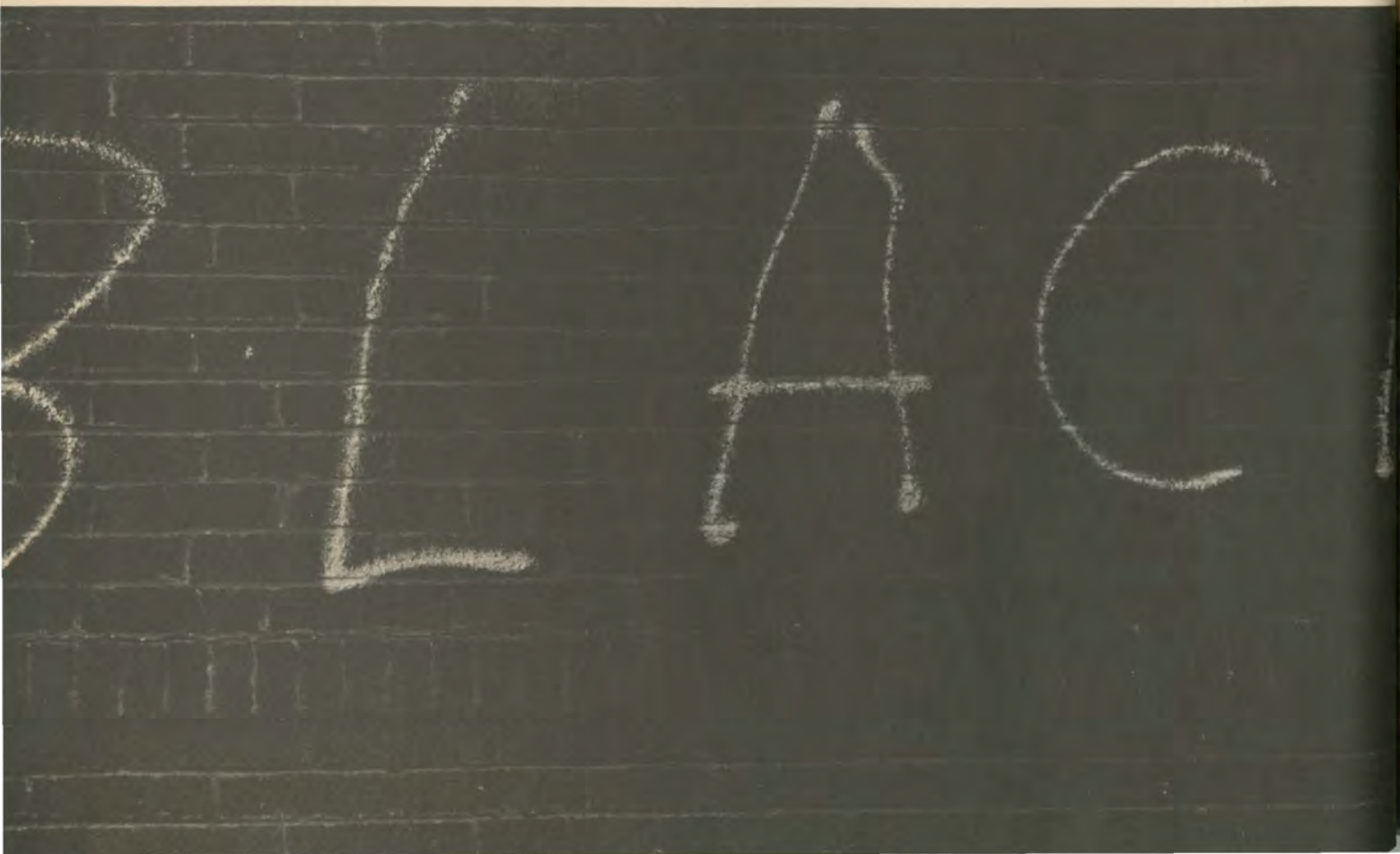
The food industry is another front for exploitation. Though we invented soul menus out of necessity, the white food establishment is beginning to commercialize them for profit. Soul food restaurants have sprung up from Hollywood to lower Manhattan.

Any attention to the origin of soul food makes one laugh at these enterprising whites. Soul food was originally nothing more than leftovers. The slave holders on the plantation made a practice of keeping the ham or bacon for the big house and giving the slaves the innards to make chittlings, or the hard end of the nose to make snout, or the tips of the feet to make trotters. When it came to the turnip greens, the slavers kept the greens and gave the turnips to the slaves.

As the black man of the plantation traveled north, he traveled with his soul food in a shopping bag or a shoe box. In his soul, he carried the spirituals—spirituals which only those who have endured the yoke of suffering can sing with validity. But they, too, have been commercialized for the whites. Religious fervor is perhaps the only ghetto value which the black man has been

PHOTOGRAPH

ROHN ENGH



able to control. The questions are: How long can he control this as a distinctive part of his worship? How can he sell his genius to the world, without the world stealing his patent?

Who, then, is my soul brother? Is he anyone who admits liking chittlings and trotters? Is he the boy or girl who wears the natural hairstyle? Is he the kid who does the funky Broadway or the four corners? Is he the preacher who whoops or the choir that rocks when it marches in church? These might be considered visible signs of inner realities. But I think the expression "soul brother" runs deeper than all visible manifestations.

"Soul brother" is grounded in an intrinsic value that has grown out of the experience of black suffering. His language has been disciplined by the school of suffering. In the language of Camus' *Rebel*, my soul brother is one who says "yes" to his black self and "no" to his oppressor—people like Nat Turner, Malcolm X, Richard Allen, Daniel Payne, Martin L. King, Jr. and many others.

According to Camus, one cannot be a soul brother without being a soul searcher. In this sense, the term "soul brother" is a judgment upon the term "Christian brother." The term "soul brother" is saying what "Christian brother" has avoided saying: "I accept your

blackness as beautiful." The Christian term has avoided saying "I accept your kinky hair as beautiful—I accept your wide nose as beautiful." As long as white America decorates its churches with the "honkyfied Christ," it says to me: "You are not good enough to be my brother." This is why the young black theologian, James Cone, wrote in *Black Power and Black Theology*: "Black theology seeks to make Christianity really Christian by pointing to its blackness" (p. 130). Blackness is a term of inclusion, and whiteness a term of exclusion.

"Soul brother" brings judgment upon the pseudo-American Christ that has been superimposed on us. Vincent Harding, in his article "Black Power and the American Christ," says:

"Our forefathers met the pseudo-American Christ when they came to this country. They first met him on the slave ship. They heard his name sung in hymns of praise while they died in their thousands, chained in stinking holds beneath the decks, locked in with terror and disease and sad memories of their families and homes. When they leaped from the deck to be seized by the sharks, they saw his name carved on the ship's solid sides. When our women were raped in the cabins, they must have noticed the great and holy books on the shelves. This Christ was and is

PHOTOGRAPH

ROBERT ROHR



being burned into our memory. Being of white skin, he condemns us for our blackness, for our flat noses, for our kinky hair, for our power, our strange power of expressing emotion in singing and shouting and dancing."

My soul brother is the one who brings judgment upon the dehumanizing values of the world's establishments. He is the one who says "no" to the oppressor. He is, therefore, one in quest of a new world where values engender humanness.

The soul brother is the person in quest of what Malcolm X called the "third world"—a world where the accent is on human rights rather than civil rights: a world where human energy and entrepreneurship is devoted to alleviating human suffering. The young college student who protests against the Vietnam War is longing for that new world. The peasant who revolts in South America and the black South African who kills his oppressor are in quest of that world. The black who rebels in the ghetto is longing for that new world. The black theologian does this when he stops being an echo of the white man's theology and labors to hammer out his own from his ghetto situation. The white plugs into this quest for a new world when he admits that he is racist by virtue of his white nature. The black bourgeois plugs into it when he recognizes his need to be de-brain-washed.

Not until white America and whitewashed black America see God in the blackness that

has been so repugnant, in the poverty that has been so repulsive, in the revolution that has been so reverberating, can it join in the pilgrimage toward the third world. Cone says that "if a white man would be black, he must take up the cross of blackness and follow the Christ of the ghetto." I would protract that and say that if anyone would be a soul brother, he must take up that same cross and follow the Christ of the ghetto, the Christ of the peasant revolt, the Christ of the oppressed.

The Old Testament left us with a beautiful story about the intimate relationship of two soul brothers. One was aspiring to achieve a higher position, and the other had inherited his right to that position. The narrator of I Samuel 18:1-4 says it cogently:

"And it came to pass, when he (David) had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the Soul of Jonathan was knit with the Soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul . . . then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword and to his bow and to his girdle."

Few stories in history better portray the depth of the brother relationship. Jonathan became David's soul brother because he said "no" to his senile father, Saul, who was David's ruthless enemy, and said "yes" to his own humanity by identifying with the sufferer, David.

So who is my soul brother? My soul brother is the one who does the will of God by finding God in the human revolution. ■

about the author:

The first march of the sanitation workers had been snowed out. But King had pledged to lead a march, and he came back to do so. Riggins and I drove to Memphis that morning. He was to talk with his people, I to mine. We wanted to see how the two could be brought together.

I left Riggins in a circle including soul brothers and sisters of all kinds—Roman nuns, Invader fellow travelers, garbage workers. He carried a sign with a white nun barely out of her teens. Before they had walked four blocks, windows were breaking and the cops were charging.

Two hours later, with eyes red-rimmed with tear gas, we met again at the Minimum Salary Building on Hernando. Without speaking, we both understood we were sharing a baptism anew. It was another two hours before the fuzz lifted the siege on those of us trapped on the top floor. Riggins and I walked out the back door. We were both scared—I by being white, Riggins by being black. We were glad to be together for the same reason, otherwise we'd never have made it through the ghetto and the police line.

This is how Riggins came to be, in the words of that country song, my Brother-Mother.

—BROTHER REV. ANDREW LIPSCOMB, Nashville

one kind man

(an antipoem)

1. Two militants, black and white in order of propriety, have come to have words with you, Mr. Sir.

2. They wouldn't dare cause this issue among the people. You may tell those two that I have too much paperwork. I do not have time for word-breaks.

3. Exit the first messenger, dressed in wood pulp from the cotton forests of Maine. Enter again.

4. They will not leave, Sir. They would like to quietly telegram their abhorrence at your apparent lack of courtesy.

5. (To guards.) Send this man out to the talking dragons. Give me another messenger. Second messenger enter wearing boll weevil eggs on a chain and a crew cut. Get those two out of my silent palace. Exit, enter messenger.

6. They refused, Mr. Sir. Their common blood is pumping violent words into their cheeks. Even their teeth are becoming red.

7. How bored I am with these messages of refusal. Haven't they been told of my kindness by the guards?

8. The guards are on their kindness break, Sir. They are in the classrooms eating candy wrappers. There are only three doors between you and those two, and your constant refusal to acknowledge disloyalty among your subjects may be the direct cause of some subversive words drifting right through these three keyholes.

9. Don't ever mention my acknowledgment refusals. Don't ever mention.

10. One of the three keyholes rushes in through the door. Sir, they have threatened to plant words in the bricks of this building, causing a cause.

11. Damn this destruction. It is too dangerous for our foundation. Tell them I will meet them on the grass in front of the front building bricks.

12. A message from the second messenger to the Mr. Thank you Sir for always preserving our safe purity. No word has ever entered this building. We will make a statue to all the words you have banished from our loyalty.

