

december

sixty cents

1969

National Anthem, 1970

Handwritten musical score for "National Anthem, 1970". The score is written on ten staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Listen now my people of our un-in-ited na-tion, A coun-try that was born of free-dom's de-clar-a-tion, and pa-per writ-ten dreams that haven't quite come true; A-mer-i-ca I love what you can still may-be do." The score includes various chords such as (Bb), (F), (D7), (E7), (Bb), (C7), (F), and (Bb). The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Listen now my people of our
 un-in-ited na-tion, A
 coun-try that was born of
 free-dom's de-clar-a-tion, and
 pa-per writ-ten dreams that
 haven't quite come true; A-
 mer-i-ca I love what you can
 still may-be do.



PHOTOGRAPH

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A. PIERCE BOUNDS

COVER: We feel this month's cover, the score of a song by Louisa Cook, a young Nashville songwriter, best expresses where we're all at now. We use it as the theme of the issue and print it this way so you can play and sing it yourself. The song is copyrighted by Central Songs, a division of Beechwood Music Corp. Phonograph recordings of the song may be ordered by writing P.O. Box 6024, Acklen Sta., Nashville 37214. The photograph on the back cover is by A. Pierce Bounds.

motive

DECEMBER 1969

Volume XXX, Number 3

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**Coming in January:
Denis Goulet on America as a
case of anti-development.**



Having just read through the October issue of *motive*, I'm hastening to tell you how taken I am with it. I was also one of the ones who appreciated tremendously the March-April issue and wished I had been able to see the May issue. I managed to distribute the March-April issue fairly widely, and I see I will have to do that with this one as well.

I was surprised in talking with seminarians last spring to find that virtually none of them read *motive*. I wonder if some kind of aggressive (I don't mean hard sell) campaign in the seminaries couldn't up the subscriptions tremendously. It seems to me the very sort of thing that would interest them immensely, especially when compared with what they tell me they are reading!

I hope you'll have more artists who can help move the tone of *motive* a bit more in the direction of celebration. From the art side in the past, there seemed to be an unrelieved heaviness. I gather from your statements that you are in sympathy with rectifying this particular imbalance.

I think there must be very few people who could step into a situation such as developed at *motive* and carry it forward with integrity. If anyone can do that, I believe you can.

LOUIS GARINGER
religious affairs editor
christian science monitor
boston, massachusetts

I have just had opportunity to look over your March-April, 1969, issue of *motive*, and it is unbelievable that such rot and filth as this could be put out in the name of any church! Do any of you people connected with this magazine even faintly know what it means to be born again or to be saved? What the whole crowd of you need to do is fall on your knees and ask God to forgive you for the Lord Jesus Christ sake and then to try to save Him. This issue looks like it was put together by a bunch of sick people and women who hate men!

No wonder the National Council of Churches had to make a sharp cutback in its 1970 budget because of a drop of nearly 2.5 million dollars compared to its receipts of a year ago. Just such as your *motive* is responsible for some of this. It's just beginning.

But then as long as your editorial assistant is being arrested in Somerville, Tenn., what else could you expect?

You should not even mention . . . the name Christian in the title, because it's the farthest removed from Christianity of anything I've ever seen. God help all of you is my prayer.

MRS. GUS RIVALTO
memphis, tennessee

I think that's a pretty groovy magazine you all in the Methodist Church got going there.

NORMAN O. BROWN
santa cruz, california

After all the controversy concerning the March-April Issue I was in hopes that *motive* would realize that this was a church publication for Christ minded young men and women or striving to create Christ mindedness in the college students.

It seems to me that you have only stepped "out of the fat into the fire."

My reference is to the art, a portfolio of Don Weygandt's work, as on page 20 in which you show a woman nude in the upper portion of her body and perhaps completely nude on page 22.

The Church isn't in competition with *Playboy* and other such magazines. We respect womanhood and do not believe the virtuous woman would have her person exposed to bareness.

Personally, I cannot see that you have any point to gain in publishing such worldly trash. If the magazine isn't improved upon I simply will be forced to cancel my subscriptions. I have no other alternative.

JAMES R. SEWALL
campus minister
little rock, arkansas

I am sorry I haven't been able to get hold of the last spring issue that caused all the ruckus, but I still hope to. Maybe I wouldn't like all of it, but I am the mother of a college student and want to know what's going on—and why.

I trust that the new leadership of *motive* can and will continue to publish an informative and stimulating student magazine—and still escape the hangman's noose!

GRACE HOLLINGSWORTH
detroit, michigan

Dear gentlemen and token woman [*sic*]: I wish to address myself specifically to one short sentence in "Who is my soul brother?" (Oct., page 14): "The white plugs into this quest for a new world when he admits that he is racist by virtue of his white nature." This is not out of context but is part of the theme. What, I ask, is the situation of one who is of mixed background? Since nature is biological, he must be in a bad way—or would be if what you say is true. Fortunately the white who is racist is so not because of his white nature but because of his cultural (using this in the broad sense) background. I

say fortunately because while one might conceivably get a few persons to go against their nature, you could hardly get very many to do so. But people can be educated to see errors in their culture. The state of being white is of course non-negotiable; either one is or is not white. Those whites who are willing to accept without challenge the statement that racism is inherent in white nature are either: (1) arrogant: "I don't care what you say because you have been so wounded by suffering that you are no longer my equal and hence cannot insult me;" or (2) masochistic or spineless; or (3)—which is not necessarily a separate category—so alienated from their own people that they can neither understand nor speak to them. In any case they are no help to the civil rights movement. And as for the black person who believes that the white is "racist by virtue of his white nature," he is of course racist himself. And there is no future in that.

I suggest that *motive* take a crash course in religion, politics and psychology. If you want to change the thinking of white people, and God knows many but not all are in need of much change, you had better learn that articles such as the one to which I address my remarks are counter-productive. There is one question to which the church needs to speak: the brotherhood of man. A responsible civil rights movement recognizes that there are no non-persons. It recognizes that all sins, even white racism, have social causes. The church still needs to hate sin, love the sinner and stop rejecting people wholesale.

This letter is probably a waste of time. I just did not want to fall into one of my three categories above.

ELIZABETH RICHMAN
los angeles, california

I have great hope for the future because of the dedication of so many young people to something bigger than themselves, and I greatly admire their imagination and creativity. Two examples impressed me recently. The first was Arthur Ashe, the great tennis player, refusing a guarantee of \$500,000 over five years because he wanted to be free to work for his own race. He will give some time to the Urban League under Whitney Young, persuading young people to stay in school and encouraging them to get ahead. The second was a 23-year-old girl who became interested in one Indian orphan and ended up becoming guardian of the whole family—five of them.

The other side of the coin is the hippie movement—young people who are cutting themselves off from life and going nowhere. They will not make America what she should be. I hope they will soon discover how unrewarding is the path they are following, for America needs qualities they have to give.

MARY E. PEABODY
cambridge, massachusetts

somerville, tennessee

Decades hardly mark periods of history, but they are convenient stopping-places for reflection and prediction.

I am of the generation which awoke abruptly from dreaming innocence to full-scale political action in this decade. I did not go to Mississippi in 1963 or 1964. Civil rights demonstrations were only newspaper headlines until 1965 when the Vietnam war brought their meaning full-blown into my life at seminary. I learned about the condition of my country at home from its attempts to control the destinies of peoples abroad. (How ironic that the only previous war which meant enough for me to save newspaper clippings was the French-Indochina war when I was 12!)

Since 1965, there has been a constant escalation of thrust and parry on all sides of the fundamental questions affecting our future. These escalations will not stop, however. More troops may leave Vietnam. More school districts may be integrated. But the America that "can still maybe be" will emerge out of further polarization. In effect, the escalations of resources, rhetoric and rationale have merely served to solidify the troops. The real battles have just begun, because the fundamental questions about power, justice, dignity and respect refuse to be swept under the rug of compromise.

We need to pause and ask ourselves the question: Where are we going that we haven't been before? Like well-matched bookends,

the events in Fayette County, Tennessee, at either end of this decade, provide a partial answer—and an illusion about progress. First, the illusion. It has to do with the way religious institutions have *symbolized* their social action programs by names which have become legends in their times: "Selma," "Jackson," "Memphis," "Delano" and so on. These names have been used to illuminate *issues* and to hammer home courses of action during times of crisis. But these symbols have obscured as well as illumined. Haven't we forgotten that old human trait of which the evangelists are fond of reminding their congregations, namely, backsliding? We are able to hop from crisis area to crisis area, by plane and mass media. But after we depart, what has been left behind to continue to gnaw on the conditions which perpetuate unjust systemic patterns? What have our institutional resources provided by way of support for those left in the area to pick up the pieces and to solidify the gains made during the crisis period? Without sustenance after the period of "breaking open," change does not occur.

We have been to the Fayette Counties of our country. We have confronted the powers and principalities, but our despair grows. We have met each other on countless demonstra-

toward a civil future

tions, and returned home to our own battles, alone. A decade of social conflict, despite some victories, now looks like an empty beach strewn with yesterday's debris—and the waves of inhumanity keep carrying the sand out to sea. Where are we going that we haven't been before? In Fayette County, the poetry is made real. Although an early and constant civil rights target, there has been precious little growth toward decency in the white community. For example, after three well-known black women were beaten on August 12 by two white men, not one local white minister paid the women a call, nor did one white voice raise itself publicly to decry this irrational act. Elsewhere, in similar occurrences, the same frightening silence prevails. The black community of Fayette County, however, assisted by men like Baxton Bryant, Jesse Epps, Jim Mock, and James Bevel, is showing the white community, all of us, what is new in the struggle. It is a combination of two concepts, each equally important: the boycotting of white businesses and the creation of a black economic base. Church planners must realize that dignity and justice are primarily functions of economic status and not of legislative or legal action. Integration, which continues as the long-range goal, will not occur unless the several parties involved are of relative economic parity. Then the most productive kind of negotiations can take place.

One of the ironies of church history is that, at the beginning of this decade, a school teacher from Chicago by the name of Jim Forman came to Fayette County as a reporter. At the end of this decade, he comes again, this time to the churches, advocating a boycott of some white institutions (implicitly stated) and the creation of a black economic base. The lack of national response is well known, but there is a parallel movement afoot in the white churches which may prove, in the long run, to be the way we have not been before. It is the "new patriotism" of a few white pastors and congregations who see their church holdings, in properties and portfolios, as a means toward a civil future.

In effect, these white people are boycotting their own economic potential by turning over large portions of their resources, without strings or representation, to the disenfranchised and poor. Congregations in New York City and St. Louis have already made very long strides in this direction. This process may be accelerated as religious enterprises are required by the courts to provide tax relief. Rather than placing such funds into the governmental structures which are, in part, responsible for urban decay, we should urge that such funds be placed in newly created tax shelters (foundations, for example) to be administered by minority groups.

In essence, we look toward a future in which no man skies while another man starves.

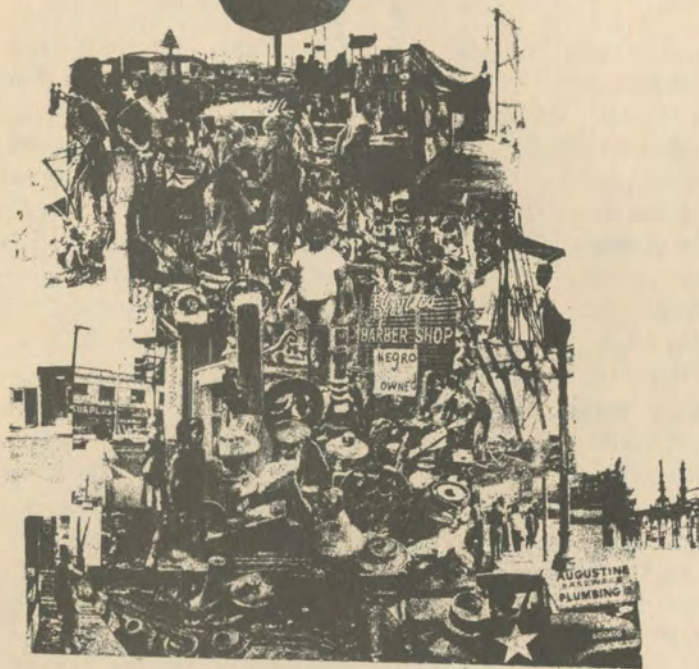
—R. Maurer

ARTHUR SECUNDA



LIVING THE DREAM

LITHOGRAPH: NEGRO OWNED



In February, 1968, twelve black garbage collectors in Memphis were sent home on a rainy day, without pay. Their white co-workers were retained and paid. It seemed a small incident, likely to be lost amid thousands of other such indignities. But this time something different happened. In protest, some thirteen hundred employees of the Public Works Department refused to work. They said, "Until the City of Memphis recognizes that 'I AM A MAN,' I will do no work. I would rather die than continue to allow this abuse to be heaped on me."

For sixty-five days these men defied a City, its Council, its intractable Mayor and the scorn of a paternalistic community. Slowly, a nation began to hear their cry. Other unions began to support them. A community organization (C.O.M.E.) arose spontaneously to share their burdens. The famous came to speak for them. And, last of all, turning aside from his journey from Jerusalem (Marks, Mississippi) to Jericho (Washington, D.C.), came the Good Samaritan, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. He bound up the wounds of the sanitation men with his enveloping love, poured out the healing

by Jesse Epps

ointment of his own blood, carried them on the back of his own vitality, and paid the final purchase price with his life.

A world wept in mourning. And a City—Memphis, Tennessee—finally acknowledged the manhood of its public employees.

The union to which these employees belonged was Local 1733 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, AFL-CIO. Since then it has grown steadily and now represents workers in schools, hospital, parks and a number of other agencies in Memphis and in Shelby County. The membership of Local 1733 numbers 7,000 and is steadily growing.

At the ratification, on July 1, 1969, of a new contract with the City of Memphis, Local 1733 members voted unanimously to increase their dues by \$1.00 per month. No portion of this increase can be used for union activities. Every penny of it must go into a new Community Development Fund which the Local Union has established to develop programs of benefit to the poor of this community. Because they think America "can still maybe be" a nation of justice, decency and dignity, seven thousand poor people in Memphis are giving between \$50,000 and \$100,000 a year for the needs of others.

The first demand upon their generosity came in a call from Somerville, Tennessee. Two white men had severely beaten a black woman and her two daughters. A community more racist than any in the heart of Mississippi took no official action for several days. But there are still Men and Women in Somerville, and they began an organized protest, which included a boycott of the downtown merchants, and a series of marches to the County Courthouse. A large number of persons were arrested, and firehoses were used to disperse the marchers. Then the call came from the Big Bear, Baxton Bryant, Director of the Tennessee Council on Human Relations. He asked me for the help of our people in Local 1733. Our response was to organize a motorcade of cars and buses each Saturday to swell the ranks of the mass of marchers. This we have continued to do, as a service to others, using the initial resources of our Community Development Fund. We have also, on occasion, sent our staff persons to Somerville, to assist Bryant and his associate, James Mock.

We have become involved in Somerville for several reasons. First of all, because Baxton asked us: he has been a tireless supporter of our cause here in Memphis, and we owe him far more than we can ever do in return. Secondly, we had worked closely with Jim Mock during the demonstrations at Memphis State University last spring, and he too was our brother, asking for help. But most of all, the members of Local 1733 know that the problems of the poor and downtrodden in Somerville are their problems, too. What America "can still maybe be" will not materialize until the human dignity and simple justice we have begun to experience in Memphis is realized in Somerville, in Jackson, Mississippi, in Birmingham, Alabama, in Los Angeles and Chicago and New York.

