MAY '56

alienation and return

Motive

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COVER ARTIST: Jim McLean is a frequent contributor to *motive* and former member of its Campus Editorial Board. At present he is associate pastor of the Broadmoor Methodist Church, Shreveport, Louisiana. Jim has designed his cover on the theme of alienation and return, showing man in despair over his condition. The area of vivid orange represents the surge of new life and the promise of return for man.

THE LORD'S PRAYER as Jesus lived it

BY MARY DICKERSON BANGHAM

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name—

Throughout Jesus' lifetime on earth his prayers began with praise. And in the eight prayers which are recorded in the New Testament, Jesus addressed God sixteen different times by the name *Father!*

Thy kingdom come,

So interested was Jesus in helping others to understand the nature of God's kingdom that he drew up the descriptive Parables of the Kingdom.

Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven—

"My food," said Jesus, "is to do the will of him who sent me, and to accomplish his work." . . . "Do not swear by the earth, for it is his (God's) footstool."

Give us this day our daily bread;

Jesus' first miracle was the giving of wine for the marriage feast, his most frequently recounted miracle the feeding of the five thousand.

Forgive us our debts,
As we also have forgiven our debtors;

When Peter asked, "Lord, how often shall I forgive? As many as seven times?" Jesus answered, "I do not say to you seven times, but seventy times seven."

And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil—

"I am the Good Shepherd," Jesus told his followers, "I know my own and my own know me . . . and I lay down my life for the sheep."

alienation and

Now what shall we call ourselves? the lonely? the anxious? the fearful?
Should we talk about the brave new world? If we do, it is considered satire.
In ancient times the Christians often spoke of themselves as being aliens;
pilgrims presently transient in a world not their own.
In any case, the word *alienation* seems to describe the situation many of us
feel to be our own. This is an unbearable condition. We seek to *return*,
not to commit suicide.
In this issue of *motive* we take a few glances at *alienation*, we try to explore
the significance of *return*.
—the Editor

the glory of manhood: a parable

Consider the lilies of the field. Matt. 6:28

Behold the fowls of the air. Matt. 6:26

by Soren Kierkegaard

THERE was once a lily which grew in an out-of-the-way place by a little rippling brook, and lived in happy companionship with some nettles and a few other little flowers which grew nearby. The lily, to use the true description of the gospel, was more beautifully arrayed than Solomon in all his glory. Moreover, she was carefree and happy all the day long. Unnoticed and blissful, the time slipped by, like the rippling brook which murmurs its song and is gone. But it happened that one day there came a little bird and visited the lily. It came again the next day. Then it stayed away for several days. Then it came again.

Now this seemed to the lily a strange and inexplicable thing: inexplicable that the bird did not remain in the same place like the little flowers nearby; strange that the bird could be so fickle. But as it so often happens, so it happened with the lily, that just because the bird was fickle, therefore she fell in love with him more and more.

This little bird was a wicked bird. Instead of putting himself in the lily's place; instead of rejoicing in her beauty and sharing the joy of her innocent bliss, the bird would make himself important by the consciousness of his freedom, and by making the lily feel her bondage. . . . And not only so, but the little bird was also talkative. He talked fast and loose, true and false, of how in other places there were great numbers of lilies far more magnificent than she; there was also a joy and cheerfulness, a perfume, a splendor of colors, a song of the birds, which surpassed all description. So spoke the bird; and its stories ended as a rule with the remark, so humiliating for the lily, that she, in comparison with such glory, looked like nothing. Indeed she was so insignificant that it was a question whether she had any right to be called a lily at all.

So the lily began to worry; and the more she listened to the bird, the more worried she became. No longer did she sleep soundly at night. No longer did she wake up happy in the morning. She felt herself imprisoned and bound. She found the murmuring of the water wearisome, and the day long. She began to be taken up with worrying about herself and her circum-

stances all the day long. "It is all very well," she said to herself, "once in a while, and for the sake of a change, to listen to the murmuring of the brook. But day in and day out eternally to hear the same thing, that is much too wearisome." "It may be pleasant enough," she said to herself, "once in a while to be in an out-of-the-way place and lonely, but to be forgotten like this all my life through; to be without company, or be in company with stinging nettles, which after all are no society for a lily—that is not to be endured." "And then to look so inferior as I do," said the lily to herself, "to be so insignificant as the little bird says I am, O why was I not put in another place, and in different circumstances; O why was I not made a crown imperial?"

For that little bird had told her that the crown imperial was regarded as the most beautiful among all lilies, and was an object of envy to all other lilies. The lily noticed that unfortunately the worry was telling on her. So she talked seriously to herself; yet not so seriously that she put the worry out of her mind, but rather in such a way as to convince herself that her worry was justified. "For," she said, "my wish is no unreasonable wish. I do not ask the impossible, namely, to be what I am not—a bird, for example. My wish is only to become a magnificent lily, or even perhaps the most magnificent."

During all this, the little bird flew to and fro, and her unrest was fostered by every visit and every parting. At last she confided all her heart to the bird. One evening they agreed that a change should take place next morning, which should put an end to her worries. Early next morning the little bird came. With his beak he pecked away the soil from the lily's root, so that she might be free. When this had been done, the bird took the lily under his wing and flew away. It had been arranged that the bird should fly with the lily to the place where those magnificent lilies bloomed. Then the bird was to assist in replanting her there, to see whether, by the change of place and the new surroundings, the lily might not succeed in becoming a magnificent lily, in a multifarious company, or perhaps even a crown imperial, envied by all the others.

Alas, on the way the lily withered! Had that worried lily been content with being a lily, then she would not have been worried. And had she not been worried, then she would have remained where she was; where she was in all her beauty. And had she remained there, she would have been that very lily about whom the priest spoke last Sunday when he recited the words of the Gospel, "Consider the lily . . . I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this one."

THE lily is mankind. That wicked little bird is the restless cogitation of comparison, which roams around far and wide, inconstant and fickle, acquiring an unhealthy knowledge about difference. And just as the bird did not put itself in the lily's place, so neither does comparison. By it, a person either puts himself in another's place, or another in his place. The little bird is the poet, the seducer, in a man; in other words, what is poetical and seductive in him. The poetical element is like the bird's speech, true and false, poetry and truth.[1] It is certainly true that difference exists, and there is much to be said about it. But for poetry, with all its passion of despair or exultation, difference is what matters most. And that is eternally untrue.

In his concern for comparisons, the worried man at last goes so far that he forgets, by dint of difference, that he is a man; and despairingly he thinks himself to be so different from other men, that he even thinks he is different in his very manhood. That of course is what the little bird meant, when he suggested that the lily was so insignificant that it was a question whether she really was a lily at all. And the defense put up for worrying (it seems so reasonable) is always that we are not asking anything unreasonable—such as to become a bird, for example; but only to fulfill an ambition we have not yet achieved, even if this for example seems to other worried people to be of absolutely no consequence. If then, with the movement of the bird to and fro, comparison has worked up our worries to a passion, and got the worried one torn loose from the soil, that is, from willing to be what he was intended to be, then it seems for a moment as if comparison had now come to fetch the worried one to his desired goal. And come to fetch him it certainly does, but only as when death fetches a man. For it allows the worried one to die on the fluttering wings of despondency.

[1] *Cf.* the title of Goethe's autobiography, *Dichtung and Wahrheit, "Poetry and Truth."*

by N. P. Jacobson

Mirror of MODERN MAN

N. P. Jacobson is head of the Department of Philosophy and Religion at Winthrop College, Rock Hill, South Carolina.

A FEW years ago a group of philosophers were gathered around a banquet table in Cleveland closing out a three-day conference on the problems of teaching philosophy. One turned to another and said in a loud voice, so that all sitting nearby left off talking to attend, "I don't understand these strange contemporaries in Europe who talk about all this anxiety and estrangement. I don't feel anxious. I don't feel estranged. Am I missing something?"

The objection is a strange one, particularly when directed at a movement which takes as its point of departure conditions too deep for tears, deep unfocused tensions and impulses in human personality. The meeting occurred in 1949, and the remarks of this distinguished American teacher serve to illustrate how slow Existentialism has been in making its way to the American mind. Each year, however, more and more annual conventions of philosophers and publishers' lists make room on their program for this new name and its very old way of thinking.

Social relationships have been taking shape for a long time which place the well-being of human personality in doubt. Existentialism is the protest and description of these relationships. When the world becomes crowded as it is today, the room disappears for opportunity to inspect, to weigh, and to grow at one's pace in the free market of ideas. When there were large undeveloped areas in the world, it was possible to cherish the hope that every person might have equal opportunity with all the others to develop his maximum potential. The tighter our systems of interdependence, the less we have of psychological room, social room, economic room, geographical room. Each person is caught as a spider in an intricate web, each relationship having a subtle influence upon whatever the individual comes to be, to think, and to do. There comes to be less chance that the individual will ever find himself. There comes to be less time for him to carry on his quest. The web of life seems to dissuade him from making the venture. Existentialism utilizes various forms of art and literature to display this inner predicament of modern man.

Existentialist literature and art raise to incandescence these deeper dimensions of personal, private destinies. It depicts the crucial tensions and anxieties which are part of the life of man, *this* man "who is born, suffers and dies, above all, who dies." Each person is a stark fact, born into a spot he did nothing to choose, to be affected by social circumstances which have him at their mercy before he knows that they are at work. Life is upon him when he awakens. Swept forward and surrounded on all sides, it is as though someone had thrown him here. How shall he, particularly the soft vital center of him, make his way when it can be shared with no one and therefore cannot come into the full sunlight of conscious awareness? How can he help, on the one hand, either concealing the truth about his condition with pretense and illusion, or, on the other hand, falling victim to cynicism and despair?

Man is a "bounding leap," always engaged with a situation about which he can at best discover only a few remnant and warmed-over facts. Life is always a risky venture into a no-man's land where no one has ever built a bridge, at least not a tailor-made bridge. All moments lived in the fullness of organismic life are a scouting patrol into new territory. The person who refuses to see this lives as a stranger, or worse, a traitor, separated from an *existential* relation

to the world as it must be taken into account by the species that is human. He commits the high treason of turning his back upon the best of which he and the rest of mankind are capable.

To live concretely is to live as a pioneer. A few remnant rules of thumb are the most we can ever have with which to get our bearings. Willy-nilly we are thrust from one frontier into another, living on a moving point where we shall never live again. Can any relationship ever be reversed? Can anyone ever "start all over again" —with a life or a love affair? The best knowledge in the world can only aid us to reconnoiter an unrepeatable situation in search of a familiar landmark. A quick reconnaisance and the world is upon us. Life in this concreteness is a passional searching for some appropriate cognition with which to handle some situation as undergone, some tide of affairs that will never return. Except for those who are dead, our most pressing need is to sharpen perceptivity for these moments.

It is in the interest of awakening man to his danger, the danger that life will be spent but unlived, that Existentialism does its work today. This work cannot be postponed until tomorrow. It is this individual life that breaks down whenever it cannot penetrate its enveloping web of philosophy or culture. This is why Existentialism warns the individual against trying to become a book, against occupying himself with a system of formulations, so that it is forgotten that he is first and fundamentally an individual unlike any other, surrounded by ambiguities within and without, ambiguities and contradictions which are utterly irreconcilable and insoluble in terms of any philosophy or culture. It is the fate of man, Existentialism would remind us, to live ever at the point where all systems fail us, where anxieties threaten, and where elements of forsakenness, anguish, and insecurity can *never* be completely eliminated. Whoever lives on this soft inner side of the human situation knows the meaning of *The Stranger, The Death of a Salesman, The Waste Land, The Trial,* Pascal's *Pensées,* Augustine's *Confessions,* a great deal of the modern painting which people customarily dismiss as meaningless, and, perhaps it would be acceptable to say, the Cross of Jesus Christ. To be caught in the teeth of what our philosophies and social conventions leave out of account, there to stand and to act and to choose between the better and the worse—such is the fate of just this particular man. No one who honestly faces and knows himself ever doubts the authenticity of this characterization.

Life is a thirst that cannot be slaked
Life is a frail thrust into the twilight;
Too unrequited to be a love affair
Too long on the yonder side of dawn.

Life is a double-edged mingling of good and evil
Dancing on the tiniest point
Of relative spaces and times.

PHILOSOPHICAL systems are scaffoldings hauled into an area on which we plan to build some temporary dwelling of a bird in migration. To seek to live within the brackets of any system is an invitation to self-destruction. It is self-defeating to mistake the limits of one's philosophy for the boundaries of existence. A system of philosophy is not a more perfect and complete housing for the human spirit; and "philosophies of consciousness," especially of Plato's variety (though we may have reservations about Plato's own persuasions), have concealed this obvious fact from their devotees. Our destiny cannot be unfolded within the parentheses of thought, because all thought, even the most reliable, falls far short of being an adequate guide on the moving point of passional existence. Even the tested truth is at best a small light "dappled with shadow," and the fact that it is a tested truth can easily become a handicap. Thinking serves well when it strikes out a line or two to serve as a navigational map. A few reliable clues, to be checked and revised in every fresh encounter, are all we may ever expect of a good philosophy. Cynics expect much more and fall into despair. And some fall into despair without first becoming cynics.

Neither existence nor Existentialism discredits thought. Both include thought without treating the latter as a poor relation.

II

The anxiety of which Existentialism writes is not normally part of conscious awareness. It is a diffuse and unfocused feeling of distress, a feeling of being overwhelmed by forces operating behind our backs. Fear rouses us into sharpened perceptivity; anxiety blurs and obscures our vision. Anxiety appears when an individual does not know what is expected of him, when he does not know what to expect of himself, when his vital interests and goals are threatened, when the resources of his own personality are blocked or diverted into activity that changes nothing, and when his deep and abiding needs are neglected and distorted. It results from overstimulation of either intellect or emotion, when outlets are not provided in which this stimulation may be put to productive work. Anxiety grows from a thousand roots, particularly where rigid schedules and anonymous disciplines stand over the individual as a Colossus, dwarfing him and shaping him into a cog that fits the space. Anxiety regenerates its own severed grip, like a squid, wherever our demand for communication is thwarted, wherever the Great Society deadens the personality to all but the simplest questions or arouses questions to which there can be no satisfying answer. "Anxiety is our modern form of the great white plague," Rollo May observes, "the greatest destroyer of human health and well-being."

Existentialism is the philosophical

and literary expression of such anxiety. It is primarily an analysis and description of life, rather than an answer. It is a clarification of life's deepest equations and questions, rather than a healing word.

IT IS probably no exaggeration to say that contemporary twentieth-century literature and art are dominated by one impulse and effort more than by any other, the Existentialist diagnosis of man's condition. Impulses that controlled the writing of rare individuals like Pascal and Augustine now speak to an audience more widely awake. "When I consider the short duration of my life, swallowed up in an eternity before and after, the small space I fill engulfed in the infinite immensity of spaces whereof I know nothing, and which know nothing of me, I am terrified. . . . When I see the blindness and misery of man; when I survey the whole dumb universe; when I see man left to himself without a light unto his path, lost in this corner of the cosmos, ignorant of who placed him here, of what he has come here to do, of what will overtake him when he dies, I fall into terror. And my terror is like that of a man who should awake upon a terrible desert island with no means of escape. And I wonder why men do not fall into despair. . . . If I saw everywhere the marks of a Creator, I should rest peacefully in faith. But I see too much to deny, and too little to affirm; so my state is pitiful."

In *The Trial,* Franz Kafka depicts a man who lives upon an invisible "desert island" but he does not awaken to his condition. Joseph K. is arrested one morning in his rooming house and the writing that follows this opening chapter is a dreamlike symbol of the meaning of his arrest. Beneath the apparent legal meaning of the trial, Joseph's arrest is the voice of his inner native endowments protesting against a sterile, routinized, impersonal existence which is choking and slaughtering him by degrees. The seriousness of his arrest is revealed in his almost total inability to understand, despite numerous guarded clues offered to him, that his personality and his own life *are* arrested. He is preoccupied with his own innocence, with the formalities of an official in the bank, and with the promiscuous relations he has with women, among whom he finds a certain temporary relief from his spiritual desolation. "Patterns of avoidance" prevent his interests from focusing upon the plight of his personality. Joseph K. actually is not an individual human being living in the possession of his total self. He has not effected an existential relation to life. He is lost in abstractions of a common sort, in schedules which leave his individuality hidden. He is a conventionalized man, a cog in a social mechanism. His humanity is not engaged. Every week he gets a pay check; but he is unemployed! This is the unemployment about which the Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset, was alarming his readers more than a generation ago: "This is the terrible spiritual situation in which the best youth of the world finds itself today. By dint of feeling itself free, exempt from restrictions, it feels itself empty. An 'unemployed' existence is a worse negation of life than death itself. Because to live means to have something definite to do—a mission to fulfill—and in the measure in which we avoid setting our life to something, we make it empty. Before long there will be heard throughout the planet a formidable cry, rising like the howling of innumerable dogs to the stars, asking for someone or something to take command, to impose an occupation, a duty." (*Revolt of the Masses,* 1932)

In *The Trial* one particular man, Joseph K., lives apart from the deeper dimensions of his existence; his native capabilities and talents are stunned. He is caught in the "strings" of an "established order," to use Kierkegaard's figure.

Existentialism is a reflection of the individual who must act amid pressures which cannot be held at arm's length, for whom the "free market of ideas" of Locke and Holmes is an impossible luxury, and who must pick his way along a road that "keeps dividing every foot or two" until "the world is upon us before we know what is taking place." (Christopher Fry, *A Sleep of Prisoners*) Joseph K. cannot deal with his "arrest," just because this is precisely his trouble —he *is* arrested. He is too easily distracted from his own situation, and too far from self-understanding to be able to work upon his own case. Even while discussing his arrest with one of the young women at his rooming house, the life-and-death crime of which he stands accused fades into the background as desire for the young woman's sexual favors draws his attention. While working on the solution of one crime, Joseph K. would commit another. One day quite by accident a priest tries hard to awaken him, but it is no use. "Always turning to defend yourself," the priest points out to Joseph, "always refusing to see your own affliction, always insisting that it is all a misunderstanding, always looking for some clever person who will 'fix' things by pulling strings for you—can't you see anything at all?" (The angry cry of the priest was like the involuntary shriek of one who sees another fall and is startled by the sight.)

The hero of Existentialist fiction is therefore unheroic, always a voice "singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells." (Eliot) As in Albert Camus' *The Stranger,* he is attempting to hang on in a world where he has lost organic connection. He is a stranger because he has never driven his own psychosomatic roots into his relations with self, other people, and the rest of nature. His love affairs, even his own trial and execution, are like echoes in an empty hall. He is, as Tillich says, "an object among objects, without meaning for himself and therefore unable to find meaning in his world." It is as though the food you are chewing were being chewed in someone else's mouth. No more than an oak tree can live without roots and photo synthesis can an individual survive as a stranger. Sex and convention control the stranger's loving; hunger and convention hold him to his job; the heat one day drives him to murder. He is never *with* himself, never concretely rooted *in* his own connections to nature. He neither

knows what he feels nor feels what he knows. He is the moving hulk, the Hollow Man, the prototype of him about whom so many poets have written. He is like Willy Loman, in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, except that Willy has one wonderful champion who insists upon sticking by him after the acquisitive society has ruined all that may have been native and creative about Willy. Against his own sons and relatives, and against the world in general, Willy's wife cries out that he may not be the finest character in the world "but something terrible is happening to him and attention must be paid; he's not to be allowed to drop into his grave like an old dog." An individual is fighting at bay; the only one who would help is too late; the damage has been done; a life has been crushed. In spiritual isolation, Willy Loman loses the only battle that really counted; then he dies —like a dog. The whole struggle had been phony. The trap of anxiety had claimed another victim.

III

Are Existentialist art and literature an authentic reflection? Or, as so many have charged, are they a "postwar fad"? Fads are short-lived and thinly rooted in psychosocial realities. How long will the postwar period last?

Consider for a moment how the more complex and diversified industrial societies brighten the light of self-awareness. This has nothing to do with the question of egotism or altruism; it is a matter of how vividly one feels whatsoever one is and does. The more diverse the alternatives we confront, the keener our struggle to choose. The more vivid the act of choosing, the sharper the sense of self-identity. Social changes have been sharpening for a long time the cutting edge of these experiences, with the result that insights which could appear only in a few people with any degree of vividness over the past centuries are now the experience of millions.