13. Mr. Sir is flattered and blushing. A guard comes rushing in just out of his candy classroom. Sir, they have taken paper from their pockets. We don't know how to handle this.

14. This is preposterously. Drop a sentence of thirty-seven commas on this guard. I am sick of people calling me by my last name. Where's your love for your government.

15. A candy-wrapper comes rushing in, discommoding the first keyhole with a message. They have decided to bend their knees and sit on the grass, Mr. The grass is turning into cotton waiting for you. They have become traitors, true to the word.

16. The Mr. Sir gentleman goes rushing out and everyone is left weeping that such a lovable man would sacrifice himself to such an outrageous number of militant dialogers.

17. All crewcuts exit now.

—William Davis

*L*ike an open hand upon which a butterfly rests, motive has held the multi-hued works of the world's artists. And we've keen pleasure for having felt this special presence.

For some, however, motive art has been more like a wasp sting or snake bite rather than a butterfly's touch. These folks have wanted more crucifixions and bearded men looking at the sky. Serious readers, however, have always understood that recently we have carefully avoided conventional religious imagery because it's become a cliché turned into a pietistic talisman.

It's been clear for a long time that the best Christian artists in the modern era were committing their talents and energies to the socio-political traumas of contemporary society. We have sought out these artists for precisely those reasons, and last year, especially, we selected work that was intended as an instrument for social change. We expect to continue to present artists concerned with contemporary situations. Who use direct experience to develop their own perceptions and convey them in a modern idiom.

*T*his year, however, the major art features in color will introduce a number of less overtly political artists. Their work is a gentler combination of the rational and the intuitive, opening to us a more private, internal experience. But, their work continues to speak to a profoundly contemporary and Christian concern: the quality of human life.

Don Weygandt is the first of these artists.



Don Weygandt

a
portfolio
of
his
work

It's painful to think of the rarity of a life laced together with work in any creative way. For what should be natural and commonplace has become unique, like the last, lonely verticals of cypress in a plundered forest, as contemporary American society and its work patterns have fragmented the lives of the people. A mixture of melancholy and pleasure, then, makes bittersweet the sharing of some of the events and objects that fuse to make up the life of Don Weygandt.

The rarity of Weygandt's life and work jabs at one's conscience for its uncompromising honesty and gentle grace. An important event in the artist's family—the marriage of his oldest daughter—shows the extent to which his life and work mesh, as each join to become intensely honest, fundamentally simple and profound.

The wedding took place in the backyard of his home in Palo Alto. The ceremony's form was based on the circle and his youngest daughter set the theme as she circumscribed the sacred area with flower petals. The bride entered the circle to the sound of a triangle. She had made her gown out of diaphanous white cheesecloth, and as she approached the circle's center a slight breeze pressed the material against her. It was as if she had just stepped off the porch on the Erechtheum and found her way to California.

To the sound of muted bells her dark-haired young man approached the center of the circle. As they met each placed over the other's head a garland of lemon-yellow daisies mixed with flowers cut from the yard. Standing at the edge of the circle the fathers faced each other and shook hands when the young couple exchanged leis. Across the circle, the mothers walked toward the couple and embraced them. These gentle acts brought the marriage ceremony to its conclusion.

The simplicity of the wedding insisted upon a marriage contract that counted love and trust of greater importance than the paraphernalia of convention, which was stripped away to reveal the event at its most authentic. In his art Weygandt seeks after something comparable. Rubbing and scraping on his canvas, he slowly develops and finally sees the essential character of his subject: a series of simple shapes and colors echoed throughout the work. The repeated shapes, color variations clustered in thick bouquets, all become a part of an optical cantata with enormously simple-complex variations.

Joyfully, Weygandt shares his discoveries into the nature of personal authenticity with us. For as he searches he lets us see the nature of the struggle, leaving the evidence of his mind and intuition by not trying to cover their traces. In direct ratio to our caring, we can recreate with him. And if we are honest in giving ourselves to the understanding of his work we can have that rarest of experiences: honest, open dialog with a person through his work. We may be refreshed as the artist is, as we share his discovery of creative and social satisfactions that are free of trivia. At such times as these the eloquence of man's relationships are revealed. And this is what life and work is all about.

—Dennis Akin



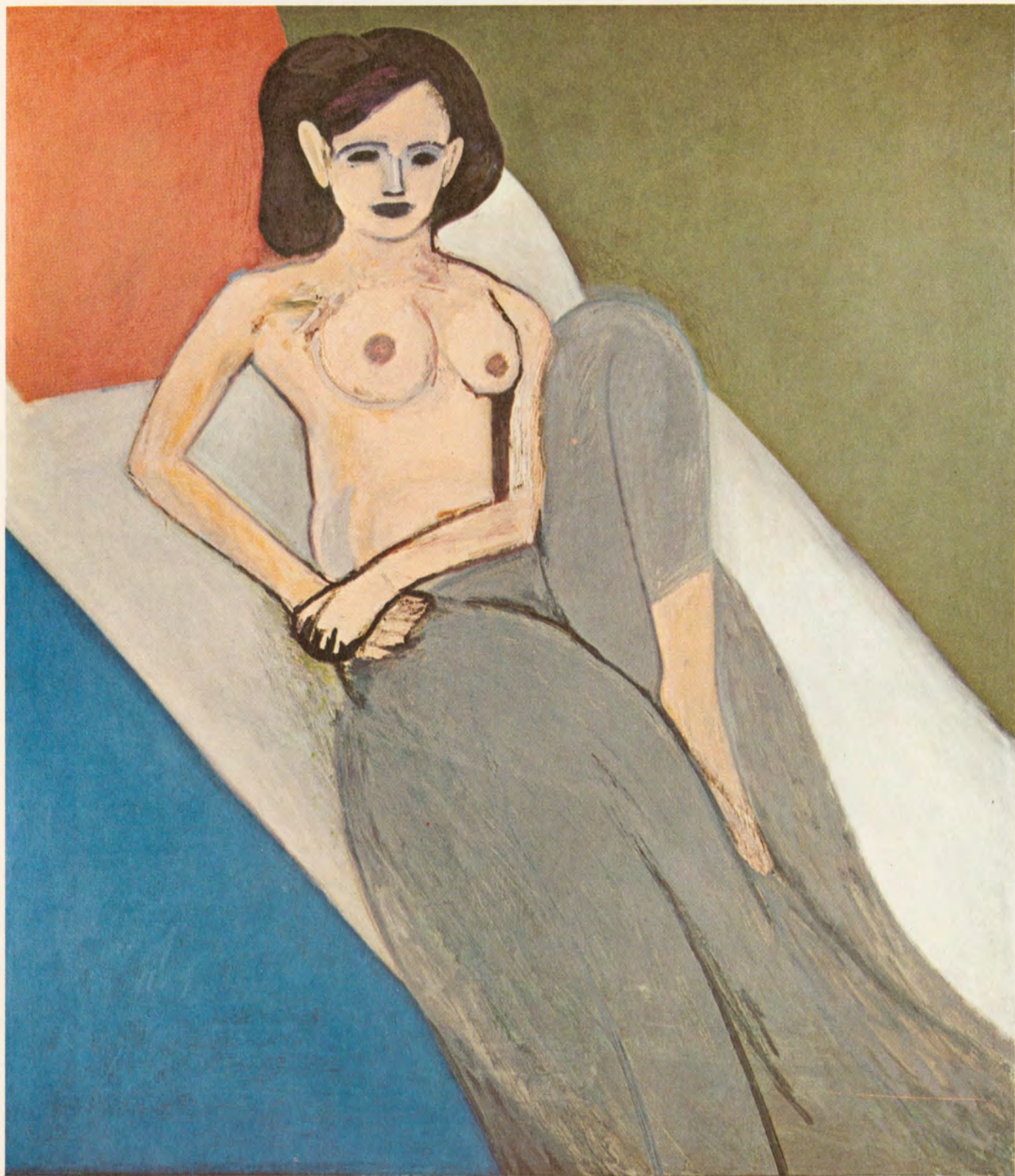
MAN LIGHTING CIGARETTE

50x36

YOUNG WOMAN VIEWING FLOWERS

68½x57½





WOMAN IN GREY SKIRT

68x58 $\frac{3}{4}$

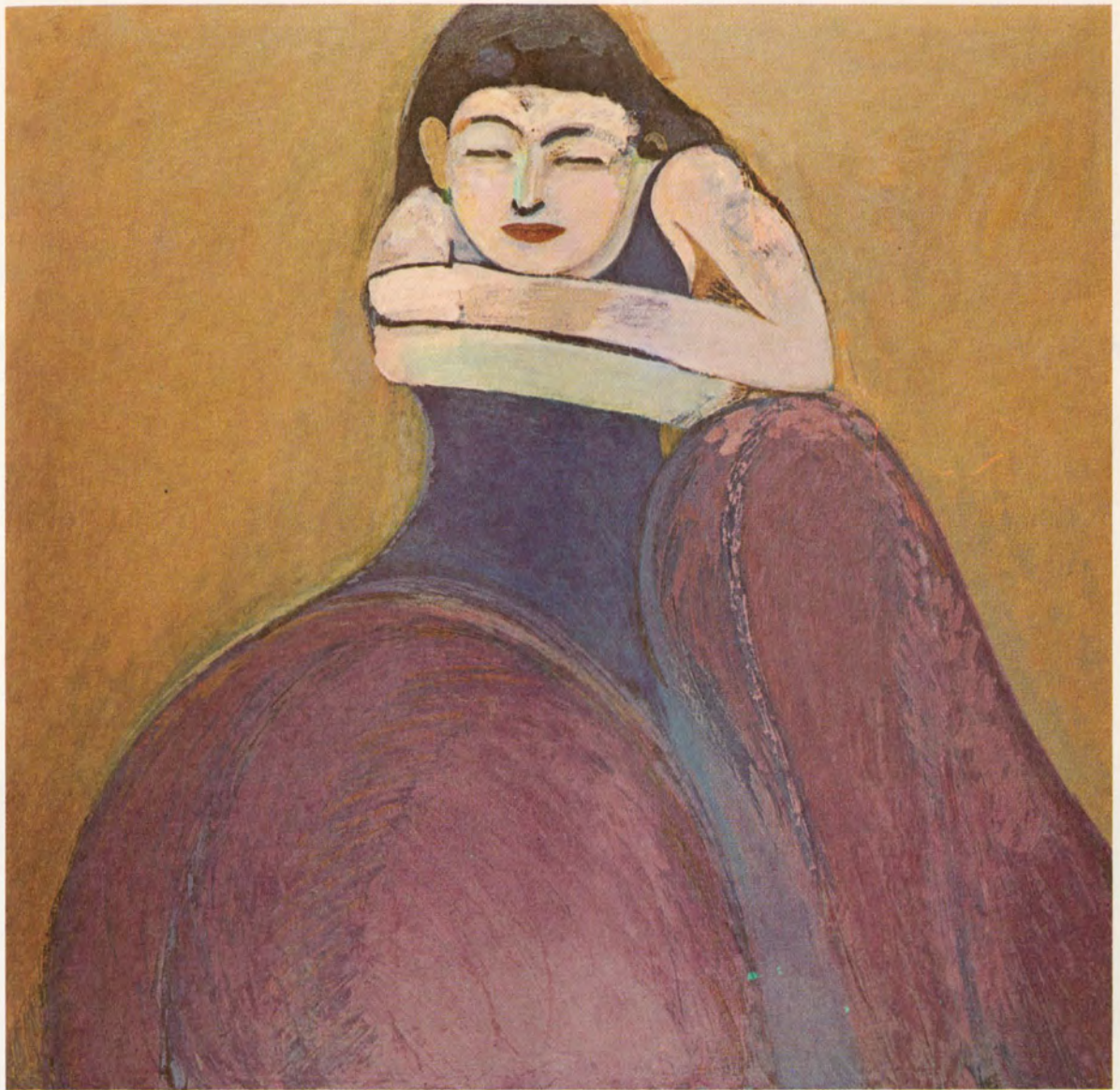


FIGURE IN BURGUNDY SKIRT

49x48½

Deciding on his subject, usually a single figure in the middle of the canvas, Weygandt intuitively searches for an image stripped of non-essentials. In their final state these icons of his creative experience achieve a delicate balance between color and form of such careful equilibrium that further adjustments would seriously alter the meaning of the work.