Nobody "gave" us anything in Memphis: we had to take it, literally wrest it from the Mayor and City Council. And we are committed to helping others take justice and decency and dignity for themselves. Our strategy is to move toward that goal using all possible militant, nonviolent means. We are not a "respectable" Union; but we are respected.

The great majority of our members are deeply religious people. For many of them, the only two dependable realities in life are

God and the Union, and in their Union they see the Hand of God, "moving in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform." They believe that America "can still maybe be" a great "land of the free." To the young, the sophisticated and others, this may seem terribly naive. But it is a conviction which enables men and women, weary after a long week of arduous labor—collecting garbage, cleaning floors, washing dishes—to get up early on Saturday morning and make the trek to Somerville, to march several miles in the hot sun, to forsake the one day of the week when they have the chance to do all the other things that need doing. It is a conviction which motivated their \$1.00 a month commitment to assisting in the needs of others.

But it's more than a conviction based on faith alone. They have with their own eyes seen the change that has begun in Memphis. A year and a half ago, no voice spoke effectively and stood up for the rights of the garbage man. Today, the Union Staff Representative, who sits across the table from the Director of Public Works and deals with him on equal terms, is a man who months ago was himself a garbage man, "toting a tub" behind a sanitation truck. In the past two years, the income of many Memphis public employees has doubled; by July 1, 1970, no city employee will make less than \$2.00 per hour. That's still far less than it ought to be; but it is a substantial step forward.

Their Union has given its members a sense of pride and dignity: when a janitor in a school wears his union button, he is saying "I Am Somebody!"

PHOTOGRAPH





DOUGLAS GILBERT

Of course a primary motivation for our Union is the memory of Dr. King and the knowledge that our victory of a year ago was paid for with his life. The members are deeply aware of his sacrifice and completely committed to using their own efforts to continue the work of this great American. Not long before his death, Dr. King had begun to speak of the dream of a "transformation" of our society. We believe he saw ahead to a day in which there would be not simply "integration" but a changing of the structure of America and the coming into existence of a completely new society. On the night before he was murdered, we sat in Mason Temple and heard him speak of this. We felt the incredible exultation as he looked over from his mountain top and cried, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!"

Oh, we don't just believe . . . we know what America "can still maybe be." And there is an excitement in our Union meetings, a feeling that what has been won thus far is only a taste of what is yet to be fought for and finally won . . . peacefully, militantly, nonviolently. Dr. King said, "I may not get there . . . but my people will get there!" And we are on the way. ■

about the author:

A great many people, on meeting Mr. Epps for the first time, express their surprise at the fact that he is a little man. On television, over the radio, and in print, he sounds, looks and acts like a large person. He and I were visiting one of Local 1733's staff members in Baptist Hospital one day and as we waited for the elevator, he overheard a conversation between a group of white hospital workers down the corridor.

"That's Jesse Epps!" one of them said to the rest. A second worker added, "Yeah. He's got a big mouth!" Jesse whirled in his tracks and bore down on the women, "like a small black tornado" as he has been described. "What did you say, Ma'am? Were you talking to me?" The women fled for the safety of a nearby room, slamming the door shut, completely routed. More recently, in a charitable raffle of some kind, one man won as his prize the right to name a street in a soon-to-be subdivision of \$100,000.00 homes in east Memphis. He was asked what name he would give the street. He said, "I don't know; I might even call it Jesse Epps Drive." I am sure that the subdivision developer saw nothing humorous about his joke.

On the other hand, the people for whom he works—union members—know him as a completely approachable human being, warm and concerned for them, almost to a fault. He cannot say "No" to a person in real need—which explains why his day runs out before he does, and why he is inveterately late for meetings, appointments and press conferences. A week or so ago, when he arrived at his press conference only ten minutes late, the reporters and photographers gave him a hearty round of applause.

—REV. MALCOLM BLACKBURN, Memphis

THE FORTUNE IN
THAT OTHER KINGDOM'S CORNER

three poems by Peter Wild

Goats

Goats like me; as I pet
them, they chuckle,
bray, offer their paws,

their eyes contract and dilate.
we sit on hay bales,
in junked wheelbarrows

trimming our nails,
reading old shooters' bibles

in the deserts of noon
dig up axles, green oranges . . .

they bring me candelabras,
ice-cream cones

kiss me on the brow. and at night,
dressed in rags,
in old bishops' clothes

follow me along the housetops
singing, as I sleep. . .

Death by jets of steaming water

i.

If anything this should get the birds
out of the bathtub, finally,—mostly grackles
sweeping out with split tails where
they have slept among the webs,

the pearl shine
of porcelain. . .

the bamboo rows
begin to wave crazy as
belly dancers in hurricane;

while the sand,
head thrown back, tongue hanging out,
sparkles, as usual

a mist of feathers
spots the afternoon.

2.

that old lady by now
grown simple, fat, will kneel
beneath the orange tree, squinting
at the jaundiced manuscript.

bricks fly off my house
the furniture sails out the window;
while above, that king of adobe,
the water demon,
struck by milk fever sits on a cloud
with his rod,
brushing his teeth
paring his nails.

3.

meanwhile, all by itself, the fortune piles
into a corner
of another kingdom.
Heartbreak

The star holds
one spoonful
of rum;
a drop
of coal oil
pine boughs

deck our shoulders,
and pine cones
stuffer up the nose . . .
we wear steel helmets,
at the neck
a touch of ribbon

through the poison apples
the poison oak
she drives a stag,
kicking his flanks

the wind is black in her mouth,
her legs and belly
knots;
satin shirt open

stars stream in her hair
she shoots glances at us,
snorts;
shoots arrows. . . .

they pass through our asphalt hearts.

A commentary from the counter culture on Theodore Roszak's book, *The Making of a Counter Culture* (Doubleday & Company, 1969).

Do it yourself

by J. WALTON SENTERFITT

about the author:

Walt changes a lot, suddenly and gradually. After three years of work—building and administering a large, complex program around college tutorials—he saw when the relevance of tutorials had passed and left all that to move on to other things. Tired of simply criticizing existing society, he has begun building new social patterns and institutions. This has meant examining, for his own life as well as more generally, some rather basic and difficult issues—family, property, work, learning, sexuality, personal identity. His family now includes four people—two married couples—living together in a six-room flat in San Francisco and sharing income, property, feelings and a warm sense of community. He recently helped bring into existence the Learning Place, a freed junior high school involving 21 students. He would like very much to move to the country. He dropped out of high school and went on to drop out of college. He has recently begun to like cats.

—DAVID STEINBERG, San Francisco

Most aware people agree that America is in very bad shape, that the social fabric is rending, that the social and psychic ills succumb neither to liberalism's tired wonder drugs nor to Richard Nixon's bland pall. We can see America's decadence through the lenses of poverty, racism, imperialism, capitalism, uptight conformity, spiritual emptiness, technological totalitarianism, or bureaucratic mediocrity and regimentation. We don't need Roszak's book to tell us how bad things are or how near the nation is to radical change. Nor do we need help in realizing that there is a rebellion of the young against American society that is far greater in scope than an ordinary generational confrontation.

LITHOGRAPH: COURTESY: DAVID HARRIS



RITA DILBERT MESSINGER

What Roszak does, and very well, is to look beyond all the single issues and surface rebellions for the underlying central cause of American decadence and the consequent Great Refusal of the young. What is it, most basically, that must be changed for us to overcome the alienation from ourselves and each other, to build a world of humane relation of man to man? He accurately perceives that the problem is at the level of culture and consciousness. We have to look at the frameworks of mind by which we perceive and evaluate reality. We have to go as deep as the system of images, norms and values by which we define and encounter self, the other, the environment.

He finds the encompassing social reality we live under to be "technocracy": The rule of managers whose ideology is "the relentless quest for efficiency, for order, for ever more extensive rational control. . . . It is what the idea-men usually have in mind when they speak of modernizing, up-dating, rationalizing, planning. . . . The prime goal is to keep the productive apparatus turning over efficiently. . . . Those who govern justify themselves by appeal to experts who, in turn, justify themselves by appeal to scientific forms of knowledge. And beyond the authority of science, there is no appeal." To Roszak, technocracy is more basic than capitalism, collectivism or any other economic system. It transcends and works through all the surface political ideologies of America and the industrialized world. It is itself an ideology, and a totalitarian one, because it claims the right to subsume all elements of human life under its direction and regulation.

Technocratic society derives in turn from our basic means of perceiving and ordering reality, the scientific world view. The particular power the technocracy holds over us comes from what Roszak calls the myth of objective consciousness: "There is but one way of gaining access to reality and this is to cultivate a state of consciousness cleansed of all subjective distortions, all personal involvement." The scientific method arose originally in opposition to the disastrous elevation to literal truth of previous myths useful to man in understanding his existence. It has been an invaluable tool to man and has offered the hope of freedom from reliance upon personalistic, changing explanations of existence. But it itself has claimed a reality and totality for itself far beyond the role of tool for man; it has demanded that everything be made "objective," i.e., all reality, even the innermost depths of our own being, must be turned into objects for study, manipulation and control. It has ultimately acted to contract and limit, rather than expand, the realm of human experience and understanding. Any such result is essentially murderous and life-denying.

To this technocratic culture and all its ramifications, a large body of youth have said "NO!" Contrary to frequent charges by their

elders, they do not stop at rejection. From the variegated strands of rebellion there is emerging a new culture. The youth are saying what they want in place of the dominant American culture. More important, they are about the business of building it.

There is a raft of alternative social institutions and cultural patterns emerging. There is, for example, a strong emphasis on decentralism, on reducing the units of human social life to human scale, as in the establishment of rural and urban communes, cooperatives, local-level political action groups. The attitude toward money has shifted from one of primal devotion and standard of success in life to the status of minimal necessary commitment and involvement to insure the continuation of life.

To free themselves from the total dependence upon machines and technology for everyday life, many young people have begun to rediscover crafts, farming, and the art of meeting as many basic subsistence needs as possible by themselves or in their own communities. They have rejected the puritan work ethic and have demanded instead that work be evaluated in terms of its joy, creativity, integration with their total personalities, and contribution to making a better place for everyone to live in. There is a reconsideration of the traditional nuclear, monogamous family and concomitant experimentation with tribe, commune and extended family.

Roszak believes that the psychic goals of the counter culture are even more important than the social ones. Primary to him is the degree to which the young emphasize the cultivation and expression of the non-intellective powers of personality, in response to the absurd elevation of the rational, intellectual and objective in the dominant culture. There is a great emphasis, as in Gestalt psychology, on a holistic, integrated view of human beings: seeking the unity of body, spirit and mind; exulting in sensuality and sexuality, sensory and body awareness, sensitivity to the total presence of other humans. Young people are increasingly seeking and finding their identity in associative rather than differentiative images and forms. They are rejecting identity defined in terms of those one is better than, has more than, or is different from. Instead they take as reference the community with which one shares association and is supported in discovery and expression of a valid, integrated individuality.

Most important to Roszak is the rediscovery of the mystical, magical, mysterious in our world. That reality which has been permitted by technocratic culture only to isolated poets or mystics like William Blake, Jakob Boehme, Thomas Merton is becoming something many are striving to discover and exalt within their own lives. The counter culture seeks to see nature as a wondrous, mystically coherent environment to which humans should relate as a harmonious, respectful component rather than arrogant conquerors. Only when the mystical, poetic modes of consciousness gain primacy over the myth of objective consciousness, does Roszak see hope of building a good life.

Roszak is correct and helpful in highlighting the psychic aspects of the counter-culture and in pointing out how the goal of changing our very mode of consciousness makes this cultural revolution far greater than an ordinary, merely political movement. But he is mistaken in so sharply drawing the distinction between psychic and social and in claiming that the counter culture believes that changing the personality must take precedence over changing institutions. It is necessary to see the two as integrally related and interwoven. We must, it is true, work through and overcome those self-destructive parts of our heads and souls formed by the culture we grew up in. We must change ourselves, our deepest and innermost identity and perception and values, in order to build a humane society. But at the same time, we cannot lead healthy, together lives as individuals and small groups without remaking the total social fabric, from the most basic and immediate institutions to the largest and most pervasive systems. The twin tasks of remaking ourselves and of remaking social and cultural forms have to proceed at the same time.

The psychic-social distinction in the counter culture is more an intellectual than a real life one. That, in turn, points to the basic limitation of the book, which stems from Roszak's profession and his medium. He is an intellectual by trade and his medium is the prose essay. The counter culture, on the other hand, defies the constraints of both.

He tends, for example, to substantially exaggerate the influence of intellectuals on the counter culture. He devotes a big hunk of the book to the writing of Marcuse, Norman O. Brown, Paul Goodman, Alan Watts, and Alan Ginsberg. His excursions into their thought are interesting, and their thinking does



indeed illuminate aspects of the counter culture. But he confuses illumination with causation, and claims for them impact far greater than they have had. By contrast, he spends only a tenth as much time talking about psychedelic art and rock music. His role forces him into contradictions. His forte is reading and interpreting literature and intellectual statements while the counter culture, as even Roszak realizes, is primarily non- or anti-intellectual. He wants to interpret, shape, and direct the counter culture with his own thought, but the very fragmented, decentralized, spontaneous essence of the movement resists such direction.

An example of this contradiction is his treatment of drugs. He starts the chapter by relating the experience of William James and Havelock Ellis with drugs near the turn of the century. For them it was an acceptable experiment in expanding consciousness. But he is aghast at the prominence and prevalence of drugs in the counter culture. In his view, drugs have discrete, elegant effects on the minds of such as James and Ellis but turn young, "uneducated" minds to oatmeal. Though in other parts of the book he has chided critics for seizing upon and attacking the excesses of the counter culture, he does

precisely that in relation to drugs by lumping all advocates of their positive use together under the banner of Timothy Leary's most outlandish claims. He seems unable to get his head out of the way and listen and observe and let powerful experiences speak for themselves.

Part of this book's problem lies in the nature and limits of the essay as a medium. It forces categorization, conclusiveness, the imposition of order, stop-time photographs that are inappropriate to the phenomenon. Roszak's recurrent references to Blake and Shelley and his loving treatment of Paul Goodman as novelist indicate his striving for a form of expression that can be found only in poetry or fiction. I could almost feel him straining the limits in his last chapter, on the magical and mysterious, but he is never able to break through. If he was unable to give us poetry, or fiction, or a Bob Dylan song, or a light show, he could have at least let the counter culture speak for itself through interviews or extended descriptions of real people and real communities.

I'm happy to confess that my reaction to Roszak's intellectualism stems from my own role and identity. I consider myself an active member of the counter culture. Most of my time is spent in the day-to-day work of teaching in a free school and helping to keep it together, in counselling with other young people about alternative means of livelihood, in running events and training programs that bring more young people explicitly, self-consciously into the cultural revolution. I only occasionally pause for comprehensive reflection, theory-making, or interpretive writing. I strongly agree with R. D. Laing when he says, "We do not need theories so much as the experience that is the source of the theory." Roszak's book may help intellectuals outside the new culture understand what's going on, because he writes in language they understand. What we need here on the inside, though, is more people doing it. No theory or book or hero or ideology is going to come along and put it all together. As Roszak quotes Paul Goodman in *Making Do* speaking of a young, unhappy boy:

... for him—and not only for him—there was in our society No Exit. He had asked his germane question, and fifteen experts on the dais did not know an answer for him. But with ingenuity he had hit on a painfully American answer. *Do It Yourself*. If there is no community for you young man, young man, make it yourself. ■

WHO WILL PLAY JUDITH TO MY HOLOFERNES?