Kierkegaard has described this Existentialist focus better than any other modern writer. A century ago he wrote in Copenhagen, "The age has forgotten what it means to exist, and what inwardness is. It has lost faith in the truth that inwardness makes the apparently scanty content richer, while a change in externals is merely a diversion sought by the life-weary and the life-empty." Kierkegaard contended that "the whole development of the world tends to the importance of the individual; that, and nothing else, is the principle of Christianity. . . . The whole concept of objectivity which has been made into our salvation is merely the food of sickness, and the fact that it is admired as the cure simply proves how fundamentally irreligious our age is. . . ." Really to exist would be to translate all that is happening in us and to us into networks of meaning which become avenues of understanding and communication. Really to exist would be to translate inner problems into social solutions. Really to exist would be to have that maximum self-knowledge which permits the utilization of all our native endowments and places us in touch with dimensions of Creativity which must necessarily lie beyond the understanding of people who live in the keeping of automatic and abstract forms and formulations. "An existing individual is constantly in process of becoming. . . . The incessant becoming generates the uncertainty of the earthly life, where everything is uncertain." Really to live in full acceptance of the creative and the destructive ever impinging upon the personality would be like treading water 70,000 fathoms deep, out of sight of familiar landmarks. This is what Kierkegaard says.

THE work of Dostoevsky, especially in *Letters from the Underworld*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, and *Crime and Punishment*, is filled with brilliant previsions of what is now being communicated in Existentialist art and literature. In Dostoevsky's work, as in Freud's, the drives and impulses of this concrete individual are portrayed as far too chaotic and labyrinthine ever to find creative release and direction in conformation to philosophies and cultures. No rationally formulated meaning in life is sufficiently secure and comprehensive to save man from despair, once illusions are swept away. Social conventions rest like thin ice over an underworld of primeval potencies. Chaotic impulse beats upon every convention or formulation, and the standing problem of civilized men who must live amid the gigantic social mechanisms that are ours is to discover how these primitive powers and diverse living endowments can be kept in creative channels. Systems have become archaic which make of a person's subjective self a grey prison and a death house, from which a person can emerge only in the false and stereotyped images of a conventionbound society. This is what Dostoevsky and Freud both affirm.

ALL our efforts toward social control become dangerous beyond imagination when power to destroy is magnified to the point where it could make the earth uninhabitable. Social engineering becomes history's most dangerous toy.

Sartre's description of the Resistance movement during World War II presents a striking analogy to Freud's depth psychology, especially with regard to self-discovery. The struggle of persons in the French Underground was always a personal encounter with forces far more powerful than the individual. Under the very eyes of the German occupation they discovered what it means to be individually alive. They found what it means to be free. In the face of the alien German culture which insinuated itself everywhere—on billboards, radio, newspapers, and screen—every thought that became one's very own represented a spiritual conquest and personal appropriation. "Because an all-powerful police tried to force us to hold our tongues," Sartre writes in *The Republic of Silence*, "every word took on the value of a declaration of principles. Because we were hunted down, every one of our gestures had the weight of a solemn commitment. . . . But the very cruelty of the enemy drove us to the extremities of this condition by forcing ourselves to ask

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man's isolation is not FINAL

by David E. Roberts

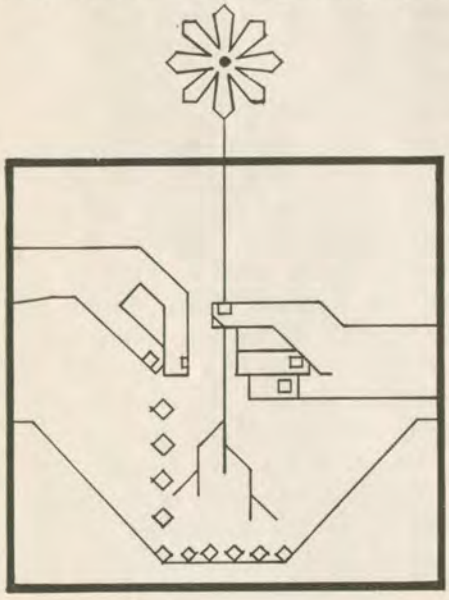
David E. Roberts was a young man who died too quick, but he left in the records of the sermons which he preached, mostly at Union Theological Seminary, a profound understanding of man's predicament and the ways in which he expressed them and then faced them with the question of God's answer.

A volume of his sermons has been gathered together under the title *The Grandeur and Misery of Man* by Oxford University Press, to whom we are grateful for permission to reprint this work which says that man's isolation is not final.

Woe to him who is alone when he falls and has not another to lift him up. *Ecclesiastes 4:10*

At present I am learning bit by bit, but then I shall understand, as all along I have myself been understood. *I Corinthians 13:12 (Moffatt's translation)*

THE author of Ecclesiastes utters a complaint as old as the human heart when he reflects gloomily upon the fate of the solitary individual. He depicts for us how men must make their lonely way amidst oppressions without a comforter; how they strive to build a place of security by ambitious labor, and all they earn for their trouble is the envy of their neighbors; how they try to satisfy themselves with riches, and yet not all the gold in the world can compensate for the human relationships they have missed along the way. And the only consolation he can offer us, apparently, is that we may make the most of companionship.



To be sure, men are untrustworthy. They approach each other with watchfulness and suspicion; like beasts of the jungle, they are always ready to draw back in an instant and bare their fangs. But in so far as the barriers which separate men from each other can be broken through, companionship is the only tangible remedy for an otherwise hopeless isolation. "Woe to him that is alone when he falleth, and hath not another to lift him up."

Contemporary literature and philosophy remind us that man has not gotten over his sense of solitude. We hear much, for example, about our insignificance amidst the cosmic immensities, although I am inclined to think that this is a bit sentimental. The problem is spiritual, not quantitative; and we could perfectly well put up with the fact that our solar system is a third-rate affair, we could even put up with the brevity of our days upon earth, if we had some sense that our hopes and despairs, our joys and sorrows, our loves and hates were not in the end shut up within the impenetrable privacy of our own souls.

Surely one of the greatest shocks in personal development comes at that moment when a man has discovered himself sufficiently to realize that he is incurably alone. One day he finds that his family is strangely rent asunder by the impassable gulf that yawns between youth and age. His parents are still understanding, perhaps; but they belong to one generation, he to another; and they have forgotten what it is to be young. Or the world in which the pattern of his future life seemed so securely fixed is shattered by the realization that not all the strong, sober people he knows put together can guarantee him a job, or his liberties, or his prospects for

happiness, or safeguards against misery, injustice, and war.

These things may happen suddenly or slowly, painfully or calmly; but however they happen, this second birth into responsibility is at the same time an entrance into a solitary citadel which a man can never leave again. And much of the lust for power, much of the greed and sensuality in human life, is due to the anxiety that tortures us within those citadels. Since we are the sole defenders, we must make them impregnable against the attacks of circumstance and the hostility of other people. We become, as the saying goes, the sort of person whom one never really gets to know.

IT is the fate of modern man to live in a kind of world which intensifies this feeling of isolation. The feeling has always plagued our race; but there have been times when it was alleviated by the presence of a stable society within a stable universe. Modern man has paid a fearful price for his excess of individual freedom. For he has shifted the burden of supporting the moral structure of history from the shoulders of providence to his own shoulders. As Walter Lippmann has written: "Having cut the individual off from the traditions of the past, modern secularism has left man in isolation. It has left him to make his uprooted and incoherent way through a struggle in which there is no principle of order. To struggle alone is more than this isolated individual can endure; and so he gives up his freedom and his priceless heritage. Because he has forgotten the religion which puts human life in an eternal perspective, he cannot withstand the fanatical forces which destroy freedom for the sake of national and racial solidarity."

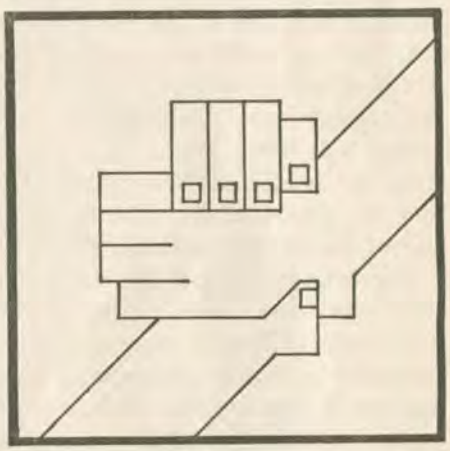
In other words, this spiritual isolation is a sort of practical atheism which every one of us carries around in his heart; and it is far more to be dreaded than the pallid skepticism of intellectuals in a classroom. For this practical atheism issues in fantastic hopes and unrestrained self-assertion in the effort to throw a cloak over despair. This is the Nemesis which dogs the footsteps of godlessness; and our own day has brought forth incarnations of this Nemesis so terrible that we can no longer be blind to it. Modern man has tried to be an unyielding Atlas, who could sustain alone the world that his own ideals had fashioned. But he made the mistake of thinking that this self-worship would take beautiful instead of devilish forms. He forgot that when loneliness and misery and despair finally break through to bitter expression, men prefer worshiping blood, race, and soil in the fellowship of a faceless mob to worshiping a lonely ideal in a cosmic vacuum. From the standpoint of a religious interpretation of history, totalitarianism is the result of practical atheism within the hearts of desperate men; having lost all hope of positive blessedness, they have found fellowship in nihilism. Man is created for community; and even when he shuts himself off from God, he still seeks community in desperate and inverted ways. Man cannot stand isolation because he was not meant for isolation.

The Christian Gospel speaks directly to that isolated man who dwells within the heart of every one of us. For its message is this: that although solitude may be the last word so far as we are concerned, it is not the last word so far as God is concerned. Although we may shut ourselves off from God, God will not leave us alone. Man has to come to terms with his Creator, either through the agony of estrangement or through faith in Christ's reconciling love; but twist and turn as he may, man cannot really escape into isolation.

Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven thou art there;
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
Psalm 139:7-10 (K.J.V.)

This is our faith and our confidence; this is the sense of companionship which girds us when all trust in men has betrayed us, this is our hope of fellowship while fellowship is being destroyed on every side. And yet, there are moments of dark night when the feeling of alienation from God seems too strong for us. After all, we are part of this contemporary world, and how can we feel anything but that God is poles asunder from such a world? We have made our bed in hell, all right; but how can we add: Behold, thou art there?

WE need not look beyond I Corinthians 13 for the Christian answer to such questions. Dr. Moffatt translates verse 12. "At present I am learning bit by bit; but then I shall understand,



as all along I have myself been understood."

St. Paul's statement means that if we could know the whole truth that knowledge would be the same thing as having perfect fellowship with God. But we know only in part; there is the difficulty. This faith that there is one who knows us all along, and whom we shall meet face to face on the other side of death, is a faith which all the evidence of experience and all the efforts of rational thought can only partially vindicate.

Indeed, most of the instances in recent years where our partial knowledge has been extended have only plunged us more deeply into dismay. We can certainly say of our outlook during these past decades that we saw only in a riddle; but the full implications of the kind of world we are living in, as they have overwhelmed one nation after another which hoped to remain shielded from their impact, have only deepened the riddle. We

know now that there is no sense in trying to avoid the truth; but we still cannot see how knowing the truth holds out much promise of making us free. We were blind, not because we wanted to shut ourselves off from God, but because we wanted to shut ourselves off from facts too baffling to endure.

One might put it this way: The only way we could see of maintaining belief in God was to hope against hope that human good will and intelligence would somehow bring forth spiritual resources more powerful than those forces which were hurling us headlong toward catastrophe. And much of the irrelevance of our religious thinking was due to lack of genuine faith that we could understand God's will best by a deeper penetration into unpleasant facts. Unconsciously we feared that if we learned the whole truth we would be brought face to face, not with God, but with the dead end of a meaningless thoroughfare.

Now we know that if the world still rests within the overruling power and providence of God; if there is a moral structure in history, demanding that men shall organize their lives on the basis of fellowship and love; if human wickedness cannot defeat God and cannot violate his will with impunity, if all this is true, then it is a truth which lies beyond our present comprehension. It is something which we see only darkly through the riddle of contemporary events. But one thing is clear. If we can ever see God face to face, it will only be by going *through* the wasteland of these facts which we tried so long to avoid.

MOST men have to be shocked into an awareness of tragedies and evils of whose depths they had no adequate inkling. We throw a protective covering around our minds to ward off the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. A time-honored technique for stilling the uneasy voices which rise up when we see the miseries of the underprivileged, or the victims of racial intolerance, has always been to point out the complexities of the problem and the impersonal working of economic machinery for which no one is responsible. You remember the dispossessed sharecropper in *The Grapes of Wrath* who started out to get revenge on whoever had thrown him off his land. He found out that the agent was only carrying out the order of the local bank; and that the bank president was responsible to a head office in New York; and that the New York office was responsible to investors who had never heard of this sharecropper. And so, in the end, there was nobody to shoot. Everyone was responsible to somebody else; but nobody was responsible for his misfortune. Now of course the complexities of such a situation are factual; but there is a vast difference between whether the facts are used to put conscience to sleep or whether they stab it into wakefulness.

Our imaginations are so limited that the needs and experiences of others can hardly take on vividness and concreteness until we find ourselves in a similar predicament. I remember the air raids on London, the fearful sense of unreality we attached to the raids while we sat in safety in New York and tried to picture what was happening. We had to think of specific friends or specific places in order to gain any comprehension at all; but we still felt abysmally deficient in understanding. It was not until there were some false air raid alarms in New York that some of us vaguely began to apprehend in the viscera, instead of just in the brain, what war means to a population.

The point is that we should have to be different sorts of people from what we are in order to be able to understand the plight of our fellows more clearly. Is it any wonder, then, that we know only in part? We would have to be different sorts of people, surely, in order to understand fully how God's justice and mercy are working through the events of our own times. "All things work together for good to them that love God." (Romans 8:28, K.J.V.) Yes; to them that love God. And we need only look within ourselves and out upon our world to realize why we cannot see all things working together for good.

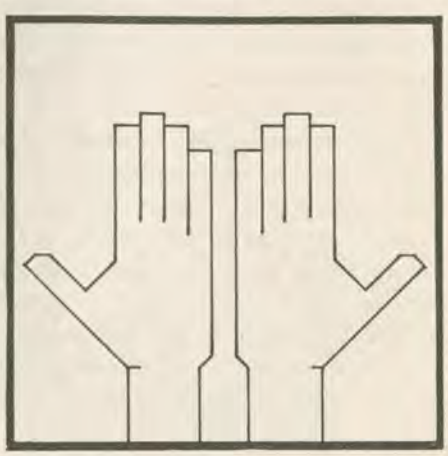
As Christians we hold that man's isolation is not final. We hold that God, who knows our sinfulness through and through, has nevertheless opened the way to fellowship through forgiveness in Christ. But we hold these things by a faith which goes far beyond our partial knowledge.

Still, partial knowledge is not just sheer ignorance; and perhaps we can say with St. Paul that we are "learning bit by bit." Some things have laid hold on us in our present situation with an urgency which makes our previous assent to them merely lip service by comparison. We may always have said that no pretenses avail in the sight of God. We may have said that there is an eternal Spirit who knows the worst and the best about us all along. But we have learned a great deal about how this works out concretely in both dread and comfort.

Take the lies of political propagandists, for example. Does not their frantic character attest to the fact that the truth cannot be completely stilled even within the breast of the most insensate human being? The truth will not down. Someone, somewhere, knows this propagandist all along for the liar that he is; and this angers him. The frenzy with which he throws himself into self-justification shows that at some level of his being there are still the vestiges of an honest man. He may have done his utmost to shut himself off from the truth but the truth will not let him alone.

Or take our own disposition to refuse any responsibility for events which are beyond our individual power to prevent. We have tried to isolate ourselves from the collective

(*Continued on page 17*)



alternative worship: to idolatry (Psalm 95: 1-7)

". . . for He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture . . . the sheep of His hand."

by Everett Tilson
Vanderbilt University

THE Reverend Dr. Charles Sylvester Horne occasionally mentioned the garden in which he spent some of the best moments of his life. These references always kindled in his students an extraordinary desire for a visit to their teacher's spiritual retreat. One day two of the boys got their chance. Hardly expecting to see what they did, they stood for a moment in speechless unbelief on catching sight of Dr. Horne's garden. Unable to share his teacher's appreciation for a narrow strip of beaten earth surrounded by high walls, one of the boys said: "Why, Doctor, surely this is not the garden where all your inspiring thoughts come." "Oh, yes," he replied. "But," protested the student, it's so small." Pointing upward, Dr. Horne answered quietly: "Yes, but look how high it is."

Modern education has unparalleled resources in plant and personnel. Doctors of philosophy have become so numerous, the problem is no longer how to get them but how to get rid of them. Money has become so plentiful, a few boards of trust have even hinted they should reward teachers for proving man's ability to live by bread alone by raising their salaries until they can afford potatoes. Teachers can enjoy air-conditioned comfort in the classroom even if they can't afford it for the livingroom.

However, despite all this great wealth in physical and human resources, modern education has yet to grow up. Despite its multiplicity of horizons, it lacks altitude. Like the world of his diplomatic counterpart, that of the modern educator has enough curtains for six, but its ceiling is too low for one. The trouble all roots in the futile effort to build airliner character with a subway ceiling.

Too often we turn thumbs down or hearts cold to the Psalmist's gracious invitation: "O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our maker! For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture . . . the sheep of his hand." But we don't get off scot free. We don't deny the basis of everything without falling victim to almost anything. We don't give God the brushoff without risking a showdown. The late Archbishop Temple minced no words in reminding us of this fact. "This world can be saved from political chaos and collapse by one thing only," he declared, "and that is worship." Elton Trueblood had the same idea in mind when he said the only sure defense against tyranny is "the recognition . . . there can be only one ultimate loyalty and that the Living God is the only worthy object of such loyalty."

This truth has its application to the dilemma in which "education at the crossroads" finds itself. Education can be set free from the prison of totalitarian technocracy by one thing only, the recognition that only true worship can save us from the doom to which false worship would damn us.

EDUCATION can be saved from a disastrous separation of learning from life by one thing only, a unifying philosophy grounded in the worship of "our Maker!"

Edgar Sheffield Brightman once said: "Every person is a complex; but if he is merely complex, he may well become a victim of complexes. Without unity and order in its aims, a personality suffers conflict, disintegration and despair." Contemporary society offers a striking illustration on the collective level of the truth of this observation. Today's world finds itself in the throes of "conflict, disintegration and despair." Why? The aims of men exhibit too little unity and not enough order. As much as we would like to exempt education from any blame for the wide prevalence of disorder and disunity, we know there's still more truth than there ought to be in Whitehead's oft-quoted criticism of education: "Instead of . . . unity, we offer children Algebra, from which nothing follows; Geometry, from which nothing follows; Science, from which nothing follows; History, from which nothing follows: a couple of languages, never mastered; and lastly, most dreary of all, Literature, represented by plays of Shakespeare, with philological notes and short analyses of plot and character to be in substance committed to memory." Can such a list be said to represent life as it is known in the midst of the living of it? Surely, when an educator of such stature laments the rift between learning and life, it's high time to ask what we can do to close the gap between curriculum and character.

We can best begin, I think, by acknowledging the futility of trying to unify life in terms of the lowest common denominator! The "menagerie, inside my ribs, under my bony head, under my red-valve heart" may prove "I am a pal of the world" and came "from the wilderness," but it does not explain why this refugee from the jungle could become as sensitive to the pulls of love and hate as the pangs of hunger and thirst. If the advocates of the zoo as the proper laboratory for the study of man are right, if the residents of these animal colonies mock our laughter at their behavior, anticipating the day when once again we shall join them on all fours and grow our own fur coats, how can we justify the expenditure of so much time and effort on education?

A former president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir Joseph Stamp, has suggested the answer to this question. He said science will produce progressively more problems for society than it can possibly solve, unless our knowledge of man catches up with our knowledge of matter. By implication, this distinguished scientist seems to be saying we shall succeed in our efforts to unify life only if we study man from the top down rather than from the bottom up. This same study marks the proper place to begin our search for a basis of unity between life and learning. We must begin by looking not backward to our slim cradle but upward to our Heavenly Creator, "For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture . . . the sheep of his hand."

EDUCATION can be saved from the benumbing influence of practical materialism by one thing only, the worship of a God who puts a higher premium on man-making than on money-making. The decline of campus Christianity very seldom begins with the formal repudiation of religion. As a matter of fact, we have little to fear from doctrinaire atheists, bold to echo the sentiment the disciple of Marx put in the cryptic sentence: "Religion is a sort of spiritual moonshine in which the slaves of capital drown their . . . demands for . . . any sort of worthy human life." The real enemy's much more apt to be the man of streamlined manners who's too busy with many things to do the one thing needful. As you so well realize, the exclusion of religion from the classroom normally comes as the accidental by-product of the business community's demand for preoccupation with more important duties, for example, that of teaching the sensitive student how to roll a perfectly sober plutocrat without losing a customer or breaking the law. If only because it's so apt to wear a friendly disguise, religion faces a more deadly enemy in the practical materialism of Commerce Street than the theoretical naturalism of Biology Boulevard.