SLEEPING FIGURE WITH CAT

67x4





MOTHER AND CHILD

68x48

THE ORANGE TREE

48x47





FIGURE IN GREEN SKIRT

60½x38



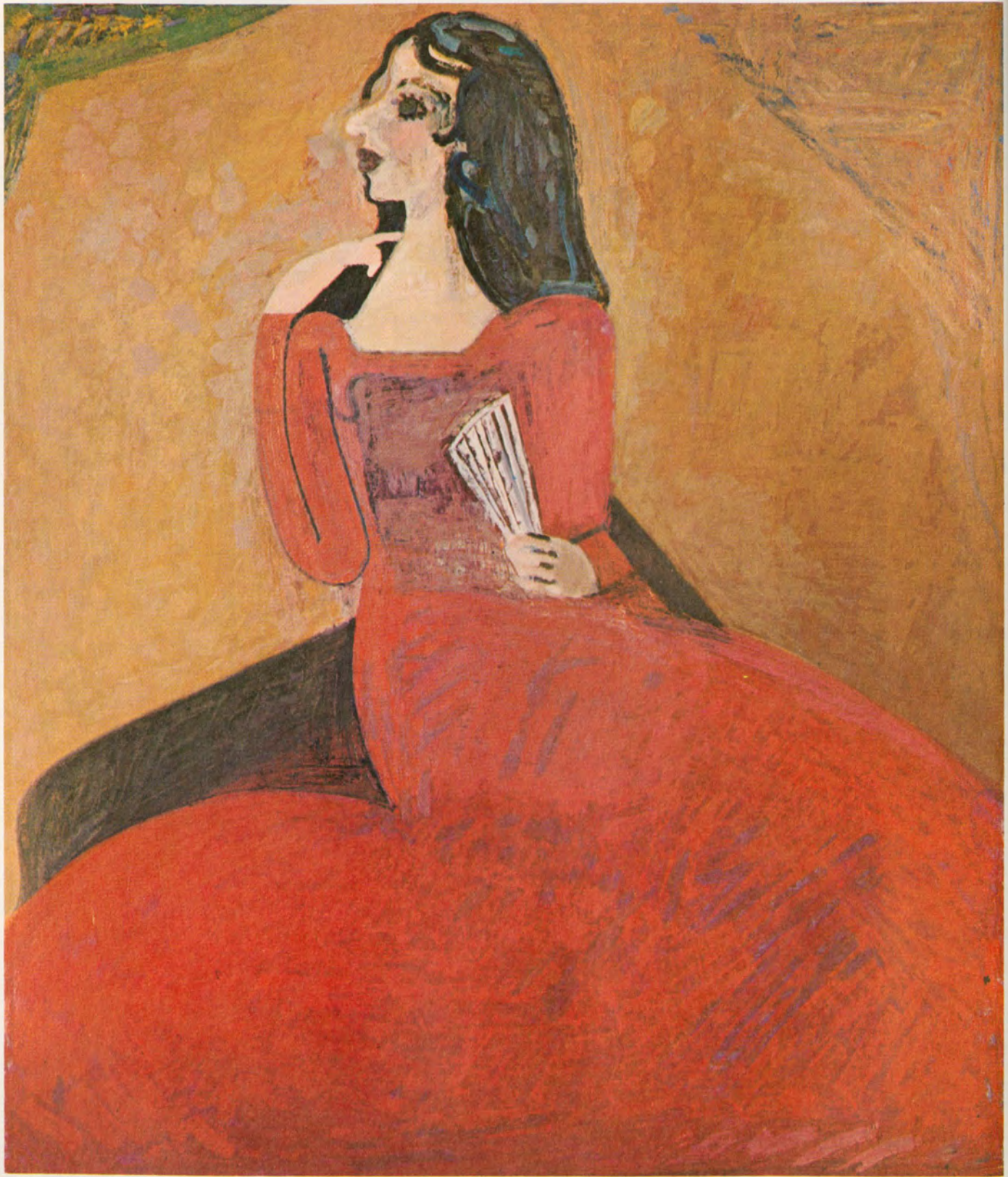
PORTRAIT OF YOUNG MAN

43½x39



GIRL WITH CLASPED HANDS

60½x38



THE ACTRESS

68 1/4 x 57 1/2

NORTHCOAST LANDSCAPE

49x45 1/2







BEACHSCAPE

48x46



GIRL READING BOOK

64½x53

A compassionate teacher as well as artist, Weyandt is that singular person—a companion in learning with his students. As their lives mix with his, like fresh colors on a canvas make new images, much about life fully lived is understood for the first time.

THE DOCTRINAIRE MAN

*after Donald Justice and
his version of Guillevic*

for Charles Wright

I

Between the boredom of stones
and the romance of sky:
the doctinaire man.

He has been given books
and he has read books.

And there have been books to read
that he has not been given.

II

He comes to understand
something, everything.

This he has not been given.

III

If he were to have faith, only,
he might as well be a Christian.

The doctinaire man needs
what he knows.

IV

He knows what has been on the street,
shouting.
He knows what he has read.

There is more than one country
for him.

The other is not Heaven.

V

The doctinaire man is against
nostalgia.

He remembers meadows
but he wants to know

whose they were.

He hears about Christmas
but he remembers
Christmases.

VI

He wants to live for more
than a King.
He speaks of the people.

While they shout at him
he speaks of the people:

He thinks of their children.

VII

He does not want to lie to the people.
He does not want to lie to the people,

the doctinaire man . . .

VIII

There was a tent around which
the rain dripped in the night.

The doctinaire man
was not inside.

He remembers how dry and warm he was
there. It was beautiful.

IX

He is a traitor to much:
the doctinaire man.

What he is heroic about
is not certain he exists.

It is not simple.
He does not want to lie to the people.

X

There is no end to his struggle.
He does not have a blueprint.

He would have doctrine, but
he is only arriving at doctrine
through struggle.

XI

The doctinaire man is afraid.

He is not afraid
of failing.

—Tom Wayman

about the author:

The most that anyone can do in introducing another person is simply to present him as a human being; and Tom Oden's credentials for humanness lend themselves quite readily to this brief, descriptive statement. Since seminary days at Perkins School of Theology, Tom and I have shared in an open ended dialogue on theology, politics, modern art, etc., and to these intramural excursions he has always brought a kind of natural flair for "artful conversation." Tom can communicate a sense of enablement and affirmation to another human being—while moving in directly on the jugular vein of almost any issue. I have seen him slay many a false premise—but never the personhood of the one who held that premise.

The magnitude of Tom's research and writing is a crucial clue toward understanding him. He is incurably fascinated with the question of what it means to be a 20th-century man in Jesus Christ, and the scope of that curiosity has taken him into the labyrinths of such diverse subjects as psychiatry, politics, ethics, New Testament theology and Christian worship. In each discipline he does his home work, tests his thesis, and then presents his own conclusions in a writing style that's clear and lively. I am confident that Westminster Press has no way in the world of knowing what subject he will be probing next, but—to date—they have rewarded his pluralistic creativity with a delightful regularity of publication. Behind the words of all his articles and books is a seminary professor who is still a student, and an expert in more than several fields who is still an insatiable explorer.

—REV. WILLIAM A. HOLMES, Austin, Texas

The Search for a New Establishment

By Thomas C. Oden

The scars I bear from my radical past may, perhaps, for some, give me the credentials to express a certain caveat to the emerging generation of radical students: Do not miss the exceptional opportunity which is now being given you to take over the leadership of massive, potentially creative institutional structures, just because you are hung up on your Rousseauist biases and antiorganizational romanticisms. Although the older establishment may look rigid and well protected, it is not only vulnerable to serious challenge, but is in many instances hungering and thirsting for fresh options, and deeply conscious of its own inadequacy to deal with the present situation.

We older radicals now in our thirties have worked hard and long for this day. We have planned and strategized and hoped for the time when basic breakthroughs would be eminently possible, when the old leadership would fall of its own weight, when the massive power and organizational resources of a pragmatic generation of institution-builders would grow tired and senile and yield to new initiatives. As young churchmen, we had hoped to be ready for this moment with a well-hewn concept of the church's mission and a well-conceived plan for actualizing that mission.

We have come just to that promising period of breakthrough but are now even more than ever unprepared to meet it. The irony is that just at the decisive moment of opportunity, we are more hung-up than ever with our old disease of institutional cynicism. Like losing the final battle while the enemy is in full retreat, we now seem ready to throw in the towel on the institutional church. Precisely at this moment of unexcelled opportunity, we find ourselves less motivated than ever to engage in the patient tasks of institutional reconstruction, in the hard-headed sense of building budgets, taking seriously nominating committees, developing long-range institutional planning, etc. We are not geared for that.

We are only in the mood for mouthing platitudes. We enjoy more the sheer luxury of bitching about the present phoniness of the establishment. But we do not seem to have the courage to be an establishment, now that we clearly have the opportunity. We would prefer to be safely *outside* of the forum of human decision and responsibility. We are not as politically astute or motivated as the noises we make would lead some to believe. We prefer the riskless refuge of a cynical criticism which lacks genuine self-criticism. We want to gripe about our lousy situation, but do not really

want to participate in the painful, slow process of patient reconstruction of church and society which would embody some of the ideals we have been mouthing and placarding. That is our moral quandary. We may be as hypocritical as any generation that ever struggled quixotically against hypocrisy.

It is this cynical mentality against which we must struggle, both in ourselves and in others. If we fail to see these inherited structures as they actually are, i.e., as extremely vulnerable and ready for change, then it is our misperception which is at fault. The establishment we have safely enjoyed blasting is now inviting our responsible participation in many ways that we are often too adolescent or paranoid even to recognize.

When the tension between tradition and renewal is obliterated, as I believe it often is in much pseudo-revolutionary action, a serious loss results for the human community. The malignant weakness of simplistic calls for radical change is that they are never radical enough. They are too wordy and superficial. They are often not really concerned with the actual administration of justice, but merely with abstract slogans about justice.

Although the conservative mentality may lack a sensitized conscience, and often is more concerned with its own vested interest than with others' needs, its one great strength is its wary suspiciousness of simplistic solutions to complex human problems, its tendency to regard overstated optimism with extreme caution, and its unwillingness to buy just anybody's impromptu proposal for the new order. *Caveat emptor* is the motto not only of conservative business but of conservative politics.