Elegance. Rigor. System.
None of these was my name.
That is, none was
Until my severed head
Upon baroque silver
Was borne
Into an eighteenth-century drawingroom:

Its tongue to loll,
Its eyes to roll,
Three impertinent idiots
In a predictable street,
Viewing the passage
Of a grand carriage
Between tufted velvets
And powdered wiggery,
Seeking its master's bier.

Just when it was the blade fell
Damning their sight,
Shutting their ears to the flooding sound
Of the Corybant's cry,
"I cannot waltz!",
None of them can ever tell.

Mind is a sea with no shore.

Let us thus address ourselves to a question:
Before whose door are we to leave the corpse?

—ROBERT COOPER

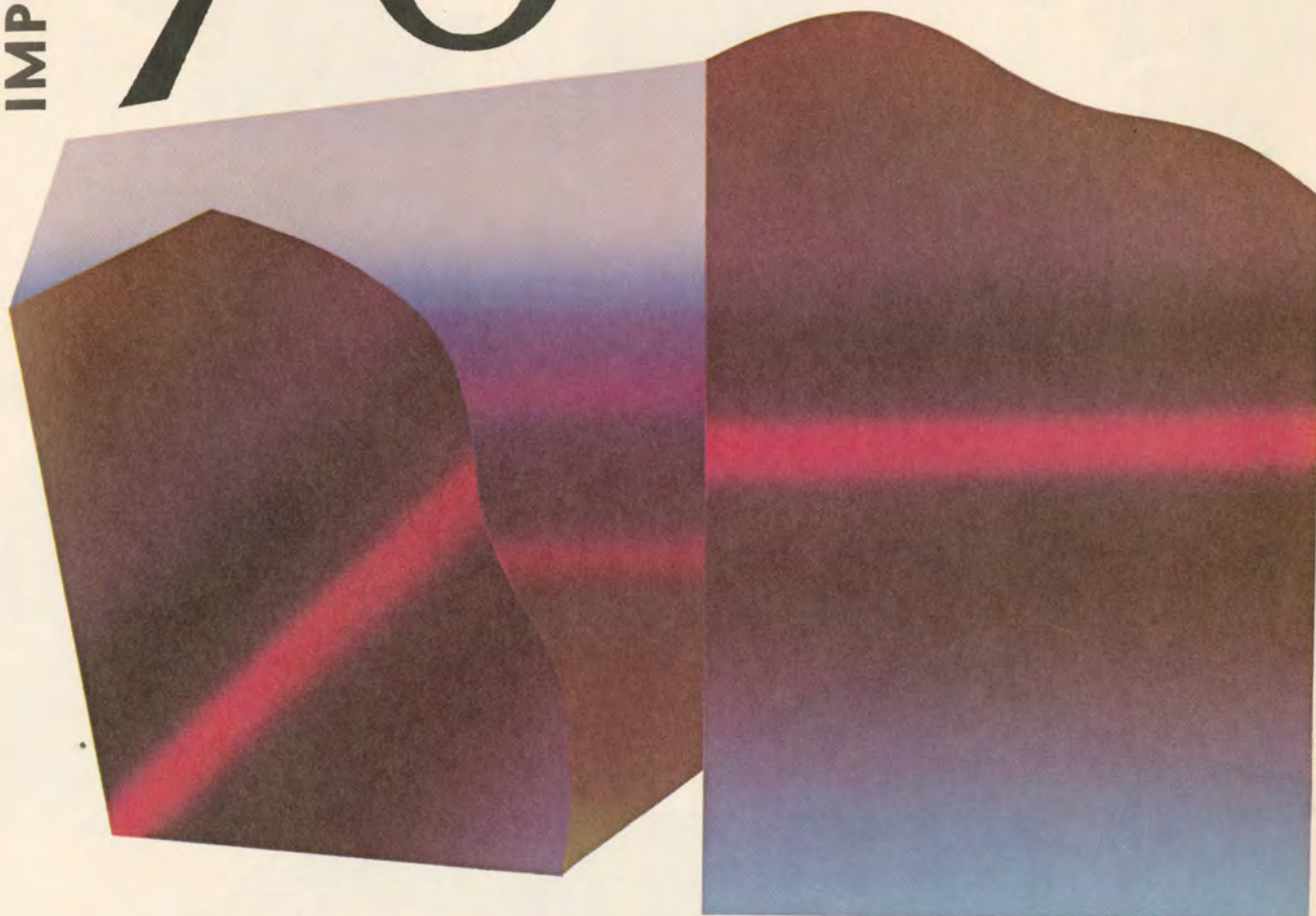
ANOTHER YEAR

Along the road from Mycenae
the buildings have long foundered
in their own silt. Archaeologists
by now have vacuumed the last
Cyclopean shards, labeling each
with a tag for its toe. North
from Argolis someone fathered
Agamemnon—Hector was murdered
before the battlements in the small
light of torches.

Archaic sunlight still half risen
shifts down from the tops of spears.
Wolves gather on the naked hills
blessed in their own hungry lives, they wait
the season out. It is the same stricken
affair. We forget and are reminded again
that we have come this way for nothing.
Children still play with their father's helmets
and in the private rooms we practice
the old strategems by the meagre light
of desks.

The sad who still refuse and turn away
from the warm sticky need of their mouths
languish by the fire and then at last
learn to speak in parables.

—JAMES LEWISOHN



By opening this art feature with the effect of a neon Aurora Borealis in Juergen Strunk's "Wilson Flor," and concluding it with the wildly exuberant "Her" of Mark Bulwinkle, we encompass divergent styles and processes that will make up the printmaking scene of the 1970s. So potent are these visual statements that they reinforce the conviction that the graphic arts are flourishing in a "Golden Age" and that the artists of the next decade will be making use of the many technical discoveries of the '60s to infuse their objects with a wide range of of sensory stimulation.

Bound into all of this will be the attempt by artists in the '70s to describe the greater sense of community needed as a healing life style for the future. To do this many of them are experimenting with the materials of the natural environment—dirt, rocks and water—as they extend the artistic experience into the world about *them* and make art as natural and common as the air, water and land about *us*. Other artists continue to make the rather refined images that we see on these pages, but their intent is that these works should be shared as community property as well, and not get locked up in some museum or become the exclusive chattel of the wealthy.

As much as we'd like to we can't make *motive* pages out of materials of the natural environment (though it's been said there is plenty of dirt on them already), but we do wish *motive* to serve as an instrument by which other art products can be broadly shared. It is the intention of this art feature, then, to begin to make common property of the uncommon works of the next decade's artists. With as much fidelity as we can muster, we will share their work with you, making it a communal affair enriching the lives of us all.

—Dennis Akin



Lithograph
Aberration #2
15x9½

Sandy Lungershausen
Kent State



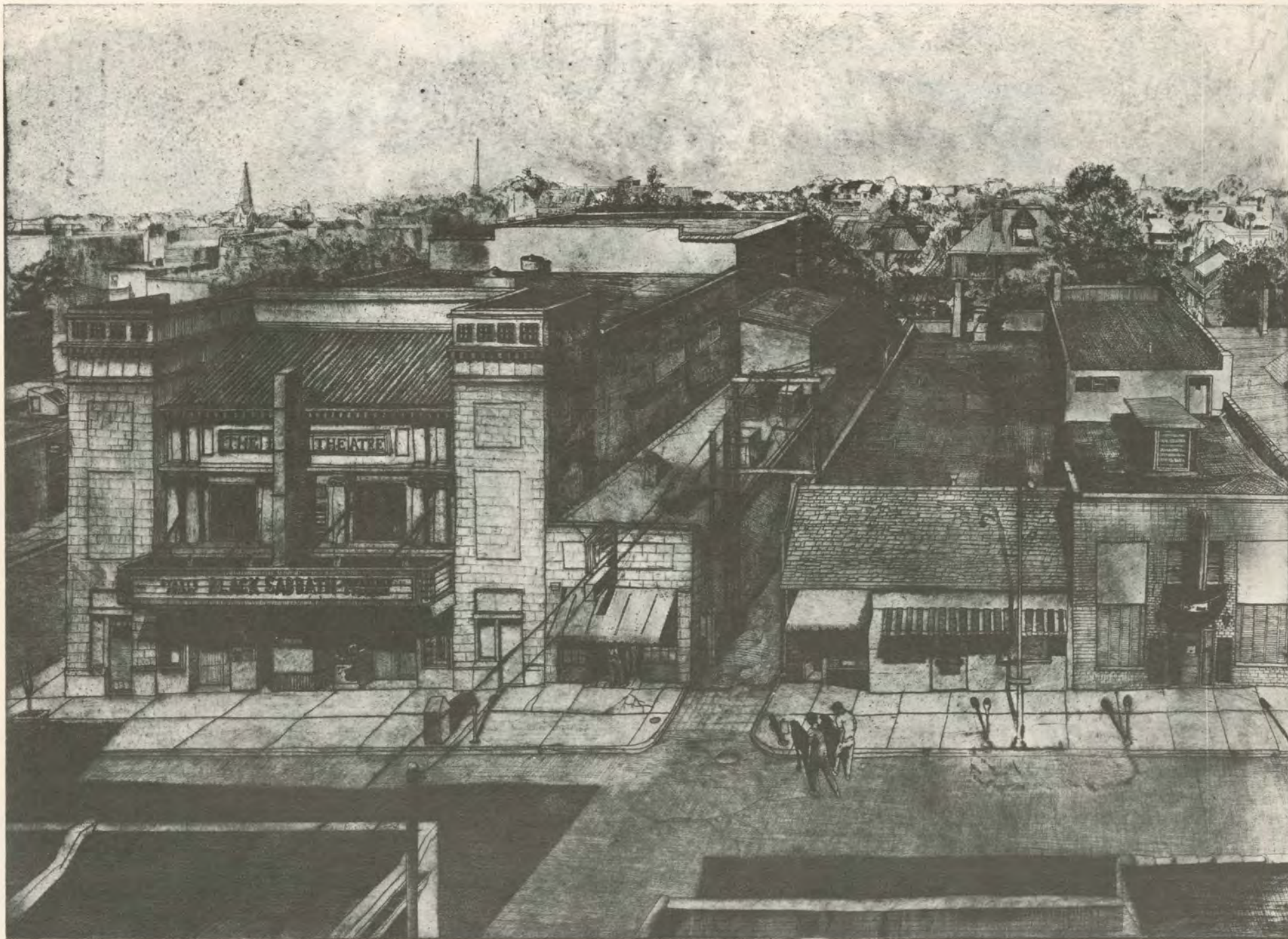
Kenneth Clifford
Northeast Louisiana State

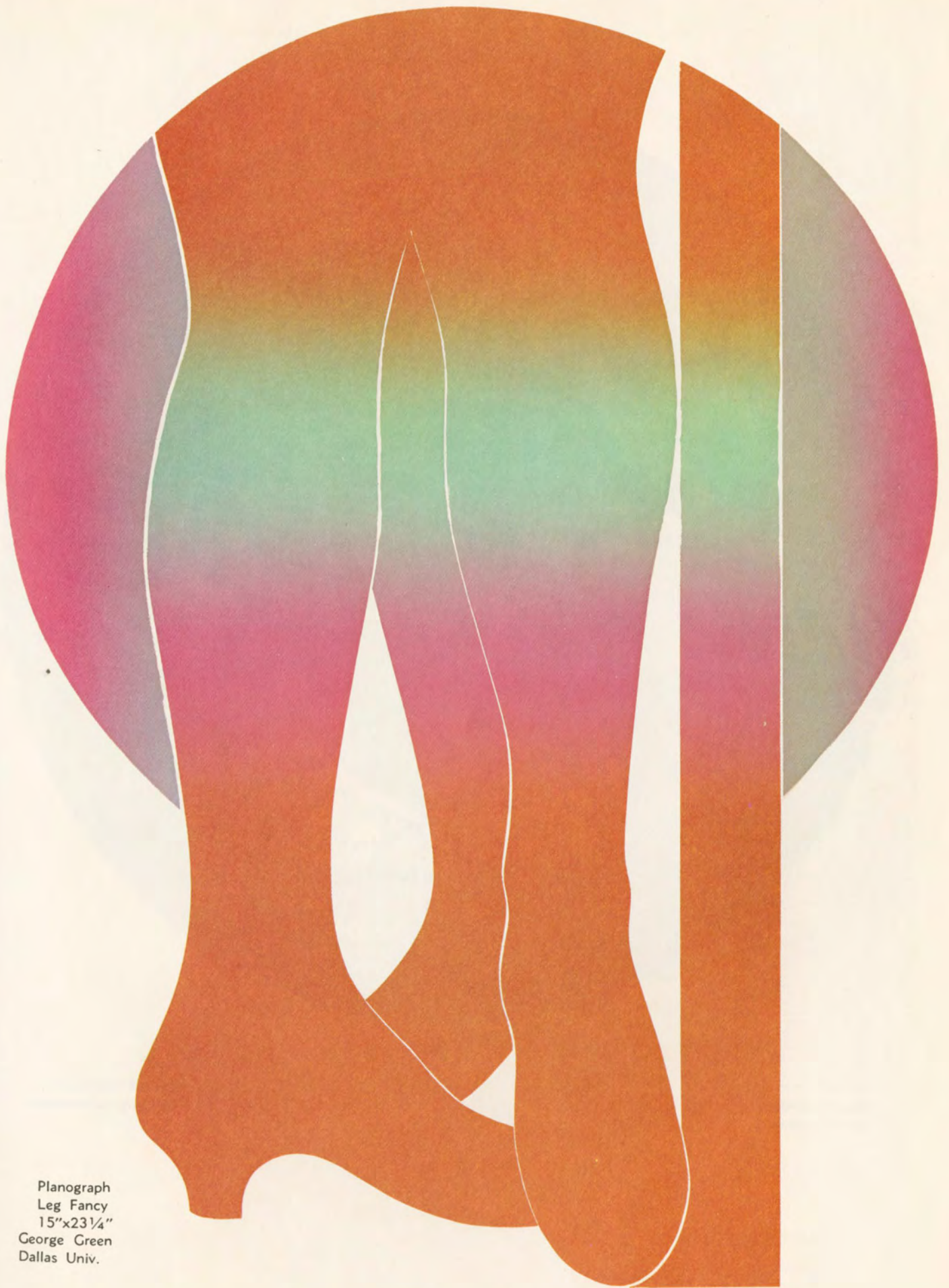
Linocut
Death Mask
4 x4

Intaglio
Hypnotist
14x14

Robert R. Malone
West Virginia Univ.