The real danger of this peril lurks in the inability of any college, state-controlled or church-controlled, fully to insulate itself against this kind of pressure. Usually the men in control of fiscal policy act as the key mediators of this sort of influence. Functioning in the dual role of champion of "the American way" and trustee of the American college, they do their best to win academic credit for the idolatry whose hero Truman Douglass describes as "the man whose visiting card gets him past all six secretaries straight to the president of the company . . . the man who gets a salute from the cop at the corner, whose car is waved through the intersection after the light has turned red . . . the man who receives his theater tickets from the manager while the rest of us stand in line . . . the public official who is given a motorcycle escort with sirens wide open when he is hurrying to have luncheon with the boys, while Joe Doakes, on his way to visit his wife at the hospital, gets a ticket for speeding."

This particular brand of idolatry takes for granted the plutocratic notions an elegant display denotes high social rank, the most desirable work pays the top dollar for bottom effort, and to marry well is to marry into a family occupying a higher rung on the social ladder than the one into which you were born. Whenever the addicts of this philosophy get the chance, they naturally select faculties, set curricula and fix electives on the basis of technical rather than human considerations. Just as naturally, the students in their schools conclude the secret of great living depends more on what you squeeze out of life than what you pour into it.

There's only one power on earth or in heaven on which educators can rely to put them beyond the pale of this perilous influence. That's the wor-

ship of the deity who revealed himself not in a penthouse on Park Avenue but on a cross on the Mount of Olives. "For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture . . . the sheep of his hand."

EDUCATION can be saved from the multiplication of social parasites by one thing only, the worship of a God who is Father alike of poor and rich, exploited and privileged.

College confronts parochial-minded students with the challenge of vast new horizons. While these include the limitless stretches of modern physics, our immediate concern has to do with the discovery in our world of hundreds of millions of ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed human beings. How will they react to these people and their problems? With open heart or closed mind? sympathetic understanding or invidious comparison? as representatives of crusading humanitarianism or militant nationalism? the patrons of special privilege or the apostles of generous concern? In short, will they treat the plight of such people as an advantage to exploit or a responsibility to carry?

It all depends on the atmosphere in which they discover these people. If introduced to their problems within a Christian context, they can never again consider their plight in the detached role of the casual observer. They will abandon the role of curious spectator for that of concerned participant. As Christians, they will face facts in the hope of redeeming as well as understanding our time. No longer will they have time for the currently popular hobby of rightly dividing the guilt for yesterday's failures; they will be too busy carrying the torch for tomorrow's hope. They will view facts not so much as food for hungry intellects as guideposts for spiritual pilgrims.

Why don't more of our young people answer today's challenge in this spirit? Very probably, because we weigh the scales of temptation in the wrong direction. They do not go forth to meet high challenge because we so often appeal to them on the level of low pride.

While the home has probably done more damage at this point than the school, teachers can hardly plead total innocence. We have too often been more sensitive to the provincialism of magnificent Heights than the universalism of the Lord God Almighty. We have too often treated Oriental poverty as proof of Western superiority and too seldom as an invitation to become a technical missionary in imitation of the Good Samaritan. We have too often presented the challenge of the future in terms of glorious opportunities not for social enrichment but personal advancement. We have been too busy erecting graven images to Wall Street to graduate enough masters of altruism to guarantee a safe voyage for the atomic-powered ship of contemporary civilization. We have too often ignored the principle of Christian stewardship set forth in the words: "Everyone to whom much is given, of him will much be required." At any rate, we have not made as much of this fact as Christians ought or could: as in the case of the superior endowment of the Nazareth carpenter, so also of ours, be it economic or cultural, moral or spiritual, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ expects us to enlist it in the effort to turn earth's broken home into heaven's happy family. "For he is our God." "And this is his commandment, that we should believe in . . . his son Jesus Christ and love one another."

EDUCATION can be saved from the influence of cringing sycophants and self-infatuated prima donnas by one thing only, worship that precludes the offering of primary allegiance to a finite being.

The acuteness of this problem stems from the numerous quarters from which the teacher receives encouragement to fashion human clay into divine pottery. There's the fear some radical teacher might attract unfavorable criticism by defending a Dr. Peters against headline-hunting congressmen, or "the apostles of discord" who, unable to command as much attention as they think they deserve through the proclamation of the Gospel, exploit popular fears to project their professional frustrations on a gullible public. There are the faculty members who view the mention of the divine name as shop talk better saved for classes in the department of religion. There are the

"Perhaps as a start toward peace we could lay down our matches."

students who frantically record his every word; aside from the doubtful value of this practice, it heightens his natural allergy to "the professional disease . . . of putting questions with the half smile that says 'I know that one, and I will tell it to you: come along, my pretty.'"

The force of such pressures means teachers, as very few people, must take special pains to safeguard the primacy of their relation with God. They must do it in the face of every effort by their superiors to exact from them the tribute of conformity, lest they forget the Christian's Declaration of Independence set forth in the words of Martin Luther: "A Christian man is a perfectly free Lord of all, and subject to none." They must do it in the face of every encouragement to think more highly of themselves than they ought, lest they commit the blasphemy of "trying God's throne out for size," lest they ignore the Christian's Declaration of Dependence set forth in the words of the same Luther, "A Christian man is a perfectly dutiful servant of all, and subject to everyone." Teachers can be delivered from the temptation to give ultimate loyalty to a finite being by one thing only, the worship of the God who alone is infinite and ultimate.

The curriculum for a Christian faculty begins at the same place all Christianity begins—with a jubilant "Amen" to the Psalmist's invitation: "O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our maker, for he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture . . . the sheep of his hand."

Mirror of Modern Man

(*Continued from page 7*)

ourselves questions that one never considers in times of peace. . . . To those who were engaged in underground activities, the conditions of their struggle afforded a new kind of experience. They did not fight openly like soldiers. In all circumstances they were alone. They were hunted down in solitude, arrested in solitude. It was completely forlorn and unbefriended that they held out against torture, alone and naked in the presence of torturers, clean-shaven, well-fed, and well-clothed, who laughed at their cringing flesh, and to whom an untroubled conscience and a boundless sense of social strength gave every appearance of being in the right. Alone. . . . Yet, in the depth of their solitude, it was the others that they were protecting, all the others, all their comrades in the Resistance. Total responsibility in total solitude—is not this the very definition of our liberty?"

Total responsibility in one's own inner spiritual solitude—this is one of the defining characteristics of every individual person. What we do with and in our solitariness, as Whitehead pointed out, makes all the difference in the world. But what if convention and conviction, mechanized, succeed only in drawing the shades, darkening this sole and solitary source of creativity? Many will say that the experience of which Sartre writes was characteristic only of a German occupation. The Existentialist believes the experience representative of the life of man. And the increased attention which this analysis is enjoying in the most advanced industrialized nations of the world suggests that it cannot this easily be dismissed. If Sartre is a fad, Freud is not. And Freud is the systematic expression of insights that are central in Existentialism.

IV

Existentialism is in dead earnest in offering itself as a warning against man's own self-despair and self-destruction. When it is encompassed in a strait jacket of conventions and formulations, human living induces one kind of catastrophe after another. Life *is* intolerable if it cannot break through the specific system, the specific form or formulation, the goal or good for which an individual and his culture have drawn up exact specifications. It *is* impossible for any formulation of life to meet the demands placed upon it either by inward concreteness or by volatile social change which becomes ever more characteristic of our life. Thinking is *not* designed to meet life-and-death imperatives, but it should *face* them. People who cannot see this may be too overtaken by prestige, or scientific knowledge, or self-assurance. In this case, as Kierkegaard thought, the art of communicating and of relating people becomes the art of taking something away, freeing them from patterns and clichés. When a person is starving and his mouth is too full of food for him to chew, feeding him must consist of taking something away so that he may commence to chew. It is an old kind of poverty, after all, whose bipolar condition is, on the one hand, a keenly felt, clearly focused, and unfulfilled deprivation, and, on the other hand, an overabundance that stops the inner ear.

THE PROPHET

"There is in my heart as it were a burning fire shut up in my bones"—Jer. 20:9

God's fire torments me—
    Leaping up
    Burning red
    Piercing deep—
Constantly aglow
With ceaseless flame!
Always! There is no
    Dying out
    Cooling off
    Letting up—
Consuming my soul
As the Burning Bush!
There is no chance for
    Standing by
    Sitting down
    Turning tail—
Taking life with ease
Being comfortable!
God's burning remains
    Blazing high
    Cutting in
    Searing hot—
"Shut up in my bones"
Nor can I quench it!

J. Lester Hankins

HOW I MET GASTON MONNERVILLE,

President of the Council of the Republic

by John H. Morrow
Department of Modern Languages, Clark College, Atlanta, Georgia

I HAD never thought too seriously about the true implications of the French motto, *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.* I can still recall—and with some embarrassment—how amazed I was upon learning, in March, 1947, that a Negro from French Guiana had just been elected to the post of President of the Council of the Republic, the upper Chamber of French Parliament. I had no way of knowing that five months later, I would be interviewing this same official in his office in Paris, France.

With the aid of a Carnegie grant, I embarked for France in June. Upon my arrival, I enrolled at the Sorbonne. Each day, on my way to class, I passed the Petit Palais du Luxembourg (Petit-Luxembourg), which housed the living quarters as well as the office of the President of the Council of the Republic. More and more, I found myself intrigued by the question: How had it been possible for a man of color to achieve such a post in the French Government? I decided to try to find the answer to this question.

On Tuesday, July 15, during the morning break, I left the Sorbonne, walked over to the Boulevard St. Michel, and went down the Rue de Vaugirard to the gate which led to the Petit-Luxembourg. My courage failed me and I returned to class. On Thursday morning, at the same hour, I went back to 17 Rue de Vaugirard. This time, I walked past the guards at the gate and entered the Petit-Luxembourg. In a moment, I found myself being escorted to the office of M. Rébufat, assistant director of the Cabinet of the Council of the Republic.

In the best French I could muster, I explained that I was an American studying at the Sorbonne. M. Rébufat seemed pleased to learn this. He asked questions about my classes and about my work in America. Suddenly I asked him, "M. Rébufat, could you tell me how a black man succeeded in becoming President of the Council of the Republic?"

M. Rébufat looked at me quizzically, then replied politely, "Surely you know, Monsieur, that all citizens of the French Republic, regardless of race or color, may aspire for public office."

I asked about the possibility, however remote, of getting to see President Monnerville. M. Rébufat talked about the President's busy schedule. He assured me that M. Monnerville would be pleased to learn about this interest shown in his career. He wrote down my American and Parisian addresses.

The following Tuesday night, July 22, upon my return to the little hotel at which I was staying on the Rue de l'Université, I noticed the *concierge* and his wife seemed unusually anxious to see me. The *concierge* exclaimed, "Ah! Monsieur has received a very important letter today."

I opened the letter in the presence of my attentive and expectant friends. I read the missive aloud:

Cher monsieur,

Comme suite à votre visite, j'ai l'honneur de vous faire connaître que M. le Président MONNERVILLE vous recevra bien volontiers, au Palais du Petit-Luxembourg, 17 rue de Vaugirard, le samedi 26 courant, à 17 heures.

Croyez, cher monsieur, à mes sentiments les meilleurs.

P. Rébufat

From the moment I read this letter, until five o'clock Saturday afternoon, July 26, I lived in a state of excitement. I began to wish I had not been so rash. I wondered whether my French would get me through this "crisis."

At five o'clock sharp, on that memorable July day, I arrived at the Petit-Luxembourg. An attendant ushered me into the spacious and well-appointed office of President Monnerville. As I entered the room, a man of regal bearing rose from behind the desk which once had belonged to Napoleon III. His appearance belied his fifty years of age. His friendly manner soon put me at ease. He spoke very rapidly, but clearly. He was particularly interested in the fact that I was teaching French in a Negro college in Alabama. He stated that he had visited New York but had never visited the southern part of the United States.

When I asked him how he accounted for the "miracle" which had placed him into his present office, he hesitated for a moment, and then he replied: "Miracle? I would certainly not call it that. Please do not forget, Monsieur, that I am a citizen of the French Republic. Among the French, there are no differences based upon race or color."

In answer to my question about French departments and territories overseas, he said, "I would not imply for one moment that everything is as it should be in my country. Institutions, like men, do not realize their ends except through evolution. But, by and large, can you point out to me another government in which men of color are so fully represented?"

It was my turn to cite examples to show that democracy was working more and more effectively for all citizens of America. I asked him not to be misled by all the things which he might have read or heard about the southern part of our great nation. I assured him that consecrated individuals of both races, who believed firmly in Christianity and in the concept of the brotherhood of man, were striving unceasingly to improve conditions in the South.

M. Monnerville stated that he had received his education in France and had become a Doctor of Laws in 1921. He practiced law in the courts of Paris and served as Counselor of French Guiana. Since 1932, he had won each election as Deputy from French Guiana. During the second world war, M. Monnerville won the Croix de Guerre and the Resistance Medal. As a member of the Council of the Republic, he was chosen as President of this body in 1947, in spite of opposition from the communist members of the Council.

Our interview ended when a secretary entered to remind M. Monnerville of another appointment. Before I departed, M. Monnerville asked me to attend the meeting of the Council of the Republic to be held in the Grand Palais du Luxembourg, on Wednesday afternoon, July 30.

At quarter to three on Wednesday afternoon, I was met by M. Robert Chapsal, director of President Monnerville's Cabinet, and conducted across the Luxembourg Garden to the Grand-Luxembourg. M. Chapsal revealed interesting facts about the palace as we approached it. He said that this three-storied palace with its 100-yard-long façade, had been constructed on property once belonging to the Duke of Luxembourg. He explained that Marie de Médicis, the widow of Henry IV, had purchased the property in 1615. She commissioned Salamon Debrosse to build the palace which was to serve many purposes, before becoming the meeting place of the Council of the Republic.

We entered the Grand-Luxembourg and climbed the magnificent staircase of honor just in time to secure a point of vantage in one of the corridors leading to the President's entrance to the Council Chamber. Soldiers were lined up on both sides of the passageway. Their striking blue uniforms, visored hats, glistening swords as well as their rigid stance made them appear almost unreal. A Colonel waited near the Council door.

At 3:05 P.M., a voice announced: *Monsieur le Président du Conseil!* Drums rolled and swords flashed. President Monnerville and other officials appeared, wearing the insignia of their office. The President acknowledged the Colonel's smart salute with a stiff bow, and entered the Council Chamber.

With mixed emotions I entered President Monnerville's loge and looked upon what had once been the meeting place of the Senate. I could see the President, seated at a huge desk which stood in the center of a semicircular platform. In a larger semicircle, facing the President, were seated the Council Members.

After a brief delay, the meeting was called to order and a heated debate got under way. The Minister of National Economy was being taken to task for his alleged failure to secure sufficient wheat for France.

That night, I wrote a letter of thanks to President Monnerville. He replied with a friendly letter written in longhand.

I left France at the end of August with a spirit of hope and of buoyancy which I have never lost. Today, as I think back to that July morning when I first ventured into the Petit-Luxembourg, I am more convinced than ever in the power of the concept of the brotherhood of man.

MAN'S ISOLATION IS NOT FINAL

(*Continued from page 10*)

nature of guilt. We have been inclined to say: "We Christians do not want war; we will do all in our power to avert it. So if war comes, it is not really our fault. And all those other naughty people who are to blame will discover that no one wins a war any more than anyone could win an earthquake." But present circumstances make all arguments about whether we are responsible for what is beyond our individual control academic. We cannot abstract ourselves from history. Now we know, in part at least, the solidarity of our guilt. We know the tragedy of being accountable for what we cannot prevent, because we are caught up in the same situation as all the other peoples who do not want war and find themselves unable to prevent it. The myth of our American moral superiority is dead. We are "learning bit by bit."

FINALLY, we know enough to realize the contrast between any form of human solidarity and fellowship with God. When we are threatened by spiritual isolation, we are not duped into believing, with the writer of Ecclesiastes, that human association provides the only protection we can expect to find. Indeed, one of the issues which is being fought out in today's international struggle is whether the state, in default of God, shall be regarded as the supreme object of man's loyalty and devotion. And no matter what attitude we take toward participation in a war, whether cold or hot, surely all Christians can unite in the faith that beyond the riddles we cannot solve, beyond the guilt we cannot escape, beyond the sin and ignorance that hem us in, we are called into the fellowship of One who understands us all along. No matter what suffering or sorrow may lie ahead, he has been there before us, and he waits for us at the end.

Almighty and most merciful God, we thank thee that through the gift of thine only begotten Son Thou hast made us know that we are not alone because Thou, our Father, art with us. And though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we shall fear no evil, for Thou art with us. Be Thou our Comforter and Guide, we beseech Thee, now and forever. Amen.

THE CHALLENGE

by Louise Louis

Dear Pilgrim,

Can't we forget our differences?
But for today, let us call a truce.
Let us not think of life as it has been;
let us consider that we have today.

You *are not the only one*
considering the years stored up for spending
who grows afraid!

You *are not the only one*
approaching problems whose solutions seem intricate
who recoils beforehand! Who, for imagined, or remembered
failures, feels warned against adventuring with life. . . .

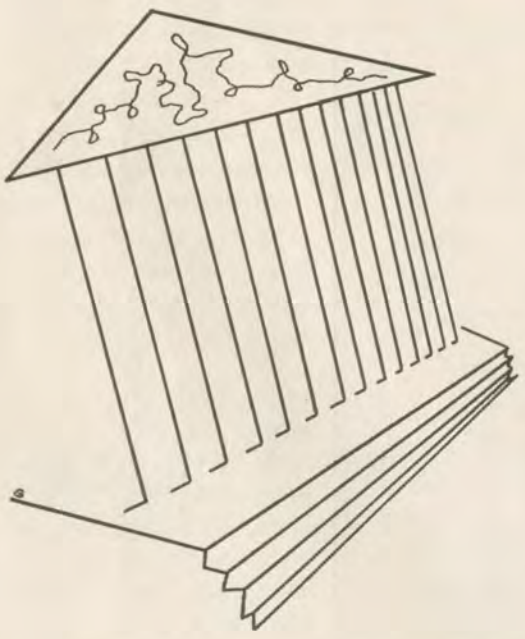
You *would not be the only one to remain*
forever skeptical . . . not ever so free *as he might have been.*

Then for today—let us be free
from the awe of yesterday . . . or the coffin's lid tomorrow.
Rather let us brave, *with an air of chivalry,* the open fields . . .

Lovingly,
Dad

"I wonder if I said something."

THE *question of* RELIGIOUS LIFE ON CAMPUS



by Nancy Green, student at a large midwest university

ONE of the greatest difficulties of college students is the feeling that religion is asking them to believe something which is not true. They are being asked to take something wholly upon faith without the privilege of asking questions and applying the same sort of rigid intellectual tests they apply to every other area of life and thought.

I am a student on the campus of a large university, and I have questioned and discarded organized religion. I have been lucky and have found something to replace these discarded beliefs—there are many students on many campuses who have not been so lucky. Too many students have drifted away from their churches, and are adopting negative attitudes toward religion.

In many cases, college students are away from home for the first time. They come from the love and security which they have known and taken for granted and find themselves in a relatively cold and cruel world. There is no one to make their decisions; too many times there is no one to turn to for advice. This is a frightening experience; an experience which shatters the most self-confident individual, and is often too much for the boy or girl whose confidence is already shaky. When the young person has had the rug pulled from under him and isn't exactly sure whether or not anyone knows or cares that he exists, the machinery of the university goes to work. The student learns the theory of evolution; he learns that he must question, analyze, and criticize—he must not accept anything at face value. Doesn't it seem logical that he will eventually begin to question his moral and spiritual values?

These students *must be helped,* for the moral and spiritual values which they form at this crucial time will last throughout their lives. If they are to be helped, we must recognize that there is a problem. We cannot continue to ignore the fact that organized religion is not meeting the needs of college young people. They are afraid—afraid to think and afraid to discuss. They have a kindergarten concept of God; and what is worse, they are spiritually illiterate.

Where are these students to turn for help? They should be able to turn to the minister of their church, but they are not. The majority of ministers on college campuses are not equipped to deal with the questions which students ask. They evade because they are at a loss. I would like to suggest that religious ministry to the college campus today ought to constitute a clearly definable and lifelong profession. This ministry should be based upon a realistic analysis of the religious needs of students and the environment which they must cope with. The college student is searching for truth in an institution which is dedicated to the discovery of truth, but the churches for the most part are considerably behind the times in their approach to the universities. Religion is based far too much upon outdated scientific assumptions and dogma. What we need in my judgment, is a new experiential, positive approach to religious truth. We need a religious faith that is the result of experience that will stand the

most rigid intellectual test. We need an approach to religion that will not insult our intelligence.