More urgently needed today than jaded conservatism, however, is what might be called a "conserving radicalism," which is committed to conserving the basis of revolutionary action. Such a mutating conservatism would focus its attention upon the hard-headed, pragmatic implementation of new ideas and programs for human betterment without paying the unconscionable price of the obliteration of man's past achievements.

When the elan of pseudo-revolutionary radicalism is abroad, as Eric Hoffer has pointed out, there is often little to be constructively achieved: "When hopes and dreams are loose in the streets, it is well for the timid to lock doors, shutter windows and lie low until the wrath has passed. For there is often a monstrous incongruity between the hopes, how-

ever noble and tender, and the action which follows them. It is as if ivy maidens and garlanded youths were to herald the four horsemen of the apocalypse."¹

We are now undeniably whirling in the maelstrom of such revolutionary transition. Moltmann may be right, that the utopian who presses so radically for futurity and rejects totally the old, does indeed perform a significant function,² but his function is painfully limited and must be exceptionally well timed to special historical conditions. I am seeing the role of the revolutionary these days much more in a functional sense: to awaken the massive central body of decision-making into conscience and the need for change. But from a broader perception of history, the revolutionary stance is in itself inadequate and must come to institutionalize its charisma if it is to make any enduring sort of contribution to history.

We have reason to be suspicious of messianic pretensions which hold out great promise without being able to deliver actual change. That is why I question whether Moltmann's theology of hope is a truly hopeful theology; it tends to flee the reality of the present, and to focus its consciousness exclusively and imaginatively upon the future.³

In his shrewd description of "the true believer," who joins mass movements aimed at immediate, total social change, Hoffer has accurately described many of the more dangerous elements of chiliastic utopianism, religious or otherwise.⁴ The time has come for the conserving radicals (radicals who wish to conserve the basis for revolutionary action) to repudiate and challenge the sincerity of absolutist revolutionary strategies as a betrayal of their own most exalted intentions.

If a theology of revolution means the baptizing of a strategy for social change which bombs, burns and genocidally demolishes the past, it surely must be repudiated by every Christian committed to the love of the neighbor.⁵ We, too, are for change, at all deliberate speed, but no reasonable man could applaud a total violent annihilation of all men's past social achievements. If that is what revolution means, it must not only be repudiated but fought to the last barricade with the utmost determination. Whatever may be their virtues and contributions at other levels, the theologies of Jurgen Moltmann and Richard Shaull both drift in the direction of an uncritical affirmation of such a pseudo-revolutionary attitude.



TOM DAVENPORT

PHOTOGRAPH

The renewing church will thrive in the midst of a responsible dialogue between tradition and renewal, but must never become captive to a concept of renewal which obliterates, disembowels and annihilates tradition, nor by any view of tradition which archaically imprisons the spirit of renewal.

During the Sixties, we have been caught in a whirlwind of historic change which has called for new institutional forms, but we have not been in a mood to think institutionally. We have been thinking ideologically and abstractly, but not in terms of the difficult process of rebuilding the body of Christ in the light of our knowledge of sociological processes and of our new theological understanding of the Christian mission.

The World Council of Churches study on institutionalism and unity, which was presented by the Commission on Faith and Order in 1961, called for increased theological investigation of the institutional factors which promote and hinder unity, and for sustained debate on the relation of charisma and order, visibility and invisibility, continuity and discontinuity, and for the development of a theology of institutions. It is unfortunate that nearly a decade has gone by and that call has never been answered seriously.⁶

The World Council report on *The Old and the New in the Church* correctly argued: "It is in keeping with our belief in the Christian incarnation to affirm that the church through all these institutional dimensions, though in

varying degrees, is embedded and involved in all conditions of society and history. Conversely, it is equally true that all these institutional patterns—even to financial campaigns and bureaucratic regulations—possess theological dignity, though again in varying degrees."⁷

In all of our talk of the need for institutional continuity, we must not give the impression that there are no needs for decisive, radical change.⁸ If by "a revolution" we mean turning things completely over, as a revolution of a wheel is a complete turn, then we are living in revolutionary times. Many elements of the social environment are turning completely over. It is a revolting context which the institutional church is called to serve.⁹

In this setting we are witnessing the destruction of many old patterns which we have long associated with the church. To some generations, it is given to build. To others, it is given to suffer the destruction of older orders. Our fathers' generation was essentially a builders' generation, but in many ways ours is a generation in which we are watching the destruction and deterioration of much that they built. It is a part of our historical givenness, and therefore a gift of God, that we are watching the destruction of old orders, built on weak foundations which never had the promise of long-term service to man.¹⁰ You don't expect a crackerbox house to last a thousand years. So it is with certain structures which we have inherited. Just because they are associated with the frontier church, and with its vigorous history and institutional forms, is no reason to feel sentimental about them. We need to learn to rejoice even amid the destruction of many of these forms. This is not to urge a macabre attitude of cynical rejoicing over the collapse of deteriorating institutions, but rather the constructive task of rebuilding on the ashes of destruction and learning to assess the meaning of the destruction itself.

notes

¹ *The True Believer* (New York: New American Library, 1958), p. 20.

² Jurgen Moltmann, *Theology of Hope* (New York: Harper & Row, 1967), chapter 1.

³ *Ibid.*, "Introduction: Meditation on Hope."

⁴ Hoffer, p. 25 ff.

⁵ Of course, for many the total rejection of the past is not an implication of the idea of revolution, but there are enough for whom such an implication does exist we must not hold back our caveat against the abuse of a theology of revolution. Cf. Richard Shaull, *Encounter with Revolution* (New York: Association Press, 1955); "Revolutionary Change in Theological Perspective," in John C. Bennett (ed.), *Christian Social Ethics in a Changing World* (New York: Association Press, 1966), pp. 23-44. Also Moltmann, *op. cit.*

⁶ The essay by Gustafson, *Treasure in Earthen Vessels* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1961), comes closest to being a serious answer to that call, although even it does not focus on a theology of the institutional church, but rather upon a *nondoctrinal* investigation of the human dimensions of the church.

The separate Protestant traditions are now experiencing the collapse of denominational identities. We may have loved our denominations, and felt a tug of loyalty to them, but that is beside the point now. We could not maintain these structures even if we tried. The denominational structures are simply on their way out. History can no longer stand them. To put it another way, the Lord of history can no longer tolerate a divided church. The structures are cracking and crumbling. That is difficult for us to adjust to. The whole ecclesiastical mechanism is organized along denominational lines. It is difficult to rebuild toward ecumenical institutions. It is not so hard to develop an ecumenical *idea*, or to think ecumenical thoughts, or to have ecumenical discussion—but to have ecumenical *institutions*—that is much more difficult. It takes a lot of imagination. Yet this is the test, the challenge of the church in our times—to find means of developing institutional continuity so that the gospel can be traditioned to the evolving world amid its massive changes, yet without total cultural absorption by that world.

With my friends in the University Christian Movement, I have spent many long evenings bemoaning the deplorable conditions of the institutional church, especially with respect to its lack of interest or investment in the campus ministry. The university, we complained, had become a fourth-rate priority of the church's institutional planning. We joined together in an enthusiastic chorus of well-deserved damnation of the institutional church.

As time went by, through a long process of agitation and hard work, we tried to awaken the institutional church to the urgent needs for a relevant campus ministry. With the coopera-

notes

⁷ J. N. D. Kelly, *The Old and the New in the Church* (London: SCM, 1961), p. 79.

⁸ Report: *The United States Conference on Church and Society* (National Council of Churches, 1968), esp. pp. 16-20. This report is a compendium of strategies, long-range objectives, proximate objectives, targets and tactics designated by participants in the Detroit Conferences, October, 1967. Although it does not come to the issues of social strategy with a firm consensus on the nature of the church, it nevertheless is to be commended for its deliberate concern for organizational strategy.

⁹ That this is not a new insight for recent thinking on church and society may be seen by examining some of the earlier treatments of this theme; cf. Shirley Jackson Case, *Christianity in a Changing World* (New York: Harper, 1941); Sherwood Eddy, *Revolutionary Christianity* (Chicago: Willett, Clark & Co., 1939); Walter Rauschenbusch, *Christianity and the Social Crisis* (New York: Association Press, 1912).

¹⁰ Cf. Jeremiah 39, 50-52; The Lamentations; Amos 1-3; Joel 1-3; Isaiah 10-25; Psalm 90.

¹¹ Leslie Paul, "The Church as an Institution—Necessities and Dangers," *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, Vol. 4, no. 2, Spring, 1967, p. 276 f.

JODY COURTNEY

PHOTOGRAPH



tion of the awakening establishment, we made an intensive study of the mission of the church on campus, its funding, its ministry, and we made our reports. To the surprise of everyone, they were convincing to the establishment, and soon—to our astonishment—we began to see more money coming into the movement from the enviring churches. We began to raise our professional standards, intensify our mission, improve our equipment, etc. Soon we found ourselves faced with establishment-type problems, trying to allocate funds to numerous projects, all of which we found relatively important for the church's mission.

The question arises: What was it we were working for in that earlier period when we were struggling so desperately against the "institutional church"? Answer: precisely for a *better institutionalization* of the campus ministry.¹¹ What we wanted was a more adequate structure for professional leadership, financial support, etc. Moral: The most bitter opponents of the establishment are often not quite ready to see that what they really want is a piece of the establishment, and to be more appropriately institutionalized themselves.

Radical politics often looks radically anti-establishment, but if what they said needs to be done were done (e.g., if the Port Huron statement were enacted into law), the student radicals would be energetically creating a new establishment, hammering out new institutional forms. This is obvious to anyone who carefully studies the processes of social change, but it is unfortunate that it is not

recognized as obvious by those who uncritically carp on the establishment without any recognition of their legitimate moral concern to displace it with another, better, establishment.

Is it true that some institutionalization, even though corrupt, is better than anarchy? How dehumanizing is anarchy? This is difficult to imagine, since most civilized men have never experienced it except in remotely fragmented forms. During the New York garbage strike, in a matter of hours the situation of garbage non-disposal was knee-deep. Just such a mundane problem dramatizes the importance of complex social ordering and efficient bureaucratic organization. We must find some way of disposing of our garbage, and if we do not have a social mechanism to dispose of garbage, we literally are not free to walk in our streets.

I am not standing against freedom in emphasizing the importance of institutions, but for a freedom which is enabled through social organization. Freedom has too often been romanticized by people who think of it in purely individualistic terms. We have come to an end of the spirit of permissiveness in modern American society. However delicious permissiveness may have been, or however much we may have enjoyed participating in it, it is now over. The deaths of Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy have abruptly punctuated its demise. Oswald, Ray and Sirhan have painfully taught us of the end of permissiveness. They embody a radical individual antinomianism which does not recognize the social contract, nor acknowledge the debt we owe to each other by the very fact of our being human beings.

Institutional structures need to be constantly criticized and changed in accordance with changing historical conditions. Yet it is nothing but the wildest optimism which would imagine that we could do away with institutions totally in the church or anywhere else. Yet just this kind of messianic individualism is abroad today in a society whose advanced institutions of civil liberties have provided an arena for it to be heard, protected and broadcast in living color. ■

Response

by Rev. Arthur Thomas

Let me make something clear at the beginning. I do not like Oden's article. It is dangerous. A self-styled "radical" who talks of assassins teaching us the end of "delicious permissiveness" betrays the spirits and souls and blood of brothers who have preached justice and taught righteousness and, consequently, paid the price. I understand that this article "passed" the censor in the spring while other "obscene" articles caused the demise of the May issue. This article, in fact, is typical of the obscenity of much of the institutional church. The analysis attempts to seduce us to join the ranks of those who rape—or in the '60s—assassinate.