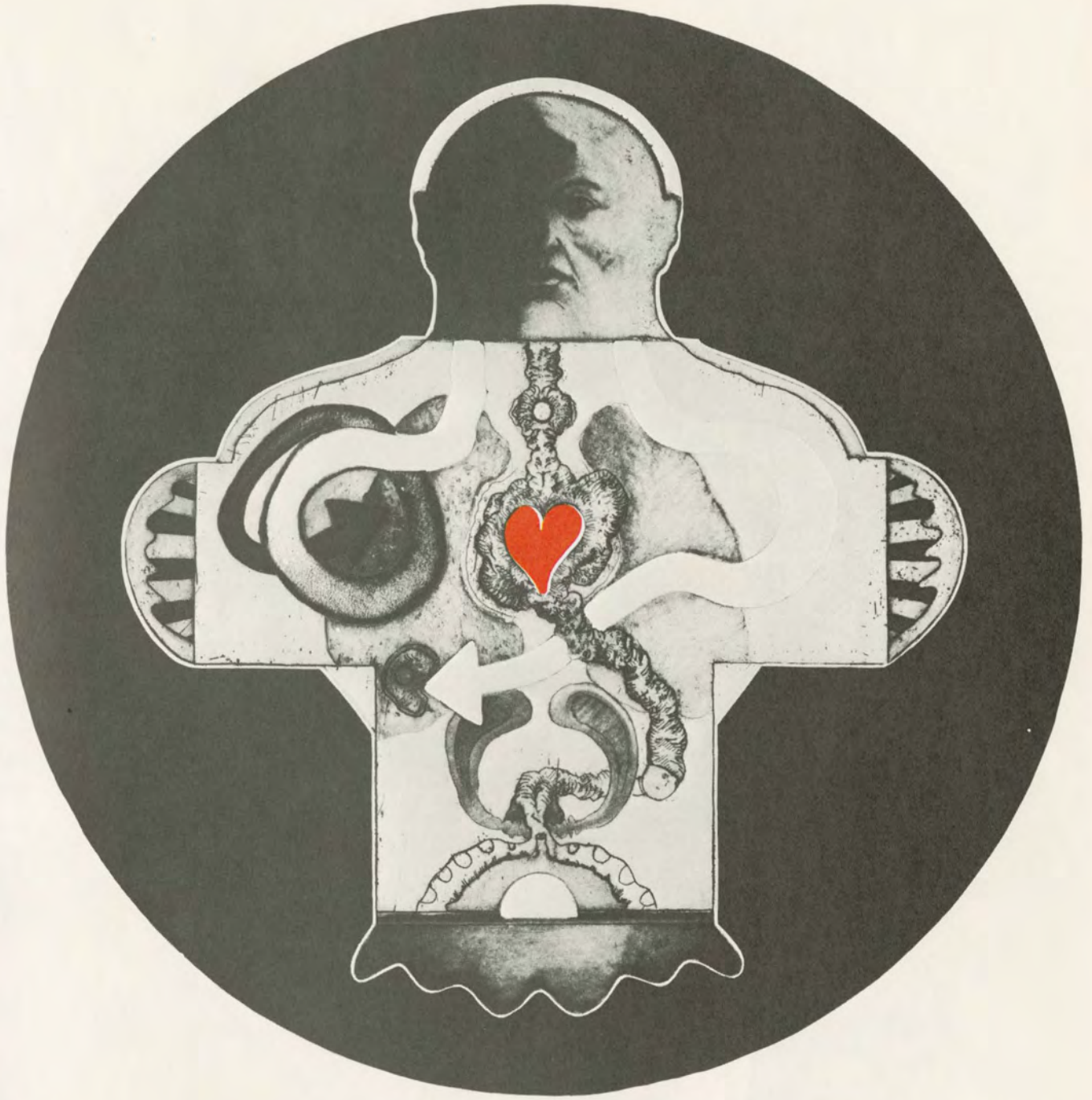


Planograph
Leg Fancy
15"x23 1/4"
George Green
Dallas Univ.