I DO not think I questioned organized religion because I am more intelligent than the average student. If I have questioned, so have hundreds of others. I was brought up in the Methodist faith, and I went to church every Sunday for years. When I came to college, I expected to continue going to church every Sunday. I didn't. Why? Because I didn't like the minister, because I didn't feel at home in the church, and because I was grappling with new ideas which were ignored by the church. I needed someone to talk to, but I could find no one. I did what I could; and, after a long period of time, I came up with some answers which satisfied me. I have my faith, however unconventional, and I do not think I am astray in the world. I, too, must have an explanation for, among other things, the ecstasy of a completely emotional moment—a moment that suspends logic and analysis, a moment that can be measured in time only by the quivering of the veins and the thumping of the heart, a moment so pure and delightful and magnetic that the very life within seems to exist only to let that one tick of eternity thrive, a moment that remains when it is gone because it made the heart a little bigger, the appreciation a little deeper, and life a little richer. I think I am in league with what was good and holy in the past and what will be good and holy in the future. It has simply become necessary for me to express my belief in different language, in order to attune myself to the thoughts of today.

Because my needs have not been met by any of the organized religions which I have investigated, I am still "shopping." I am looking for a group or a congregation who will discuss religious matters honestly. I do not mean to imply that the majority of churchgoers today are dishonest; rather that the person who wants to question things is not encouraged. Maybe the reason is, as far as church people are concerned, there are no questions left unanswered. I find this difficult to believe. Of course there are mature individuals who have met and solved many of the problems which we, as college students, have yet to face. Certainly they must have had their moments of uncertainty. I, for one, need the benefit of their experience. Although I may not agree with the solutions reached by others, I want the opportunity to hear these solutions and to learn from them.

I would like to take issue with those who view the situation through rose-colored glasses. Those who say that colleges and universities are meeting the intellectual and spiritual needs of their students—those who believe the churches are doing a fine job on college campuses—need to take a second look at the situation. Probably to the person viewing the problem from without this is a valid assumption. I am the first to admit that my experience is limited, yet I do feel there is some justification for my arguments.

MY home is in a college town. I graduated from a high school which has a high percentage of college-bound people. My friends are scattered all over the country—they are enrolled at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Wells, University of Michigan, Michigan State, DePauw, Northwestern, Annapolis, Miami, University of Colorado. I think this is a fairly representative group; and when we get together during vacations the discussion invariably turns to religion. The problems discussed are the same as those of many of my friends on this campus. The conversations are almost identical, and from these conversations one thing is evident—there is no place to turn for help.

I believe that ministry to the college campus should be a lifelong, clearly defined profession. I do not think college administrations and faculties can provide a solution to the problem. They are attempting to explain intellectual issues, and too often the odds are against them. When a professor deals with at least one hundred students weekly, and tries to know and to understand their academic problems, it is too much to demand that he also try to help them spiritually. My experience has been that professors recognize the spiritual problem and want to help. One of my professors took the time to discuss the matter with and to recommend books to me. I have talked to other professors who are genuinely and sympathetically interested. But they, as the administrators, are prevented from contributing their ideas to students because of lack of time.

This is why I feel the solution must come from the churches and from the ministry. I should be able to go to a minister and say, "I am a little skeptical at this point; can you help me?" I should be able to meet in a discussion group, led by a minister, and say, "I think maybe the Hindus had a good idea about this," without any eyebrows being raised.

I think I am essentially a Christian. I have a deep interest in what I believe to be a great problem because I have met it personally, namely, the conflict between religion and higher education. I have been skeptical, confused, and downright negative. I do not think organized religion is meeting the needs of college students, and I think something must be done quickly. Since the student cannot find help from the university faculties and administrators, the solution must come from the church. Before organized religion can begin to cope with the problem, it must square itself with what is true. We are asked to conform to what is true—is this too much to ask of religion?

SIGNS OF RETURN IN THE ALIENATIONS OF MODERN ART

by John F. Haywood, assistant professor, Religion and Art, Federated Faculty, University of Chicago

THE familiar alienations of our times are *dramatized* in the work of the modern artist. He has played a part in the field of social protest; he has played a somewhat larger part in visualizing the destructive compulsions of individual human behavior; he has variously dazzled the bourgeoise by his decomposition of familiar forms or by a surrealist arrangement of familiar forms, or by violence of form and color, or by explorations into mystical symbolism or demonic imagery. In effect, the modern artist has been one of the major witnesses in our day of what the theologian, Paul Tillich has called, "the threat to spiritual self-affirmation through the anxiety of meaninglessness." So many works of modern art have given a picture of human helplessness in the face of indifferent or hostile powers, that the traditional role of art seems to be strangely subverted. Whereas in primitive and classical culture, art has been the servant of religion, and in all ages the artist has looked upon himself as the singer of the glories and griefs of life and love, the modern artist in civilized society looms as the apostle of despair. Our world wars, psychoses, economic agonies, and anxiety toward total destruction have caused a state of mind in the general public today which was sensitively anticipated in the world of art as long as the last two decades of the nineteenth century.

As long as art is understood as a faithful response to the reality of human experience and thus a response also to the real world with which a man interacts, the artist can only be praised for his witness to a spiritual barrenness so obviously characteristic of our times. Whatever the personal weaknesses of the artist as a human being, he is not easily given to a sacrifice of honesty. Because our age is basically troubled, the artist will respond accordingly. Living as he does on the fringes of despair, the artist's vocation can become literally unbearable. Behind him lies the tradition of the artist as singer and celebrant; before him lies a world wherein all flesh appears as meaningless substance to be quickly consumed. It seems as though reality conspires against him to destroy his vocation. And he is understandably tempted to give himself yet another alienation in the effort to be rid of the tension between his role as a singer and his temptation to despair. He will accept alienation from all but his own subjectivity.

WHAT was once the artistic battle cry of freedom from old techniques, styles and subject matter, has become a rather petulant insistence that only private feelings privately expressed in esoteric forms constitute a legitimate art for our day. The problem of the modern artist's alienation in his own subjectivity is not answered by asking him to give up his hard-won achievements in contemporary visual form. The careful use of distortion and the freedom to experiment in abstraction have given modern art a new expressiveness which should never be allowed to lapse into an imitation of classical or traditional styles. The case I would plead is for a new critical attitude toward what the modern artist can achieve with his new-found methods. We will affirm with Malraux that all true art is a break with appearances. We will applaud the courage of experiment in the modern artistic temperament. Along with the artist, we will defend the essential expressiveness of the visual form, and hope for a widening appreciation thereof among the general public. We will suggest, however, that both artist and public attach a significance to visual form greater than aesthetic delight, that they learn to appreciate anew the way in which great art—or even good art—can take a meaningful place in the main stream of human culture. In effect, the really good artist cannot avoid making a commentary on the character of his times. His penetration of his material will bring him to basic questions of joy and suffering in human life; and to the properly critical eye he will reveal, in some degree at least, whether his response to life is one of hope or despair or a combination of the two.

FOR instance, is it necessary to view Van Gogh's *The Starry Night*, with its violent and surrealistic treatment of sky and cypress, merely as a sign of the artist's inner turmoil? Must the forms be taken only literally, as it

were, as though the coarse brushstrokes betokened inner violence, the harsh contrast of light and dark, yellow and blue, betokened inner tension, and the roll and fury of the linear rhythms pointed to a loss of essential balance and poise? To Van Gogh himself, the challenge to paint the night sky was part of his search for a religious reality. As he was contemplating the project of *The Starry Night* he said in a letter to his brother Theo, "To express hope by a star, the eagerness of the soul by a sunset radiance, certainly there is nothing in that of . . . realism, but is it not something that exists?" It would be narrowly dogmatic to insist that what Van Gogh saw in the night sky was merely a projection of his own feelings. The visionary power of *The Starry Night*, achieved through its break with appearances, is a communication of what Van Gogh "saw" when he made a total religious response to the power of Being. Each heavenly body in the painting has its own circular motion causing it to spin through space with a "sound" appropriate to its own size and brilliance. This vitality of the "singing" heavenly bodies is given unity (joined in a choir?) by the great rhythm of powerful reverse curves extending left to right in the sky: the stars also follow this rhythmic arrangement and the same theme is repeated vertically in the lines of the cypress. Even the gentle squares of light in the houses pick up the same pattern, as though the village participates in the heavenly glory by a faint echo, by some far away listening among the villagers to an almost inaudible sound. Similarly, the church steeple, faintly emulating the heavenward thrust of the cypress, adds its quiet and scarcely effectual geometric note to the wild harmonies of the heavens. Musical counterparts assault the observer's mind: a tremolo on high strings, a rush of woodwinds, and the pulse of kettledrums. All that is implied in the idea of a great hymn of praise is here present; it is a visual "Gloria in excelsis Deo," with emphasis on "excelsis."

By the over-all clockwise circular motion in *The Starry Night* a note of threat is introduced. The dragon-like pattern of stars and air currents plunges toward the mountain horizon at the far right. There the brushstrokes thrust back toward the village, descending upon it through a pair of wavering horizontals resembling ocean surf, although the probable denotation here is that of two lines of trees. In this circular pattern of violent activity the little plane of the village and its rectilinear stillness are perilously caught. The cypress receives the leftward thrust of the base of the clockwise motion; it bends with the shock, and directs the lines of force upward. The village is about to be engulfed.

The theological counterpart of this pattern of engulfment is that of the apocalypse: here is the mood of the Day of Judgment, of the destruction and transformation of the ineffectual works of men into a divine reality. What can be seen as the song of the morning stars and the music of creation can also be seen as an analogue to "the great hail out of heaven" when the angel in the day of wrath empties the Seventh Vial upon the earth.

The critic has no grounds for supposing that this imagery of Job and Revelation is literally intended in this painting anymore than the critical churchman can insist on the literal truth of this same imagery as it occurs in the Bible. Because art operates on a level other than the literal, its intimations of divine truth are not reducible to clear propositions. One cannot demonstrate or prove these intimations. But, by making use of poetic and theological analogies in art criticism, one can stimulate the religious sense and the religious response; and the whole critical enterprise can be partially saved from the very subjectivism it seeks to avoid by careful reference to public, sharable forms in the elements and composition of the work and by recourse to art history wherever possible. Such an enterprise must avoid the twin extremes of total relativism or a dogmatic scholasticism.

THE Cézanne canvass reproduced in this article makes a good case in point. The observer's first impression is likely to be one of almost chaotic vitality. An incipient cubism is present but there is little of the rectilinear quality characteristic of developed cubism. The odd angle dominates, and in the upper part, the forms become definitely free flowing. The forms and colors can be observed in horizontal bands: the base is seen as a relatively quiet blue mass issuing in vertically elongated crystalline cubes with diagonal tops. The center band is the most nearly rectilinear, but what it loses in dynamism by virtue of its quiet shapes, it gains in vitality with the use of yellows and greens in strong contrasts of light value. The third horizontal band consisting of mountain and sky recapitulates the blue, green, and yellow tones of the bands below it but transmutes them into a new key: value contrast (light and dark) are de-emphasized and the effect of vitality depends mainly on movement. The rigid diagonals of the first horizontal band are transmuted into the tumbling diagonals of the mountain surfaces. All shapes tend to become bigger and freer in the sky through a less regular rhythm and the introduction of curvilinear contours.

In seeking an interpretation the observer notes a progression from the relatively static to the more and more dynamic as his eye moves up the picture plane. The dance of all parts is one movement which gets progressively wilder as the eye advances from the foreground into the distance, up to the mountain, into the sky. The word "dance" suggests rejoicing and one theological interpretation of this painting would see in it the quality of the "Gloria." But looked at from the standpoint of the decomposition of familiar forms and the wildness of its dynamics the painting seems to display a seismographic rumble, a turbulence of earth and air, which brings with it the apocalyptic note. Especially if one compares this view of *Mt. St. Victoire* with Cézanne's earlier studies of the same scene, there is a disruption of his previous pastoral calm and measured orderliness. Cézanne's earlier vision of a grand and stable stillness is here shaking at the foundation.

Whether the final interpretive reac-

Courtesy Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.

THE STARRY NIGHT, Vincent Van Gogh

tion to *The Starry Night* or *Mt. St. Victoire* is one of celebration or one of fear, both paintings exhibit a quality common to a large portion of the best of modern painting. This is the quality of power of being, intensity of being, a great vitality over against the artist rather than a creation of the artist's controlling, measuring, and humanizing spirit. The theological counterpart to this spirit is the picture of God's grandeur and his otherness, the Job-like sense of the overriding divine magnificence. The artist need not consciously intend such a theological result in order to achieve it. Faithfulness to power of being at any level serves to indicate a separation of the subject, the ego, from some aspect of the world magnificently existing in its own right. When a great artist like Cézanne or

Van Gogh faces that otherness on a large scale, and faces it courageously, the result is almost terrifying in its intensity. Whatever such an image may be, it is not one of emptiness or nothingness or essential deprivation. It is not primarily an image of suffering. Least of all is it an image of the artist's state of mind. It is a proclamation of fullness, complete in power and containing an accent of threat. Both Cézanne and Van Gogh were deeply concerned to use the distortions of their style to indicate the inner quality of their subject matter. In spite of their great personal alienations from much of modern life (Cézanne the recluse, Van Gogh, a failure in the ministry), neither was seduced by the thought that his own feelings, per se, are important. Each remained essentially a realist, seeking the thing itself in its inmost being.

EVEN a supposedly pure abstraction like Kandinsky's *Composition 1914* will achieve a cultural realism for all its nonrepresentational quality. One may observe a diagonal drift of organic shapes from the lower left to the upper right and an invasion of these shapes by lightning-like lances crazily thrusting in from all angles. The bright but rich colors of the floating forms produce a lyrical effect and their derailment and disruption excite intimations of threat even more poignant than in the Van Gogh and Cézanne paintings previously considered. The element of destruction is clearly depicted. A larger question for modern man vis-à-vis this Kandinsky painting is whether he can find here a note of hope, a sign of a revived creativity. I happen to find such a note in the persistence of the main drift of forms and in the intimation of cell-division and procreation in the major exploding form. To be sure, in all such judgments the critic's subjectivity must necessarily come into play. But the forms of the painting are objective and the range of connotation is not unlimited.

PICASSO'S *Guernica* is probably the most famous painting of the modern era. Is this painting so tremendously impressive only because of its technical skill or formal power, or because it is the authentic voice of our times? Let us say that, by virtue of its technical skill and formal power taken in relation to its subject matter, it has *become* the authentic voice of our times and for *all* these reasons deserves its reputation.

There appears to be a great shift in tone between *The Starry Night* and *Guernica*. Whereas in the former, the first reaction tends to be one of exaltation with a minor intimation of threat, in the latter the threat is realized, destruction is rampant, and one is hard put to see any sign of return from so thorough an image of alienation. In the scale from Van Gogh to the Picasso of *Guernica*, Kandinsky seems to occupy a mid-position. In *Guernica* itself, there is no vista, but rather a harsh crowding toward the picture plane of figures in various stages of pain, destruction, and extinction. The ground of the painting is a total black and the figures are dramatically and harshly lighted by an electric lamp. In the earlier sketches that lamp was a sun. One wonders if the electrification of the light is a symbol of existentialist despair: that is, no natural light is available to man; his only light, like

MONT ST. VICTOIRE, Paul Cezanne

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll S. Tyson, Philadelphia Museum of Art

the lamp in the hand of the figure leaning out of the window, is manufactured, and all that it illumines is a scene of horror—a scene gracelessly constructed out of harsh and jagged patches of light and shadow.

Guernica is at first glance a challenge to all faith. It is an invitation to despair and perhaps its only indication of escape from meaninglessness lies not in the painting but in the Christian's faith that God enters the life of man mainly through the darkest night of his soul. Any kerygmatic Christian theology which depends primarily on the total separation of faith from all cultural values would find *Guernica* theologically important as long as its tone of total despair is preserved intact. Where faith and culture are not seen as absolutely antagonistic qualities, the Christian is necessarily troubled by *Guernica's* nihilistic vision. He will then seek in the painting itself for signs of return from alienation. And I believe such signs are there to be discovered. Juan Larrea's fascinating monograph called *Guernica—Pablo Picasso* (published by Valentin, New York: 1947) goes deeply into the iconography of the work in relation to developments in symbolism in Picasso's previous works. He finds that there is a good deal of explicit symbolism in *Guernica* with a definite political thrust. The horse is a familiar symbol for Francisco Franco and in this painting is seen as the principal agent of destruction. The spear thrust in the horse's side is symbolic of the faith that fascism has already received its death wound and that its current destructiveness is the product of its final spasm. The bull is a symbol of the Spanish people whose soul is essentially unperturbed by the current suffering. It stands protectingly over the mother wailing for her dead child as though to comfort and strengthen the women of Spain.

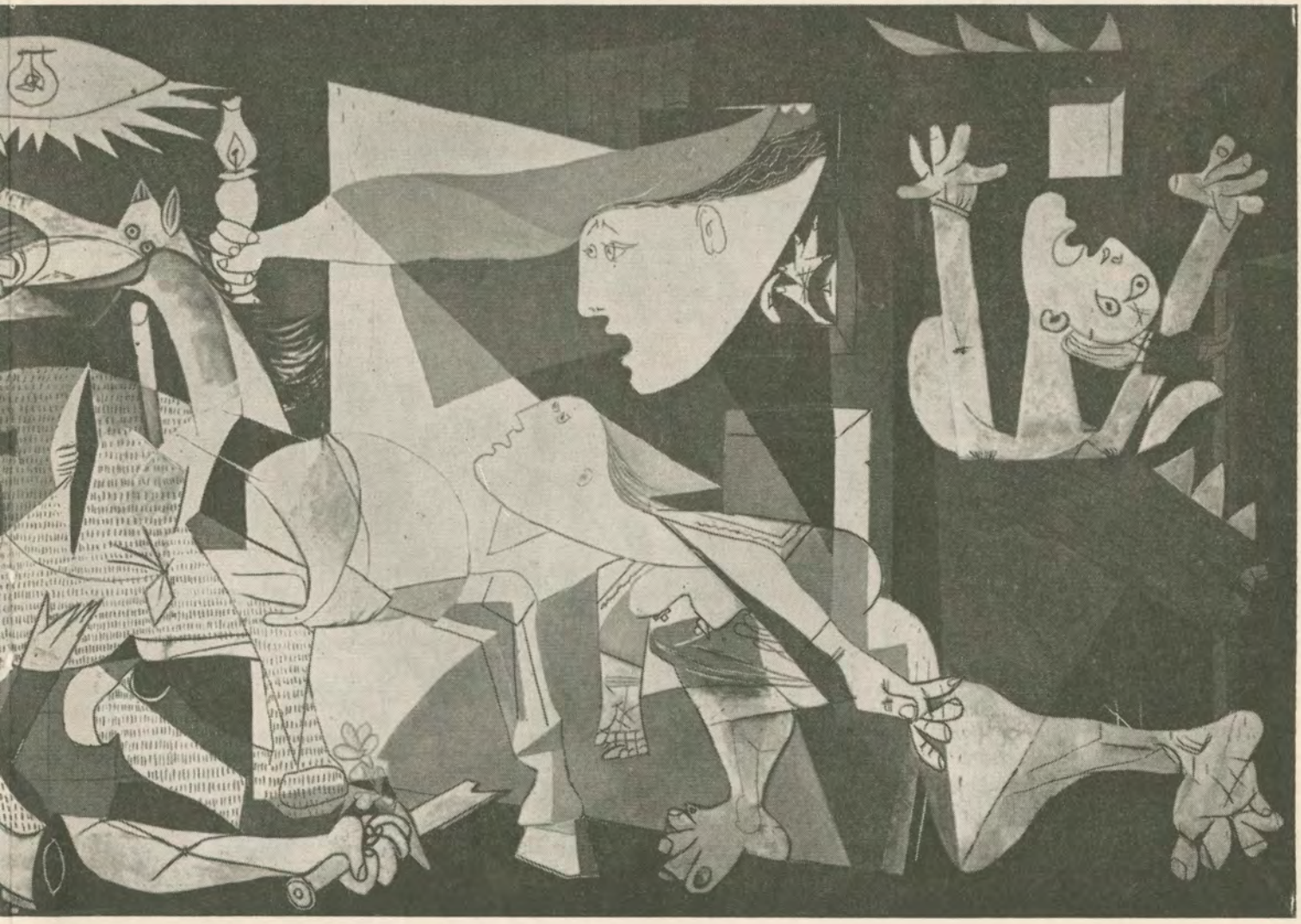
These and other analytical theories of Larrea are borne out by a purely formal analysis of the composition. The horse is shockingly unco-ordinated by virtue of the strong thrust of his hind quarters, the collapse of his forward parts and the counter-

COMPOSITION 1914, Vassily Kandinsky

Courtesy Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, N. Y.

GUERNICA, Pablo Picasso

On extended loan from the artist to the Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.



strain of his back-thrusting neck and screaming mouth. He stumbles on the fragments of the human body at his feet. Counterthrusts against his advance are effectively provided by the relatively powerful advance of the two figures toward the center, the woman with the lamp (truth?) and the woman running (action?). In the lateral panels of the painting the motion is essentially vertical rather than horizontal or diagonal. To the right the woman plunging in flames makes a great downward wedge; but her hands, eyes, and shriek mount upward. In counterpoint to this figure the woman on the left panel makes a wedge up while her hands and dead child sink earthward. She too sends aloft her gaze and clamor in almost the same calligraphy as her sister to the far right. The eyes of the severed head of those of the bull have much in common: wide, clear, and knowing eyes.