An institutional "thirsting" for change and people really "searching" to make this new establishment are two concepts so superficial to the realities of the world that scary big black Jim Forman could destroy any foolish thinking along those lines in one signal act. Such a magnificent event: *demanding*, not requesting, *money!* Oden's sophomoric radicalism, wrapped up in concerns about a campus ministry, crumbles before the guts of a crafty black.

PHOTOGRAPH



ROBERT ROHR

Those who seek change, especially "young churchmen" who analyze the monster before us, should be clear about the facade and the power *behind* the apparatus. Oden's analysis deals only with the former: the committee structures, the denominational boards and ministries. Sure, there are "good guys" wrapped up in these things who would like to see themselves involved in profound radical renovation which continues the heritage of the church. Sure, there are "bad guys," too. Some preach revolution without wisdom while others oppose change in any shape or size.

How did this apparatus react to the demands of Forman for money? One reaction was to use the event to increase the flow of funds to favorite projects paralleling the interests of Forman. A second grouping became adamant in refusing both funds and the concept rationalizing the call for funds. A third reaction, identified primarily with Black caucuses within the structure, insisted on money being given directly to Forman. This latter response, however, has not been implemented—nor will it be. The apparatus only enjoys power at the pleasure of those who in fact possess and control the booty. In the debate and struggle about reparations, the idealists and the "new institutionalists" of Oden have displayed the flaw of spirit that occurs when one becomes a servant of the monster. The only possibilities become perversions.

A valuable result of Forman's tactic has been to clarify again this relationship. In no instance has the institution responded by handing over any power. New funds to favorite programs are still controlled funds. It is now more difficult for the "older radicals" (Oden) to presume a "well-hewn concept" of mission, or a "well-conceived plan for actualizing that mission," because they are powerless in real terms. Those who have power are the laymen who operate the commerce of the nation. Because of Forman the church institution now is less able to serve these laymen in the guise of justice and mercy.

Tradition is on the throne, not renewal. The church institution has served tradition "with abstract slogans about justice." Forman has challenged the "actual administration of

justice." The attacks of Oden on the young radical are instead the slogans used by the apparatus to protect itself.

An alternative before the "emerging generation," whatever that is, is to develop programs for establishing power where it is, outside the church institution. If that is established, the servants, the apparatus, will be renewed by necessity.

A second alternative, however, is to be unswayed by any power quest. The new wine of the new generation shows such signs of headiness that it may lead to entirely unexpected forms of life together. The new church may not be built on the ashes of the old but from its own fertile soil.

A transitional figure between the old and the emerging forms, one who understood the dimensions of freedom not in terms of permissiveness, said in 1967:

Today's young people appear to have chosen for their concern the dignity of the individual human being. They demand a limitation on excessive power. They demand a political system that preserves the sense of community among men. (Robert F. Kennedy)

No less a demand has been laid on the community of the religious. No certainty exists as to its eventual place of residence. My perception is that it will not be in the home of the present institutional apparatus. ■

about the author:

It's eleven o'clock in the evening and the phone rings. Art Thomas is on the line. He tells you that he has a meeting to go to at one in the morning and he's tired. You ask him about the meeting and a familiar game begins. I like to believe that he plays the game with his friends in order to keep in practice for the real thing—with the press, the bureaucrats, the Establishment.

That great collective force "the people" appears. Art Thomas The Leader and any other system-defined roles disappear. "The people are getting together." I ask about his role, and he counters by saying that "the people will decide." Finally, I ask what the people will decide, and Art outlines what he thinks will happen.

Of course, the game has to be played. Art is reminding me that the real game is the game that the system has played with each of us. Art focuses on each individual, on what he can bring to the group. Art Thomas is one of those individuals.

—KEN THOMPSON, New York City

NERVE GAS

The iron tongue
Of midnight has said its piece.
I don't remember
Anymore what reason I had for this;
It must have been a good one.

I know I once thought I
Could learn to love
The earth.
Tonight I hug it tightly,
And it draws the last
Warmth from my chest.

A chill grips
My body and shakes it like a sack
Of knives,
And I'm bringing up bile
From organs
I never knew I had.

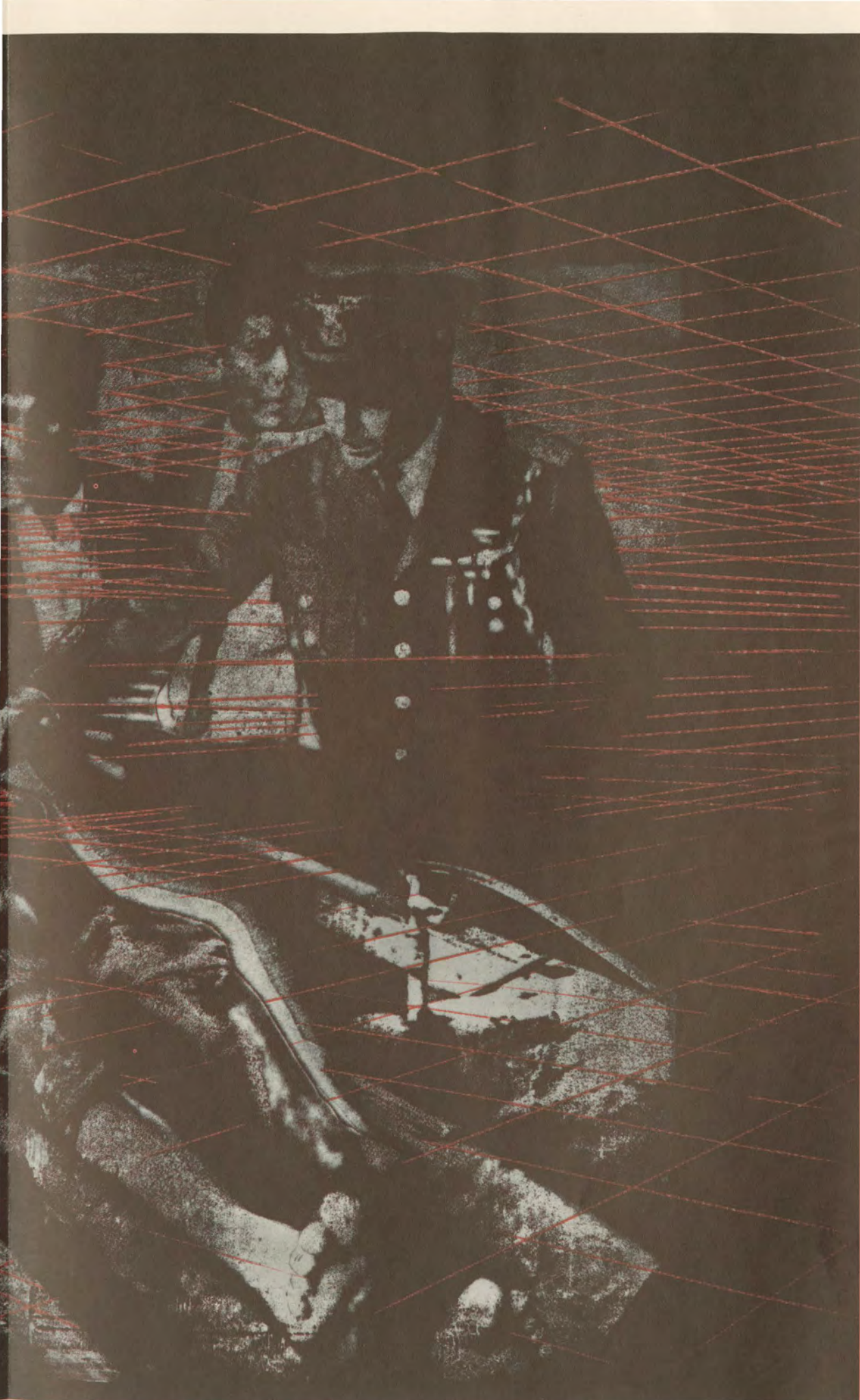
My muscles tighten for the next
Spasm, get ready
To kiss
The bones good-bye,
When suddenly a needle slips
Into my arm.

Sinews relax into their old
Dream, and I see
My enemy for the first time
As he rolls me over
And covers my rising heart
With his hand.
I embrace him:
He is my country now.

—C. G. Hanzlicek



PHOTOELECTRIC ENGRAVING: DEPOSITION



TWO TESTIMONIES

by Ralph Moore

cuban films
and
pogostin's
'hard contract'

I understand you've worked in film in the U.S."

I had been in Cuba less than half an hour when one of our hosts from the Cuban Institute for Friendship with the Peoples asked me this question in Havana's Jose Marti Airport. When I responded affirmatively, he eagerly made a suggestion.

"Sr. Yelin at ICAIC will be happy to meet you."

ICAIC is the Cuban Institute of Cinematographic Arts and Industry, the organization which both runs Cuba's movie houses and produces her cinema. During my two weeks there I spent many hours with Sr. Saul Yelin, one of the directors of the Institute, and members of the staff, and saw many Cuban films.

Yelin, in his middle thirties, was studying law in Havana at the time of the 1959 victory of the Rebel Army. His connection with film then consisted of membership in a film club. At once it became apparent to him and one or two others that the Revolution must be recorded cinematically; thus they began immediately to build the Institute. In 1959, Cuba had no film industry at all, hardly a scrap of

Ralph Moore is as full of life, as exuberant, as talented as anybody I've ever known. We've become pretty close since that afternoon I lectured to a group of ministers in Philadelphia about ART or something; Ralph was in the audience and he was the only one who agreed with the unacceptable statements I made.

Later, he came to my studio and said he wanted to be my friend. Ralph is like that, and I've come to cherish my good friend and his family.

I'll never forget the conference in New Hampshire on "Art, Creativity and Religion" to which Ralph invited me and my family. It could have been only another useless, heavily directed meeting in the woods; but with Ralph, it was a magnificent experience. He aborted structures and let all the artists and laymen begin to breathe easy, to live and be themselves. He said grace one evening by beating on a trash can and doing some spontaneous sounds with musicians; it was marvelous and appropriate. Under Ralph's liberating influence, the conference became so real, so good, of such profound influence on so many talented people, that it will not be permitted to be done again by the church, I am sure.

Ralph's house lurches with sounds of electronic music, laughter, children, life and unrepressed Ralph himself.

Eric, Andrew, Jane and Ralph Moore are our loved friends now, after several years of knowing each other and watching our families grow. I've been very lucky to know a few great people so far in my life. Ralph is one of them.

—SAMUEL MAITIN, Philadelphia

equipment. North American companies had used the island for location shots but had never developed a local group of filmmakers. "And so," says Yelin, "we decided to start from scratch. We had to find cameras, people and money. The government was all in favor of the idea, and we became an early part of the effort to build a new Cuba."

I had expected a propaganda machine. I was wrong. I discovered that the Cubans are true film buffs. ICAIC produces documentaries on every subject and feature theatrical films, as well as what Yelin calls "testimonies" to the Revolution. "And we criticize, too," he adds, "so long as it is fair criticism." The cinematic style of ICAIC's films, whatever they be, relies heavily on precise cutting in a choreographic relationship to rich musical sound tracks. Every film I saw had been made by a film artist intent on forming his content carefully, economically and honestly.