Intaglio, Relief
Girl Next Door

Robert R. Malone
West Virginia University



Intaglio, Planograph
Epitaph

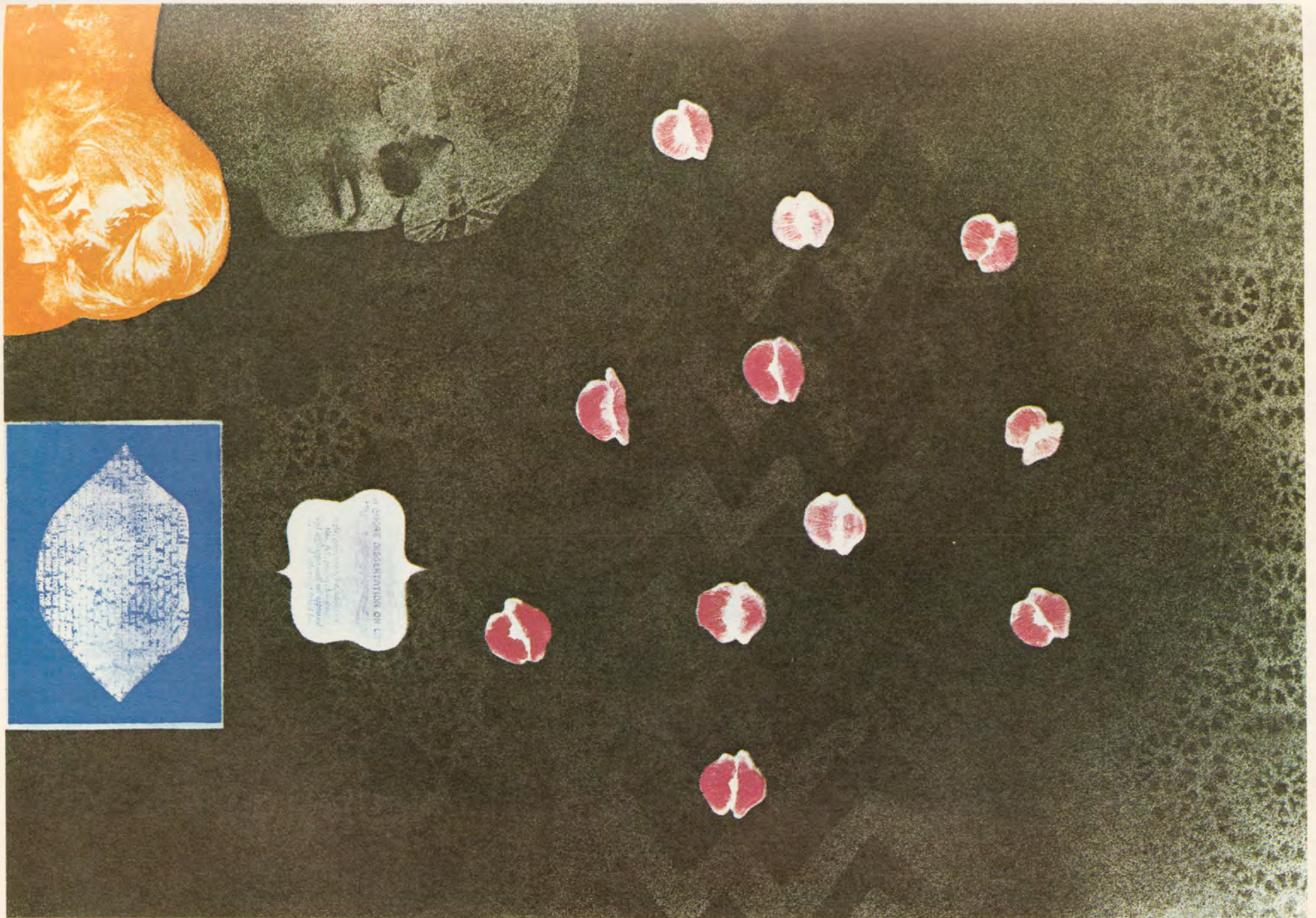
Kenneth Kerslake
Florida University



Ink: Baby Carriage
26x36
Bruce McCombs
Muskingum College



Intaglio
Wall Sequence
14x17
Tom Hammond
Greensboro College



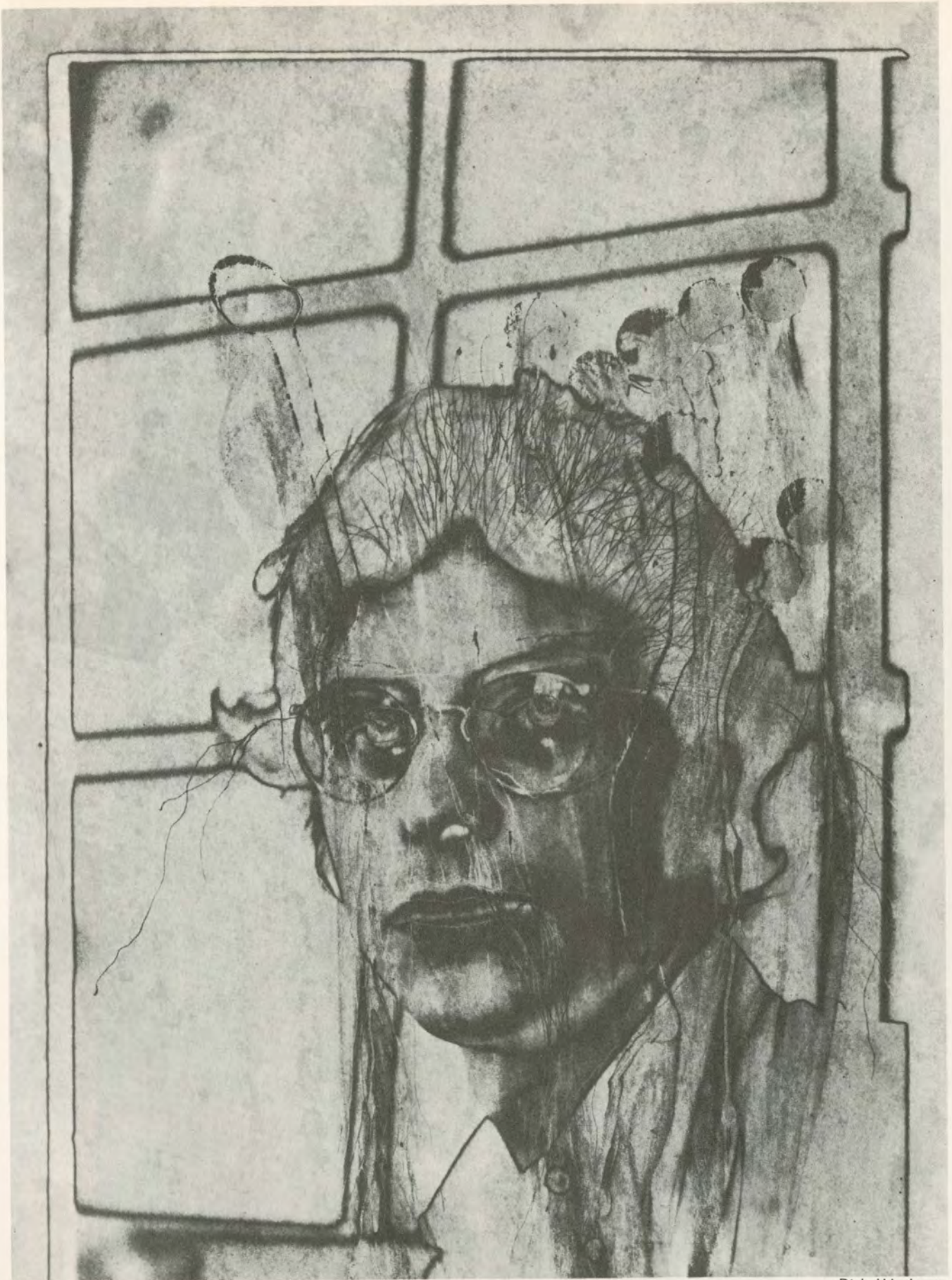
Lithograph
On Lips

20x29

George Miyasaki
University of California

Scott Nellis
Colorado University
Serigraph
Untitled
33½x18½

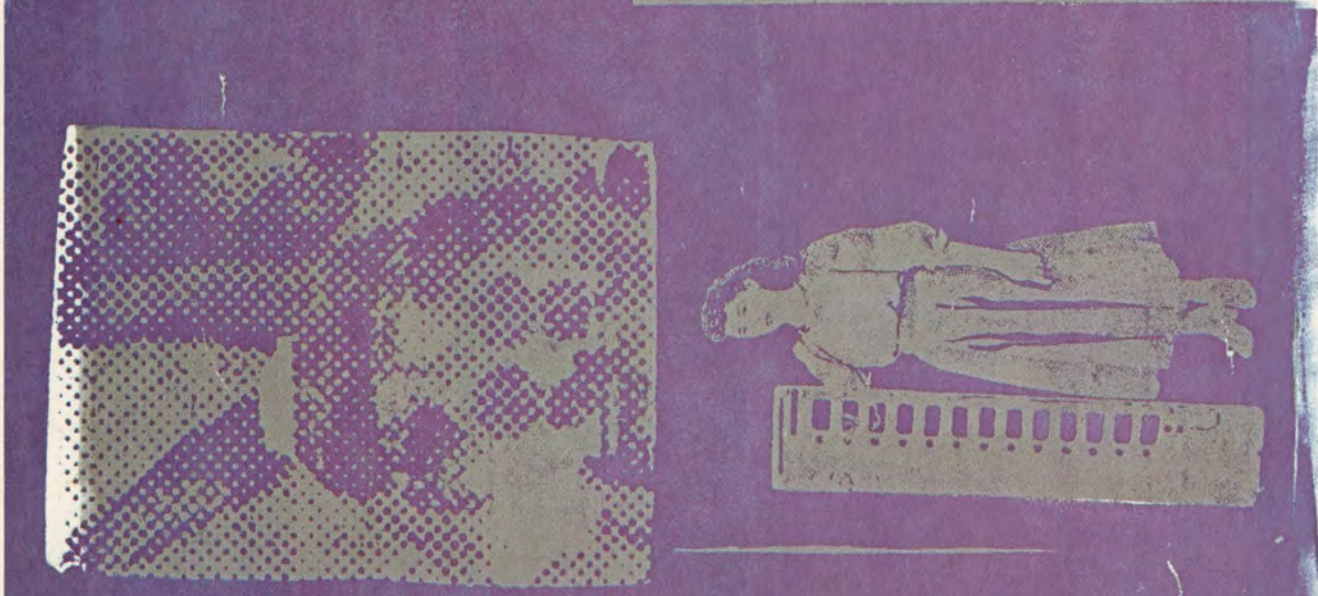




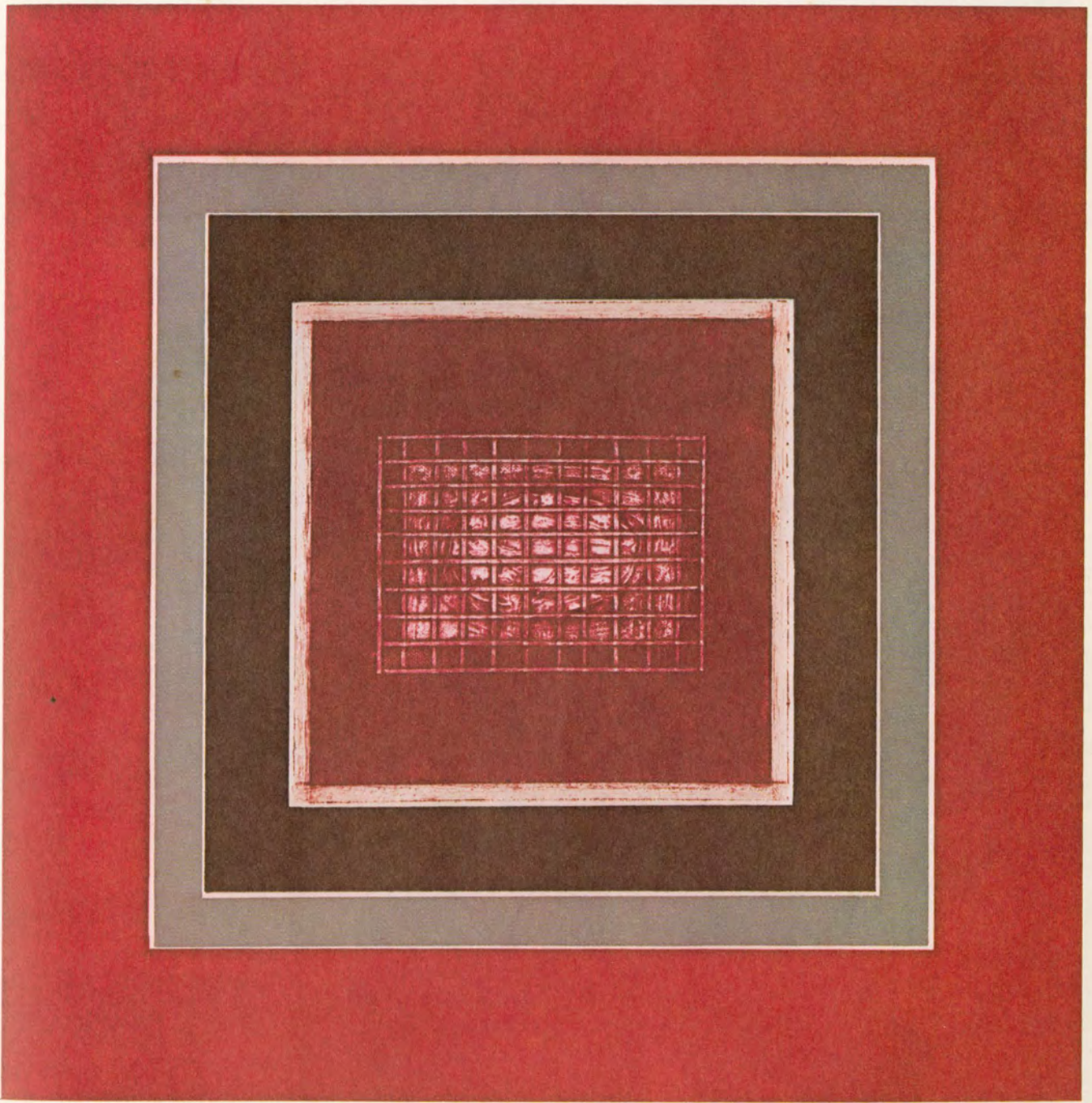
Photograph
Actual Size

Dick Waghorne
Florida Presbyterian College

Terry Murray
N.Y.U. State
New Paltz



Serigraph
Untitled
14x20



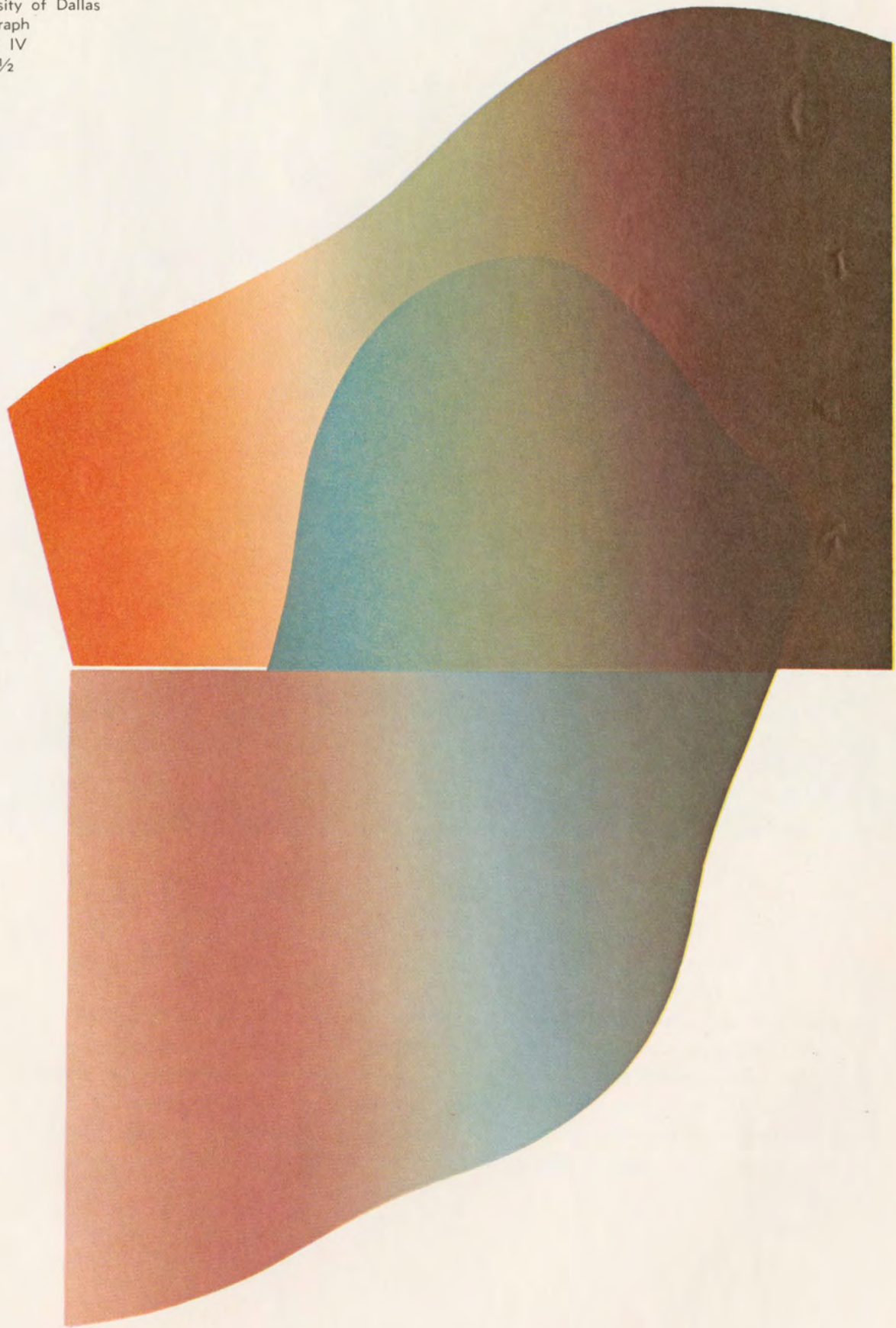
Collograph
Black and Red Series #136
17½x18

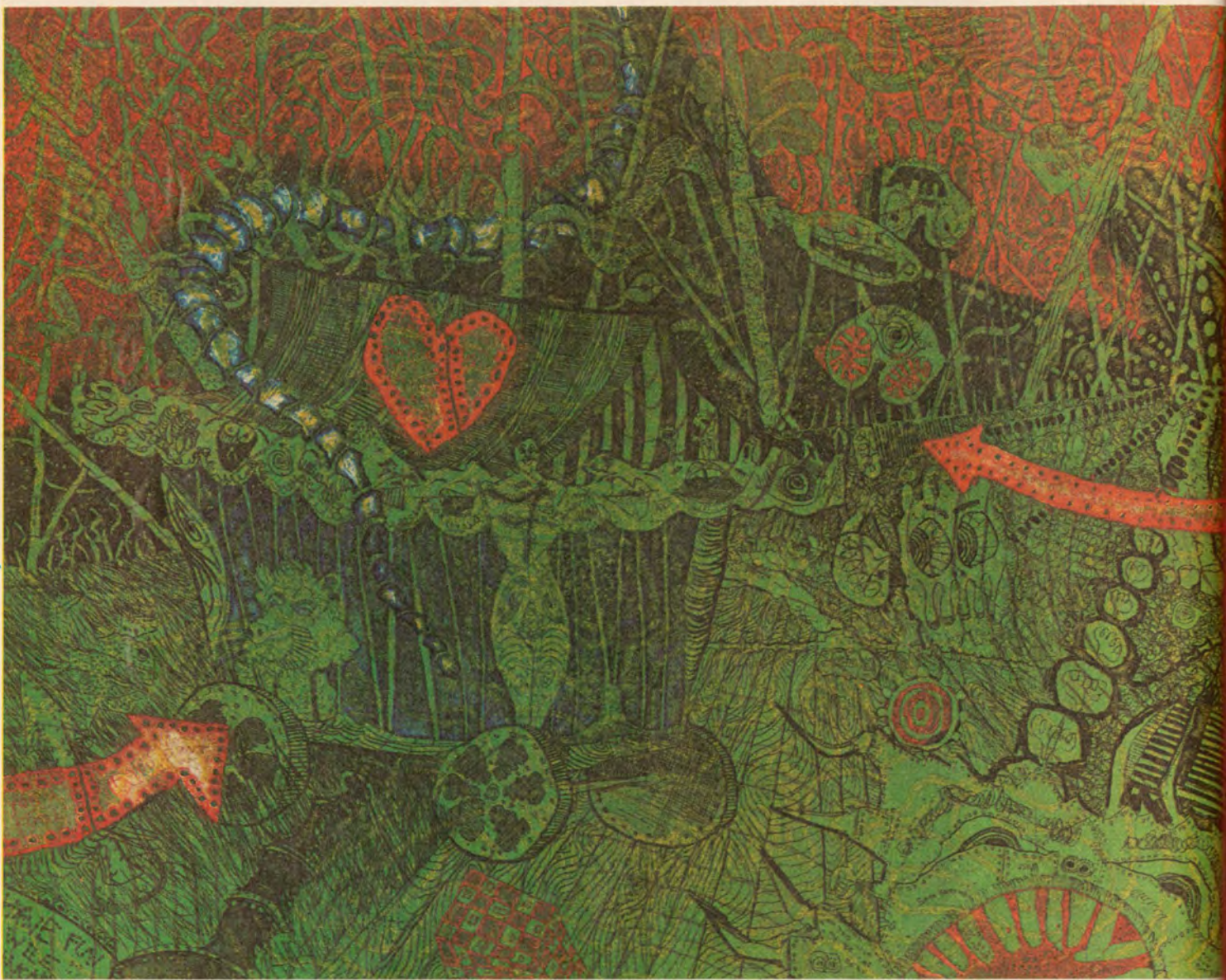
Lynn Waibel
University of Dallas

Kenneth Kerslake
Florida University
Intaglio
Star Spangled Man
22x39



Jurgen Strunk
University of Dallas
Planograph
Petifen IV
12x18½





Intaglio: Her

15 $\frac{3}{4}$ x7 $\frac{3}{4}$

Marky Bulwink

Creating images which provoke us to live a more fully awakened life, the artists of the '70s intend their work to be an elixir, made through an alchemy of sense and non-sense, to quench our thirst for a life fully experienced. These images are icons of a kind of perception that shares the more-than-real with us. If we respond on this level we can get caught in a reverential state similar to that brought on by the contemplation of medieval altarpieces. Each is deeply moving: the altarpieces quicken aspirations for an endless reality; and the icons found on these pages are homage to the exquisite and immediate but passing joys of life.

TWO POEMS IN MENDOCINO

i. Waiting Room

Eric Satie meets Judas Priest
Treetops sway high
Pygmy trees don't move

ii. The Horatio Alger of the Mind

When I met the learned ignoramus
Shrieking "You're already liberated"
Dressed in his Messiah suit
On his hydrofoil trip
Shopping for newness in Hegel's Fifth Avenue (clearance sale)
Having his cake and eating yours too
(Good frosting, but what's inside?)
Rapping you up in words factory-fresh
Enough descriptions of trees! I set off for the redwoods
Thinking how hard it is to leave America

Youth is an excuse from nothing but age
There are freeways even through the groves,
Cities yammering on the bluebell coast

Leave all Messiahs, we're better off lost, hearing a silence
Melancholy under ancient branches
Which have seen Messiahs come and seen them go,
Each one damaged in transit, each one terrified of breaking,
Mobiles which tinkle in the breeze and break in a high wind

"Freeing your mind instead":

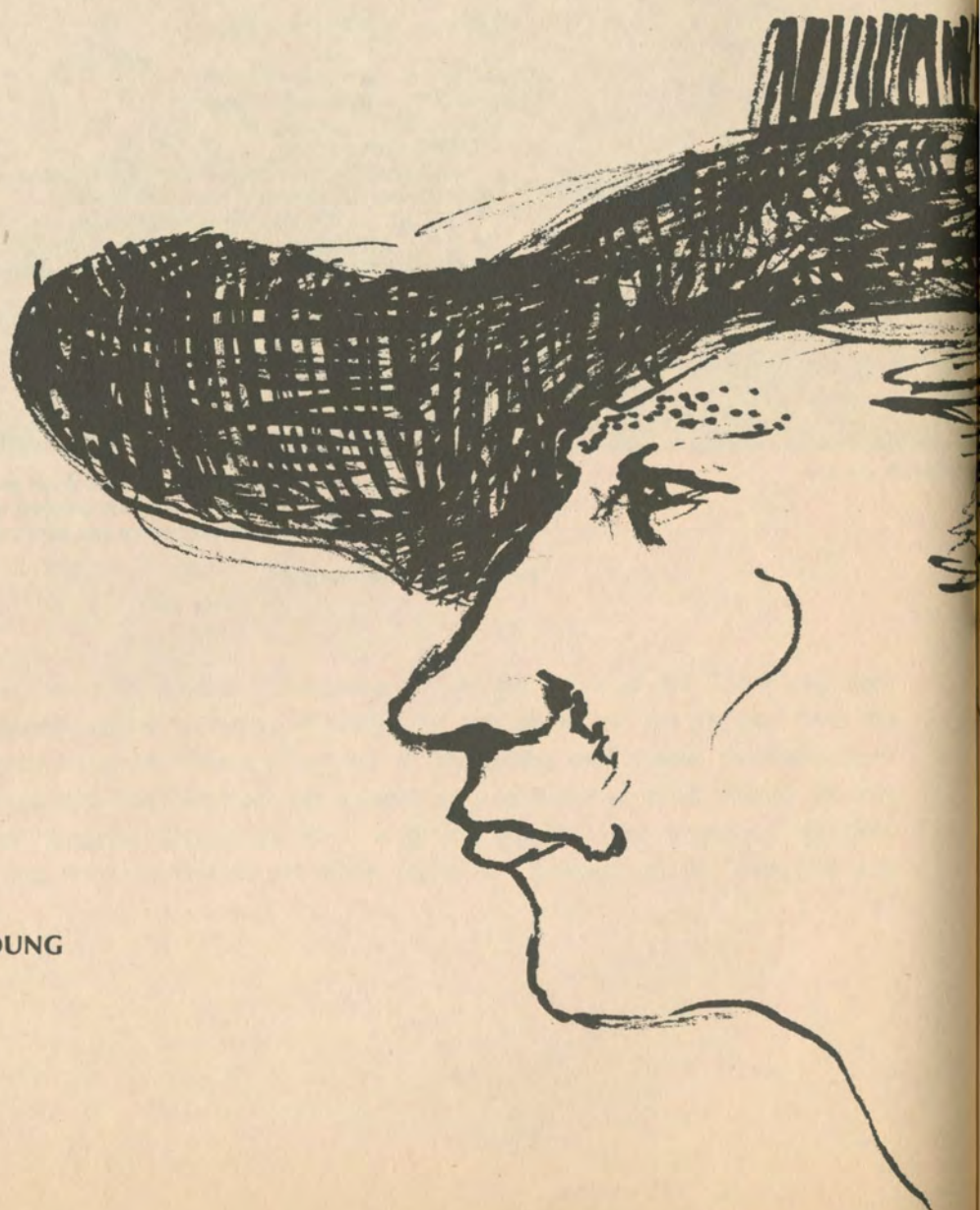
Easier said

—Todd Gitlin

*We still wave Old Glory down at the Court-
house,
White lightning's still the biggest thrill of all.*

Merle Haggard
"Okie From Muskogee"
Blue Book, BMI

LOVING THE AMERICA THAT IS



By PETE YOUNG

about the author:

Pete is a writer of extraordinary range and ability, and this reflects the extraordinary range of his friendships and contacts—Leroi Jones, Grand Dragon Jones, Esquire, the President's Commission on Violence. He could ghost good speeches and articles for Ron Karenga or Robert Welch. But in his heart he is neither sophist nor dilettante. This can be proved by his years as a television reporter in North Carolina: he was the first journalist (and remains today one of the very, very few) to grasp the phenomenon of the Ku Klux Klan as something more complex, elusive and threatening than a problem for the police, "lawnorder," HUAC or the Columbia Broadcasting System.