From these qualities can we find signs of return? There is a return of human power and goodness in the successful opposition of the two women (right center) to the horse. There is an undertone of social power and goodness in the bull and in the honor paid to the dead through the resemblance of the dead man's eyes and those of the bull. There is a supplication *in extremis*, a kind of *Miserere nobis* in the two lateral women. There is, in short, a world of essential goodness that suffers here, that struggles and cries to be redeemed. It is for these reasons that I find *Guernica* a deeply religious painting, a work of elemental theological significance. It would seem to me almost blasphemous to say that *Guernica* is simply a reflection of Picasso's personal despair: no, the whole modern world is revealed through Picasso. It would seem even more blasphemous simply to "enjoy" *Guernica's* forms and composition without reference to its meaning. This would be like saying that *Hamlet* is a technically competent play but it has nothing of importance to say to human life.

WHEREAS the earlier works of Van Gogh and Cézanne tend to affirm the grandeur of creation and to stress the apocalyptic note of the otherness of the Creator, and later works of Kandinsky and Picasso drive home the reality of human suffering, and particularly in the Picasso, the twin notes of heroism and supplication loom large. The horrors which had sent their advance intimations to the sensitive feelings of Van Gogh and Cézanne, became real in the experience of Kandinsky and Picasso. Kandinsky responds to the challenge of despair by a kind of naturalistic vitalism. Picasso, even more deeply immersed in the modern pathos, includes and transcends the vitalistic response by suggesting a mood of ultimate and desperate supplication. This is done without sentimentality. Neither does it consign the human figure to meaninglessness: the cry of supplication remains to dignify the cries. The power to ask "Why?" is not lost and thereby the religious quest remains intact. Through the dark night of modern man's soul the artist clings to the hope that man is worth saving and that the perennial artistic vocation of the celebration of life and love is not a permanently lost cause.

The modern artist need feel under no necessity to cultivate a cultural nihilism for the sake of being modern. If he does so behave, he will be modern, perhaps, but not significant, not good, never great. Wherever he has great technical skill, the modern artist is all the more mislead if he prostitutes this skill to the propagation of despair. Suffering is and has always been real and unavoidable. It has been the stuff of the greatest art from Sophocles through the great painters of Christianity to Picasso. Despair is distinct from suffering and not necessarily its consequence. In Christian theology despair has been called a sin. In any case, silence is the most becoming response to despair. If a man would speak to many—as every artist seeks to do—he is bound to keep wrestling against the threat of despair and to show, if only by the intensity of his struggle, the evidence of hope. In our day the lure of fame may not be so strong or so real in the artist's world as it used to be. But one may venture the prediction that those works of modern art will live longest which speak honestly and realistically to the best hopes as well as the clearest vision of mankind.

"I've got all I need right here."

THE DARK is light enough

by Christopher Fry

commentary by John Ferguson, senior lecturer in classics
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THE Dark Is Light Enough is described by its author as a winter comedy, but to call it a comedy is to extend the normal scope of that art, for though the play abounds in wit, and even humor, its purpose is fundamentally serious, and the method whereby that purpose is effected is equally serious. And yet the description is deliberate, as the very title of the play shows. For Christopher Fry, who occasionally helps us toward the understanding of his work, has written as follows: "There is an angle of experience where the dark is distilled into light: either here or hereafter, in or out of time: where our tragic fate finds itself with perfect pitch, and goes straight to the key which creation is composed in. And comedy serves and reaches out to this experience. It says, in effect, that, groaning as we may be, we move in the figure of a dance, and, so moving, we trace the outline of the mystery."

That passage affirms his fundamental seriousness of purpose. And what Fry is, I think, saying, is that the essential distinction between the tragic and comic approaches to life is that the former is complex, reflective, critical, and the latter simple, direct and acceptant. Life's thread is tangled. It is tragedy's business patiently to unravel it, scrutinizing each strand. Comedy may, at its best, pounce directly upon the clew. Further, there is a directness which resolves the tangle completely and immediately. Tragedy can never hope to achieve more than a partial unraveling. Comedy, even if it fails to achieve the direct and complete resolution, can point to it.

This resolution is what we mean in religious terms by redemption: for life deals not in abstract problems, but in concrete and highly individual men and women. And the agent of redemption lives by the same simple, unreflective directness. Fry prefixes to his play some words from the great entomologist Fabre. "The weather was stormy; the sky heavily clouded; the darkness . . . profound. . . . It was across this maze of leafage, and in absolute darkness, that the butterflies had to find their way in order to attain the end of their pilgrimage. Under such conditions the screech owl would not dare to forsake its olive tree. The butterfly . . . goes forward without hesitation. . . . So well it directs its tortuous flight that, in spite of all the obstacles to be evaded, it arrives in a state of perfect freshness, its great wings intact. . . . The darkness is light enough."

The butterfly in this particular play is named Rosmarin Ostenburg. She is a countess, living the last days of her life in the Hungarian revolt against Austria in 1848. She has her own literary and philosophical entourage who meet with her each Thursday. But on the Thursday on which the play opens she is not with them. It turns out that she has driven despite the winter weather and the danger from fighting to rescue a Hungarian deserter named Richard Gettner. Gettner, a protégé of hers with some literary reputation, was once married to her daughter Gelda, but the marriage was annulled. He is an egocentric, with little thought save for his own skin, and no one has a good word for him. Gelda has married again, Count Peter Zichy, a stable Hungarian in an official position in Vienna, who is trying to better the condition of his people by a process of peaceful evolution. Gelda has been told of her mother's absence. She arrives, but Peter, following her, is captured by Hungarian troops, who come with him as hostage to demand the surrender of Gettner. Gettner is hidden, and the countess refuses to give him away, even in exchange for Peter's freedom.

The second act is set in the stables where Gettner is hiding, and into which the rest of the family have to move as the Hungarians occupy the house. The act throws light upon the principal characters in a number of ways. Gelda alone besides her mother has shown even courtesy toward Gettner. Now there is a love scene between them demonstrating that there is within her a real passion of emotion toward him. Stefan, her brother, succeeds in provoking Gettner, drunk, into a duel which sober he has refused, and nearly gets killed in the process. Peter, being a prisoner of the Hungarians, is involved in a skirmish, and finds himself fighting on their side. He still thinks they have been wrong but he now understands. By a brilliant parallel he is also brought to an understanding of the relations between Gettner and his wife. And the countess learns from a couple of Hungarian soldiers their bawdiest song

Why so shy, my pretty Thomasina?
Thomasin, O Thomasin,
Once you were so promisin'
I shall woo you on my concertina
La la la la la la la
(not precisely the words they would sing when ladies were not present)
Thomasin-a!

In the final act the Hungarians are defeated, and the Austrians are taking a brutal and terrible vengeance. Peter, free, comes together with Gelda on an altogether deeper level than they have yet known, before returning to Vienna to try to act as reconciler. The countess is dangerously ill, but as it is Thursday insists on coming down. The Hungarian officer, Colonel Janik, who has been in the house as conqueror, comes now as a refugee. Rosmarin hides him, as she has hidden Gettner. Gettner, who had left, returns; the news of the countess' illness has drawn him back. He is left alone with the countess. Rosmarin's persistent goodness to him has been too much for him; he can only attribute it to human love, and he invites her to marry him. But in that sense she has never loved him, and tells him so. Yet she will not leave him until she has learned to love him. This is not enough for him. His last illusion is gone. He swings out and leaves her alone. She sings a bar or two of "Thomasina" to herself, and then speaks

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I am very much in love with something,
What it may be I can't remember;
It will come to me.
That was a roundabout drive in the snow,
Owing to my eccentric sense of direction.

Her head droops in death. There comes a tremendous hammering on the door. It is the Austrians, pursuing Janik. If they discover Gettner he is doomed. He re-enters, addresses Rosmarin, finds her dead, and prepares to escape. But the hammering and Rosmarin's silence draw him back. This is her love, and he stands firmly to face the Austrians in Janik's place.

THE play is written in loose iambics with a quality of language that no other living dramatist can remotely approach. But there is no longer the tumbling ebullience of *The Lady's Not for Burning*. The language is disciplined, and because disciplined, altogether more powerful. The similes are no longer so Homeric; they rarely chase off into a life of their own, and for that reason illuminate their original object more brightly.

I know the snow to-night
Comes down as white and soft as a bishop's hand

or

My head
Is a sad feather in the early morning

or

Our marriage vows
Go on like dancers, with no thought in the world to carry

or

In the middle of the swarm, immovable
As a queen bee, our mother is standing
Fascinated and appalled.

or

My memory . . .
Is here, there, everywhere, but nowhere long,
Like a bat in a bedroom—

all these are telling because of their concision, and would lose by elaboration. And when Fry allows himself a more complex picture, it remains a sustained comparison, and its original purpose is not permitted to get lost amid a torrent of independent words and images.

Richard sometimes reminds me of an unhappy
Gentleman, who comes to the shore
Of a January sea, heroically
Strips to swim, and then seems powerless
To advance or retire, either to take the shock
Of the water or to immerse himself again
In his warm clothes,

—note the metaphor inside the simile—

and so stands cursing
The sea, the air, the season, anything
Except himself, as blue as a plucked goose.
It would be very well if he would one day
Plunge, or dress himself again.

The same is true of the wit. The play is witty, as Fry has always been. But he is more sure of himself. To pile wit on wit is a sign of uncertainty. He now makes his point and lets it speak for itself. Thus Bella, the housekeeper, supervising the removal of furniture, says

Don't be dismayed, madam. I promise you
They shall handle each thing as though it was myself.

Kassel is the most witty of Rosmarin's circle. He is given one of the neatest points

I have always found
Her handwriting to be her way, not
Of giving but of withholding information

and another, most carefully and deliberately contrived

And at nine, when Gyorki was saying, as usual,
That there is no clear truth except the present
Which alters as we grasp it,
She bowed to us in the doorway, and said
"We must freely admit the future," and withdrew
To give birth to Stefan.

The finest of his verbal effects are obtained here by the simplest means. He no longer relies upon a recondite vocabulary, though occasionally a word like "thrumming" or "chatelaine" obtrudes itself a little. The verse is very loose; when he tautens it a little it becomes almost Shakespearian

In the mythology of woman with man
Show me a tale more certain, unswayable,
Abundant, and long-suffering, than this
Of you with me.

Change the positions of "man" and "woman," find another word for "unswayable," and that is sheer Shakespeare. Sometimes, however, the effect is achieved through the very looseness, as in one of the most lovely passages of the play. Rosmarin is speaking.

The hours, as they came and went, were my own people.
In obedience, time never failed me, as though
The keys of the year were on my chatelaine.
Summer would end, surely, but the year fell
For my sake, dying the golden death
As though it were the game to put
Hands over my eyes and part them suddenly
When primroses and violets lay
Like raindrops on a leaf
In the beginning of Spring.
The years occupied themselves about me.
The house was perpetual; it was the stars
Which turned and fled.

That is one of the few purple patches, one of the few pieces of consciously fine writing, and its effect issues from its freedom.

Elsewhere he uses asyndeton to achieve a climax, as in

Richard Gettner: that invertebrate,
That self-drunk, drunken, shiftless, heartless,
Lying malingerer, Richard Gettner.

or

The house
Is hospital, headquarters, barracks,
Armoury, pandemonium.

He uses, as in *A Sleep of Prisoners*, the oldest and simplest rhetorical device, that of repetition, with marked power. Gettner's recurring "Is he a fool, your husband?" recalls Adam's "Look, sir, my sons are playing" in the earlier play. At another point the countess asks Gelda

What would you wish to do?
Never to have known the events of yesterday
Or to have used them differently?

and Gelda replies

For your sake,
Remembering this outcome, never to have known them
For Peter's sake, never to have known them
For Richard's sake, could I have used them differently?
For my sake— I don't know how to answer.

The repetition is effectively affecting. The same is true of one of the great climaxes of the play. Gettner has shot Stefan and is facing arrest. The countess speaks of her son

I ask you
Not to make him the cause of punishment
Not to make his wound a death,
Not to turn his challenge into a judgment.

A similar economy of effect is to be observed in Fry's use of the recurring image. He experimented with these to good purpose in *A Sleep of Prisoners*, using (as the title implied) two in chief —sleep and prison. In this longer play

such treatment might become wearisome. Hence his use is more reserved, and to some extent transferred from words to action. Thus three themes help to hold the play together: the motif of the duel, the motif of the song, and the motif of the journey. The first is heard when two of the countess' train quarrel, and this episode is interwoven with Stefan's challenge of Gettner. The thought of two individuals thus confronting each other cannot but remain with us as Gettner confronts the countess at the last. The second links the three acts: the countess driving across the snow hears the soldiers singing, she learns their song, she dies singing it; it serves to convey symbolically the thought of life as a song and dance. The third links the beginning and end of the play. At the beginning the countess has driven off to find Gettner, by instinct rather than reason. At the end of the first act Kassel says to her

and I seriously wonder
Whether the drive you took so far in the snow,
Rosmarin, is finished even yet.

In the final act Gettner reverses the direction of *his* journey to return to the countess. He has now sought her out. At the last he leaves the countess in order to go back to the journey he was making, and the countess passes into her last sleep with the words

That was a roundabout drive in the snow,
Owing to my eccentric sense of direction!

But there is one image more important still, and that recurs time and again—the snow. The essential fact about this image is that it is ambivalent. The snow is lovely, "white and soft as a bishop's hand"; it stands for redemption and perfection

I have been as clever as an ostler
And driven alone, one human and two horses,
Into a redeemed land, uncrossed by any soul
Or sound, and always the falling perfection
Covering where we came, so that the land
Lay perfect behind us, as though we were perpetually
Forgiven the journey.

But to Janik and his soldiers the snow means cold, hardness, frost. The countess sees deeper

But the hardest frost of a year
Will not arrest the growing world

and her own last peaceful thought is of her roundabout drive in the snow.

In all this there is something of a paradox. Fry wants to focus attention upon the thought rather than the language of his play, and for that reason seeks a greater naturalism of speech: his words, while they remain poetry, are essentially the words and even rhythms of natural conversation. But to achieve this has required a greater discipline and a more studied effectiveness than he has ever used before. In that sense too this is a winter comedy. The fecund springing to life of *The Lady's Not for Burning,* the hothouse luxuriant summer growth of *Venus Observed* are here replaced by the gaunt outlines of winter which leave the framework of thought clear to see.

THE play is about Christian love—*agape.* This was the new idea by which Christianity revolutionized the moral thinking of the world. It is derived, in Christian thought, from the love of God for men—"we love because he first loved us"—and that love is its exemplar. Because God's love is directed to all men, because "while we were yet sinners he loved us," because his rain falls and his sun shines impartially upon just and unjust alike, because he cares for the lost sheep and the prodigal son, the love that responds to his will know no limitations. Love directed to one and not another is, as Rosmarin knows, a "dangerous, partial love." Our neighbor is any man who needs our love. He may (to use the New Testament illustrations) be a member of a higher caste who would treat us with nothing but contempt, or a soldier of an occupying power who represents a brutal and corrupt tyranny: that makes no difference. The essence of Christian love is that each individual is a person, made in the image of a personal God, wearing the flesh that Christ wore, ever with the power to become a child of God, and he is never to be treated as less than personal.

Such love has nothing to do with either passion or liking. These forces—the Greeks called them *eros* and *philia*—have their part to play in moulding human society, but both are directed to some individuals and not to others, and both are ultimately self-regarding, being motivated by the impact upon us of the person towards whom they are directed. Nor is Christian love sentimental; on the contrary it is always costing—in Dostoevsky's word, searing. It may take the person who follows it to a cross. And it is not a vague aspiration of the sort we so often hear "Wouldn't it be nice if we all loved one another!" Rather it is God's way, and the way those must follow who would be true to him, in a world of sin and evil, persecution, oppression and maltreatment. It is a way of redemption.

The tendency of modern society is to depersonalize, to treat men and women not as persons but as cogs in some vast economic, political or military machine. Of this the supreme example is war. A bomb has been dropped which killed in a single flash 80,000 individuals. Since then other bombs have been devised so much more devastating that there is nowhere on the earth's surface where they may be tested with impunity. The utter impersonality of war as we know it today is absolutely incompatible with a love which would treat all men as persons. Under the shadow of war and the hydrogen bomb this play was born, and the background of war against which it is set is of profound significance.

In this general revulsion from war Fry's Quaker affiliations come out with great clarity. But the particular occasion is significant too. For, in the first place, we are not dealing with twentieth-century weapons of mass destruction; yet the incompatibility of war with a love that is personal is clear for all to see. You do not salve the sin of the soul by banning the atomic bomb.

Secondly, the war in question is a civil war; yet fought out by people of different races and nationalities. And there is right on both sides, and both sides exercise their power with brutal violence. This is an epitome of our own condition. The world has become what Wendell Willkie called it—"One World." Any war between men is civil war. Few are the wars in which there is not a measure of right on both sides: the Korean conflict is a good example. Few are the wars in which both sides are not dragged down by violence into ever-increasing ruthlessness.

Thirdly, the particular conflict is one of the best examples of the futility of war even in a good cause. The rebellion of Kossuth was ill-fated and short-lived; its violence produced violent reprisals. Some years later a Christian landowner named Deak organized a campaign of resistance which abjured violence, and from this bloodless campaign the rights which Hungarians sought were won.

The verb "to love"—and it is the verb, not the noun, which is characteristic of the gospels; we are dealing with an activity, not an abstraction—requires a subject and an object. In this play the object is Richard Gettner. He is shown in the most unfavorable light possible. He is first mentioned as a "rag of hell." He has for some reason been swept into the revolution, joined a lynching party, deserted in the field, and is anxious for nothing but to save his skin. Of the countess who saves him he can only say

There's no one on earth
I would put to more trouble

and when at the end of the second act

her body weakens and she asks for his arm he refuses to give it. He tries to cause trouble between Peter and Gelda. He refused to stand up to Stefan, goes out to fight him in a pique of personal spite, and returns whimpering and maudlin for what he has done. He steals a horse from the countess, although the horse is injured, rides it brutally, and on his return ignores the countess' solicitous questions about it. He wants to deny Col. Janik the refuge in her house which he has himself enjoyed. His one favorable point is his easy relations with the common soldiers, with whom he enjoys a hail-fellow-well-met type of friendship. Even his refraining from taking advantage of Gelda when they were first married is half seen to be because she then could not satisfy him: he would feel no scruples now.

The attitude of most people towards him is not in doubt. The countess' friends are uniformly hostile. Belmann calls him not a man but a rat, but that is precisely what *agape* will not allow. Even old Bella sees him as the man who has caused all the trouble, and a good riddance. To Janik he is a deserter, to be placed in a category with a label attached to him, and treated as such. None of these think of him as a person; to Belmann he is an animal, to Bella a cause, to Janik one of a class. Young callow Stefan is better than these. He is ready to treat Gettner as a person. But he can only think on the level of likes and dislikes

I wish you would give me the cue for peace.
Maybe I've a lazy temper; certainly
I dislike disliking. You have just to show me
Where you keep your sympathy
For the people I've most affection for,
And I'll understand if I can.

His conception of action, consequently, remains on the level of rewards and punishments. He is shocked that Gettner deserts.

We should send Gettner out into the night again
And let it beat on his own head alone.

He is not troubled at sheltering a man, but at sheltering a deserter and a coward. This comes near to the pigeonholing methods of Janik's mind, but it is in fact an attempt to make a genuine moral judgment, and judge action on the basis of merit. Hence for him the response to Janik's offer to release Peter for Gettner is a simple weighing of their qualities.

Stefan is the representative of *philia*, his sister of *eros*. Gelda treats Richard Gettner with tenderness. At first it seems that her attitude may image her mother's

Now
There are no questions I want to ask you, Richard.
You should know there are friends here, as there have always been.

She criticizes her brother's harsh judgments

We know too little to make a judgment yet.

The words imply, however, that she is willing to judge when the evidence is sufficient. But she sees the dangers of the night for Richard, and stands with the countess in refusing to sacrifice him even for the security of her own husband. Gradually, however, it becomes clear that her motivation is different from that of the countess. Even when she stands with the countess at the end of the first act she stands there because she has been Richard's wife—though of course that is all past. When she confronts him in the barn she makes the same sort of protestation

Some sort of love there was.
But whether it left me or whether I turned from it
It became remote.

Gettner is shrewd enough to see that in her mind is the general proposition that he is a man to be loved, and as they kiss it becomes clear that that love is aflame; later in his drunkenness he challenges her with it before Peter and she does not deny it. But this means that her relations with him are peculiar. Her protectiveness is directed to him *and not to another*. Hence her earlier words

But what help can there ever be for Richard?

echoed by him, take on a new poignancy. She cannot be the instrument of his redemption. But *eros* has its own proper place in life, and her restored relations with Peter at the last give new hope on a deeper plane.