Surely one of the most beautiful films ever made, for example, is "Hanoi: Tuesday, December 13," a popular documentary made by the prolific Santiago Alvarez. This is being seen in the U.S. now. It should be shown to everyone. Such lyric grandeur, a rhythmic cinematic poem of North Vietnamese life, it is intercut with stark material on Lyndon Johnson, the Cuban liberation history and surrealistic touches of nature. A highly personal statement by Alvarez, it must be regarded as a magnificent, powerful achievement by every standard.

"We still have no film school in Cuba," Yelin explained. "Therefore, we must rely on those who come to us with something: an

idea, talent, seriousness. Very little equipment exists yet for film makers who want to go it alone, but we hope for that day sometime. As it is, more than 40 directors are at work on their own projects, developing all kinds of films on just about anything you can name. Once our board approves the idea and the budget, the director is free to assemble his people and to work in any way he chooses."

The institute now believes that nearly every Cuban can see film. In the most remote spots one suddenly discovers a movie screen set up in a field against a hill. Periodically, mobile unit trucks, completely equipped, move in to present showings of a variety of films. As a result, film may be the most important medium for communication, reflection, celebration and education in Cuba. A telegraph operator in Santa Clara, Las Villas province, wearily related to me one night how his children and their friends were always going to the movies. "Even if they've seen it three times, they still go. I've seen 'Singing in the Rain' half dozen times now." That and "Moby Dick," two pre-revolutionary North American flicks still on the island, were being viewed almost everywhere we went last December. And movies are cheap, sixty cents at most, destined to be free of charge within two more years.

"I would love to bring '8 1/2' and 'Blow-up' to Cuba," Yelin sighed, "but due to your blockade I cannot—they are in the hands of U.S. distributors. I take our films to European film festivals once or twice a year and see the most marvelous cinema, but almost all of it is blocked by North American control."

The leaders of ICAIC have invited film makers from Europe to consult with them since the earliest days, which explains why Czech, Swedish and French flavor is strongly pronounced in some films. But a distinctive quality, a Cuban beat, is obvious, and I sensed a vibrant, fresh, independent film movement. We have not heard much about them, but many Cuban films have won great recognition at major festivals.

"I think that 1968 has been a very important year for our country," reflected Yelin at one point. "We have come through a lot, made many sacrifices, many mistakes. But a true sense of being liberated from unnecessary things is now coming over us. We are facing a crucial two or three years now, in which the risks will begin to pay off, our exhaustion overcome. We have confidence in what we are doing, and a sense of new discovery."

The function of film? "To keep track of our history, how people live, what are the real feelings and anticipations. As we explore the creative spirit of man, we will understand better what the society can become. That is the artistic possibility always, is it not?"

The ICAIC experience got to me. About a week after returning to the States, I was with a friend whose first film will be released here through Twentieth Century-Fox in mid-1969. He is an established writer for television, but "Hard Contract" is his first job as a writer-director for Hollywood. How very different the environment for film is here, because S. Lee Pogostin sees himself as set in opposition to the culture, its value systems and its myths. His film bears the marks of one who is agonizing through the artistic burden.

"I'm not sure any more that a film maker should tell the truth," said Lee Pogostin. "Or even think that he's being objective. I've got my vision, so to speak, but I've fought against saying it, telling the truth when it's something I don't want to believe."

"Hard Contract" is a tale about Cunningham (James Coburn), a professional killer. For Pogostin, this man represents where we are right now. Murder is acceptable. "It's immoral, but it's not *that* immoral." What is the difference between what Cunningham does and what armies do, or what police do, or what every man does to every other man? It can all be explained away.

Pogostin puts it in terms of a woman who wants Cunningham. "Sheila (Lee Remick) begs him to say that he's a communist or a revolutionary or a monarchist or a capitalist or anything. Give me anything that is acceptable, she says to him, some neat answer I can put into my mind. Now, you can hear that kind of stuff in today's world, or can't you? How about the burning of babies?"

He points to the character Alexi, a former Nazi who has served six years for the death of 30,000 gypsies. "Now he's free. He's paid his price to humanity. In a world where that can exist and be considered acceptable, and all the other things are acceptable—from Vietnam to the Ibos in Biafra to everything else—on a day-to-day level, is it extraordinary to be able to accept and love someone who is a murderer of individual people, as long as a good reason is given by him?"

What is really at the top of Pogostin's mind is the population explosion, an over-crowded globe on which, in the first half-century, seventy-million persons have died in wars, and yet, by the next century billions more will be living in futility, alienation. Against this fact, he concludes, nothing is to any avail. Murder itself is obsolete. "The only thing we've got left," says Cunningham in the film, "is bitching." Life itself is now pressed out of significance. That's how the bitching on earth got so big.

In fact, religion, philosophy, ethics—all of them—Pogostin has come to see, are obsolete. "I think truly that democracy can no longer work in this mass. I wish to hell it could. I



don't think it can. And—by the way—I hope I'm terribly wrong. We can no longer be what we were at the production rate that we're hitting. Because we no longer have a reason for producing. There isn't any damn good reason for it. We keep trying to convince ourselves that we can have a creative life, be involved in things that really count. That's one of the great lies of our time. I think the most creative people in the world are the ones who are selling to a mass of people their dignity. They sell it by the shovelful. There is no dignity."

What does Pogostin then think about the freedom movements? "Another form of bitching. It's about the only thing left. But the whole idea of the individual and his rights at precisely the time in history when we're propagating at a pace where it's going to be impossible to get what everybody's wishing for—it's like doomsday wishing."

And so, in the final moment of "Hard Contract," we hear Cunningham say, "You may not know it, but Freedom and the Dignity of Man may become the greatest murderers of this century! Watch and see!"

Lee Pogostin certainly joins artists like Beckett and Kafka in attacking the sacred cows. Liberals, even radicals, in our religious, educational, political and commercial establishments will find "Hard Contract" a discomfiting experience. He has put himself into the new world itself—the truly new world of the next step in human experience devoid of the old formulas.

Do the film makers in Cuba and Lee Pogostin have anything in common? Two different premises, two different cultural environments. At first glance, no. Cuba is emerging with optimism, a sense of new possibility in the future growth of her own capacity. Pogostin lives in terms of the globe and its diminishing options. Each, by his very act of creation, is making an affirmation about human life. But one celebrates a new phase of liberation while the other lays back the gauze which spoils clear vision into the hideous things of human existence. Pogostin understands and sides with the liberation movements, personally, even though they be futile, but he is not a nihilist. In Cuba we find an idealism which believes that it has found a way out of the Third World's death-trap. ■



You Can't Kill the Dream

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**What
ever
happened
to
apple pie?**



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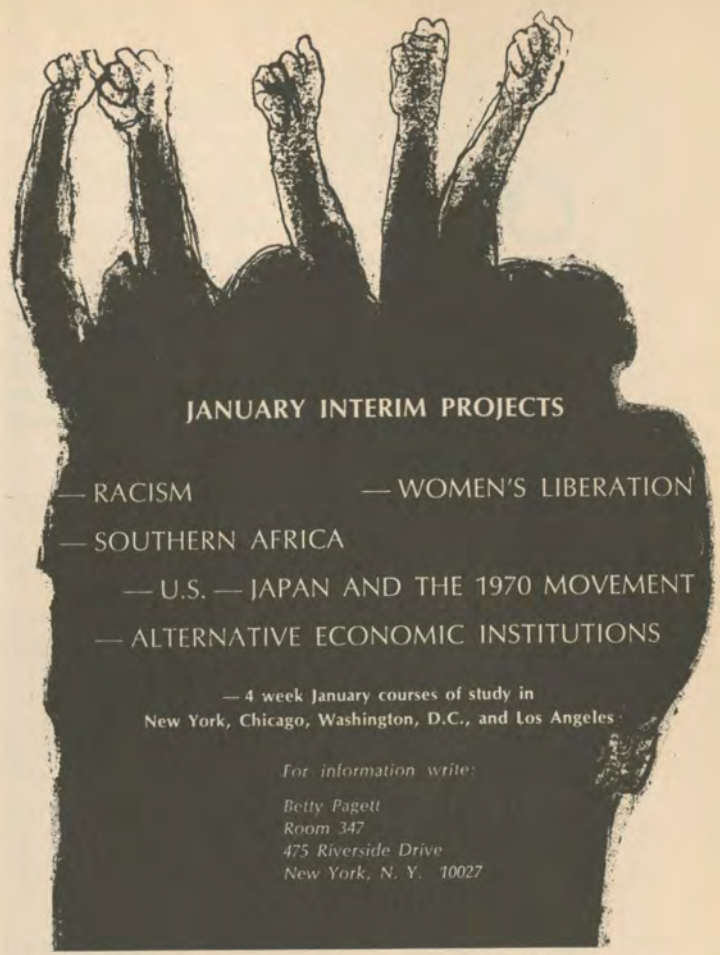
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On June 30, 1969, the University Christian Movement officially ceased to exist as a national structure. The UCM General Committee had approved the move four months earlier. As the journal published for the UCM, *Motive* publishes the following responses in an attempt to clarify both the decision and what it means for the future of the movement. Steve Schomberg, Charlotte Bunch Weeks and Nell Sale were the three UCM presidents.—ED.

The UCM and the Movement

Steve Schomberg

My decision to vote aye for the suspension of the national structure of the University Christian Movement was a vote in favor of recognizing a dying dream. At UCM's inception in September 1966, two major dynamics were of particular import. The first was the desire for there to be a Christian movement in the United States which would have the flexibility to act politically in effective terms. The staff, officers, and close friends of the National Student Christian Federation knew that the NSCF was not such an animal and therefore were supportive of a new Christian organization of some kind.

The second was the force and dynamic of the ecumenical movement. On college and university campuses across the United States, denominations had been joining together their campus ministries and had developed ecumenical student groups. These groups had no structure through which they could be related to any national body. National denominational structures, too, were in the mood to pool their resources and program into an ecumenical structure.

Throughout the three years of UCM's existence, I retained the hope that the UCM might become such a movement. The experiment was not totally successful. The most success was realized on the level of ecumenism. Within a year after UCM's birth the Protestant denominations began phasing out their own student movements while funneling their resources to the UCM. Likewise the two Roman Catholic student movements, the National Federation of Catholic College Students and the National Newman Clubs (because of problems peculiar to their own existence) ceased to have a national program.

On the local level many more campus ministries were being united to form ecumenical ministries of some nature. The fear, however, was that this was pan-denominationalism. That is, the life energy of these ecumenical groups was focused around how we could be ecumenical rather than around how we might be involved in the

politics of human affairs. The UCM has now reached the point in its existence where the strain between ecumenicity for its own sake and ecumenicity because there is a political task to be done cannot be withstood. Therefore, UCM as constituted in 1966 is dead.

Those who composed the first general committee and officer team of the UCM understood differently what the political or movement element of its constituted name referred to. During my time as the national president, I worked to unify the politics of the movement around specific goals and an organizing principle. Others did not share this desire. They thought that the UCM should be a diverse movement allowing divergent and, at times, conflicting politics to exist in the UCM. The organizing principle never did really catch the imagination of the people at the grass roots level. Its only importance remained on a national level.