When Pete reads my sentence calling him "a writer of extraordinary range and ability," he will suspect something. And Pete, you are right. But I suspect something, too. I suspect that in your dynamo you are a great writer when you write for Pete Young, and not for someone or something else. (I have no idea what you have written for motive.) I find examples and hints here and there of what I suspect you really are as a writer in, for example, the original draft of your Billy Graham article and your report to the President's Commission on Violence. That was Pete Young writing for Pete Young, and it was great writing.

—JAMES Y. HOLLOWAY, Berea, Ky.

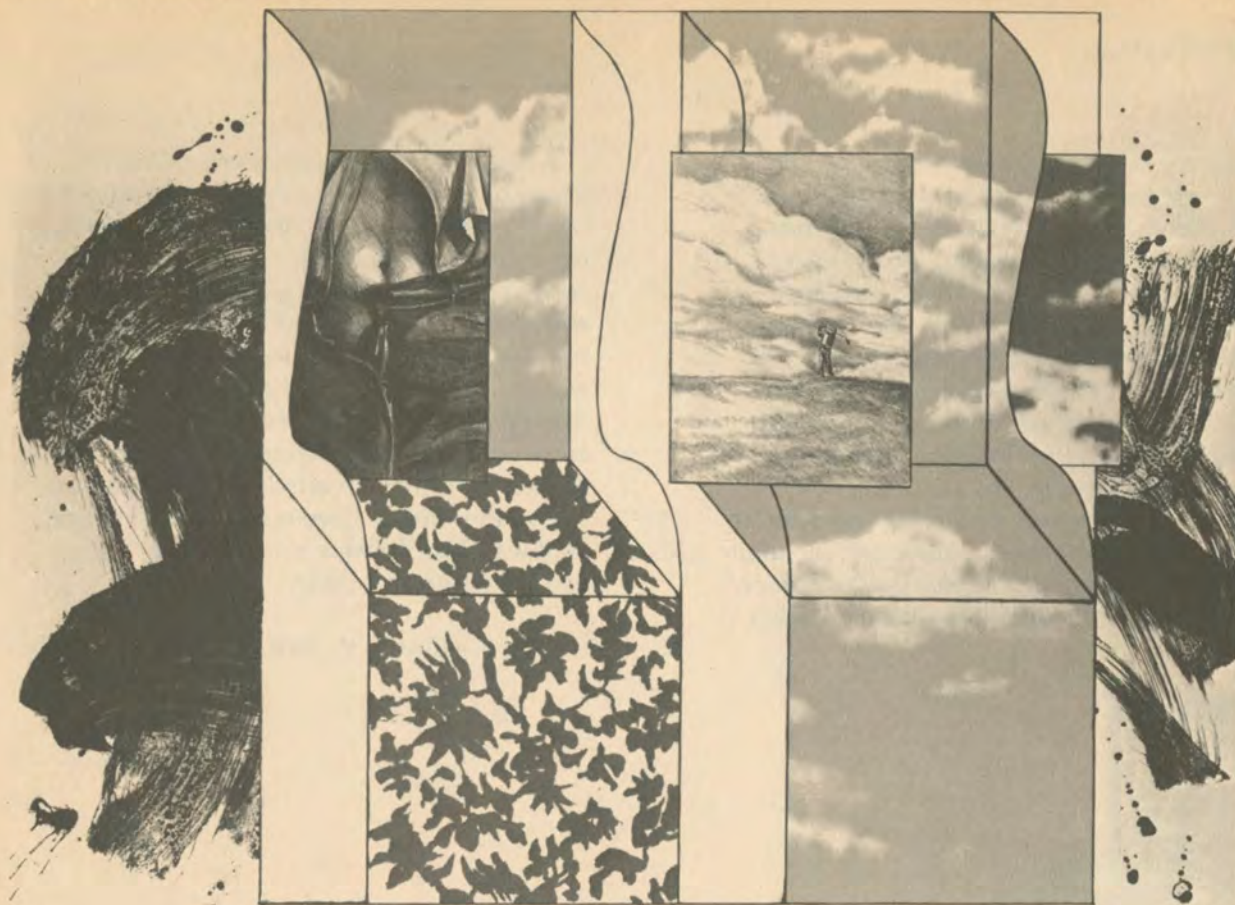


JIM GIBSON

DRAWING

In the *Times* this morning there is a little essay by historian Eric Goldman lamenting the fact that the usual crowd of hucksters and right-wing chauvinists will be on hand in 1976 to muck up the bicentennial observances of the American Revolution. No doubt. And so what?

Sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof, and my problem on this day is the broad hint by the editors of *motive* that it is not possible to love the America that is. Instead, they wonder if we will love the America that "can still maybe be." A clever line, yes, but it is flawed by the way in which it drives us out of the present into a future that may or may not be obtainable. Just as there are those reactionaries who wail for the America that is gone, there are radicals who hang suspended in anticipation of the America that will be. Either course represents an abandonment of the present and, more important, of action in that present which will help to shape the future.



So I do not accept the implication of this editorial theme that it is not possible to love the America that is. Such an implication may well be true for most *motive* readers and contributors, but it is not true for me.

I happen to be hooked on America. The damn country is a 40-pound monkey on my back. And it hurts so good. I even pick up on its vulgarities: motels, supermarkets, neon signs, freeways, fried chicken franchises, motels. Come to think of it, the vulgarities of America are what I *especially* like. Spare me the purple mountains' majesty and the fruits on the plain. Just let me register at a Holiday Inn. It has clean sheets, nice swimming pool, cocktail lounge, wholesome food, etc. And at a price I can afford! Like the moon shots, Holiday Inns are something that we Americans do well.

You say, "This is all well and good. But what about ultimate vulgarities? What about racism and Vietnam?" Well, what about them?

I am as guilty as most Americans—no more, no less—when it comes to the related crimes of racism and Viet Nam. But, curiously, I decided some years ago not to hate myself (and therefore the country) for my Eichmann-like

involvement. I may not enjoy it, but I live with my guilt. I don't let it throw me into paroxysms of rage and self-hate. They block the possibility of growth. Or, to borrow a line from Mr. Dylan, "He who is not busy being born is busy dying." Besides, my real sins don't have to do with that liberal bugaboo called "issues," but rather with a certain hardness of heart manifested all too often in the midst of friends, loved ones and passing strangers. If Jesus can forgive me, I guess it would be close to blasphemy not to forgive myself.

What I am saying here is that just as a nation's foreign policy is an expression of its domestic policy—violence and racism at home sooner or later means violence and racism abroad—a man's public posture on "issues" is determined by his private posture as a human being. Love for the country is not possible for those who hate themselves.

We have, sad to say, raised up in this country a generation of self-hating intellectuals who are separated from the concerns of



ordinary folk (white and black) by a Grand Canyon of privileged class differences. But these ordinary folk, with all of their terrifying imperfections and, yes, their glories, these folk are the country. It is not the other way around. The rootless, jet-set intellectuals have to come down some day. What remains to be seen are the terms under which they will once again be reconciled to us. In the meantime, the head continues its awesome separation from the body in a sort of national equivalent of schizophrenia. Keep in mind, please, that it is a tiny, privileged minority of Americans which derives enormous profit from the related crimes of racism and Viet Nam. The rest of us just pay and pay and pay—sometimes in blood, more often in cash.

Terms like “left” and “conservative” no longer relate (if indeed they ever did) to the flora and the fauna now sprouting in the American political jungle. Barry Goldwater’s former intellectual-in-residence, Karl Hess, is now writing “new left” essays for *Ramparts*.

It is fairly well known in editorial and religious circles that I have spent a good portion of my life these past five years drinking liquor, singing country songs and staying at

Holiday Inns with various buddies in the North Carolina Ku Klux Klan. Since the average Southern white, whether holding Klan membership or not, now proclaims himself to be a “conservative” (even though he has a grand total of 18 cents in his wallet), the orthodox liberal assumes that I must be a “solid conservative.” This is incorrect and amusing, both as it applies to me and to the average North Carolina Klansman, who is about as “conservative” as Patrick Henry. The trouble is that liberals (I used to be one, so I know) take their own rhetoric too seriously. He who believes his own labelling is in a lot of trouble, and he who takes the labelling of others at face value is in even more trouble. If ordinary white folks by the millions proclaim themselves to be “conservative” (like Karl Hess in 1964), then that (to the liberal) is what they are. If a North Carolina Klansman indicates that he hates “niggers,” then put him down as just another redneck nigger hater and banish him from your polite middle class society. It is necessary to invoke the authority of the shrink who knows that the expressed object of hatred is almost never the *real* object.



Such separations from reality are by no means the monopoly of uncouth, ill-educated Klans-people. A couple of years ago, a very distinguished Presidential Commission headed by the Governor of Illinois (Otto Kerner) concluded that the underlying cause of 1967's round of "civil disturbances" was "white racism." I happen to agree with that conclusion. But notice what the Commission then did. Having concluded that the underlying cause was white racism, the Commission then presented a shopping list for improvements in *black* housing, *black* job opportunities, *black* political power, etc. On what to do about white racism, the Kerner Commission had nary a recommendation. Remarkable! But painfully understandable.

Under pressure, our leaders will concede that the American experience has been something less than an unqualified success for blacks, Indians and other non-white groups. What they are not yet ready to concede—*what we must grasp and act upon*—is that the American experience has been a deepening failure for millions of *whites*, who express these days their understandable

feelings of rage and frustration in the only format they know, racism. All too often we use the fact of this racism among the ordinary folk as an excuse to avoid dialogue when, obviously, it should serve instead as a beacon in the night guiding us precisely to those Americans who are most angry and therefore most in need of having that anger constructively channeled. But if you decide to go talk with the ordinary folk (who are really not "ordinary" at all), I suggest a haircut first.

Take Captain America and Billy riding off into the sunset in Peter Fonda's magnificent flick, *Easy Rider*. You will recall that in a sort of perversion of the Horatio Alger myth, Captain America and Billy had made the great score in Los Angeles by selling a pile of dope for many thousands of dollars to rock-producer Phil Spector. Then the two lads mount their motorcycles and spin down the highways of the American west. Many adventures later, they head to Florida. At the age of 23, Billy intends to retire there. It's the American dream come true: Make a pile of money, go to Florida and spend the rest of your life lying in the sun.



It's a lovely day on the Gulf, and the two freaks are out there on those big bikes when a pickup truck pulls alongside. Two good ole boys are in the truck, and there is a gun rack behind the seat. One of the good ole boys reaches back for the sawed-off shotgun (barrel 19 inches long to get past the federal requirement of an 18-inch minimum), and draws down on Billy, you know, just *funnin'* him, nothing serious. Well, Billy gives that good ole boy the finger at just the same time that the truck hits a little bump in the road and, too bad, boom, the gun goes off and Billy the freak is splattered all over the American road. But having killed Billy, at least partly by accident, it is necessary to kill Captain America deliberately. That's easy enough for a good ole boy. In fact, it's so easy there's hardly any *sport* at all. One fast clean shot, and Captain America is catapulted into fiery glory. The camera pulls up and away; the American road (now empty) still beckons like an empty unwinding ribbon.

The Ku Kluxer sitting next to me in the darkened "art" movie house, said: "Hey, man,

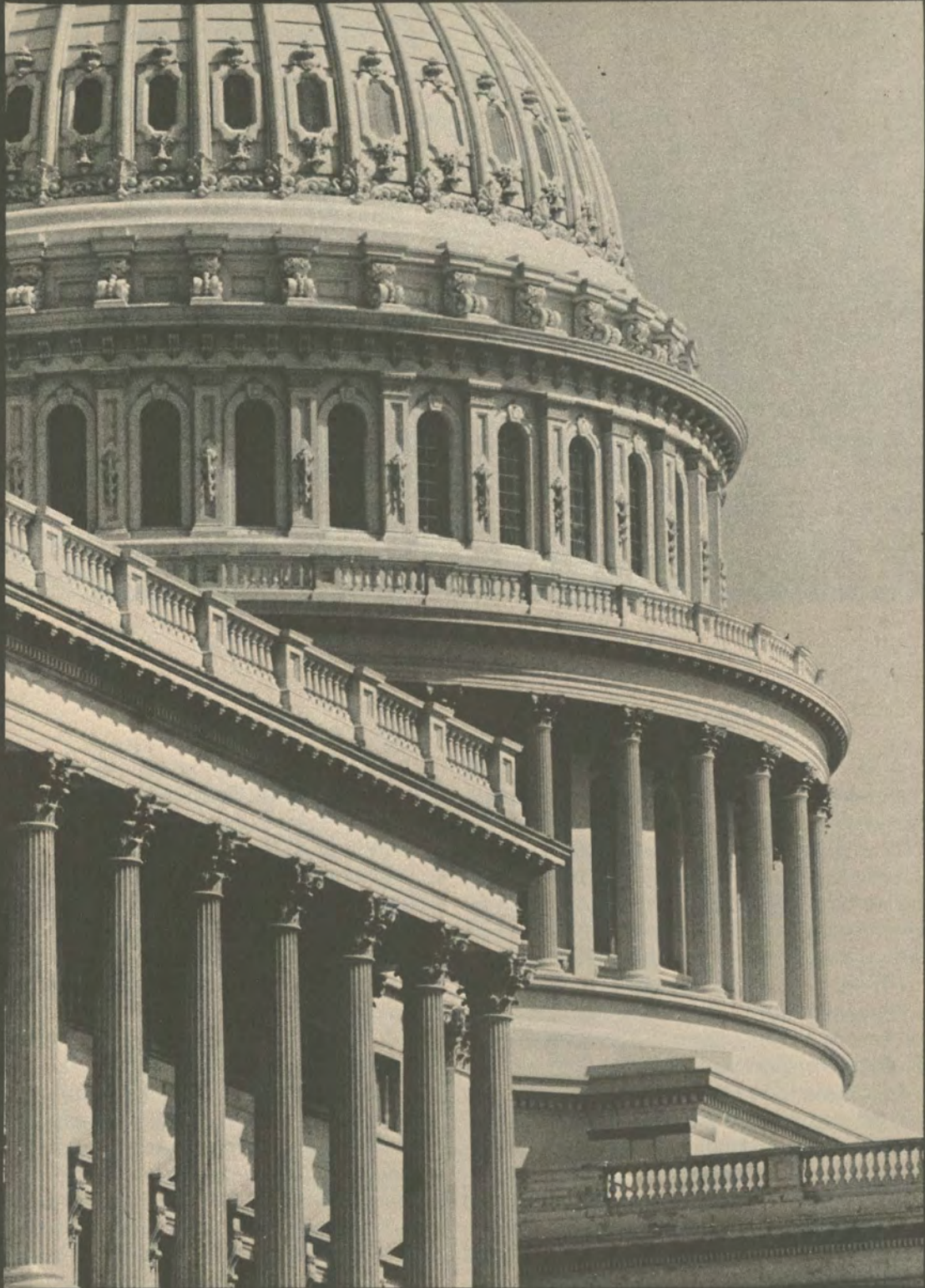
how about that! Hollywood finally let us win one."