PETER'S role is more difficult to assess. He is sympathetically treated by the author. He is honored by all, as Gettner is despised. He is the man who has done all he can to make Hungarian and Austrian cooperation work; at the last he is hurrying off to stop the bloody reprisals. He does not forget personal relationships, and the way he and Gelda

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Jacket drawing from *The Dark Is Light Enough*

draw together at the end is among the more moving things in the play. But he suffers from the ambiguity of the man in public position, for whom personal relationships cannot be all. Nonetheless he is anxious to take the first step of *agape,* which is understanding. Understanding in its literal sense that is—the power to stand underneath another and enter into his experiences, the true meaning of both sympathy and compassion. Mahatma Gandhi once said that if we would only practise this imaginative self-identification with others, publicly and privately, four fifths of our differences would fall apart, and over the remaining 20 per cent we should at least have mutual respect.

It is perhaps some such thought that is here in the dramatist's mind. Peter can enter into Gelda's feeling for Richard, and he does not set himself up as a judge. He finds himself swept into the Hungarian side in a skirmish, and, though he acknowledges that it was wrong, through it he has become identified in some sense with them, he has entered into their experience. We might almost say that he was made sin for them. But the range of his active sympathy is circumscribed. He has his concerns, the dealings of Austrians with Hungarians, his own marriage with Gelda. Gettner impinges on these. But he is not one of them. And faced with Gettner, Peter has nothing constructive to offer

I'm afraid to guess
How much deeper we shall have to sink
Before we find your lowest mark. But now,
For the time, we won't go lower than we are.
This can rest.

So the countess alone can redeem. Four things go to the making of a play, thought-pattern, incident, language, and character. In this play incident and language are subordinated to thought-pattern and character. The play is built round the theme of redemption and the character of Rosmarin Ostenburg. There is no doubt that one factor in the moulding of this character was the dramatic personality of Edith Evans. The Presbyterian theologian John Oman once said that what he meant by a Christian was one with whom to see was to act.

This is true of Rosmarin Ostenburg. Gettner's need, or Janik's, draw from her an instant response of impulsive action. She has a magnetic personality, evidenced by the loyalty of her friends and the family, and the tears of the villagers at her illness, a deep sense of commitment, simply demonstrated by the certainty of her presence at the Thursday gatherings, and an inconsequential wisdom which is all her own. But what matters above all is her absolute respect for the personality of the individual human. A human life is to her sacrosanct.

Harm to Richard is harm, and harm
Once done is harm to Peter, harm to everyone.

Just so, John Donne proclaimed in memorable words,

"*No man is an* Iland, *intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the* Continent, *a port of the* maine; *if a* Clod *bee washed away by the* Sea, Europe *is the lesse, as well as if a* Promontorie *were, as well as if a* Manner *of thy* friends *or if* thine owne *were; any mans death diminishes* me, *because I am involved in* Mankinde; *whom the* bell *tolls; It tolls for* thee."

Rosmarin repeats the same thought in her greatest speech. Stefan has been shot. The guards are about to arrest Gettner before he causes any more trouble. She stops them and asks if they would injure their children

Then do not injure
Mine. I mean my son. I ask you
Not to make him the cause of punishment,
Not to make his wound a death,
Not to turn his challenge into a judgment.
The stream of his life is running
Shallow and slowly. Pray for him,
Not because I love him, but because
You are the life you pray for. And because
Richard Gettner is the life you pray for.
And because there is nothing on the earth
Which doesn't happen in your own hearts.

It is wrong to do evil in the hope that good may come. To inflict deliberate harm on one man, will be in the end harm, not help, his neighbor. Hence Rosmarin's repeated words to Janik

Colonel, no man is mine to give you

and again

One man over another has no kingdom.

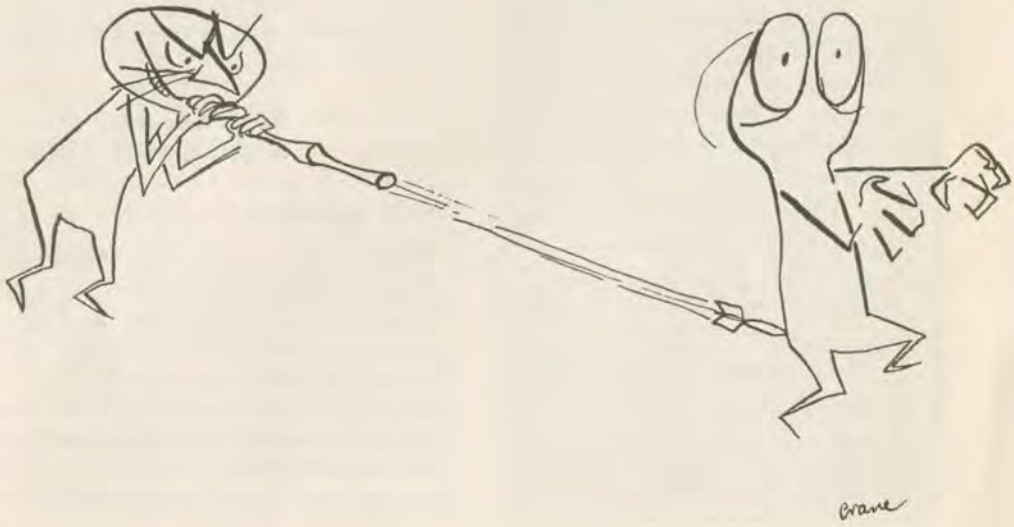
But when Janik is a hunted refugee she addresses him as "Child." And indeed the parent-child bond suffuses her thought of others, as may be seen in the great speech quoted above. Such love has nothing to do with the merits of the individual to whom it is directed. The parent still loves the erring child.

Here again is a sense in which this play is called comedy by contrast with tragedy. An essential element in tragedy is undeserved suffering. Here the theme is diametrically opposed to one of undeserved redemption. It is true that Rosmarin has seen deeper into Gettner than the others

I knew
Richard was no brute, and no
Pursuer of evil, but more like one enraged
Because he thought that good rejected him.

But she is under no illusions about him, and when Jakob says "No good will ever come of Gettner" replies "That may be true." In the last scene Gettner can only suppose that she has acted out of *eros* and to her astonishment proposes marriage. Seeing that she does not love him he then supposes her motive to have been *philia.* She comments with half-laughing candor that it would have been easier to love him than to like him. "What in God's name was it I meant to you?" he asks, and she responds "Simply what any life may mean." Because of this attitude she affects the lives of others

You know the Countess has the qualities of true divinity.
For instance: how apparently undemandingly



She moves among us; and yet
Lives make and unmake themselves in her neighbourhood
As nowhere else. There are many names I could name
Who would have been remarkably otherwise
Except for her divine noninterference.

She treats others as God treats his children, reaching out to them with an active love, responding to their call, but never compelling them. Gelda was free to marry Richard, wisely or unwisely. If Richard chooses to behave selfishly he must be free to do so. If Janik decides to carry off Peter he is not to be constrained otherwise, even were that possible. They "live in their own right." It is because her love for others reflects that of God for men that her influence is redemptive. This way is not casual but deliberate

I am always perfectly guilty of what I do,
Thank God.

"Perfectly," a loose conversational word, has undertones of literal meaning.

In Christian thought the highest redemptive power lies in a sacrificial death, and this is Fry's final point. Stefan has almost died, has been thought to be dead, and his shooting forms the prelude to Rosmarin's own death. Its impact on Gelda anticipates the impact of Rosmarin's death on Richard

It was Stefan
Who rescued me, when he nearly died for the truth.

Stefan is Stephen, the first Christian martyr. The impact of Stephen's death on Saul of Tarsus bit deep into his subconscious self. His immediate reaction was to harry the Christians more furiously with fire and the sword, but ultimately something was stirred within him that created the conditions of his conversion on the Damascus road. Gettner's immediate reaction to the shooting of Stefan is self-pity, an open brutality to Rosmarin which he has not shown before, and the cruel treatment of a horse in pain. But something is stirring within him. He sets foot on his Damascus road, and Rosmarin's death is for him at once the redeeming death and the vision of the risen Christ, and out of her silence the divine voice speaks to him. He makes his own sacrifice and finds redemption.

"It is wrong to do evil in the hope that good may come. To inflict deliberate harm on one man will in the end harm not help his neighbor." Such propositions can hardly be firmly held, except out of belief in a God-centered universe. This is the light that shines out of the whole play. Man is not called to a nice weighing of the probably predictable consequences of alternative courses of action, but to do what is right and leave the rest to God, because God entering actively into the situation will defy the humanly probable predictions. The countess has the attributes of true divinity

The goddess of it, in her Godlike way
Is God knows where.

"God's a woman" cries the drunken Gettner; we can in Rosmarin glimpse something of the way in which God works with man. But the sense of God presiding over the events of the play runs deeper. It comes out repeatedly in seemingly innocent "swear-phrases" which are in fact very carefully pointed; their utterers speak truer than they know. The countess goes out.

All the servants
Swear by heaven it's impossible, and by God
There's no doubt of it.

Gettner arrives and Willi, the simpleton servant, comments, "The gentleman has the trouble, dear God he has," and Belmann's first words on seeing him are "Gettner, by God!" So at the last Gettner's explosive exclamation "What in God's name was it I meant to you?" is answered at its literal value by the countess "Simply what any life may mean." Even Gettner's joining the revolution is seen as in some sense under the hand of God, taking place on a Sunday and attended by the clashing clangor of the cathedral bells. This sense of the guiding hand of God is nowhere seen more clearly than in Rosmarin's account of her drive through the snow.

And moreover
A strange prescience possessed me.
One must have talent to go from a place to a place,
But divination to go so deviously
That north, south, east, and west
Are lost in admiration, and yet to arrive,
After a short experience of eternity,
At the place and people one set out to reach.

The "short experience of eternity" is at its face value a conversational periphrasis meaning "a long time." But in another sense it conveys the presence of God. This "double level" writing, related to the tragic irony of the Greeks, is essential to the understanding of the play. So too is this underlying consciousness of the presence of God. The most potent character is unseen.

The Dark Is Light Enough is the finest play Fry has yet given us. Sometimes perhaps his sense of the strictly *dramatic* lapses, though at others it shines out brilliantly, as in the scene with the two soldiers. But he has here chosen, as he does not always choose, a theme worthy of his genius. In Rosmarin Ostenburg he has created a person striking, memorable, powerful to move, and deeply lovable, the outstanding individual figure from any of his plays. His incomparable gift of language is here his servant not his master; his wit produces illumination as well as scintillation. Above all the play is warm with a noble charity. "Weep for what you can" says Rosmarin, and there can be few who will not leave the theater, or the book, more sensitive for having shared in this experience.

Campus Roundup

ALL-FAITHS PROGRAM

Dickinson (Pa.) College has brought to a close a most inspirational All-Faiths Religion-in-Life Week. Participating in the program were a Methodist pastor, a Catholic priest, and a Jewish rabbi.

Dr. Edward G. Latch, pastor of Memorial Methodist Church, Washington, D.C.; **the Rev. Edward Peters,** of the Paulist Fathers, New York City; and **Rabbi Alexander A. Steinbach,** of the Temple Ahavath Sholom, Brooklyn, N. Y., lead discussions on such questions as "Do I Really Need God?" "Are Fraternities Christian?" and "Do Interfaith Marriages Work?"

DUKE STUDENT FROM SHOW FAMILY

Small boys just naturally take to merry-go-rounds, hot dogs, and Wild West shows, but for **Phil Vivona** of *Duke (N. C.) University* it's everyday fare. Phil belongs to show business. One of four brothers, Phil plans to join the show after graduation.

Don Vivona graduated from Duke last year, and is now secretary of the business, through a family plan of apprenticeships and promotions.

When college classes close for summer vacation, Phil's work with the Vivona Shows is just beginning. It takes 40 trucks to move the Shows, now boasting 21 rides, 12 shows, and some 70 concessions. And once the entire enterprise consisted of one ice-cream stand.

THIS PROBLEM OF INTEGRATION

"You can choose the best or second best. You can choose the easier wrong or the harder right. You can apply the concept of Christian love to the Negroes and whites, or just the white people.

"But your religion will mean more to you if you do not limit the scope of your love. Once you limit it then it is easier to limit it even more. Someone called the holder of this view a 'nigger lover.' See how easy it is now to even further restrict the concept of Christian love? Now you are applying the restriction to a fellow white church member." (from *The Auburn Wesleyan,* Auburn, Alabama)

"One person commented that the Supreme Court was destroying the South's way of life and we must preserve it. Hm-m-m. I'm not so sure the South's way of life is so worth preserving. Do what society says do and it will lead you to hell. Let's be optimistic though, and believe that some day this society will more closely approximate the ultimate Kingdom. Let's work on it." (from *The Auburn Wesleyan*)

SHORT SHOTS . . .

Duke (N. C.) University announces a special **Program in Japanese Civilization,** scheduled from July 19 through August 23 in the 1956 Summer Session. The program is designed to introduce Japan and Asia to graduate students, teachers, and community leaders. Ten $200 scholarships will be offered on a competitive basis.

The *premiére* of *Randolph-Macon (Va.) Woman's College* Greek motion picture, *The Oresteia,* was presented in March. The filming of *The Oresteia* had its beginning in the spring of 1954 when the college presented a two-day Greek festival to honor **Miss Mabel Kate Whiteside,** head of the Greek Department for 50 years, on her retirement.

Nearly $4,000 worth of out-of-print books in English and American literature today is serving as a lasting memorial to **Prof. Eric (Pop) Eckler,** English Department head at *Mount Union (Ohio) College* for 33 years prior to his death a year ago. Special funds established by campus groups, together with an anonymous contribution have supplied the money for the *Eckler Memorial Shelf.*

March 1 was the deadline for application to the new cooperative teacher-training program launched by *Duke University* and the *Charlotte City Schools.* This column carried a notice of the program some months back. If you are interested in this program for next year (tuition and fees are paid by Duke, $450 per semester; Charlotte City Schools pay $2,450 for the semester of teaching), write to the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Duke University.

STRIKE OUT

The February issue of *motive* carried a story which said Catholic University, Washington, D. C., "has become the only major university in the United States which has more graduate students than undergraduates."

The statement was taken from a news release by the public-relations office of Catholic University. The editors of *motive* regret this error. We can only guess the release meant that the university was the first of its denomination to have more graduate students than undergraduates.

For around ten years the University of Chicago has had about three times as many graduate students as undergraduates. And, perhaps, there are other major universities who fall into the same category.

Follow-up to "T

by Dave Cox, University of Mississippi

AFTER considering your letter of January 28 and the communication which you have released for publication, I have concluded that it would be unwise for you to appear on our program this year." This was the answer to "The South's $64,000 question" as given by Chancellor J. D. Williams of the University of Mississippi, following the release by Rev. Alvin Kershaw of a statement to *The Mississippian* in which he clarified his NAACP activities and his stand on the racial controversy.

The program was not over, however, as the Chancellor's action precipitated a series of events, including the resignation under protest of a member of the university faculty and a member of the faculty of Mississippi State College, the withdrawal of all scheduled speakers from the University of Mississippi Religious Emphasis Week program, and the withdrawal of six speakers from the REW program at Mississippi State College.

Although Rev. Mr. Kershaw was to conduct seminars on the religious significance of modern drama, his appearance at the university was objected to by State Representative James Morrow when it was learned that he intended to donate part of his winnings on "The $64,000 Question" to the NAACP.

The Clarion Ledger of Jackson reported: "Previous to receipt of the letters, McComb editor, Oliver Emmerich, member of the Board of State Institutions of Higher Learning, had talked with Kershaw via telephone and reported to the board that the minister had denied having NAACP affiliations.

"On the basis of this report, the board indicated that Mr. Kershaw might be acceptable as a speaker and left the decision in the hands of Chancellor Williams."

At the time of this report, Representative Morrow, who had originally raised the controversy, withdrew his opposition and publicly apologized for any "embarrassment" he may have caused Mr. Kershaw. At the same time, *The Mississippian* editor, Wallace Sherwood, wrote Kershaw a letter asking for a complete statement of his stand on the issue.

In his statement Mr. Kershaw said he had been technically misquoted by the press in that some of the accounts said he had definitely committed a certain amount to the NAACP, varying from 16 to 32,000 dollars. However, he said it was incorrect to assume, as Representative Morrow had said following the board's report, that he had been "tricked by leading questions" into making a statement endorsing the NAACP. In regard to his stand on the race issue, Kershaw said: "But to conclude that I had been tricked or misquoted in regard to my concern for desegregation is an unfortunate and untrue implication. I made this quite clear in a telephone conversation with one of the trustees on the day of the last trustee meeting; in fact, I have repeated three times that as a Christian clergyman, as a Southerner, and as an American, I have been, am, and will continue to support legal and social action that labors to effect, protect, and insure the equal status and estimation of all people."

In the course of his letter, Mr. Kershaw stated that the NAACP meets in the parish house of his church, that he had contributed a substantial amount to the NAACP, and that he has for years been an active member of the NAACP.

He further stated, "As a Southerner, I am well aware of the complexity and difficulty that attend the transition of social patterns. Consequently, what has troubled me most is not the obvious fact that many in your state disagree with my convictions, but that the distressing climate has smothered the freedom necessary to all democratic thought: the freedom and candor, trust, and in the respect for the integrity of the individual to think responsibly his own thoughts; the freedom—as Americans, as human beings, as people with religious faith—to consider, discuss, and ponder together issues such as this which have powerful impact upon our nation and individual destiny. Therefore, I have been deeply impressed according to my information about the student poll and the action of your campus senate, that you have been concerned to protect the guarantee of American liberty so fundamental to the productive life of a free university."

UPON receipt of this statement, Chancellor Williams decided to revoke the invitation of the Committee of 100 to Mr. Kershaw. In his message to Kershaw, the Chancellor said: "Your message directed to the student body, to be released in *The Mississippian,* will appear tomorrow. Your letter of January 28 to me reveals information not given to Mr. Emmerich of the board of trustees that became the basis for the statement of the board. Your statement to the press and your letter to me will provoke additional controversy inconsistent with the purpose of the invitation for you to come.

". . . I have concluded that it would be unwise for you to appear on our program this year."

The Chancellor's decision met with varied reactions:

1. Following an appearance of the Chancellor before the campus senate, a motion that the senate back the

he South's $64,000 Question"

Chancellor's decision as one "that should have been made" was passed unanimously.

2. *The Mississippian* reversed its previous editorial stand and endorsed the Chancellor's action as a "difficult, but wise, decision."

3. Professor Morton B. King, chairman of the department of sociology and anthropology at the University of Mississippi, and a member of the Committee of 100, and Professor William Buchanan of Mississippi State College resigned under protest.

4. All the scheduled speakers for the University of Mississippi REW cancelled their engagements.

From *The Mississippian's* report of the Chancellor's appearance before the campus senate: "He stressed that his report was a 'hard task because of emotional conflicts within myself.'

" 'Some of you may think I have let you down,' Dr. Williams said.

" 'If the Rev. Mr. Kershaw had appeared on campus, the university would have had no Religious Emphasis Week,' Dr. Williams said. 'The purpose of REW is mature thinking, praying, and discussion. Kershaw's appearance would have resulted in the arrival on campus of outside pressure groups and newspaper and television reporters. These groups would attempt to draw the segregation-integration question into discussion. An incident such as that being experienced by the University of Alabama could possibly result,' said the Chancellor.

" 'There are many people who are fully cognizant of the South's peculiar problem of numbers. The Rev. Mr. Kershaw would have spoken on the segregation subject merely for personal conviction, since he has little knowledge of Mississippi's racial problems,' said the Chancellor. 'In most of Ohio,' the Chancellor said, 'the segregation problem is "purely academic."

Following the Chancellor's statement, *The Mississippian* printed an editorial by editor Wally Sherwood supporting his decision. The editorial said: "In the beginning, the issue was clearly that of freedom of expression—no more and no less. But in view of the minister's recent letter, the issue boils down to an ever greater question.

"Are we going to have an REW or a publicity circus?

"We certainly agree with Dr. Williams that it would be unwise for Kershaw to speak at Ole Miss. How could students enhance their spiritual life when the garnish flash of cameras replaces the fulfilling glow of Christ? Make no mistake, there would be those present to see that even the most minor incident made banner material. . . .

"There is no limit to our praise for the campus senate for its convincing ovation to Dr. Williams. The fact that every senator stood in admiration and in tribute expresses our feelings better than words.

"Yes, Chancellor Williams acted with each and every student in mind. He did not let us down."

At this time, Dr. Morton King turned in his letter of resignation. In his statement he said, "I have slowly and reluctantly been convinced in recent years that the administration and the board are no longer able to defend, here and on other campuses of the state, the freedoms of thought, inquiry, and speech which are essential for higher education to flourish." He went on to say that he felt that the university as an agency of the state "has unnecessarily infringed upon the freedom of voluntary religious activities which, as a Protestant Christian, I deeply cherish." He further stated that he felt that Chancellor Williams acted in good faith, but "the fact that he may have been forced by circumstances to his decision" made him feel that Ole Miss no longer is a place where he could be happy or a productive scholar and teacher. In a statement released simultaneously with Dr. King's resignation, Chancellor Williams accepted full responsibility for the decision which led to King's resignation.