At the Annual Assembly in 1968, the constituency was reluctant to accept unifying goals but seemed to prefer ad hoc goals which were in fact "headline goals." UCM's politics became more clear at this annual assembly. The Radical Caucus, which had its roots in the Cleveland Week of Process '67, became an identifiable unit within UCM. Soon there was also a Black Caucus and a Woman's Caucus. The possibilities of a unified national movement centered around particular goals were dying.

At UCM's inception no one knew for certain what issue-orientation meant, but by attaching the word movement to it, I assumed it meant unity for political purposes about particular issues, ideologies and styles. What had instead developed was an organization made up of caucuses, each wanting to participate in dividing the national budget. This was not my image of UCM as constituted in 1966 and therefore, on this basis, I voted to recognize its death . . . a vote which did not necessarily negate the importance of a caucus style. A new organization which is structured in the form of a coalition may be what is now needed.

When the UCM was organized in 1966, I recognized that the age of student work as conceived by the denominational agencies for higher education in the late 19th century and as evolved the 1920's and 30's was over. But the UCM was never able to shake this image. Still the campus ministry and denominational agencies

tended to look at the UCM as a student movement which was the outgrowth of the past student work concept. There were exceptions, to be certain, as some campus clergy and agency administrators identified as participants in the UCM.

For the most part, however, the campus clergy and agency administrators remained on the periphery seeking a related status but not participation. The need to have an advisory council as a part of the national structure was a sign of this phenomenon. This inability of some campus clergy and agency administrators to decide whether they were in or out, and the elitism of some of the students who distrusted campus clergy and agency administrators and were therefore reluctant to receive them openly angered me. The UCM as constituted did not stand for a reformed student work movement which had as its only new pattern that of ecumenicity. It called for a radically new movement which recognized campus clergy, students, faculty, and college and agency administrators as equal participants. A movement in which elitism was dead.

This was not the UCM of 1969. Therefore, I voted to recognize UCM's death as a means for breaking the cycle of a student-work mentality. The days of student work on the campus are over. The student has now reached a maturity where as a theologian and as a prophet he is on the same ground as the clergy. In my mind, the death of UCM means the death of the campus Christian work as conceived by the YMCA in the 1870's, as altered by the denominations and the Roman Catholic Church in the 1920's and 30's and as again reformed in

the UCM in 1966. It is my hope and desire that at this time the UCM be truly ashes and that the coals be left to smolder until the last of the fire has gone out. Then perhaps a newly conceived and constituted politically minded Christian organization or movement which has no resemblance to a bygone day will be born.

Charlotte Bunch Weeks

The UCM decision demands that experimentation must happen locally or not at all. While it existed, many persons and groups took UCM for granted and did not struggle with their own particular needs and priorities, especially with regard to national communication. Further, by centering attention on UCM as the national experiment involving students in mission in universities, it seemed like others were less necessary. As a result, UCM, as the center of too many divergent expectations, hindered and pre-empted other experiments rather than encouraging them.

By not providing its own structural successor, the UCM action should bring important, but long-avoided questions to the fore: Will new national groups and expressions of the Christian struggle with change in a secular age develop out of genuine local needs? Indeed, are there many local communities of people engaged in



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such a struggle? If so, will they come together in various combinations, not because a national bureaucracy wants its "youth wing" or some national leader seeks a constituency, but because the conditions at the local level demand it? Have we reached a period in the university community when there is no need for any particularly Christian structures or groups for mission, locally or nationally?

If no new organization develops out of the UCM spirit, then the question is not why a national structure failed, but what comprises the new shape of human need in the university in the 1970s. Indeed, can we live with the possibility that our familiar structures must cease and new ones may be long in the making or even never have unified national expression?

In this undefined leap into the future, the UCM sees hope for the possible new forms of mission desperately needed in our day. Perhaps the greatest impact that UCM will have on the church is the decision—indeed demand—to forego familiar but inadequate structures even when successors to them are undefined.

There are many implications of the UCM decision; I will discuss only three here: those relating to national movements for change in general, to communications in particular and, finally, to church structures.

What has happened in UCM illustrates the problems and paralysis at this time of a diverse national movement with only a generalized approach to social change. In the past year, similar dilemmas have been obvious in both church-related groups and among radical movements. Growing out of the broad civil rights and anti-war movements of the mid-60s, with their very general political stands and often anti-ideological bias, we are now seeing the development of numerous smaller, more disciplined movement groups that are task-oriented and/or tightly focused ideologically.

As with the UCM caucuses and task forces, these movement groups are seeking to overcome the frustration and ineffectiveness of the more general movement by defining more limited and specific tasks or by more sophisticated analysis and ideological frameworks for their actions. While these groups vary greatly in style and direction, all call into question the effectiveness at this time of broad generalized national movements whose political perspective and strategies are not sharply focused. (This does not imply that there is never a role for national organization or coordination, but demands that their role be better defined.)

If this trend continues, we will see more focused local and task force groups with loose ties to other networks, but without any one national movement or organization, Christian or secular, developing in the university world for some time to come. These decentralized developments and consolidations are probably essential to developing more effective efforts at radical change; but they will also create problems of parochialism, isolation, fragmentation, and sectarianism which must be guarded against. As these communities and task forces work out clearer ideologies and strategies, the development of major national movements genuinely rooted in these groups might become viable. Hopefully, such national developments would then be more clearly focused and more effective than the generalized movements for change, such as UCM, that are now in the process of dissolution.

Underlying the UCM decision and developments in other movement groups is a recognition that communications, vital to any movement, need not center in one

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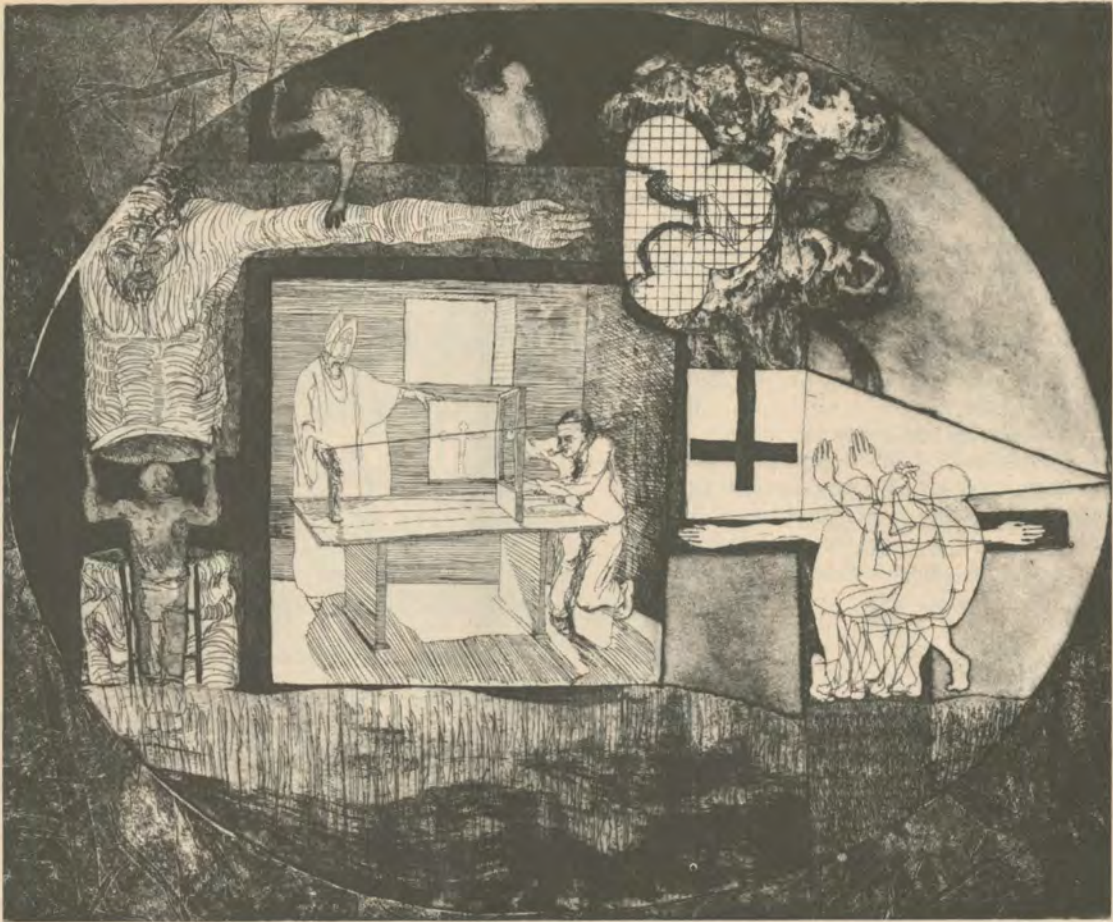
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national office but can be carried on through news media, personal contacts and various informal channels. Thus, while the end of a UCM national office might signal a communications gap, people who feel that they are about common tasks are, in fact, already in touch, either personally (through caucuses and mailing lists) or through the media (e.g., most student groups can keep in touch with student activities elsewhere through both normal and movement media). In fact, national office communications are often more to benefit the office than the grass roots. Even on an international level, people with common concerns can usually find ways to be in touch, once they are clear about their purposes and why they want to communicate.

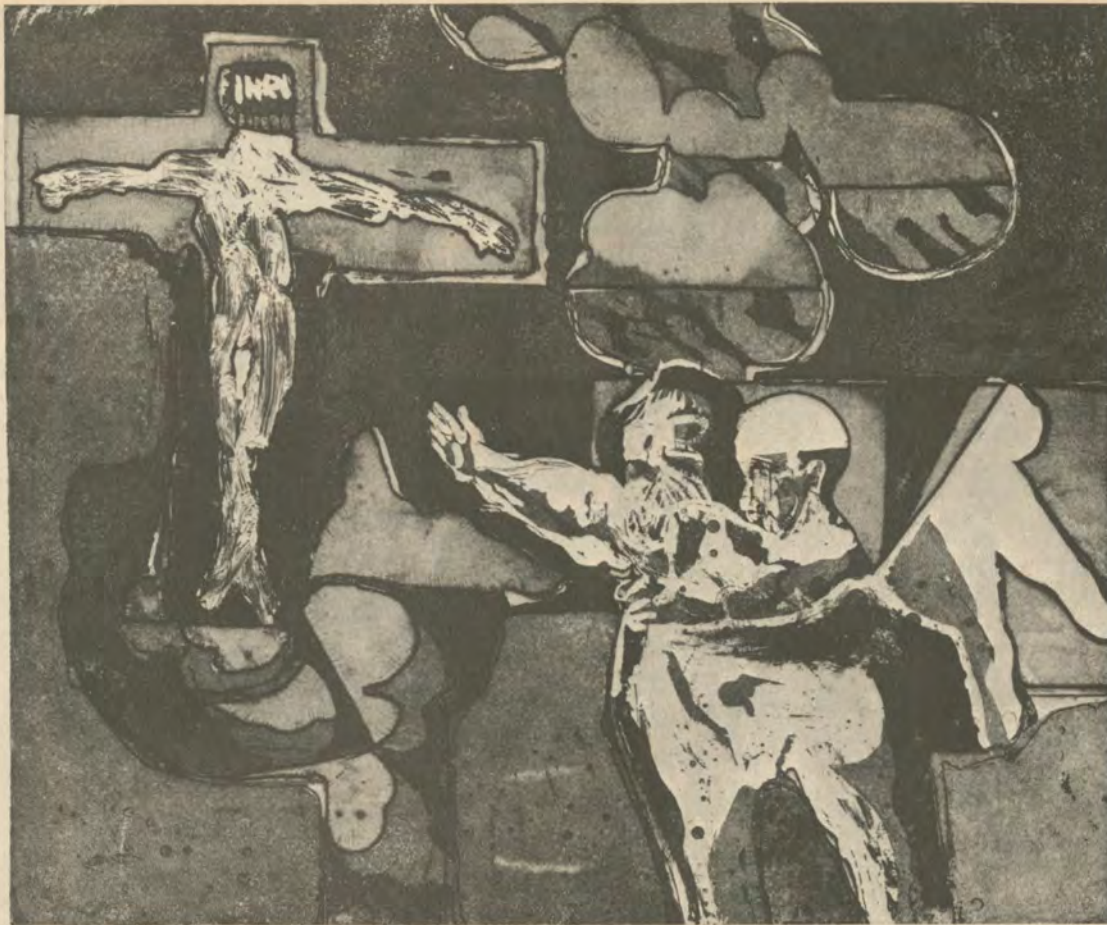
Finally, the UCM decision calls for a reassessment of the present direction of the churches, especially with regard to ecumenism. Although UCM tried to keep a dynamic tension between interdenominational cooperation and a mission-oriented approach, its experience makes clear that, however creative the rhetoric, a structure developed primarily on interdenominationalism does not provide a context for responding decisively to the injustices and needs of our day.