And I said, "No, not really."

O, all you Peter Fondas, when are you going to quit messing with the freaks and come on back home to the ugly folks? The healing of the land *and yourselves* depends on it.

So put me in the pickup truck with the good ole boys. I have done my share of *funnin'* with sawed-off shotguns. And the pickup trucks I rode in also had CB radios for instant communication with similarly equipped vehicles, similarly-minded good ole boys. For all our faults, we are among those in the American present (along with urban blacks). There is much in that American present we love and will fight to protect. What you call "the movement" is heading down the road like Captain America and Billy, when all the time the real alternative is to take the bull by the horns and grapple lovingly with the America that is.

Peace, brothers and sisters. Just be very careful where you ride your motorcycles and drop your acid. Some of this land belongs to us. ■



PHOTOGRAPH

A. PIERCE BOUNDS

KODACHROME FOR CURMIE

Color, color, color:
what I want is a rainbow
of tangerines and whales,
God
with a barber-pole
in each fist,
dancing
with yellow boots
through the parking lot
of his own beard . . .

Give me a can of paint
and a good mule
and I'll turn your pores
into polka-dots and
daffodils,
stones
that swim in the green sea,
salmon leaping
out of blacktop roads. . . .

Kingfishers and toads
slap all their skins together
for a lightshow
fire
hotter than the stars.

—STANLEY COOPERMAN

by
Will Campbell

I LOVE MY COUNTRY

Christ Have Mercy

about the author:

In early July, 1966—immediately after the U.S. bombed Hanoi for the first time—some of us decided to fast in protest to this, another in a seemingly endless series of escalations of the war. We thought the War Memorial building across from the State Capitol would be a good place. We leafletted and talked with people who passed by during their lunch hour and on their way to and from work. Most of them, at least in those days, were pretty much for “our” part in the war. We didn’t see many who were sympathetic during the daytime. On the morning of the third day we were pretty hungry, hot and depressed—the novelty of the thing having worn off.

So we were damn glad when Will Campbell came by to see us. He brought his guitar with him. Only a few of the “liberals” of the older generation had been there, and not many more of our own generation had come to show support (some disagreed with us; some, probably, were ashamed of us). So we were doubly glad to see Will, whom some mistakenly describe as a “liberal” and others as a “radical.” He sang “Universal Soldier” and “Everybody Loves a Nut.” (I’m glad he did; they were appropriate—but they’re now over two years old and he won’t sing them anymore.) The fourth night of the fast, to our surprise, we were arrested for loitering. About twelve other people came to the jail to get us out and they were also arrested. Will was on his way to help, but he lives so far out in the country he missed all the fun.

Three years later, Bob Jones, Grand Dragon of the North Carolina Ku Klux Klan, was hauled off to jail too—for refusing to turn over the records of the Klan and names of his folk to Congress. Will was there to serve communion the night before and to stand with his brother when the marshalls came to get him. For some reason, none of the radicals or liberals that you and I know showed up that day.

—ED HAMLETT, Nashville



A few years ago I was consultant, or leader, or something to a human relations conference composed of college-age people. The session lasted six weeks and was held at some university or college up north.

For some reason people that age seem to have a weakness or character defect which manifests itself in getting close to one another in six weeks. It is, I suppose, what those of us who are older would call immaturity. So the last day of the meeting there was crying and things at the thought of everybody going their separate ways and perhaps never seeing each other again. It was a sort of purgation of the emotions which we who were leaders and thus knowledgeable considered quite healthy.

Of course, I knew better than to get involved beyond learning first and sometimes last names with anyone I was going to be with but six weeks. Nevertheless, I was just a bit sad, being something of a sentimentalist myself.

So, I suggested to one of the young ladies whose father happened to be a dean at a leading university ("leading" meaning big and with a good football team) that I thought there should be a law forbidding anyone from ever moving or traveling more than fifty miles from the site of his or her birth. She thought it an excellent idea, partly, I remember thinking, because she had moved a bit close to a fellow student whose pigmentation would not blend too well with the decor and mores of a southern deanery. We discussed the idea from every angle. We said such things as: "Anything that is real can be found within a fifty mile radius." "Anything that exists can be found within a fifty mile radius." "People are the same wherever you go, so why look for new or different ones." And things like that.

She spoke as if she just might hoist the banner and get such a movement started.



I was pleased because I thought such a practice would cut down considerably on sadness in the world (an awful lot of the sadness in the world is brought on by "somebody's always leaving"), and I have never taken to sadness much.

I was further pleased at the thought of getting such a movement going because if it went international, it would put such things as war back into intratribal spats where it belongs. (It makes sense to kill somebody you know and who has done you wrong. It doesn't make sense to kill somebody you don't know and who hasn't done you wrong.)

As we were putting her on the train, being the fatherly type and desiring to divert her mind from the present pain of realizing this was forever, I asked her what she would be taking in school this fall. "O, I won't be in school this fall. I'm going to Scotland for a year." So much for the Movement that never was.

A few nights ago I was playing Country Music Star with a guy who really is one but who has more personal problems per square inch than most people have in their whole being. As our fingers got sore from picking we turned to talking about some of his problems, a more pleasant exercise than talking about my own. A partial solution to one of them seemed to point in the direction of changing locations. Or so it seemed to the skilled counselor. But the country singer, by now well along into one of his favorite problems, knew differently. "There ain't no use in going nowhere because you'll find the same dog waddle when you get there."

All of which leads me to say that I believe God made the St. Lawrence River, and the Rio Grande River, and the China Sea and the English Channel, but I don't believe God made America, or Canada, or Mexico, or England or China.

Man did that.

And anyone who has ever read the story of the Tower of Babel can understand what their creation did, does now and will do.

It is doubtful that there has ever been a nation established for bad reasons. Nations are always established for *good* reasons. They are established to escape tyranny, to combat evil, to find freedom, to reach to heaven. Man has always been able to desire to build a heaven. But it seems he has never been able to admit that he didn't pull it off.

So he keeps insisting that he did pull it off. And that is really what patriotism is all about. It is the insistence that what we have done is sacred. It is that transference of allegiance from what God did in creating the whole wide world to what we have done with (or to) a little sliver of it.

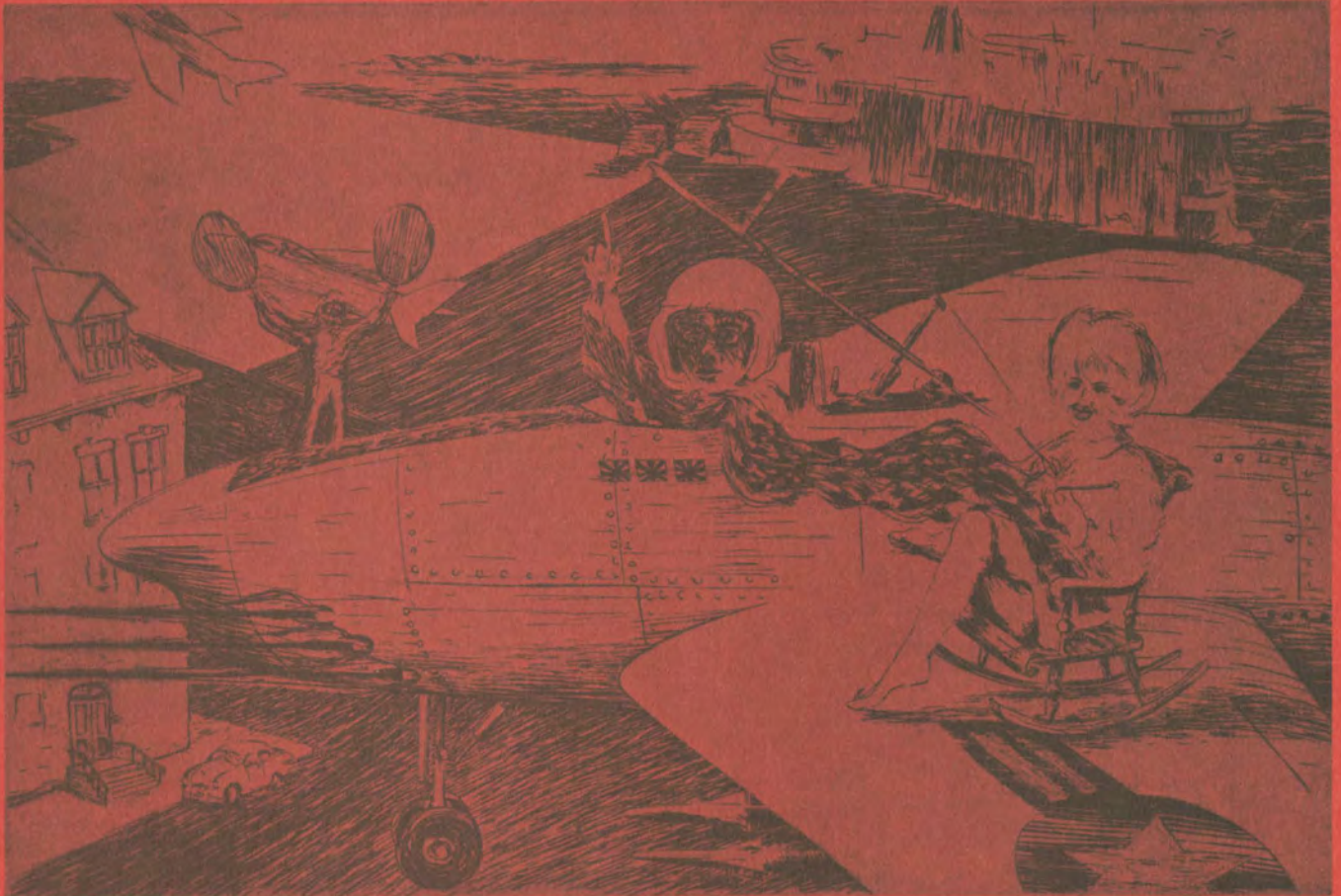
Patriotism is immoral. Flying a national flag—any national flag—in a church house is a symbol of idolatry. Singing "God Bless America" in a Christian service is blasphemy.

Patriotism is immoral because it is a violation of the First Commandment. That is, patriotism as it is generally used and understood. (I think there are a few patriotic persons around who do not violate the First Commandment but they are dirty, wear beards, often go barefooted and refuse to go to war.)



PHOTOGRAPH

A. PIERCE BOUNDS



"I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. You shall have no other gods before me."

Now, I know, we say, "For God and for country." Sometimes we even add, "and for Yale." This would seem to indicate that just because we are loyal to a country does not mean that we are disloyal to God. And it can be assumed that the same is true for Yale. But the country is the only one of the three we are called upon, or would agree, to kill for. Time was when we would kill for God, or thought we were killing for God. We would burn the heretics and slaughter the infidels. Now we don't do that anymore. And if anyone ever did kill for Yale, they don't anymore—unless it be those eleven out there on autumn Saturday afternoons.

So if we are called upon, and are willing, to kill only for country, then I think it safe to assume that it is country which has our ultimate allegiance.

And that is idolatry.

Singing "God Bless America" in a Christian service is blasphemy because it is asking God to put his stamp of approval on some pretty unGodly things. Things like taking the country away from a powerful and friendly people who showed compassion for our fathers because they considered them a persecuted people in search of freedom. Things like the rape of Mexico and the continuing domination of the Latin nations. Things like the crushing of the Cuban rebellion in 1898. Things like nuclear weapons which only we have used. Things like the CIA. Things like genocide—for where have all the redmen gone.

Patriotism is making something sacred which isn't sacred, unless the drawing of a geographical line with human blood (most nations are established by violence) makes something sacred.

And yet I am a patriot!

I love America, I suppose, because I hold the title to twenty acres of it. It is a rocky valley, situated between two of the most beautiful hills I have ever seen. There is an old, dilapidated farm house in the middle of it. I drive home every afternoon and when I top the hill I look down and see the old cedar trees, and

the green metal roof and the log outhouses and the rail fence and the red pick-up truck and I say, "That's mine."

I love my country. I could lie and say that my love for it is not idolatrous, that I love it like the dirty, bearded, barefoot cats who refuse to go to war. But I did go to war in its defense. So I can't make that claim.

I do not love it the way they do.

I love it more like the DAR.

But I insist that there is a slight difference which I like to think is a big difference. The difference is that the DAR sees patriotism as a virtue. I see it as a sin.

I have concluded that I cannot help loving my country, my country being my twenty acres. It is beautiful, it is pleasant, it is a good way of life, it is comfortable, it is security, and I call it MINE. But I know that it is all those things as seen by ME. I know that my having twenty acres means somebody else has none. I know I didn't come by it because I work harder, am smarter or live better, and certainly not "by the grace of God."

It is MINE!

And it is my sin.

But it is not my only sin. Why can't our Fourth of July, Memorial Days, Veterans Days services be services of repentance and attrition?

Lord, I have not honored my mother and my father, I steal, I commit adultery, I take the name of the Lord in vain, I bear false witness, I covet; Lord, have mercy upon me. Lord, forgive me.

Lord, I love my country. Christ, have mercy upon me.

Why not?

Because it is probably too late for that. Because though this is not our only sin it may be the unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost. And maybe a little refresher is in order as to what that sin is. According to the New Testament some folks called Jesus Beelzebub, or Prince of Devils. That was, in the New Testament understanding and in orthodox Christian understanding of who Jesus is, calling God the Devil. That is, it was calling good evil, and evil good. That is what made it unpardonable. We do not and cannot ask to be pardoned for something which we have ordained to be sacred.

For God and for Country.

Beelzebub.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us. ■

THE FLOWERS OF DRESDEN.

THE GARDENS OF HANOI.

(for mke)

she
touches & tells me hands
are
like
flowers

pin
them
to
my dress

&
my
dress

will
spin

a
kaleidoscope

structuring
the
geometric
dream
of
twirling

babies.

outside
there is fire. seedflames
drilled into the earth
by
aluminium eagles
have
taken root

&
expoded like a jungle of crackling columbines.

twirl
me

twirl
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the
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is turning.

your
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gold
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the
turning dream

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structured.

twirl
me

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you

my
dress

is
spinning.



sometimes

after the birds
have
burned their shadows
into
the sky
&
shot back home for cover
she

touches & tells me hands
are
like
flowers

fold
them
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our

dream.

hands
are
not
hands

but
flowers.

sometimes

when the birds
have
done their drilling
&
the night is very black

we
sneak
through the gardens

our
dream coiled
through
us

ghosts

planting
our
hands

in geometric patterns.



A NEW

INK

ELIZABETH EDDY

about the author:

The man who will be the next President of the Council of Bishops of the United Methodist Church has been called a "shirt sleeves" Bishop. It's not that he lacks dignity, but rather that he is usually to be found, hard at work, in the center of the action. The action may have been at Selma, where he walked arm in arm with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. at the head of the column; it may have been at the White House, where more than once he has pleaded for peace and justice; it may have been in black caucuses; where he has taken his lumps as a member of the white establishment; or it may have been in confrontation with reactionary laymen who have misunderstand his motives. Few men have worked as hard to keep the church relevant. Few have equalled his leadership for racial understanding and inclusiveness.