IN a statement to the press following the resignations of Dr. King and Dr. Buchanan, Mississippi's Governor J. P. Coleman attacked the professors as "sounding boards for the NAACP." He went on to say that state-supported institutions "belong to the people, and the people of Mississippi have the right to demand that teachers expounding against our way of life be ousted." He denied that there was anything to what King and Buchanan said. He further stated that the revocation of Kershaw's invitation was not a curtailment of freedom of speech. He said that Kershaw could speak anywhere in Mississippi he wanted to, so long as it was not at a state-supported institution. "The people of Mississippi have the right to decide who will speak in their institutions. Allowing men like Kershaw to spew their differences with the Southern way of life would incur the wrath of our taxpayers and perhaps destroy our institutions," Coleman went on.

In his letter of withdrawal from the REW program, Rev. George Chauncy of Monticello, Arkansas, said, "The revocation of Mr. Kershaw's invitation appears unjust because it implies that his stand against racial segregation disqualifies him as a suitable speaker." He pointed out that to withdraw the invitation of one member of

(*Continued on page 37*)

THE SHADOW OF AN

WHAT can account for the sense of structure in Chekhov? The question is raised by a series of excellent Chekhovian performances being given at the Fourth Street Theater (New York), in which the unity and warmth of the plays are very much in evidence. *The Three Sisters* was done last year. This season has brought *The Cherry Orchard* and *Uncle Vanya.*

The reviewers have stressed the comedy of these performances, according to the currently popular re-evaluation of Chekhov which thinks of him as fundamentally a comic writer. I feel that neither comedy nor tragedy describes his work, but of the two comedy comes closer. That is not because he is hilariously funny, but because—after all that can be said of his sadness and disharmony—he surveys even more fundamentally a notion of human affection and proportion.

Some months ago I chanced to see a play by Christopher Fry and one by Chekhov on succeeding nights. On the surface the work of Fry seemed clear, ordered, precise. The piece by Chekhov seemed diffuse, wandering. Yet the total impression given by both plays, especially in comparison, was just the reverse. Look closely at the Fry and it falls apart, held together by words, and words only. Examine the Chekhov and it appears to be secured with invisible bands of steel.

The reason has much to do, of course, with the nature of the fundamental action in the plays. Chekhov's plays are rooted in dramatic *events;* Fry's in the flash of verbal *ideas.* But at least equally important for the amazing sense of cohesion in the Chekhovian plays is the fact that they are all predicated upon the firm reality of communities to which the characters, in spite of themselves, belong.

Chekhov has been called a nostalgic writer because the society which he describes is in process of decay, and he seems to long for its former stability and pre-eminence. Whether that society is in decay or not, however, it still appears in the plays—as background. The sense of its support is as important as any character on the stage.

The atomization of society, which we see presaged in Chekhov, was completed in the twentieth century. The leading dramatists of our popular stage reflect it above all else. In Tennessee Williams, for instance, each character is a prisoner in the cell of his own self. He is burdened with a truth, or a lie, or a vision, or a deformity which separates him from everyone else. In Arthur Miller, usually, the self is the victim of insults and injustices hurled against it by a mechanistic society. Did ever a man die so unwept and alone as Willy Loman?

IF we watch Tennessee Williams long enough—who in some ways is the projection of Chekhov into the nineteen-forties and fifties, we finally become aware what it is that does most to create the lonely pathos of his characters: they do not listen to each other. The words flow incessantly—streams, torrents of words. Hear Amanda in *The Glass Menagerie* going on and on about those gentlemen callers, or Maggie talking with hardly a pause through the whole first act of *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof.* But though they talk and talk, there is not an ear on the stage to catch the inner meaning of one syllable. Community has died of deafness.

Not so in Chekhov. There everyone listens. It is the first thing the director would have to know. They do not *reply* to each other, to be sure; and this is what creates the surface impression of diffuseness, which many people take to be the whole of Chekhov. That the characters do not reply to each other prevents things moving along rationally by question and answer. But the random appearance is only skin deep; for even if they interrupt one another, or say nothing at all, or walk away, or if others come and begin a totally new conversation, still they listen. When the Fourth Street Theater did *The Three Sisters* a young actress named Peggy Maurer distinguished herself in the role of Irena. The most notable element in her performance was her ability to project the quality of listening.

Behind the Chekhovian listening lies a whole world of communal interdependence. The plays are about families. There is always a house and a whole company of people who belong to it. The audience has to work—as does the reader of so many Russian novels—to discover who all the people are and their relationships one to another. Beyond the house is a village or estate which has a life and history of its own. A cherry orchard is about to be sold for real-estate development, or an ancient farm disposed of to provide a professor with cash income. In *The Three Sisters* an army post is being transferred. A fire, quite irrelevant to the story, puts people out of their houses and creates a community crisis. All these happenings show people in process of being uprooted, but by that same token they show how real are the roots. In every Chekhov play, so far are the characters from being in isolation that you feel as if a whole host of people is waiting ready, if necessary, to usher in at any moment upon the stage.

And not only people. Also the land and the country. Most Chekhov scenes are indoors, but how much of nature is present! Lakes, trees, birds, rivers, chickens, horses—all to unite the people with their natural setting. In *Uncle Vanya,* Astrov sees the wastage of the trees as wastage of the people. Mother Russia would support her children well if she were cared for in return.

NOW and again it comes to one that the great cohesive strength in Chekhov is due to something more even than these things. His plays have melancholic themes, but they have at a deeper level a sense of peace. The characters, as I say, listen to one another and belong to each other. And sometimes, beyond all that, there falls across the stage the shadow of an ultimate belonging, not to be erased by violence, or change, or even death.

At the end of *Uncle Vanya,* Sonya and her uncle are left to their life of boredom and tedium on the estate. The aged mother reads pamphlets. The old nurse rattles knitting needles. Uncle Vanya and Sonya return to their hopeless routine, robbed now of all illusions about the family and former ideals. Sonya closes the play in this manner:

Well, what can we do? We must go on living! We shall go on living, Uncle Vanya. We shall live through a long,

drama

ultimate BELONGING

by Tom F. Driver, graduate student, Columbia Univ.

long succession of days and tedious evenings. We shall patiently suffer the trials which Fate imposes on us; we shall work for others, now and in our old age, and we shall have no rest. When our time comes we shall die submissively, and over there, beyond the grave, we shall say that we've suffered, that we've wept, that we've had a bitter life, and God will take pity on us. And then, Uncle dear, we shall both begin to know a life that is bright and beautiful, and lovely. We shall rejoice and look back at these troubles of ours with tender feelings, with a smile—and we shall have rest. I believe it, Uncle, I believe it fervently, passionately. . . .

(Kneels before him and lays her head on his hands, in a tired voice.)

We shall have rest!

(He plays softly on the guitar.)

We shall rest! We shall hear the angels, we shall see all the heavens covered with stars like diamonds, we shall see all earthly evil, all our sufferings swept away by the grace which will fill the whole world, and our life will become peaceful, gentle, and sweet as a caress. I believe it, I believe it . . . .

(Wipes his eyes with her handkerchief.)

Poor, poor Uncle Vanya, you're crying. . . . (Tearfully) You've had no joy in your life, but wait, Uncle Vanya, wait . . . We shall rest . . . (Embraces him.) We shall rest!

(The watchman taps. Maryia Vassilievna makes notes on the margin of her pamphlet, Marina knits her stocking.) We shall rest![1]

There is a touch of irony in the speech, but only a touch—no more fundamental than Chekhov's apparent lack of dramatic construction. Actually the words pick up and express a tone, a mood found submerged all through the play and in the others as well.

This is not religious faith on Chekhov's part. But it is close enough to faith to affirm a universal care (is it his own, as author?) from which his characters cannot fall even if they wish. Like most great dramatists, Chekhov stands on the edge of belief.

He died in 1904. Not very long ago; but time enough for our age to go beyond the edge. We look back at his affectionate world with amazement. Is there any way of return, or advance, to the society of the open ear? If there is the dramatists especially need to know of it, because their art cannot forever exist in an atmosphere heavy with words spoken but unreceived.

[1] This extract is from the Elisaveta Fen translation of UNCLE VANIA, published by Penguin Books, Inc., 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Maryland.

COME DIE WITH ME:

The Atheist to His Love

Let us go down down deep love
Deep down in the cool dark clay.
Let us go fraternize with groping things;
Hobnob with folk who have no need of wings.
Our matters are mundane, our mould earthborn;
Let us put off these flimsy borrowed robes,
This excess baggage,
And bed down in bone.

—RAY MIZER

CRUSTACEAN

Funny little lobster man
Hard as screws and twice as twisty
Creeping toward your trap so sly
Waving feelers at the sky
In the water you must go
Twist and squirm and snap your claws
In the pot of water hot
Hardened sinner of the seas
Broken shell and sweet aroma
Tender as the turtle's cooing
Soft as any oyster stewing
Rock without and bud within.

—RAY MIZER

The South's $64,000 Question

(*Continued from page 35*)

the team because of his stand on one issue limits the freedom of the others. The remaining members of the team expressed similar sentiments when they cancelled their engagements.

In an effort to salvage something from the 1956 REW, the Committee of 100 asked the ministers of Oxford, Mississippi, to replace the speakers for REW. After careful consideration, however, the Oxford ministers submitted the following resolution to the Committee:

"Because the full pressure of time will not allow for the full clarification of all the implications in our acceptance or rejection of the invitation extended by the Committee of 100 to the ministers of Oxford to participate in the Religious Emphasis Week, and because we feel that the excitement engendered throughout this controversy would make it difficult to maintain an atmosphere in which real religious values could be given proper consideration, we, the undersigned ministers of Oxford recommend to the Chancellor and to the Committee of 100 that Religious Emphasis Week be suspended this year."

As a last resort, Rev. Will Campbell, director of religious life at the university, suggested that a period for silent prayer be set aside each day in which the REW program was scheduled.

Kershaw's invitation was revoked, but the real $64,000 question remains to be answered—are freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and academic freedom still alive in Mississippi?

hi-fi

by Hobart Mitchell

Good Equipment Tells the Truth

IN March, my column concerned the fashioning of a meditation-hour sequence of sacred recorded music.

The term "meditation hour" does not necessarily mean sixty minutes. We at *Chancel* have fashioned sequences of a half-hour duration, and recently we were asked about preparing sequences for an early morning fifteen-minute period.

In making up meditation-period sequences, "live" music and recorded music can be combined. For example, a meditation period might lead to a concluding hymn (preferably with the hymn announced at the beginning so the group singing can well up without break following the concluding piece of recorded music). Similarly, a meditation period can include a call to worship, a scripture reading, a prayer and a benediction.

The ways in which such a period of meditational worship can be fashioned depend upon the inclinations and creativity of the person or group preparing it. If one begins inserting scripture and hymns and prayers and talking, however, he should be parsimonious about the insertions—alert to sense when to stop so the final product is really made deeper and more inspiring by the insertions, not just watered and diluted with too much talking; for in this case it is God we are seeking, not self-expression. Usually, the more music and human quietness there is in such a period, the deeper and more moving the meditation period is likely to be.

Quite as important as fashioning an effective meditational music sequence is the manner in which it is presented. The records should be played and joined smoothly, making the musical sequence flow without mechanical bumps and jerks, so that those attending the meditation are as little conscious of the operation of the equipment as possible. Among other things, this demands certain specific kinds of record-playing equipment.

THE loud-speaker should be separate from the turntable and amplifier. It can be in the chapel or meeting room while the rest of the equipment and the operator are outside the room, though close enough to a door for the operator to listen in and hear the music. (If a one-piece portable player must be used, then it should be placed at the back of the room, preferably behind a screen, where the attenders cannot see it. The operator should take great pains to be as silent as possible in all phases of its operation. Even with the most quiet and skillful operation, however, a one-piece portable player—speaker, amplifier, and turntable all in one box —cannot offer a really smooth meditational sequence of music. The results will fall short of the mark, and such a portable should certainly be considered as only a temporary expedient until good equipment can be acquired.)

A manual turntable should be used, not a "changer," so that the tone arm will be free to be placed on the record instantly and to be moved at will quickly to any band on the record. Silences between records are necessary, but usually they should be brief. With a "changer" turntable, the tone-arm mechanism gets in the way constantly, slows up the record changes, and makes impossible the stopping of the turntable with the stylus set at the beginning of a wanted band so that the turntable can be started at an instant's notice and the piece of music wanted can be begun without waiting and fumbling. For this project, I cannot emphasize too strongly that groups should NOT get record changers, but should get manual turntables. Those who wish to use sacred recorded music in this way and who disregard this warning will rue the day they purchased a record changer!

The turntable used should also be out in the open, not buried in a case or cabinet, so the operator will be able to sight along the surface of a record in order to place the stylus accurately on the particular band of music desired.

Groups embarking on this project should acquire a good amplifier and a good speaker, for a considerable part of the effectiveness of this music in meditational periods depends on good equipment. If you wish to test equipment to see how good it is, use a record of choral or vocal solo music, particularly soprano solos, for vocal music will show clearly whether the amplifier and speaker are good or mediocre or poor. If the equipment you have should prove only fair, then your meditation sequences should be composed largely of instrumental and organ music, since these reproduce considerably better than vocal records on poor equipment. All choral and solo vocal records should be carefully auditioned for their reproduction before they are used on such equipment.

The difference between good and mediocre equipment, so far as the quality of reproduction is concerned, lies partly in gradations between harshness and mellowness of sound, between shrillness and roundness of tone (though a too-sugary, mushy, overly mellow tonal reproduction does not indicate good equipment). Once the harshness and shrillness are no longer present in equipment, then you must listen for clarity of reproduction. The clearer, more faithful and lifelike

the reproduction is, the better the equipment. Listen to mediocre and good equipment side by side using the same vocal records. The differences will display themselves not so much in a change in tone reproduction as in the clarity and truthfulness of the tone reproduction. Good equipment tells the truth.

NOW for the actual playing of a meditational sequence. The whole sequence you have fashioned should be played through ahead of time in the chapel or meeting room in order to decide on the volume level and the various amplifier settings to be used for each piece of music. At this time also, you should note down on paper each piece of music to be played in its proper order along with the name of the record containing it, the side, the band, the volume level setting at which it is to be played, the recording-curve setting, the bass and the treble settings. Then when the actual meditation period time comes, every record change and knob setting will be on paper for you to follow by rote. In addition, you should rehearse the program, actually play through the order of record changes two or three times before the meditation period comes, in order to make your record shifting deft and to insure smoothness.

Finally, Rule #1, of supreme importance in playing recorded music: always turn the volume down slowly to zero *first* before doing any shifting of bands or changing of records or fussing with settings; and always turn the volume level up slowly *last* when starting a new piece of music. This is very important. Turn the volume down first; turn it up last. Everything else is done in between, while the volume is at zero.

In operating the equipment, you will inevitably make mistakes at first, but if you are alert and sensitive, you will learn quickly through these initial mistakes. If you hit a wrong band by mistake or run over your stopping point to the next band, consider first whether it would be less jarring to the attenders to play out what has started by mistake or to fade it out.

book reviews

THE WRITER AND THE CHURCHMAN

The doubting one's doubts and surprising one's opinion is an old gambit of the self-conscious intellectual. But not always does the doubting of doubts lead to the cross, nor the initiator of the surprise, the God of joy and mercy.

But C. S. Lewis is a writer of excellence, a self-conscious intellectual who so doubted his doubts he came back Christianity and found that he had been surprised by the joy of the cost.

It is rather curious how literary fashions swing about. A decade ago, C. S. Lewis was much more popular than he is at the moment. In fact, it seems to be the fashion among the young theologically literate to belittle Lewis and bewail that he ever had any influence. To this current amusement, I cannot subscribe. C. S. Lewis seems to me to be a writer of too great excellence to be flippantly dismissed, and while I think his theology is often rather strained, he writes about it in such exquisite fashion I cannot help being enchanted.

Well, it seems to have come the time when C. S. Lewis begins the story of his own journey, which led him from the Christianity of his background to a kind of adolescent atheism and intellectual skepticism popular among the literati two or three generations ago, and then back into the fold of orthodox Christianity. He says that he was surprised at himself that Joy could be so convincing. This was a joy that was a desire that turned not to itself, but to its object. "Joy was not a deception. Its visitations were rather the moments of clearest consciousness . . . that self-contradictory waking which would reveal, not that we had had, but that we were, a dream . . . and it matters more that Heaven should exist than that we should ever get there."

Like so much of Lewis's writing, this volume or self-revelation is bewitchingly charming—and, as in the best of confession, intellectually intimate—***Surprised by Joy*** by *C. S. Lewis* (*Harcourt, Brace & Company, $3.50*).

The man who was more responsible for the prayerbook which is C. S. Lewis's companion had also been a university professor in his time. When Thomas Cranmer, by the merest accident, suggested to an associate of Henry VIII how he could get out of a tiresome marriage (although Cranmer did it, not from expediency, but from a conviction concerning what the Bible had to say about marriage and divorce) he was yanked out of the academic life to become overwhelmingly involved in the political and religious current of the Reformation as the Archbishop of Canterbury.

We do not often think of Thomas Cranmer as a great theologian. We do honor the monument which is the Prayer Book which has served to make the worship of the Episcopalian community and that of those denominations, such as Methodists, which have come from it, a thing of beauty, of mystery and of significance. It was probably a more significant task than those of his minor theological treatises and articles to which Cranmer gave himself in the development of the prayers and the responses of what, in the minds of many, is the most important devotional guide in Christendom.

Thomas Cranmer, Theologian by *G. W. Bromiley* (*Oxford University Press, $3.25*) is a careful, if brief, study of the theology of Cranmer and its consistent use by him in his important works. The decisive significance of the book is the evidence that Cranmer always approached the problems of worship as theologian; that is, for every prayer, for every response, and particularly for the way in which the liturgy of the Eucharist and the Baptism are developed, there is a theological point of view which the words must satisfy.

In these days of "worship experiences" and blundering retreats into romantic nonsense under the guise of worship, it is well to recall that the important works, the significant developments in the field, have always been made, not to satisfy some feeling or to gain some experience, but to meet the requirements, the demands of a relevant theology in the Christian tradition.

WHEN THE LID BLOWS OFF

The agony through which the United States is going as the citizens of color attempt to gain the rights long denied them, particularly in the southland, seems but a pale struggle when compared with South Africa and *apartheid.*

Perhaps it is the spiritual agony which accompanies any situation where sensitive people are confronted with the denial of human rights to others that has stirred a creative movement in South Africa. This is a land which has seemed to lie dormant since Olive Schreiner, and then within the last decade has broken forth with so many new works that the first reaction of a reviewer is, "What—another South African novel!"

But I shall recommend this one: ***Episode in the Transvaal*** by *Harry Bloom*

(*Doubleday & Company, Inc., $3.95*). This is Mr. Bloom's first novel. He is a man who, by profession, is not a novelist. He is a lawyer who has been interested in civil rights and has handled many cases during the Defiance Campaign, among them that of Mahatma Gandhi's son, Manilal Gandhi. Bloom does not have quite the sensitive writing ability of Alan Paton, and his novel is more straightforward and less in the realm of the spirit than are Paton's novels. But, *Episode in the Transvaal* hits hard. It tears open the shantytown location, a concentration camp for the blacks in the town of Nelsproom. The location concentrates the world where people are treated by the controlling whites as if they were childlike animals, or, on some occasions, brutal beasts to be shot without compunction. Then the location breaks open in violence and hysteria. Inevitably human beings will always do so when their nature as children of God is debased.

A horrifying lesson . . . will we never learn?

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY

Generally some work of literature is both a commemoration and a bit of fuel to a revolution: *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Das Capital, Common Sense,* etc.

One of the most beautiful books ever to serve a revolutionary cause has been Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country.* The amazing sales of the novel itself, the successful and repeated showings of the British film of the same title, the musical version with its haunting music, "Lost in the Stars" are testimony to what the story of *apartheid* in South Africa means.

Now a verse drama is available, **Felicia Komai, Cry, the Beloved Country** (*The Friendship Press $1.50*). This excellent dramatization which is better read than acted keeps the poignant tragedy of what it means to set man against man on the basis of race and culture is highly commended. It should be used by many groups seeking to dramatize the revolution and the note of reconciliation.