If it is to avoid the paralysis experienced in UCM, ecumenism must go beyond common denominators and be centered on well-defined analysis and common goals and tasks. An ecumenical approach welcomes participation of all those willing to join in a specific task, because the task needs to be done, not for some intrinsic value in mixing denominational heritages. While

a resurgence of denominationalism is clearly not the answer, church unity in the style of the Consultation on Church Union or the National Council of Churches, which brings denominations together representationally and for its own sake, is a dead end. The world cares little whether Christians are all together; it cries desperately for our insights into and efforts toward ending racism, imperialism, militarism, and other forms of human exploitation.

Those working now for a more mission-oriented ecumenism should ponder questions out of the UCM experience: Can new task-oriented groups be born out of old denominational or pan-denominational entities? At what point do interdenominational structures impede rather than enable the development of authentic ecumenical forms? When is it necessary to leave behind the old because it is ineffective, even though the new is undeveloped? Do national structures, once the edge of experimentation in the church, now facilitate new life at the local level, or do they just drain its resources? What and where are the communities and forms that can respond to the urgent human needs of our day, and how will these be developed? Are church structures in fact related to these needs, and is it possible to move them in this direction without consuming all of one's energies in the institution itself?

The UCM decision clearly risks the familiar, hoping to bring about something more responsive to the revolutionary needs than UCM; as with any risk, it may not make it. Nevertheless, the decision has highlighted the desperate need for clearly focused missional communities at the local level. These communities must be truly ecumenical, not limited to "Christians," but absolute in their commitment to the struggles for justice and freedom for all humanity. Beyond their commitment to



BOB PELFREY

INTAGLIO: RADIATION

these struggles at the local level, we must experiment now to see what the characteristics and forms of such communities will be for the future.

Finally, the dissolution of UCM's national structures stands as a sign that, as we enter a time of institutional ambiguity and diversity, no one else will develop the answers for us. The challenge to every person is to explore and create those new possibilities so that maybe, just maybe, we can contribute to the revolutionary needs of a secular and sick society that cries out for basic surgery.

Nell Sale

Looking at the future is more urgent in my judgment than analyzing in minute detail all the claims and counterclaims about the past.

In the year that UCM died, I travelled extensively (and exhaustingly) to get some feel of and for the reality called UCM. It was—and is—very real, and those groups I've rapped with convince me that there is a need for several different types of groups to be operating on campuses today.

It is obvious to all that there must be black groups,

international types, and various white movements. A word about each:

The black organizations must serve as arenas for continual debate over the ideological aspects of black identity. Such debate produces the cohesion necessary for any movement struggling to survive the kind of continual oppression experienced by black people. In addition to this kind of black organization, however, we recognize that there must be enclaves of militant activists who can pose the kinds of threats that produce action.

For international groups, there is a chronic need for support groups across national lines to discuss the particular roles of minority, non-western (especially non-white) students on American campuses, especially as the concerns of such groups correspond with those of black and Chicano groups. Such international groups must speak on behalf of nationalistic interests of their own countries, and must concentrate on re-educating the "elite" students from their countries who are studying in the U.S.

White students will diversify in the movements and objectives they create, but it is increasingly clear that one doesn't organize effectively around an ideology. Organizing is done around the common and acute grievances of people—and the people must define these issues. Ideology provides perspectives which help to clarify the contradictions in society, but the movement in this country is hopefully beyond the point of expecting someone else's ideology to describe our predicament.

Action-research groups are gathering around a very wide range of issues and problems, and some of these groups serve essentially as think tanks or educational cells. They can help immensely in clarifying the problems and strategies which are more crucial than others. They can be priority setters.

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There must be, of course, the do-or-die radical activist wing. For many of the rest of us who are powerless, such groups serve as an unarmed military. But the weapons they utilize have come to have special significance because of their effectiveness in our post-industrial, administered society. These are the weapons of disruption: laughter, absurdity, art, and of course, large crowds, symbolic confrontations, and always, the threat of publicity. These groups will have to be disciplined in their strategic usefulness. They must have their own politics together, in order to select tactics shrewdly; but they must not dominate a campus movement. Perhaps it would be useful for all radicals to serve in the militant cadre for a while in order to broaden their tactical understanding of change.

In addition, we need counter-institutional groups who will organize on campuses around concrete issues, and who will use these issues as instruments for confronting the existing institution. Critical educational cadres, communal living and work communities, professional retraining units, women's liberation groups—these and many more can be effective models for surfacing issues and gathering support communities.

It is into this context that my vision for the future campus expression of Christian involvement fits. Such a context allows for a Christian expression, but it also determines certain rules for it. Such groups must define and maintain their self-identity. They will derive their discipline from their definitions. In the case of ideological groups, their organizing is toward the goal of critical clarity on the issues, not subjugation to the issues themselves. In the case of the militant cadre, tactical exposure and harassment are the only goals; they must not derive their purposes or perspectives from their tactics alone. They derive that from others, or as they themselves engage in other activities (like reading).

A UCM group could fit into any of these categories, but only as it defined its role. The UCM is not an ideological group; drawing upon the Christian tradition gives it a *theological* identity which is different (though not separate) from an ideological identity. A religious perspective speaks to that which is profound about situations or describes the nature of that which is profound in all of life. A religious perspective will proclaim that which is fundamentally sinful about the present order, like the way decisions are made by irresponsibly powerful men. But it must also describe the fundamental sinfulness of the movement, like the naivete of its passion or its forgetfulness of human suffering. It will criticize strategies on the basis of their relationship to the profundity of the issues, not on the basis of their ideological correctness, or certainty of quick victory.

In order to do this kind of critique, the UCM will of course have to be intimately acquainted with the movement. The self-identity of the UCM group will be derived, therefore, from its articulation of the Christian perspective toward campus issues. Like the ideology cadres, it will not organize around its perspective, but will use it critically, continually clarifying contradictions in depth and describing the larger perspective on local issues.

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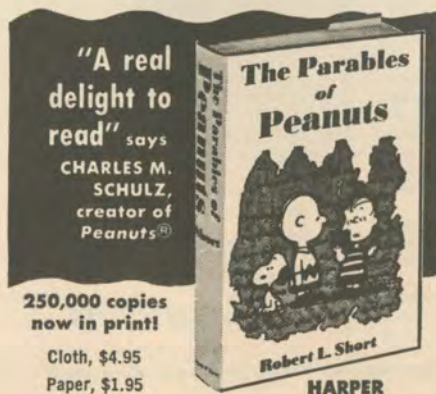
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The UCM group would also be a tactical squad, but in a different sense. There is a function of drama in any political movement, that channels and puts to verse the acute grievances of the people, and directs them poignantly at the enemy. Guerrilla theatre, psychic guerrilla warfare. These are methods that should be used by the militant cadre. But the Christian tradition provides a rich liturgical history that articulates the deepest hopes and sorrows of a community. The difference is that liturgy is *not* directed toward the enemy. The function of liturgy is to put into verse the *soul* content of the struggling community itself.

In its liturgical life the UCM group should call forth the whole community, friend and foe, student, faculty and administrator. Worship is *not* a political event *per se*. Although it is not devoid of political content, its function is not to offer direction or support to a particular group, but to channel the religious profundity of the struggle itself, as all are engaged in it, and to add rhythm and lyrical sense to it, as would any artist. Liturgy is song, poetry and drama, describing the common humanity of all, in this case, as revealed in Jesus Christ. Performing acts of worship, therefore, would be the tactical aspect of the UCM group.

The UCM would also be a counter-institution . . . as the church always is. In its life it should aspire to be the embodiment of the soul content of what religion describes. As usual this is the hardest part: to figure out what it would look like. It should definitely be the community in which people from all sectors of the campus could find peace and fellowship with one another. While it should *not* try to be a community that was all things to all people, it should definitely be one thing to *all* people: a community in which peace could be sought, whether that be found with another person, or at least manifested in some way as the possibility of being reconciled with someone, whether he were there or not.

Like the other groups, the UCM groups should be linked by area travelers, who would communicate insights, stories of other campus issues in an effort to increase religious clarity, personal joy and sorrows, and liturgical ideas. Any national identity or organization would serve to enable such travel, and would function to further work for theological clarity from the ecumenical contributions, as well as inform, not instruct, regarding issues on other campuses around the country. It would be the task of the local groups to continually define the self-identity of a UCM group on campus, and from this continual definition, the tradition of UCM would evolve. ■



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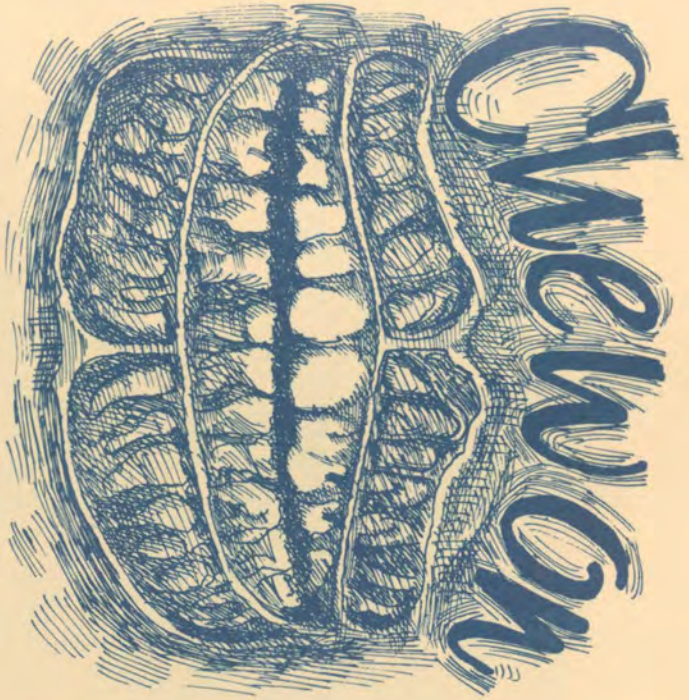
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