As the resident Bishop of the Washington Area, Bishop John Wesley Lord makes his presence felt where it counts. He lives his faith in the eye of the hurricane.

—R. JERVIS COOKE, Newark, Delaware

PATRIOTISM

By John Wesley Lord

In life's darkest moments, men and nations have dared to dream of a better day, a golden age that is to come. The prophet Isaiah envisioned a day when, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

We do not take such a picture seriously though we gaze at it wistfully. We have our own methods of dealing with wild beasts. The high powered rifle is our answer, as once again we identify the golden age with materialism. The picture, we say, is unrealistic and sentimental, and we dismiss it as utopian. But is it?

Early in my ministry I learned and accepted the fact that the world is an unfinished piece of business. I learned also that it is a fallacy to treat any subject in general isolation from the climate of the total times. Many good people are disturbed by the prevalence of crime in our cities, but crime anywhere reflects the character of a people, those who commit the crime and those who compose the society in which crime occurs.

There is so much that is good in America, and so much that needs to be changed. We live and serve in a time of transition. Caught in violent passage from "a world we cannot salvage to one we cannot see," we are faithless and fearful. Although many call it an "accidental" century, I do not accept this evaluation. Indeed "something enormous is being born," and "something enormous is dying," but not by accident. This is a day of Fulfillment. We need the global view rather than the worm's eye view if we are to live hopefully and creatively.

I seriously question the depth, the sincerity, and therefore the worth of such interest in peace as often exists among us. There is much wishful thinking, but little real and passionate devotion to the things that make for peace. It was wishful thinking that moved the youthful Augustine, admiring from afar the beauty of chastity, to pray, "Lord, make me chaste, but not too soon." We have a desire for peace but it is qualified by all manner of "ifs" and "buts" which no one has the serious disposition to eliminate. We try



to devise a program before we make a commitment, and thus we hope to temporize the truth. But this will not succeed.

There are religious and moral imperatives to peace. The religious community obligates us to state what those conditions and imperatives are. Too often we accept the idea that naked power reacting to threat, real or imagined, is all that really counts in this modern world. We are traitors to our nation to hold such a belief. There are moral and religious dimensions in all relationships between peoples and governments. We dare not leave to the Pentagon, to soldiers and statesmen alone, the great problems of conscience being raised in these days of conflict in Vietnam. The peace for which our President prayed in his Inaugural Address—"with healing in its wings, with compassion for those who have suffered, with understanding for those who have opposed us, with the opportunity for all the people of the earth to choose their own destiny"—is a mirage of wishful thinking, until we are ready as a nation to negotiate for the survival of mankind rather

than for the survival of national interest.

I believe that the future belongs to that country and people who can call forth from their own inner spiritual resources the strength and the vision to embrace the whole world in love and truth. I covet this future for my land and yours, but I cannot be sure that America can claim the future. But this is the condition, this is the spiritual and intellectual burden of peace. The late Carl Sandburg wrote, "When a nation goes down or a society perishes, one condition may always be found—they forgot where they came from." And let me add, we may also lose sight of where we are going.

When we talk about wanting peace, what is it that we want? When I ask our President to propose an alternative to which all lovers of peace could repair, what do I ask for? If peace is best understood as a process, as "mutual toleration," to use a phrase of the late President Kennedy, what will we settle for? What ground rules must we establish first? We must be willing to admit that no government gets everything it wants in its quest for a just and lasting peace. While we often speak of the high cost of war, we must also acknowledge that the price of peace also runs high.

Peace is more than the absence of war. *It requires the admission that we are a part of humanity.* While our American way of life is valid for many Americans (though not for all, may I add) it is no more valid than any other way to another section of humanity. We must be content to live in a world that contains many things we do not like and about which we can do little.

Early in my ministry, I learned that there are two levels of life or community. The lower level is called the community of mores. In this community and on this level, you learn to conform. You become well adjusted to the established patterns of behavior. You become the Organization Man, always doing what is expected of you. You are able to shrink yourself to the size of the company you are in. You keep in step knowing that punishment awaits you if you break step with the crowd; furthermore, people will speak well of you if you do what is expected. If you are a churchman of sorts, you embrace a religionless religion. This way, you thus avoid a troubled conscience.

But I learned that there is another level of community far different from the first. It is the community of common need and interdependence. It is the recognition that we need each other and the good of one is the good of all. This knowledge binds us more intimately than any social mores. It is to know life's larger satisfactions while foregoing some of the lesser satisfactions. On this level of interdependence you are never "custom bound" but find true freedom. If you live on this level you will often be frustrated by such institutions as the church. But if we are to have social advance, then the church must make room in its fellowship for those who possess the insights and the discipline to enter the community of interdependence. The church has never denied me this freedom.

Paul admonished us, "Don't let the world around you squeeze you into its mould, but let God remould your minds from within."

So I dissent when my country pursues a course of action that violates both the political and spiritual conditions upon which lasting peace among the nations becomes possible. My dissent affirms a Higher Patriotism. I share the community of common need and interdependence with all God's children.

It is my faith and deep conviction that we stand at a moment in history of cataclysmic change, of great revelation and unveiling. The arm of the Lord is being revealed, and that is what makes this age so frightening to so many. It is not always a pleasant thing to understand,

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"MORE PEOPLE WHO
ARE WILLING TO PUT
THEMSELVES OUT
FOR OTHERS ."



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WILLIAM PORTER
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for the first time, just what God's will is for us. It is hard to take.

I think that most of us who have found life good and satisfying would opt for keeping things as they are. They have been good for us; why change them? We are afraid and suspicious of change. Though our forefathers came from distant shores and were really the displaced persons of their day, many of our most patriotic organizations protest against any effort to enact legislation to admit a very restricted number of displaced persons. It was all right to let their forefathers in when they were refugees, but that time is past. We are the richest people in the world, but I have heard it said that there is nothing in the world that will make a person or a nation conservative quicker than a good bank account.

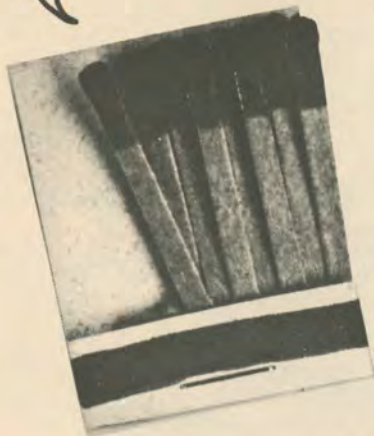
There is another part of the *new patriotism*. We need to recall that our Lord was regarded as a dangerous revolutionary in his day. We simply cannot keep things as they are nor should we try to do so. God is a God of change. God does not resist change; God initiates change. He punishes those who won't change. What we see about us may be the signs of a very healthy society. The Church is God's agent to effect this change, and to *guide the processes of change toward Christian ends*. God is doing a new thing among us and He is using his Church in new and startling ways.

Faith in a living and loving God must be a guide line of the *new patriotism* if we are to be what God calls us to be. I live in constant expectation of an "outbreak" of the Holy Spirit.

There is an ancient Chinese fable called, "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains." It tells of an old man who lived in northern China long, long ago and was known as the Foolish Old Man of North Mountain. His house faced south and beyond his doorway stood the two great peaks, Taihang and Wangwu, obstructing the way. With great determination, he led his sons in digging up these mountains, hoe in hand. His friends said, "How silly of you to do this. It is quite impossible for you few to dig up these two huge mountains." The Foolish Old Man replied, "When I die my sons will carry on, and then their sons, and then their grandsons, and so on to infinity. High as they are, the mountains cannot grow any higher, and with every bit we dig, they will be that much lower. Why can't we clear them away?" Unshaken in his conviction, he went on digging every day. God was moved by this, and he sent down two angels, who carried the mountains away on their backs.

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POETS: PETER WILD, who has been called the best poet of the new generation, teaches at Sul Ross College in Alpine, Texas. **ROBERT COOPER** is Episcopal chaplain at Vanderbilt, and a poet in spite of it. **JAMES LEWISOHN** runs the Poetry Workshop at the University of Maine. **TODD GITLIN**, in addition to being a poet, is a leading New Left theorist and critic. **STANLEY COOPERMAN**, who teaches English at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, British Columbia, has just published his first two collections of poems. **ANTHONY VAUGHN** is a recent graduate of Lawrence University.

ARTISTS: For all of us, there are moments when we feel most intensely alive. Regarding these moments are the passionate concerns of the artists whose work appears in *motive* this month: **A. PIERCE BOUNDS**, **ARTHUR SECUNDA**, **DOUGLAS GILBERT**, **RITA DILBERT MESSENGER**, **EDUARDO PAOLOZZI**, **JIM GIBSON**, **MASUO IKEDA**, **ALAN JONES**, **K. CLIFFORD**, **ELIZABETH EDDY**, **JUNANNE ZANER** and **ROBERT ROHR**. The prints of Secunda, Paolozzi, Ikeda and Jones are handled by the Ferdinand Roten Gallery in Baltimore.

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Of *motive*, published monthly, October through May, at Nashville, Tennessee; for November 1, 1969.

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2. Mail Subscriptions	29,536	26,992
C. Total Paid Circulation	30,187	27,750
D. Free Distribution	1,620	1,714
E. Total Distribution	31,807	29,464
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JAMES STENTZEL, Managing Editor

"What a dynamite March-April issue." ♀ kansas city, mo.

"Your March-April issue of *motive* on the liberation of women is undoubtedly the finest piece of work that I've seen in ten years in which I have been reading your magazine. The articles, poetry and art blend together to make a powerful statement—and one that must be made in our time."

♂ baltimore, maryland

"Your March-April issue gave us both the professional's assessment and the artist's perception of woman's situation. This unique combination should definitely be republished in book form."

♀ trenton, n.j.

"In particular let me commend you on the editorial: 'Here's to You, Mrs. Robinson,' with its paragraph in defense of the four-letter words which are used in such articles. It made me realize how ridiculously I have allowed myself to continue to be shocked by them, without going the next step—namely of demythologizing them. Of course it's the concepts that make them bad."

♀ bronx, n.y.

"There are plenty of 'little magazines' around which do avant-garde things in art and literature, but there are none besides *motive* which have the same responsibility to communicate the essence of Christianity. I hope this responsibility will continue to be foremost and that more issues like the one on womanhood will be forthcoming."

♂ ann arbor, mich.

"Hurray for March-April on women's liberation. I've left the student world per se and no longer belong to the majority under 25, but still find *motive* the most reasonable, thought-provoking and useful publication today that's church-related."

♀ n.y.c.

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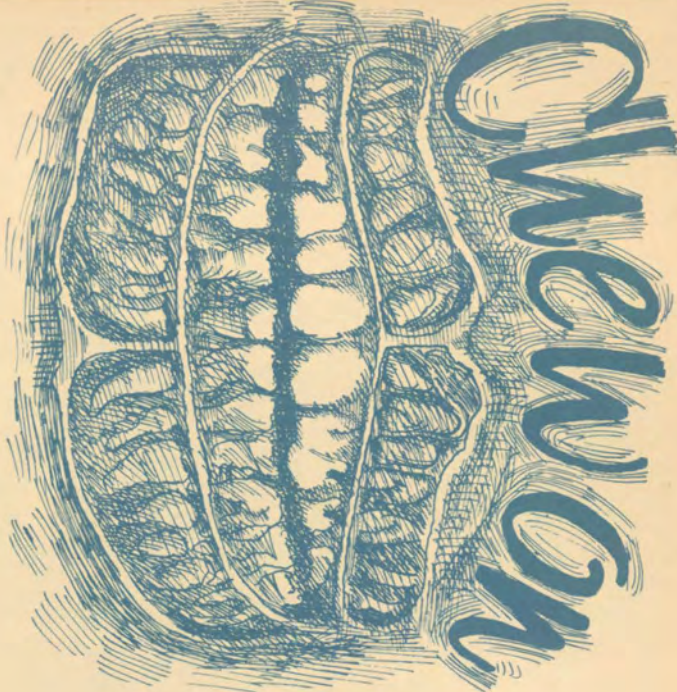
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of opinion*



ROBERT ROHR



JESSE EPPS is a leader of Memphis Local 1733, American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. **J. WALTON SENTERFITT** dropped out of college to get a real education—and to pass it on to others—in San Francisco. **PETE YOUNG** is a freelance writer who gets his mail in Summit, N.J. **WILL CAMPBELL**, guitarist-guru, does his thing with the Committee of Southern Churchmen in Nashville. **JOHN WESLEY LORD** is Bishop of the Washington, D.C., Area of the United Methodist Church.

POETS: PETER WILD, who has been called the best poet of the new generation, teaches at Sul Ross College in Alpine, Texas. **ROBERT COOPER** is Episcopal chaplain at Vanderbilt, and a poet in spite of it. **JAMES LEWISOHN** runs the Poetry Workshop at the University of Maine. **TODD GITLIN**, in addition to being a poet, is a leading New Left theorist and critic. **STANLEY COOPERMAN**, who teaches English at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, British Columbia, has just published his first two collections of poems. **ANTHONY VAUGHN** is a recent graduate of Lawrence University.

ARTISTS: For all of us, there are moments when we feel most intensely alive. Regarding these moments are the passionate concerns of the artists whose work appears in *motive* this month: **A. PIERCE BOUNDS**, **ARTHUR SECUNDA**, **DOUGLAS GILBERT**, **RITA DILBERT MESSENGER**, **EDUARDO PAOLOZZI**, **JIM GIBSON**, **MASUO IKEDA**, **ALAN JONES**, **K. CLIFFORD**, **ELIZABETH EDDY**, **JUNANNE ZANER** and **ROBERT ROHR**. The prints of Secunda, Paolozzi, Ikeda and Jones are handled by the Ferdinand Roten Gallery in Baltimore.



"What a dynamite March"

"Your March-April issue of *motive* on the liberation of woman is undoubtedly the finest piece of work that I've seen in years in which I have been reading your magazine. The art, poetry and art blend together to make a powerful statement—and one that must be made in our time."

♂ baltimore, maryland

"Your March-April issue gave us both the professional's assessment and the artist's perception of woman's situation. This unique combination should definitely be republished in book form."

♀ trenton, n.j.

"In particular let me commend you on the editorial 'You, Mrs. Robinson,' with its paragraph in defense of letter words which are used in such articles. It made how ridiculously I have allowed myself to continue shocked by them, without going the next step—namely mythologizing them. Of course it's the concepts themselves that are bad."

♀

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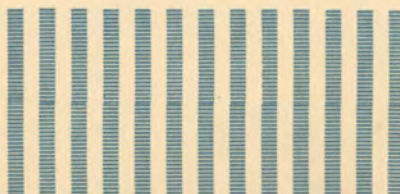
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PHOTOGRAPH

ROBERT ROHR

America remember all the promises now made,
to all who came here lookin' to believe in what you said,
of justice and peace and a place that's really free,
America I love what you can still maybe be.

My country do you listen to stavin' children cryin'
who can't quite understand the meaning of their chin'
it's time to lay the rifles down my Father's don't you see
America I love what you can still maybe be.



Dear God you are so patient with the slowness of our pace,
and still there are so many who won't see your disabled face,
but people there is someone here besides just you and me,
America I hope that you can still maybe see.