PERSONAL CRISES

Many people may not understand that they live in revolutionary times, feel the impact of Africa and Asia upon themselves, but they certainly live with all kinds of crises going on in their existence. This is, of course, natural to the human existence, but it may have some relationship to revolution and reconciliation. *The Nashville Tennessean,* a morning metropolitan newspaper, under the leadership of its religious news editor, **James Carty,** undertook during pre-Easter days to tell the stories of some neighbors in Nashville and nearby communities in whose lives religion has been a transforming power. **My Religion and My Crisis** (*The Nashville Tennessean, 75 cents*) reprinted as published in that newspaper are accounts of crisic moments and reconciliation with God. Most of these crises are those with which many families must struggle and some of them come to all of us: sickness, death, failure, fear. As one might suspect from a newspaper series, the sentimental is played rather vigorously. On the other hand, most of these crises in life are experiences which profoundly affect our emotions, and it is hard to keep the pathos from being pathetic.

An interesting collection.

THOUGHT—YESTERDAY, TODAY AND WHERE WE MIGHT BE GOING

The Beacon Press paper-bound series is certainly imaginatively edited. A recent edition is **Ernst Cassirer, The Philosophy of the Enlightenment** (*Beacon Press, $1.45*).

The Philosophy of the Enlightenment is one which not only the romantic nineteenth century but the existential twentieth century has revolted against, but would we know our origins, make sense out of the work of our founding fathers, and be able to put what "America" means into the relationship of our traditions as well as the problems of the moment, then we should know the thought patterns of the eighteenth century.

Cassirer's work comes in an excellent translation since it appeared early in the thirties in German. It has been recognized as the most penetrating study of eighteenth-century thought in existence.

The word "liberal" is one which has certainly gone through many mutations and shades, if not outright new colors, since it was used by our founding fathers. This is why there is so much confusion in the tag. The rightist and the leftist both call themselves liberal, but they mean by it quite different patterns of thought and action.

If one is to make sense of American political divisions today, one must not do it on the basis of liberalism of class or maybe even of interest-group policy. In fact, the political parties which those tags seem to fit now are near exhaustion. In this situation, about the only growth which is seeking to change in American politics is a "radical right"—which, strangely enough, sometimes calls itself liberal—harking back to the eighteenth-century meaning of the word.

The eighteenth century does not help us too much in understanding this force, but a recent anthology does: **The New American Right,** edited by **Daniel Bell** (*Criterion Books, $4*). It has some brilliant essays: Daniel Bell's own interpretation of the emergence of "status groups" and the American talent for compromise in politics and extremism in morality, Riesman and Glazer's discussion of the intellectuals and the discontented classes and, particularly, Richard Hofstadter's "The Pseudo-Conservatives."

All in all, this is one of the most helpful books I have picked up in a long time, for it discusses the meanings of those forces which have broken out as McCarthyism and now seem to be taking a different tack in the Citizens Councils of the Deep South.

Dr. Hans Zehrer comes to some frightening conclusions when he looks at our situation today, and then tries to point out a road to survival in **Man in This World** (*New York University Press, $4.95*). Zehrer is quite aware of the decay of Christianity and the mood which can claim "God is dead!" He sees the darkening consciousness of Western life, beginning with skepticism and ending with nihilism. Searching for meaning, modern man has filled his yearning with this Total State, but this State does not give him meaning; it merely takes away even his existence and flings him into servility. In this apocalyptic situation even science has come to an end and, although Christianity tries to say that the end of things will be good, it lacks a vitalizing spark. Zehrer says there is hope. It is a rigorous kind of Christian affirmation: that man, having brought the shell of technical civilization created in power to a perfection which will destroy him, faces that fate unless he can build love into his edifice. In this situation, he asks that the churches both be "otherworldly" and "alien," for they must make it clear that they stand beyond our culture and our state, that actually, they are against technical civilization.

Well, this is a rather radical diagnosis and the medicine prescribed may be stronger than we can take, but in God's grace, all things are possible.

—Roger Ortmayer

THE BIBLE AND EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS

Can the Bible help solve mental problems? While most Christians feel that it can, they are not sure the Bible is any more help—if as much—than modern psychological findings. To help us know what the Bible can and cannot do in solving our mental problems, **George H. Muedeking** has written **Emotional Problems and the Bible** (*Muhlenberg Press, Philadelphia, $3*).

In the author's words, the description and purpose of the book are as follows:

"The Christian life is accurately to be described as a continuous effort at ego-integration. It sets the goal of integration of all our impulse, drives, emotions, and thoughts. They are individually and

totally to be dedicated. The dedication is to the will of Christ.

"Within these six areas of our emotional configurations, then, the Bible can be of help. It promotes realism toward life. It releases the native healing powers of the soul. It keeps the mind focused on the present, on what the psychologist calls 'reality-testing.' It encourages honesty. It liberates with its permissive offer of forgiveness. It is supportive. It directs toward ego-integration.

"At the same time there are limits to the helpfulness of the Bible. . . . These limits should be carefully observed. Within these limits, however, we may come to see the word of God for help in the serious and generalized mental difficulties of our generation. We shall find that God does have guidance to give us through the Bible."

—Henry Koestline

FRATERNITIES WITHOUT FRATERNIZING

Fraternities Without Brotherhood, by Alfred McClung Lee (Beacon; $1.95).

THERE is some special magic which surrounds college social fraternities, making them all but invulnerable to sane analysis. If you bring the plainest statement of fact within ten inches of a Greek letter it will, likely enough, explode in dazzling absurdities under your nose.

The obstacles being what they are, Alfred McClung Lee deserves a special commendation for his sober—even straight-faced—report on racial and religious prejudice among the Greeks. The strain upon the author must have been terrific, and in a few places the hyperbole peculiar to the subject shows through. The preface, for instance, contains this sentence: "To the extent that Aryanism persists in them, social fraternities represent a basic threat to democracy in the United States. . . ." Now here I can't help feeling that Mr. Lee, himself a member of no fewer than five fraternities, is overstating the case just a little. I prefer to believe that democracy might manage to limp along in the future, as it has in the past, without conspicuous help (or hurt) from the fraternity system.

This reservation aside, I have no quarrel with Mr. Lee. He has performed a scholarly and exhaustive study of the discriminatory clauses in fraternity constitutions, the progress made toward their removal, and the sources of opposition to that progress. Further, he has evidently gone to a great deal of trouble to collect all the arguments that have been offered in defense of the status quo and has dissected these delicate creatures with meticulous care. Altogether an impressive job and I warmly recommend the book to all those who, like Mr. Lee, feel concerned about preserving and improving the fraternity system, as well as to those who, like myself, merely enjoy watching fraternities as some men enjoy watching birds.

Yet I wonder if Mr. Lee's group isn't making things unnecessarily hard for itself. It seems to me that the simplest, speediest, and most effective way to solve the problem of discrimination in fraternities is to abolish the fraternities. The affiliate will no doubt find this a rather indecent sort of suggestion—like proposing to cure dandruff by decapitation. But why not? At least there can be no question about its effectiveness. And the loss to American education is one that it could well sustain.

I CAN think offhand of only three justifications of the fraternity system. The first —that it constitutes a sort of athenaeum for the mutual promotion of learning among the members—is rarely encountered these days, except deep in the dull columns of fraternity magazines where it is safe from irreverent snickers. The second—that it educates the student to take his place as a responsible citizen in an adult society—gives rise to interesting speculations as to what is meant by "responsible citizen" and "adult society." The third and most prevalent simply relies upon the spirit of fellowship, of brotherhood, that supposedly pervades the system.

This spirit has always puzzled me, and this in spite of the fact that I was given a first hand glimpse of it in the fall of 1950 when I pledged a fraternity at the University of Michigan. (I gather that the group in question considered my subsequent behavior pretty outrageous so I won't add to my disgrace by dragging its good name through these columns. Instead, with consummate delicacy of feeling, I shall refer only to the initials—which were ATO.)

In the beginning at least, I think I made a tolerably good fraternity man. I diligently memorized the words of the fraternity's song, e.g., "We are the great big (*boom*) hairy-chested men (*boom*) . . . etc." I learned not to say "frat" for "fraternity." In time I think I would even have mastered the Laocoonesque complexities of the Secret Grip.

But somehow I never got the hang of the brotherhood.

This was not for want of helpful lessons. I was walloped on the derrière in the name of brotherhood. I was made to stand on a chair and answer absurd questions in the name of brotherhood. I was generally chivvied in the name of brotherhood. I was told about the coming Hell Week with its further wallopings, chivvyings, humiliations, absurdities, doses of pills with Technicolor effects, and general abuse; all to be administered in the name of brotherhood. Yet somehow the *feeling* of brotherhood eluded me. I suppose I'm just insensitive to it; I couldn't even find much satisfaction in the knowledge that I would be permitted to mistreat next year's pledges.

My misgivings on the matter reached some sort of climax one afternoon when a member of the student legislature came around to the house to explain a debated bill calling for the removal of all bias clauses from fraternity constitutions. (Until then, no one had seen fit to tell me that the ATO constitution contained such a clause.)

The responses varied from truculence —"No one's going to tell *us* who to pledge"—to naïveté—"But they've got their *own* fraternities"—to practical— "The national organization would never allow it"—but all to the same general effect. The legislator patiently grappled with each of these arguments in turn—but without producing the change.

I LEAVE it to the reader to root around for this *arrière-pensée* if he wishes. For my part, I will simply note that at this point my pledgeship ended on a note of symmetrical disenchantment with the ATO notion of brotherhood. I had been physically abused at one end and then, perhaps by way of compensation, thoroughly disabused at the other. Murmuring a polite excuse, I depledged.

But it was not to be so easy. Delegations from the fraternity devoted several days to trying to persuade me to change my mind. This was not a tribute to my winning ways; there persists in fraternity circles the odd belief that it is a black mark against a house to lose a pledge, and likewise, that it is dishonorable for a pledge to resign. When I remained stubbornly unreasonable, a sudden coolness was noticeable in the house's attitude toward me. Not to put too fine a point on it, most of my erstwhile brothers cut me dead whenever we met on the campus, so fragile a thing is the brotherhood of man.

In a surprisingly short time I recovered from this blow sufficiently to sit up, take a little light nourishment, and watch the progress of the bias clause bill (which Mr. Lee discusses at considerable length). It squeaked through the legislature, was approved by the Student Affairs Committee 7-to-6 and went before President Alexander G. Ruthven who vetoed it, arguing, with delightful inconsequence, that "it is a long-established rule of law that no individual has an inherent right to membership in any organization."

The last I heard ATO still had its bias clause.

—by D. F. Malcolm

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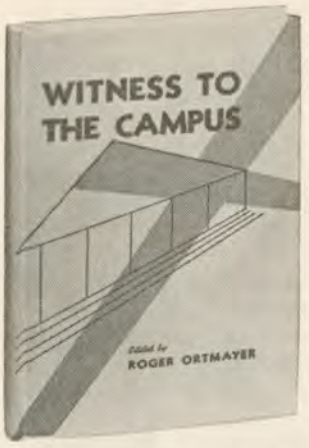
Evangelism in the halls of learning

A new book edited by Roger Ortmayer

Reviewed by H. D. Bollinger



THIS little volume is an attempt to think about the prior questions that must be asked if we want to explore the Christian witness to the contemporary academic community," says the foreword. It all came about in a staff meeting of the Department of College and University Religious Life. They observed that the word "evangelism" stirs mixed feelings in the minds of many, and that "witness" is being used more and more. All agreed that what is involved in evangelism and witnessing is central to the Christian faith and that nothing vital must be lost from either the viewpoint of Christianity or the heritage of Methodism. In fact, the responsibility rests on the student Christian movement with God's help to clarify, enhance and "step up" the power involved when Christians witness to a verdict for Christ in campus living.

In view of the above, staff members felt there must be a new and thorough study of evangelism. It must begin with the New Testament, coming directly from the Gospels. Furthermore it must be theologically sound, free and unfettered from dogma, but intellectually clean and precise. Since Methodists have something special to offer in this field, it should be defined in terms of the Great Awakening and the Evangelical Revival.

The feeling prevails that any study of evangelism must not be too ethereal, too impractical or out of context. It must be down to earth, relevant and practical. This will mean, therefore, much more than definitions and delineations. Ultimately, the study must involve a complete restudy of techniques, methods and procedures of evangelism on campus. It is expected that this will follow.

Evangelism, to be effective in the college or university community, must be integral to the life, structure and thinking of that community. This is a difficult position to take because some people will say that "college students are like anyone else." Incidentally a viewpoint that takes only the students into consideration misses the mark. The work of witnessing to a verdict must include faculty, students, administration and staff.

What does it mean to have evangelism integral to the university? Among other things, it at least means: (a) that the conception of evangelism will be thoughtful and thorough, (b) that the method will involve the thought process, and (c) that the goals of evangelism will be commensurate with the other disciplines involved in study, laboratory, library and the educational process.

This little volume is, therefore, a beginning of what is hoped will be a serious, prolonged and practical study of evangelism on the campus. Chapter headings are:

I Evangelism and Leadership
II The Evangelism of Jesus
III A Theology for Evangelism
IV Evangelism in the Beginnings of the Wesleyan Tradition
V What Takes Place in the Conversion Experience?
VI The Evangelism of the University
VII Evangelism of the University Community

The material in the book was prepared by John O. Gross, John J. Vincent (of England), Julian N. Hartt, David Shipley, John Dixon Copp, Harold H. Hutson and Merrill Abbey.

Selected quotes:

Evangelism . . . is "a process for righteousness begun and continued by faith" and the power by which the upright will live. At its best it is reflected as a contagious enthusiasm for Jesus Christ and joined to the sincere desire to have him and his plans regnant in all life.

Much of God's work has been carried forward through the centuries by young, idealistic scholars. The Holy Spirit touched them in youth, their most impressionable age. Youth is the period of visions and adventures. Then idealism is most easily planted and stirred. Youth despises sham and wants goodness and virtue to be unadulterated. The decisions of youth have resulted in moral reforms which have changed the whole character of life. These decisions also bring an awareness of God and a desire to find his high purposes for life.

Education, Christian workers know, must include faith, hope, and love, and be "warmed by prayer."

. . . Conflict and tension are the first fruits of discipleship. Integration will come when Christ is fully "found within us."

. . . What is theology good for if it does not illuminate significantly the multiple tasks of the church? If theology cannot be trained upon concrete situations in all their complexity, of what use is it?

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U.S. SECURITY—AND THE FOREIGN AID PROGRAM

by Joan Gibbons

The foreign aid program as it is proposed in Congress today is an offense to the concern of every Christian. The words, "foreign aid," have the proper ring—they "sound" like the hand of brotherhood reached to neighbors around the world. But as they are defined today, the words imply not a handclasp of fellowship but one of alliance—and it is expected that the other hand shall grasp a gun. There is no compassion for basic needs around the world; there is only grim awareness of threat, of the value of allies in this war against the encircling communists.

It is hard to speak about pure motives—perhaps they are always mixed in the transitory human heart. But words can inspire or be a weight upon the soul—therefore it is enlightening, and saddening, to watch the metamorphosis which has taken place in the titles of foreign aid programs, as well as the justifying "words." Look at them:

From President Truman's 1949 inaugural address:

"Fourth. We must embark on a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas."

President Truman's 1949 "message to the Congress on Technical Assistance for the Underdeveloped Areas of the World" listed five "reasons" for aid:

1. (The underdeveloped nations) "are eager to play a greater part in the community of nations."
2. "If they are frustrated and disappointed, they may turn to false doctrines which hold that the way of progress lies through tyranny."
3. "To increase the output and the national income of the less-developed regions is to increase our own economic stability" (in terms of trade).
4. ". . . the development of these areas is of utmost importance to our efforts to restore the economies of the free European nations" (in terms of trade).
5. "Furthermore, the development of these areas will strengthen the United Nations and the fabric of world peace."

From "Report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations on the Act for International Development, 1950:

"In the struggle to maintain and promote free institutions, and to resist the attacks of communism and totalitarianism in general, it is an ever-present truth that freedom is difficult to maintain where hunger and misery prevail."

"The postwar demands of security, recovery, and development in the more highly industrialized countries of Europe have served to intensify the need for more comprehensive work in the development of the underdeveloped areas. We are spending billions on military defense and on the economic recovery of Europe; we are also encouraging the reduction of trade barriers and the removal of the causes of international friction. All of these things are being done in the interest of our national security—the broadest kind of security for our free and democratic way of life."

Section 2 of the Mutual Security Act of 1951:

"The Congress declares it to be the purpose of this Act to maintain the security and to promote the foreign policy of the United States by authorizing military, economic, and technical assistance to friendly countries, to strengthen the mutual security and individual and collective defenses of the free world, to develop their resources in the interest of their security and independence and the national interest of the United States; and to facilitate the effective participation of these countries in the United Nations system for collective security."

From President Eisenhower's message on the extension of the Mutual Security Program, 1953:

"The basic purpose of this program is simply the long-term security of the United States living in the shadow of the Soviet threat."

After this build-up, it is no surprise to find these words in President Eisenhower's 1956 State of the Union Message: "Because the conditions of poverty and unrest in less-developed areas make their people a special target of international communism, there is a need to help them achieve the economic growth and stability necessary to preserve their independence against communist threats and enticements."

Nor should it surprise anyone that of the total 4.9 billion dollars requested for this year's Mutual Security Program, 4.1 billion dollars are specifically earmarked for the military program of other countries. Even the remaining 8 million dollars slated for such worthy projects as the UN Expanded Technical Assistance program, the UN International Children's Emergency Fund, the UN Refugee Fund, Economic Aid, Technical Assistance—all these dollars are tainted by their implied purpose: to serve United States security.

Certainly the intervening years, 1949 to 1956, have seen the United States deeply perplexed by the fluid and undefinable battle lines of the cold war. Yet others have warned, and it bears repeating, that in our desperate struggle for this which we term "security," we may strangle the basic convictions and freedoms whose existence we are trying to safeguard.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Once again Gail Corbett has contributed to the series of alienated, and the turning toward of one returning. Both are elements full-page art pieces. Her interpretation of the *alienation and return* theme present in each of us. In between lies our freedom to choose how we shall makes use of dramatic figures representing the turning away of one respond.

editorial: *more than meets the eye*

ERNEST: What do you think of art?

PROFESSOR: What do I think of art? You might as well ask me what do I think of air, of love, of hope?

ERNEST: I mean, do you like art?

PROFESSOR: Do I like to live?

ERNEST: Well, it seems to me that art is a bit phony . . . you know: not true to life.

PROFESSOR: For instance.

ERNEST: I read the other day that the words of music are so irrelevant Rossini remarked, "Give me a laundry list and I will set it."

PROFESSOR: And there are poets who will cry should their words be set to music, for they say that the sounds interfere with the language.

ERNEST: So, you see, art is really just a cover up, isn't it?

PROFESSOR: To quote an Elizabethan:

> Learne to speake first, then to wooe,
> to wooing much pertayneth:
> Hee that counts his wanting Arte,
> soon falters when he faineth:
> Lookes a-squint on his discourse,
> and smiles when hee complaineth.

ERNEST: So what?

PROFERROR: You can't even woo if you have not the sentiments of an artist.

ERNEST: Maybe that's what is wrong with me. I'd thought it was another affliction the advertisers told me about. But, deodorant or art, it's cover up.

PROFESSOR: Do you mean that art is always false?

ERNEST: I mean that art is seldom honest. You cannot depend on it. There is always more than meets the eye, or probably just the opposite of what meets the eye.

PROFESSOR: Isn't that the case whenever we human beings communicate with each other?

ERNEST: No.

PROFESSOR: We can communicate only by means of symbols and symbols are not always clear.

ERNEST: They are in mathematics: that is why I am a mathematician and why the artists bring bewilderment to my orderly soul.

PROFESSOR: Leaving apart the question of the orderliness of your soul, do I understand you to claim that mathematics is always true?

ERNEST: Mathematics is an exact language.

PROFESSOR: 2x2=4 always?

ERNEST: Always. It does not make any difference whether you baptize them according to Christian rites or juggle them according to voodoo, 2x2=4.

PROFESSOR: This I agree, baptized or not, 2x2=4. But, now it is my turn: so what?

ERNEST: What do you mean, so what?

PROFESSOR: What difference does it make? Or, to put it another way, what does it mean?

ERNEST: Its meaning is self-evident.

PROFESSOR: No, it is not.

ERNEST: This is the truth: 2x2=4. Always and ever it shall be.

PROFESSOR: For example: You have two Democrats from Michigan and two Democrats from Texas. Multiply them and what have you got? . . . A Republican victory? . . . Or maybe you get zero; they cancel each other out. . . or there is a faint possibility you have a Democratic landslide. In any case, these are human beings and 2x2 ain't necessarily much of anything.

ERNEST: I don't get it.

PROFESSOR: There is mathematical truth, but it is a limited truth. That is all the artist is trying to say: something about the truth in the world not open to measurement.

ERNEST: I'll stick to mathematics.

PROFESSOR: And never a-wooing go?

ERNEST: Oh, I'm human all right.

PROFESSOR: Better polish up on art then, for it is the only way you will ever come to know much about love, mundane or otherwise.

ERNEST: But art is such a slippery world. You never get your feet on the ground.

PROFESSOR: Ah ha. . . and that's why we have angels.